

Displacement is a term used to refer to people's avoidance of unwanted conditions that arise from sustained changes in character & use of recreation areas.

# Yosemite

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## Geographic Displacement

occurs when current visitors to an area move to other locations in order to escape undesirable conditions. Geographic displacement also occurs when potential visitors to an area stay away because of prevailing social conditions.

Self-selected user

Inertial energy

## Recreational Displacement at Yosemite

James H. Gramann

**Geographic & temporal** displacement occur at micro-levels, as well as macro-levels. Geographic micro-displacement happens when visitors purposely avoid areas that they feel are undesirable, in order to concentrate their use at other locations within the same region. In the case of Yosemite National Park, geographic micro-displacement would be said to occur

among visitors who go to areas such as Tuolumne Meadows or the backcountry because they feel Yosemite Valley is too crowded. On the other hand, geographic macro-displacement takes place when people quit visiting a region altogether because of changes that they perceive as unacceptable. Because there are many reasons for discontinuing visits,

Yosemite Valley camping, 1940s.

## Temporal Displacement

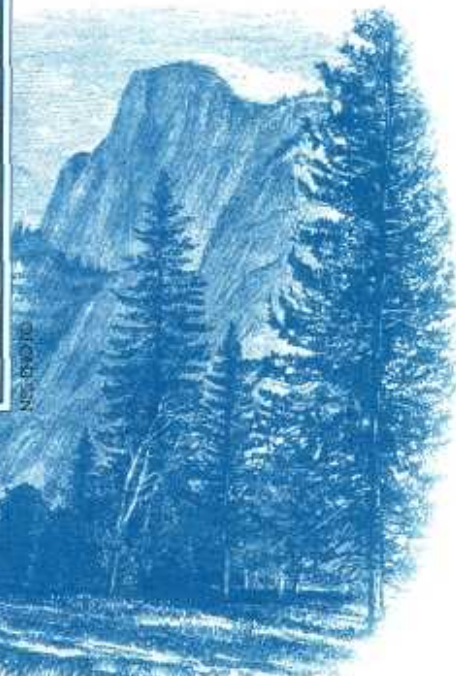
takes place when visitors change the timing of their trips so that they may avoid undesirable and/or prevailing social conditions.

Facility dependent

Equitable allocation

**Editor's note:** During 1990 and 1991, a visitor study was undertaken in Yosemite so that National Park Service managers, in making informed decisions about the future of the park, would have accurate information on current visitors' expectations, experiences, attitudes, demographic characteristics, and behaviors. The study was conducted by Professor James H. Gramann of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station (of Texas A&M University) under contract with the NPS. The results of the study were recently released, and while they are of interest, Professor Gramann's observations about "who gets Yosemite," equity issues, and resource allocation make for very compelling reading.

This article is excerpted from Chapter 6 of the 1990-91 Yosemite Visitor Survey. The author points out the inherent unreliability of his own study, while suggesting that (if your sample is park visitors in Yosemite) you can please all of the people all of the time!





Visitor surveys almost always will reveal a highly satisfied user population. The reason is that geographically displaced persons will not be in the park to be interviewed.

the motives for such moves must be determined if geographic displacement is to be documented.

An example of temporal micro-displacement would be a shift in the timing of visits from weekend and holiday periods to mid-week periods within the same season. Conversely, temporal macro-displacement takes place if there are seasonal shifts in visits (for example from peak months to lesser used times) in order to avoid crowds or other unwanted conditions.

### Social Succession and Recreational Displacement

Recreation sociologists have assumed that the primary force driving displacement is a sustained increase in use levels, accompanied by the development of "urban" services and facilities to support higher use. However, in addition to attempts to avoid popular times and places, shifts to more intensively used or developed locations may occur. In the recreation literature, this is referred to as "social succession." According to Schreyer and Knopf:

*The prototypical scenario involves swelling numbers of visitors to a recreation environment, the construction of new facilities and other support services to accommodate them, and the subsequent arrival of a whole new clientele who are attracted by the support services rather than the original character of the setting. In effect, there is a progressive shift from more primitive-focus values to more socially-oriented, urban-centered, facility-dependent values.*

Some federal resource management agencies, such as USDA-Forest Service and USDI-

Bureau of Land Management, assume that, in the absence of proactive management, social succession will drive recreation settings relentlessly away from "primitive-focus" values and towards "facility-dependent" values. Accordingly, these two agencies have adopted a land classification system called the "Recreation Opportunity Spectrum" that is designed to maintain diversity in recreational opportunities by preserving a range of experiences and settings from primitive to urban.

Succession and displacement have significant implications for

*majority of visitors continue to be extremely satisfied.*

One reason for this seems to be the operation of social succession and recreational displacement. Most people who visit a recreation area during their leisure time choose to do so because they are seeking the very conditions that prevail at that site at that time. This is especially true of areas such as Yosemite National Park, where there is a high proportion of local, repeat use.

From a social research standpoint, the upshot is that visitor surveys almost always will re-

displacement is a salient issue in social research, efforts must be made to contact current nonvisitors, as well as visitors, to an area.

### Succession, Displacement, and Resource Allocation

Succession and displacement are important not only for their impacts on visitor surveys and the conclusions drawn from them, but also for their implications for resource allocation.

Schreyer and Knopf argue that social succession unfairly limits opportunities for certain types of recreationists. In general, those users who have strong attachments to undeveloped settings, or to recreation experiences that depend on such settings, are disadvantaged by a resource allocation policy that favors more socially-oriented, facility-dependent user groups. This is not an overriding concern if alternatives to more developed locations can be found. But if substitutes are not available, then problems of equity and fairness in the allocation of unique resources unavoidably surface.

Advocates of development and unrestricted use point to the greater number of people served by locations which have shifted towards the ur-

ban end of the opportunity spectrum, and to greater access by special populations, such as the aged and the disabled, who otherwise could not enjoy publicly owned areas. From this perspective, an "equitable" resource allocation is one that provides access to *the greatest number and diversity* of individuals. The direct and indirect economic benefits of high use and development also contribute to these arguments,

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NPS FILM STILL

recreation management systems that are based on maintaining high levels of aggregate visitor satisfaction. Visitors' judgments of recreational quality are typically measured by asking them how "satisfied" they were with their visit. Although this appears intuitively sound, decades of research indicate that a "floating baseline of satisfaction" exists in visitor populations; in other words, *no matter how much conditions in an area may change, the*

*During the 1920s, visitation grew from 69,000 to 461,000. Camping in Stoneman Meadow, 1927.*

veal a highly satisfied user population. The reason is that geographically displaced persons will not be in the park to be interviewed. Thus, no matter how representative and scientifically valid a sample of visitors may be, it is still a sample representing a self-selected user population.

That is why, when geographic

# The Eternal Debate

*John sketched the tourists camping in Yosemite Valley.*



© 1984, HANNA-MUIR TRUST

**Controversy** over its appropriate use has characterized Yosemite Valley ever since its initial establishment as a state reserve in 1864. Even before its designation, Yosemite's reputation for scenic wonderment had spread far beyond the borders of California. As a result, when a 31-year old John Muir first entered the Valley in 1869 he found himself joined by more than 1,000 other visitors. From this relatively small number, visitation to Yosemite has increased steadily, and sometimes dramatically, to the current total of approximately 3.4 million visits annually. Over the years, park advocates and other interests have vacillated between support for maximum preservation of this unique resource to vigorous promotion of greater visitation and development.

John Muir himself was ambiguous about the increasing popularity of Yosemite Valley. Early in his first residency (which lasted until his marriage in 1880) Muir expressed scorn for the "human stuff" that "poured into our valley" and traveled through it "with about as much emotion as the horses they ride upon." At other times he seemed indifferent, as when he wrote:

*The valley is full of people but they do not annoy me. I revolve in pathless places and in higher rocks than the world and his ribbon wife can reach.*

By 1876 Muir could even be somewhat optimistic about Yosemite's increasing popularity:

*... however frivolous and inappreciative the poorer specimens [of visitors] may appear, viewed comprehensively they are a most hopeful and significant sign of the times, indicating at least the beginning of our return to nature — for going to the mountains is going home.*

As the first director of the National Park Service, Stephen Mather saw strategic value in promoting visitation to Yosemite and other national parks.

A former newspaper reporter, Mather used his extensive network in the publishing industry to advertise the parks to the general public. Mather's hope was that this strategy would increase pressure on Congress to provide adequate funding for the fledgling National Park Service. To this end, Mather worked with railroads to encourage affordable "package tours" to the parks and gave high priority to improving automobile access.

Completion of the Yosemite Valley Railroad in 1907, although it terminated outside the park's boundary, aroused fears in some that the Valley would become a "mere picnic-ground with dancing platforms, beery choruses, and couples contorting in the two-step." However, it was the automobile, not the railroad, that transformed park visitation. Private autos were first allowed into Yosemite National Park in 1914, and within two years the number of visitors arriving in cars slightly surpassed the number arriving by train. A year later, automobiles brought three times as many visitors as the railroad, and by 1918 car passengers outnumbered train passengers seven to one. In fact, as a result of automobile access, between 1914 and 1918 the number of visitors to Yosemite more than

John Muir's sketch of tourists camping in Yosemite, 1871.

doubled, from 15,154 to 35,527.

During the 1920s, visitation to Yosemite continued to grow, climbing from 69,000 at the beginning of the decade to 461,000 by 1929. Although the Great Depression dampened recreational travel, visitation in 1938 was still well above 400,000.

## The 1937-38 Yosemite Survey

It was during the summers of 1937 and 1938 that Lon Garrison, an NPS campground ranger working in Yosemite Valley, conducted what may have been the first systematic survey of national park visitors. Garrison, who held a degree in psychology from Stanford University, was responding to concerns over crowding in Valley campgrounds. Planners of the day had dubbed the campgrounds the "Yosemite Slums" and Garrison noted that during summer months their settlement density was greater than that of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Garrison's survey was conducted in the hope that it would provide information on campers' motives that would prove useful in encouraging greater use of park campgrounds outside the Valley. In turn, it was thought

that reduced levels of camping would raise the quality of the Yosemite Valley experience. The results of Garrison's study were published in the June, 1939 issue of Yosemite Nature Notes and were reprinted as an appendix to Garrison's 1983 autobiography, *The Making of a Ranger*.

Garrison found that about one-half of Yosemite Valley campers preferred to camp in areas that were "busy and near the center of things." However, even those who preferred campgrounds that were "quiet, several miles from a recreational center" also preferred to camp in Yosemite Valley. Noting this apparent inconsistency between preference and action, Garrison observed, "the majority of those who state that they favor a 'quiet' campground really don't know what they mean." Recognizing how automobile access had shaped preferences, Garrison concluded:

*... the lure of the Yosemite Valley campgrounds is mainly in the things to do and the conveniences provided. Good roads, piped water, and modern comfort stations seem to outweigh the call of the wild in most campers' minds. The easiest thing to do is the one that gets done. Consequently, the easiest place to drive, and the one where there is the least thinking to do about recreation, is the one that is used.*

Thus, the "Yosemite Slums" of 1937-38 were viewed in quite a different light by the campers who used them. However, like John Muir six decades before him, Garrison saw reason for optimism:

*Most of the campers are substantial, reasonable individuals with a feeling of love and respect for Yosemite. The manner of presentation of any problem to them will largely determine the response, as they start with a very friendly attitude towards the Park Service and would be glad to be of help in supporting*

*Continued on page 23*



The social costs of crowding in Yosemite are seen not so much in its present visitor corps, as among those who have been geographically displaced. 2.4 million households in central and southern California do not expect to visit Yosemite National Park in the foreseeable future, at least in part due to crowding.

## Recreational Displacement

*Continued from page 3*

and can be decisive when economic conditions in an area are intractably poor (as is often the case in rural environments).

In response, advocates of less development and limited use contend that primitive experiences are increasingly scarce in an urbanizing society, and that those persons most dependent on the values found in primeval or semi-primitive settings are disproportionately harmed when these values erode.

In this view, an "equitable" allocation is one that manages a resource for those who would be hurt most by losing it. The assumption is that people excluded by such a policy could more easily find substitutes for their developed experiences, since these are more abundant. Thus, they are less "deserving" of a scarce resource than those who have no substitute. This argument often draws accusations of elitism that are difficult to counter in a society based on democratic principles.

Furthermore, in the case of a "crown jewel" such as Yosemite, it could be argued that almost any experience, be it primitive or urban, has no substitute if it occurs in Yosemite Valley. Hence, persons seeking urban amenities in a spectacular natural setting may be just as "deserving" of that experience as those seeking primitive opportunities, in the sense that they would have no ready substitute if that experience were lost. Indeed, the designation of the Ahwahnee Hotel (and like structures in other parks) as a

National Historical Landmark formally recognizes the singular role played by such an experience in the evolving national character of the United States.

Equity issues in the allocation of natural resources are sometimes resolved by agency mandates or legislative intent. Unfortunately, national parks have labored historically under a congressional charge that, while not a serious concern in 1916, has become a source of weighty contention since.

This mandate appears to direct the National Park Service to maximize both use and preservation of areas under its jurisdic-

vs. recreational quality is more than an academic question. It raises several important problems related to the planning and administration of Yosemite National Park.

First, it must be accepted that the management policies of the National Park Service, as well as the positions of those who support or oppose these policies, are rooted in human values. Values are deeply seated beliefs about what is right or wrong, good or bad, appropriate or inappropriate. Values may be held informally or manifested in formal legislation and regulation.

Although social scientists can

or other exercises of the natural and social sciences. They are ethical positions that are molded and melded in a public arena in which economic, environmental, social, political, and legal factors also receive consideration.

The contribution of social science to resource-allocation debates is to describe existing values, determine their flexibility, and identify the "losers" (i.e., the displaced), as well as the "winners" (i.e., the enfranchised) among the claimants to a resource. In some cases, this information may suggest measures that minimize the negative impacts of allocation policies.

### Who Gets Yosemite?

Managers and planners are understandably reluctant to alter an experience or exclude people from a park when they are highly satisfied with their visit. As Lon Garrison put it, "The supposed number of tolerable visitors always seemed to move higher in response to the actual numbers." In Garrison's time there was no thought given to limiting public use of Yosemite National Park; the best solution to campground crowding seemed to be to encourage visitors to voluntarily disperse to

lesser used sites. Nevertheless, significant equity issues are created when succession and displacement disproportionately exclude some types of citizens from their desired experiences.

Thus, from an equity standpoint, the earlier question about how few are enough can be restated as, "Who gets Yosemite National Park?"

When it was reasonable to envision a Valley in which there were few or no people, a tally of barely 1,000 visitors was



RALPH ANDERSON / NPS

Overflowing and out-of-control camping in Yosemite Valley was the norm throughout the 1950s.

tion, and it lies at the core of current debates over the allocation of Yosemite National Park. To fully appreciate the present controversy, and to better understand the intrinsic links between succession, displacement, and resource allocation, it is useful to briefly review the history of visitation and allocation debates at Yosemite (see box, page 3).

### Values, Science, and Resource Allocation

The issue of visitor numbers

measure, describe, and infer human values, values themselves do not depend on science for their justification. Thus, the belief that national parks should be preserved unimpaired for future generations, or, alternatively, that they should be managed to maximize the recreational enjoyment of the current generation, have no basis in experiments, surveys,

Managers and planners are understandably reluctant to alter an experience or exclude people from a park when they are highly satisfied with their visit.

unacceptable to some. Should Yosemite National Park be managed for the modern-day John Muirs? The political and social costs of such an allocation seem incalculably high.

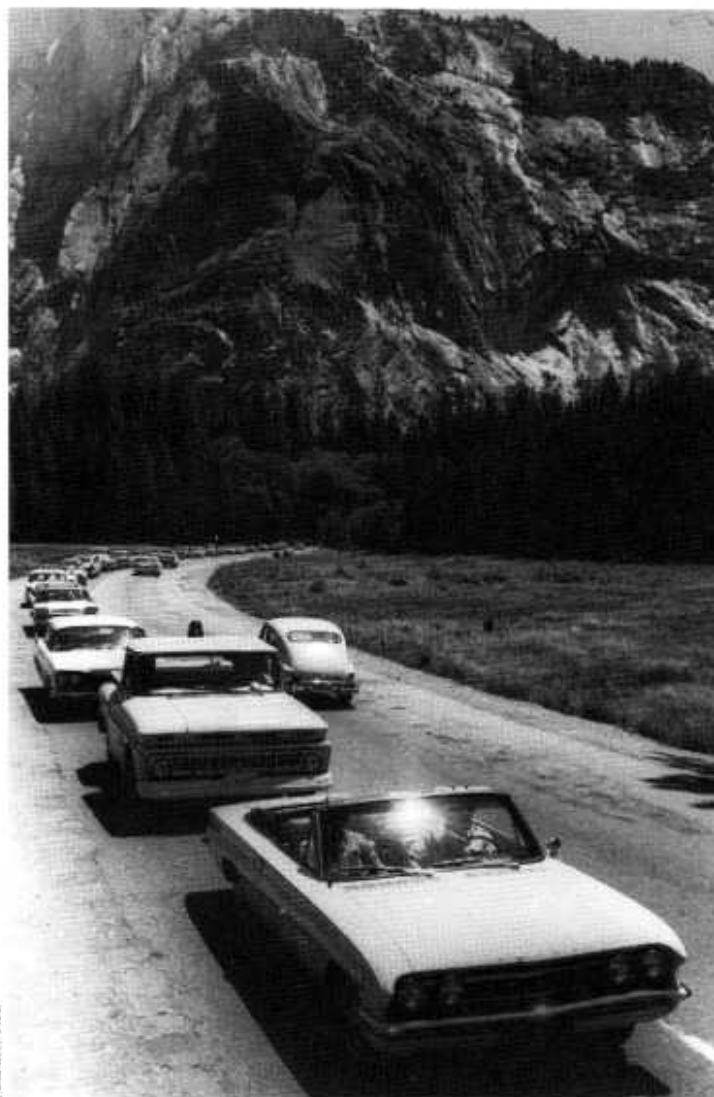
When within living memory annual visitation to Yosemite National Park numbered in the tens of thousands, the impact of 400,000 visitors was said to produce "camping slums." Should Yosemite Valley be managed to return development and access to a level compatible with the values of 1930-era planners? In fact, since the time of Lon Garrison's survey, automobile access to the east end of the Valley has been eliminated and certain types of recreational development removed. However, in an era when population growth and interest in recreational travel generate 3.4 million satisfying visits annually, it is hard to imagine a limit of "only" 400,000.

Each generation of users evolves its own prototype of quality. Although elastic, these prototypes tend to ratify existing circumstances, while being based in conditions of the immediate past. Accordingly, it is usually easier to maintain prevailing states than to return to standards of an earlier era. In the case of Yosemite National Park (and every other national park in the United States) the inexorable trend has been towards greater numbers of visitors and more intensive development.

History has demonstrated that such trends possess high inertial energy. Barring catastrophic population decline or economic cataclysm, it is unlikely that they will be reversed completely. However, the adaptability of current quality standards should not be underestimated, nor should the resilience of the public be discounted. To achieve a workable consensus in the current allocation debate, social succession may not have to be

reversed so much as redirected. If succession were a completely irresistible force, today's Yosemite visitor would still drive to

mean that the distribution and mode of access to Yosemite Valley may need to be changed. In order to justify such actions in a



J. BLAIR / NPS

Mirror Lake, tee off at Yosemite Valley, and view evening firefalls from Glacier Point.

The task facing current managers and planners of Yosemite National Park is to determine how to provide an accessible park experience within what appear to be flexible quality parameters. This should be done so as not to tax current sensibilities. While not requiring a reversal of historic trends, it does

Despite uncontrolled auto access, visitation to national parks is rarely self-regulating. Traffic congestion in the mid-1960s.

political arena, information on the costs, as well as the benefits, of current conditions are needed.

#### Implications of Recreational Displacement

While not the only key, the prevalence of temporal displace-

ment and geographic micro-displacement at Yosemite National Park provides one explanation for the high levels of satisfaction exhibited by park visitors. Despite 3.4 million visits, Yosemite is large enough, and its visitation skewed enough towards the summer season, that those who seek to avoid crowds can still find times and locations where this is possible.

Of course, a large portion of current visitors confront high use levels during the summer months without any adverse consequences. Analysis of satisfaction levels indicated that this was because crowding, traffic congestion, and associated conditions were but a few of the many determinants of visitors' enjoyment.

The social costs of crowding in Yosemite are seen not so much in its present visitor corps, as among those who have been geographically displaced. While the total number of these individuals is unknown, survey data indicate that about 2.4 million households in central and southern California do not expect to visit Yosemite National Park in the foreseeable future, at least in part due to crowding. About three quarters of a million plan to stay away *solely* because of social conditions in the park that are perceived as negative.

It seems safe to conclude that, nationwide, this total is much higher. However, as one moves away from California, factors such as cost and distance assume greater importance in determining visit potential. (Recall that 78% of U.S. auto passengers visiting Yosemite came from the state of California alone.)

#### Resource Allocation vs. Recreational Carrying Capacity

Visitation to parks such as Yosemite is rarely self-regulating.

If visitation to Yosemite National Park is left unmanaged, history indicates that Lon Garrison's description of Yosemite will continue to hold: the number of tolerable visitors will increase in response to growth in actual use.

Further, it seems doubtful that the park is even close to approaching a "recreational carrying capacity" in the sense of a fixed inflection point beyond which aggregate visitor satisfaction decreases significantly. Indeed, the historical focus of carrying capacity theory on users' satisfaction virtually assures that no visitor survey will ever indicate that Yosemite is nearing its recreational limits. However, when viewed from the broader perspective of resource allocation, rather than from the more limiting stance of carrying capacity, one reaches quite different conclusions. The social costs of the present allocation, in terms of displaced and disenfranchised citizens, appears very high. This is true despite the fact that over 92% of current visitors to Yosemite National Park judge their experience as "very good" to "perfect."

If visitation to Yosemite National Park is left unmanaged, history indicates that Lon Garrison's description of Yosemite over half a century ago will continue to hold: the number of tolerable visitors will increase in response to growth in actual use. This is because successional processes and the floating baseline of satisfaction will continue to show a satisfied visitor population. With abiding succession and displacement, each succeeding generation of users will continue to evolve its own prototype of recreational quality that ratifies prevailing conditions.

Therefore, the key to the allocation dilemma at Yosemite National Park seems to be to work with existing conditions, rather than to attempt dramatic reversals. This could take the form of modifying the seasonal distribution, mode of access, and timing of visits to Yosemite Valley, without necessarily limiting the number of annual visits.

In effect, growth management will perpetuate this generation's prototype of quality, making it the legacy and baseline for future generations. While some will oppose such a strategy, dra-

PHILIPP SCHOLZ RITTERMAN / YOSEMITE PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY 1991



How few visitors are enough, or who gets Yosemite Park? By 1991, summer visitation in the valley has all the trappings of a small city.

matic trend reversals will generate intense political opposition on equity grounds, while failure to act will perpetuate the Garrison effect of increased tolerance for increasing numbers.

# Sierra Club Assails Plan for Park Housing

Associated Press

Yosemite National Park Moving a majority of employee housing to Foresta would be good for the Yosemite Valley but not so good for the great gray owl, according to a report released yesterday.

The National Park Service has proposed five alternatives for removal of some housing from Yosemite Valley and has recommended a plan that would develop new housing in the Foresta area, near the park's southern edge.

# Yosemite bans campfires during daylight

Campfires are being extinguished during the day in Yosemite National Park to curb increasing air pollution. Wood-burning campfires in the valley will not be permitted during daylight hours starting next week, the National Park Service says. The move is supposed to improve air quality, says a spokesman. "We will be allowed to have campfires," said Bob Howard, a National Park Service spokesman. "We are pointing out the effects of the air from the San Joaquin Valley brought into the park by the prevailing winds. There it mixes with pollution from visitor vehicles, campfires and wildfires, creating a mixture that exceeds clean-air standards. The situation is often worse during the early morning when the pollutants form a layer of haze that hangs over the valley, creating an unhealthy environment for those with respiratory problems. The campfire ban will not apply to briquette barbecues, propane stoves, Howard said.

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# YA Annual Meeting in Wawona



The Association's 17th Annual Members' Meeting meets this year in Wawona on Saturday, September 12. Malcolm Margolin, engaging raconteur and writer, will be the featured speaker. His popular books include: *The Earth Manual: How to Work on the Land Without Taming It*, *The Ohlone Way: Indian Life in the San Francisco Bay Area*, and *The Way We Lived: California Indian Reminiscences, Stories and Songs*. He also publishes and edits a quarterly magazine on California Indian history and culture, *News from Native California*. An article of his, "Indian Time," appears elsewhere in this journal. In addition to speaking at the afternoon meeting, Mr. Margolin will be available at several times during the day to sign books and talk with members.

Registration for the day's events will take place between 10:30 a.m. and noon on Saturday in front of the Thomas Hill Studio next to the Wawona Hotel. There will be several ranger-led walks offered in the morning. The meeting will begin at 1:30 p.m. on the grounds of the Pioneer History Center. Members may want to plan a picnic lunch on the lawn area preceding the official start of the gathering. It's good to bring beach chairs or blankets, since seating is on the ground.

After the meeting, there will be a wine and cheese hour along with a raffle and auction. At 6:00 p.m., members return to the lawn of the Wawona Hotel for a western style barbecue, followed at 8:00 p.m. by an old-fashioned barn dance.

Lodging for the weekend at the Wawona Hotel was determined by lottery, but there are additional accommodations in the area. Members who wish to come for Saturday only are very welcome. Advance reservations are needed for the barbecue dinner.

If you wish a more complete agenda for the day's activities,

BRIAN GROCAN/YOSEMITE PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY 1992



please send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will mail you a schedule closer to the date. If you have any questions about arrangements, please call Holly at the YA office, 209-379-2646.

## Association Dates

**August 2-8, 1992:** Member Work Trip, Yosemite Valley  
**August 23-29, 1992:** Member Work Trip, Tuolumne Meadows  
**September 12, 1992:** Annual Meeting, Wawona  
**October 17, 1992:** Member event at the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. *Speaker:* Craig Bates.  
**March 27, 1993:** Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley

## Enjoy a Yosemite Seminar

**The Field Seminar Program** still has openings in some of the summer and fall courses being offered this year. Sign up now for *The Life of the Tuolumne River*, August 21-23, taught by Aldaron Laird; two courses with an emphasis in geology: *Grand Tour of Yosemite's Geology*, August 21 (eve)-26, taught by Gary Arce, and *At the Roof of Yosemite, Rock & Ice Backpack*, August 10-14. Lloyd Brubaker will teach

Rebuilding the Miwok roundhouse, 1992

*The Animal Life of Yosemite*, July 31-August 2.

Kat Anderson teaches an excellent course, *Tending the Wilds—Miwok Indians As Ancient Cultivators* on August 16-18, which includes meals and dorm lodging at Crane Flat located at 6,300 foot elevation. Bev Ortiz instructs a class called *Lifeways of California Indians in Yosemite Valley* September 17-20.

Teachers and those who work with children will find *Inside the Outside Classroom*, taught by Mike Ross, July 27-31, very rewarding. Environmental education concepts will be covered during short day hikes. Another excellent course offered this year is the *Literary Naturalist Workshop*, August 3-6, taught by Paul Tidwell and Inka Christiansen. They will read and discuss major nature writers and their work, lessons on how to write, along with short hikes to some dramatic spots in Tuolumne and the high country.

Michael Frye will offer *Finding and Photographing Wildlife* October 17-19. Rooms have been set aside in the Valley for participants, or you may tent camp. Ben Kudo will teach a fall watercolor workshop October 29-November 2. *The Autumn Light Workshop*, October 9-11, still has some openings. Instructor Dave Wyman will tour the Valley and Glacier Point with the group in search

of the best fall color and light against a backdrop of the Valley's granite walls.

If you wish to sign up, or have any questions about these or any of the courses, call Penny or Lou at 209-379-2321.

## Members to Meet at Southwest Museum

**Association Members** in the Los Angeles area will gather for a unique evening on Saturday night, October 17, 1992. With the dramatic setting of the Southwest Museum as a backdrop, several hundred people will attend a slide show and talk by Craig Bates, Curator of Ethnography at Yosemite. Co-author of the handsome new book, *Tradition and Innovation: A Basket History of the Indians of the Yosemite-Mono Lake Area*, Bates will discuss the impact of culture and change on native peoples by weaving in examples from both their basketry and diet. As part of the event, members will have the unusual opportunity to sample a selection of hors d'oeuvres based on a typical late-19th-century Miwok meal, along with wine and beverages.

Each year, Yosemite Association hosts an activity for members outside the Park, alternating between southern and northern California.

209-379-2317

**If you're planning** a trip to Yosemite and have questions, give our Members' phone line a call between the hours of 9:00 am and 4:30 pm Monday through Friday. We don't make reservations, but we can give the appropriate phone numbers and usually lots of helpful advice.

# Indian Time

*Malcolm Margolin*

**Someone from the** Yosemite Association called not so long ago to ask me to speak at the Members' Meeting in Wawona this fall.

The meeting, I learned, would be on a particular day at a particular time, which I noted in my pocket calendar. That information was also included in this journal and a letter to the YA membership, thus assuring that others would also know when I would be speaking.

All of this scheduling was done easily and automatically, a minor clerical function for everyone involved. We take for granted, however, the extraordinary system that defines time so precisely that thousands of people will know when, in the great and endless flow of moments, to turn a knob to enjoy a particular radio or television program. Using

this system, we can designate any moment, a microsecond actually, several centuries in the future — one microsecond among trillions — and we can describe it so efficiently and exactly that it can be found with great precision and incredible ease.

We know this system well. Years, clumped into centuries, are numbered beginning at a point at which it is said that Christ was born. Each year is segmented into twelve unequal but perfectly predictable subsections called months, then further subdivided into days, hours, minutes, seconds, and (for those who care) even fractions of a second.

This is how we tell time — not just a select priesthood among us, educated in the mysteries of the Calendar, but every functioning member of our society. Such knowledge enables us to perform great feats of coordi-

nation, acting in synchronization with others who similarly move along the rigid grid we have placed over the flow of time. At various times we repeat mantras to help us remember the shape of the grid: "Thirty days hath September;" "Spring forward, Fall back." Key points of the grid are dramatically emphasized. Midnight, December 31st — a moment which in terms of the physical universe is completely arbitrary and meaningless — is a moment when our kind gathers together to mark the end of one yearly cycle and the beginning of another. What are we really celebrating when at one precise moment millions of people uncork champagne bottles, throw confetti into the air, and let out a resounding yell? Perhaps it is nothing more than the fact that we are all in step.

Well, maybe we are not quite all in step. Our way of telling

time is not the only way.

The Indians of California, for example, did not number their years or name their days. The great flow of time was not chopped into hard, intractable units — minutes or hours — of exactly the same length whether they came at the dawn of a cool spring day, in the heat of a summer afternoon, or in the chill of a rainy winter night.

To be sure, functioning in a world unencumbered by the grid of mechanical time was in some respects inconvenient, especially when one wanted to coordinate activities among numbers of people. If the headman of an Indian village wanted to invite people to a feast that would take place in ten days, he would send runners to the outlying villages with "invitation strings." Each string would have ten knots. The strings would be kept by the headmen of other villages,





who each day would untie one knot. That way everyone would show up on the right day.

The time of day could be defined only roughly — when the sun is low in the east, when the sun is nearing its highest point, and so forth. Days were not named at all. There was no sense of a weekly cycle, just a flow of days, each one separate and unique.

Native people did keep track of “moons,” giving them wonderful names like “Moon when the big trees freeze.” But since the number of moons did not go evenly into the yearly cycle (which was noted by observing the solstices), constant adjustments were necessary. Many tribes had twelve moons a year, which meant that they had to add a moon every few years; and since there were no official astronomers, the older men would spend much time arguing about whether they should add the moon this year or the next, or indeed whether they had done so the previous year. At least one tribe had thirteen moons a year, which meant they were continually having to subtract moons. Still others counted moons only during the winter, beginning the count with the moon closest to the winter solstice, then counting six moons, then refraining from the count until the next winter solstice.

Since years were never numbered or named, it was virtually impossible to keep track of history. Events before the memory of the oldest living person became increasingly more difficult to sort out and arrange chronologically. Without that rigid grid upon which to hand events, the past of human history became intertwined with the events of Sacred Time, the time of the Creation of the World.

Clearly, California Indians did not have the ability to target moments of time as precisely as we



WILLIAM SAMUELS / NPS

do. In the old days, no Indian could have said to another, “I’ll meet you on October 4th, 1991 at 2:30 in the afternoon.” And, as Indians often joke among themselves, such precision in regard to time does not seem to come very naturally even today. A meeting scheduled for 2:30 might, with luck start at 4:00. “We’re on Indian time,” will be the inevitable, wry comment.

For years, I thought that this was all there was to Indian time. I guess I imagined, without thinking clearly about it, that Indian time was not much more than the absence of white man’s time. It took me a while to understand that California Indians, and I suspect, all native peoples, have traditionally lived by another calendar — a calendar so flexible and expressive, so precise and so useful, that whenever I come upon it now it strikes me with the force of revelation. It seems like sheer poetry.

I was reminded of this ancient way of telling time one day last Spring. I was walking along a lightly wooded slope in western Sonoma County with an elderly Pomo man, Bun Lucas. We were not far from the Stewarts Point Reservation where Bun had grown up, and my companion knew the land intimately. He pointed to a rock that had once been a person, to a tree where a spirit lived, to a place where there had been a fight in his grandmother’s time, to a grove

of trees from which his elders had once cut the center post for the old roundhouse.

The landscape we were walking through was loaded with myth and history, saturated with memories and lessons. The land was vibrantly alive, and everything in it was alive and well. Everything had power and intelligence and history. Rocks were a kind of people, and they had histories as surely as people did; and what’s more, the histories of the rocks and the histories of the people were closely interlinked.

We came upon an elderberry tree that had just burst into bloom. Extravagant, showy spikes of white flowers filled the air with fragrance.

“How stunning,” I exclaimed.

To my surprise Bun responded: “It makes me sad.”

“How? How could you be sad at such a sight?” I protested.

“Because when the elderberry flowers, it means we can no longer go to the ocean to gather mussels.”

So that is how people know when mussels are potentially poisonous, I thought to myself. “How do you know when it is safe to gather mussels again?” I inquired.

“The elderberry tells us that, too. When the berries are ripe, we can go back to the ocean for mussels.”

So I discovered that elderberries and mussels are linked, just as everything in the natural world is linked when seen through observant native eyes. Wild strawberries ripen in the spring, clover pushes through the moist soil and bursts into leaf, Indian potatoes, brodiaea bulbs, thicken underground, great flocks of geese and ducks migrate into the marshes of the Bay each fall, coho salmon and steelhead trout head upstream to spawn. To us, these are so many unrelated incidents. To the native mind, they are shining

points that illuminate the web of living beings — plants, animals, people, all “relations” are deeply connected.

For thousands of years, California Indian people have watched natural events with deep interest and awareness. By connecting what they saw, they heard the voice of the land itself, a voice that told them when it was time to go to a distant meadow and harvest bulbs, when it was time to build a tule boat to gather cormorant eggs from the islands of the Bay, when it was time to repair the rabbit nets, when to ready the granaries for the new crop of acorns, when to gather any one of dozens of edible and medicinal plants. It was a knowledge that enabled them not only to stay alive, but to live comfortably and even prosperously on their land for century after century.

This was the native calendar — or, to be precise, these were the native calendars, for there seemed to have been thousands of them, each fully attuned to a particular landscape, each punctuated and defined by particular observances and ceremonies. Even today, native people in Marin and Sonoma Counties celebrate the ripening of the first wild strawberries with great feasts and dances, and throughout the state Indians still celebrate the harvest of acorns in the fall.

The calendar they traditionally use is not an invention of the human mind, but is one rooted instead in the land itself — in the ripening of berries, the birthing of animals, the first flight of fledgling birds, the struggle of salmon heading upstream. These are truly living calendars, accurate and supple, the very song of the earth, and those still blessed with the knowledge of them are truly — enviously — living in Indian time.

# Park Restoration by Volunteers

*Superintendent Michael Finley*

**The Yosemite Association** volunteer work groups, cooperatively sponsored by the Yosemite Park and Curry Company and Yosemite Institute, will continue to assist in resource restoration projects in the park this year. This summer there will be four groups: three in Yosemite Valley and one in Tuolumne Meadows.

The valley groups are expected to continue working on non-native plant eradication and native plant seed collection for a number of upcoming National Park Service restoration projects. These activities require a large number of people in order to effectively cover large areas of ground, and the Yosemite Association volunteers have been especially enthusiastic about these projects. In addition, they will be maintaining a number of restored areas in Yosemite Valley that again require a "gridsearch" approach.

The Tuolumne group will continue working on restoration of the abandoned Lyell Fork stock trail and numerous social trails, and will collect seeds for the Tioga Road rehabilitation project.

Attached is a summary of the work accomplishments of the three groups in 1991. They did a great job and completed a number of needed projects which would not have been accomplished without their tremendous and enthusiastic efforts. They contributed over 1100 hours in support of these efforts.

The invaluable support provided by the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, Yosemite Institute, and Yosemite Association has allowed these volunteer work groups to perform a tremendous amount of work which significantly benefits the natural resources of Yosemite National Park. We would like to thank you for your support of this program and deeply appreciate your continued involvement.

## Yosemite Concessions Contract Update

**The process of selecting** a new concessioner for Yosemite National Park continues. Recently, the National Park Service announced that twelve companies, including the non-profit YRT Services Corp., have survived the pre-application round of cuts. Those companies have been chosen to compete for the opportunity to provide restaurant, hotel and other visitor services in Yosemite beginning in October 1993.

Bid applications were sent to the finalists July 15 and must be

returned to the National Park Service within 120 days of the date they were mailed (mid-November).

Representatives of the companies submitting bids were in Yosemite for an extensive on-site visit July 28-31.

The National Park Service hopes to select a new concessioner by mid-late January 1993; the present concession contract expires September 30, 1993.

The list of finalists includes:

Boston Concessions Group, Inc., Cambridge, MA.  
JMB Realty for the Fred Harvey Co., Chicago, IL.  
Highmark Corp., Cordova, TN.  
Marriott Corp. acting as Host International, Washington, DC.

Hyatt Development Corp., Chicago, IL.  
National Resource Management Inc., Santa Ana, CA.  
Ogden Entertainment Services, New York, NY.  
Delaware North Cos., Inc. acting as Sportservice Corp., Buffalo, NY.  
TW Recreations Services, Inc., a division of TW Services, Spartanburg, SC.  
Yosemite Park Services Limited Partnership, Beverly Hills, CA.  
YRT Services Corp., San Francisco, CA.  
McDonald's Corp., Oak Brook, IL.



## 1991 Volunteer Projects

Task	Size	Workers	Person Hrs
<b>YA Group #1 — Yosemite Valley, July</b>			
Trail Eradication, Happy Isles	250 ft.	16	24
Thistle, mullein removal	95 ac.	17	195
Tumble mustard removal	5 ac..	5	15
Trail chipping	900 ft.	12	60
Fence stretching	150 ft.	17	76.5
Tuolumne Grove trail eradication	500 ft.	16	32
<i>Total: 4 days worked, 402.5 person hours</i>			
<b>YA Group #2 — Yosemite Valley, July</b>			
Plant salvage	500 pl.	16	88
Thistle, mullein removal	80 ac.	11	93.5
Seed collection	3 lbs..	5	55
Trail chipping	650 ft.	17	42.5
Dump site cleanup	2,100 lbs.	16	88
<i>Total: 4 days worked, 367 person hours</i>			
<b>YA Group #3 — Tuolumne Meadows, August</b>			
Old Soda Springs Trail-eradication and replanting	1,100 ft.	13	208
Old Lyell Fork Trail-eradication and replanting	300 ft.	13	104
May Lake illegal campsite removal & restoration	6 sites	13	78
<i>Total: 4 days Worked, 390 person hours</i>			



# The Bridalveil Meadow Mystery: A Postscript

Hank Johnston

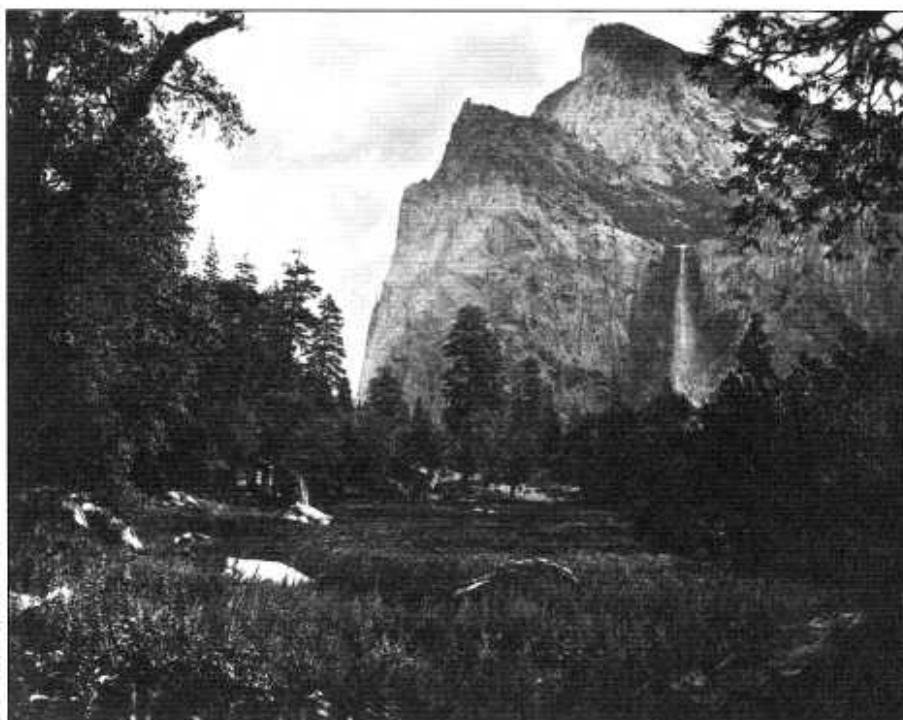
A few days prior to the publication of the Spring edition of this journal which contained my account of the murder by Indians of two or three prospectors in Yosemite Valley in 1852 ("The Mystery Buried in Bridalveil Meadow"), I learned to my chagrin that an important new source of information on the matter had recently been discovered. I refer to a series of three letters written within a month of each other in the summer of 1852 to his military superiors in the Pacific Division by Lieutenant Tredwell

Moore, Second Infantry, U.S. Army, who commanded the Government forces sent to punish the Yosemite Indians responsible for the killings.

The letters were found buried in the vast accumulation of U.S. Army correspondence held in the National Archives in Washington, D. C., by Thomas Fletcher during research for his excellent little monograph on the early history of the Mono Lake-Bodie area (*Paiute, Prospector, Pioneer*, available from the Yosemite Association).

Moore's reports answer the question of who found and buried the murdered men in Yosemite Valley. They also present a rather different account of the Army's capture and execution of the Indians from the long-accepted one given by Lafayette Bunnell in his 1880 book, *Discovery of the Yosemite and the Indian War of 1851 Which Led to That Event*, heretofore our principal source of information about the aftermath of the incident.

First Lieutenant Tredwell



C.E. WATKINS, 1866 / NPS

Moore (1825-1876), a native of Ohio, graduated from West Point in 1847. He was subsequently assigned to the Benicia, California, headquarters of the Pacific Division of the Army. On May 21, 1851, Moore arrived with Companies B and K of the Second Infantry at Camp Barbour, the temporary encampment of the Indian Commissioners situated along the south bank of the San Joaquin River, with orders to establish a permanent Army post on the site. Moore's troops had been assigned to the area to maintain order and peace on the recently established Indian reservations in the vicinity and to back up the District Indian Agent in the performance of his duties.

On May 26, Lieutenant Moore formally dedicated "Fort Miller" in honor of Major Albert S. Miller, a Mexican War veteran and Moore's commanding officer at Benicia. The "fort" consisted largely of a crude log building pierced with rifle loopholes, which served as a protective

barracks against a surprise Indian attack.

Early in June, 1852, word arrived at Fort Miller of the bloody attack on the party of Coarse Gold miners by Indians in Yosemite Valley. Lieutenant Moore immediately prepared his forces to go in pursuit of the Yosemite Indians, which he did on June 15. His three letters to Capt. E.D. Townsend (Assistant Adjutant General in Benicia, California) about the campaign follow in their entirety, accompanied by my observations.

## Letter One

Hd Qrs Fort Miller, Cal.  
June 12th, 1852

Sirs

Information was received at this post a few days since, that the Indians on the head waters of the Merced had made an attack on eight white men who were "prospecting" the south fork of that river. Three of the whites were killed, and two were severely wounded. A party of miners, after the news came in, went

in pursuit of the Indians. They did not succeed in overtaking them but have I believe recovered the bodies of the killed. The Indians who committed the murders belong to the Yo-sem-i-ties, of whom complaint was made to the Genl. Comds. last winter. They have committed many robberies, but have until this last act, refrained from murder. I will start in pursuit of them on Monday next, and endeavor not only to punish the Indians who were engaged in committing the murder, but also to remove the tribe to the reservation set aside for them by the commissioners last year. Qr. Masters funds will be necessary to carry on the Expedition.

Enclosed you will find requisitions for funds and stores, which please submit to the General Comds. as early as convenient.

I am sir  
very respectfully  
Your obt. Srvt  
T Moore

## Comment:

Lieutenant Moore's statement that three miners were killed by Indians undoubtedly came from the same early report that appeared in the June 10, 1852, edition of the *Daily Alta California*. A second newspaper account printed eight days later updated the original story by saying that only two miners had been killed; a third man named Joseph Tudor was described as "seriously wounded." Moore does clear up one previous uncertainty, however, when he verifies that the party of vengeful miners from Coarse Gold Gulch recovered and buried the bodies of the dead. Lafayette Bunnell was obviously mistaken when he



said in *Discovery of the Yosemite* that Moore and his soldiers later found and buried the victims in Yosemite Valley.

### Letter Two

*Head Quarters Camp Steele  
Near the Head Waters of the  
Merced  
July 8th, 1852*

Sir

*I have the honor to report that, I arrived at my present encampment on the Head Waters of the Merced on the 20th of June, immediately on my arrival scouting parties were sent to scour the country in all directions. Many deserted "Rancherias" were found no Indians. The friendly Indians we had with us as guides are of the opinion that the entire tribe had crossed the Sierras. Major Savage with a party of Indians struck a fresh trail heading from the valley towards the head waters of the San Joaquin, his provisions giving out he was obliged to return. On the 1st I took with me a party of twelve men and taking Major Savage's trail soon came to a heavy trail. This we continued to follow. And on the morning of the 4th crossed the main ride of the Sierra. I encamped about noon and sending our scouts I received information that there was a "Rancheria" some four miles distant, by dividing my party I was enabled to take them so completely by surprise that before they were able to move they were entirely surrounded.*

*Twenty-one prisoners were taken — six men, the remainder of women and children — one of the prisoners acknowledged that they saw the murders of the whites on the Merced, but denied having participated in it. A number of trinkets together with some clothing was found which fully implicated their participation in the division of the murdered men's property, if not in the murder. The men I then*

*ordered to be shot which was done on the morning of the 5th.*

*From the women taken I have learned that it was a general thing and that nearly the entire tribe was present at the murder. Lieut. McLean started to Yo Semity Valley on the 1st with ten men with instructions to destroy the "Rancherias" and provisions there, he succeeded in finding a large quantity of acorns which were destroyed. One of his men (Riley) was severely wounded receiving two arrow shots on the night of the 4th while on post as sentinel. Lieut. McLean arrived this morning, having accomplished the destruction of as much property and provisions as could be found. Riley the wounded man died last night. Mr. Crosby will hand you requisition which please submit to the Genl. Commanding at your earliest opportunity.*

*I am Sir  
Very Respectfully  
Your obdt Servt.  
T. Moore, 1st Lt. Infantry*

### Comment:

The location of Moore's base camp, which he called "Camp Steele" (probably to honor Second Infantry Adjutant Frederick Steele), is not clear. From the description of "near the headwaters of the Merced," the camp may have been situated in Little Yosemite Valley; then again, it might have been further southwest along the southern branch of the old Mono Trail, perhaps near present Peregoy Meadow.

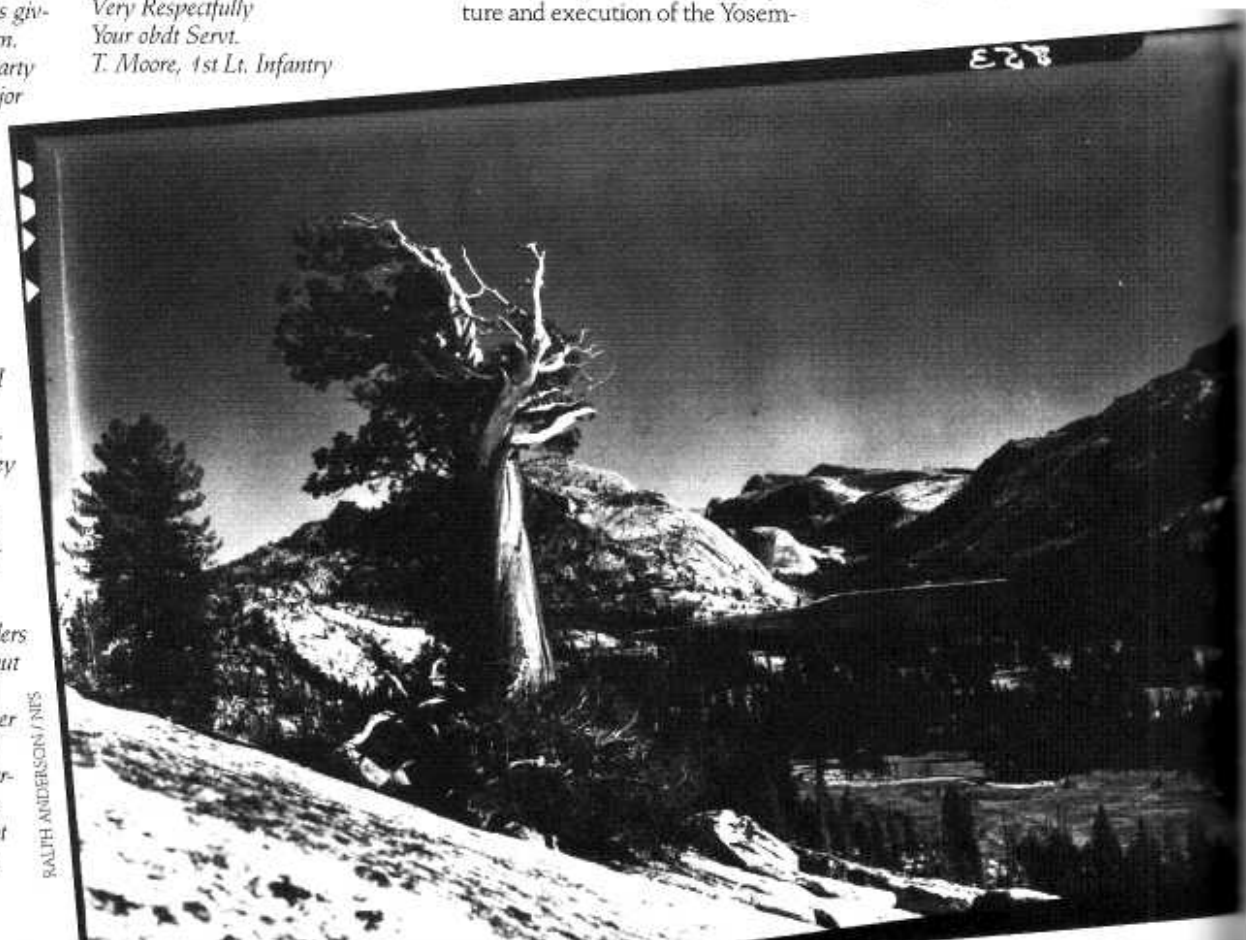
We learn from Moore's letter of the presence of Major James Savage, the noted commander of the Mariposa Battalion, at least during the early days of the campaign. Savage could not have remained long with Moore's forces, for he was killed in a quarrel on the Kings River Indian Reservation on August 16, 1852.

According to Moore, the capture and execution of the Yosemite

ites did not occur in Yosemite Valley as Bunnell describes, but somewhere in the high country above — possibly near Tenaya Lake. Moreover, six Indians were shot, not five, as Bunnell has it. At least one or two members of Chief Teneya's band must still have been present in the Valley, however, because two arrow shots killed a soldier named Riley while Lieutenant McLean's scouting party was engaged in destroying the acorn stores of the Yosemitees in early July, 1852.

Moore's description of crossing the "main ridge of the Sierra" on July 4 most likely referred to his passing through the Cathedral Range via Cathedral Pass, which was the main route of the Indians between Little Yosemite Valley

The capture and execution of the Yosemitees possibly occurred near Tenaya Lake, 1852.



RALPH ANDERSON / NPS



and Tuolumne Meadows. This would have brought his party within a few miles of Tenaya Lake, a favorite summer camp of the Yosemiteites.

### Letter Three

*Hd Qrs. Camp Steele  
July 9th, 1852*

Sir

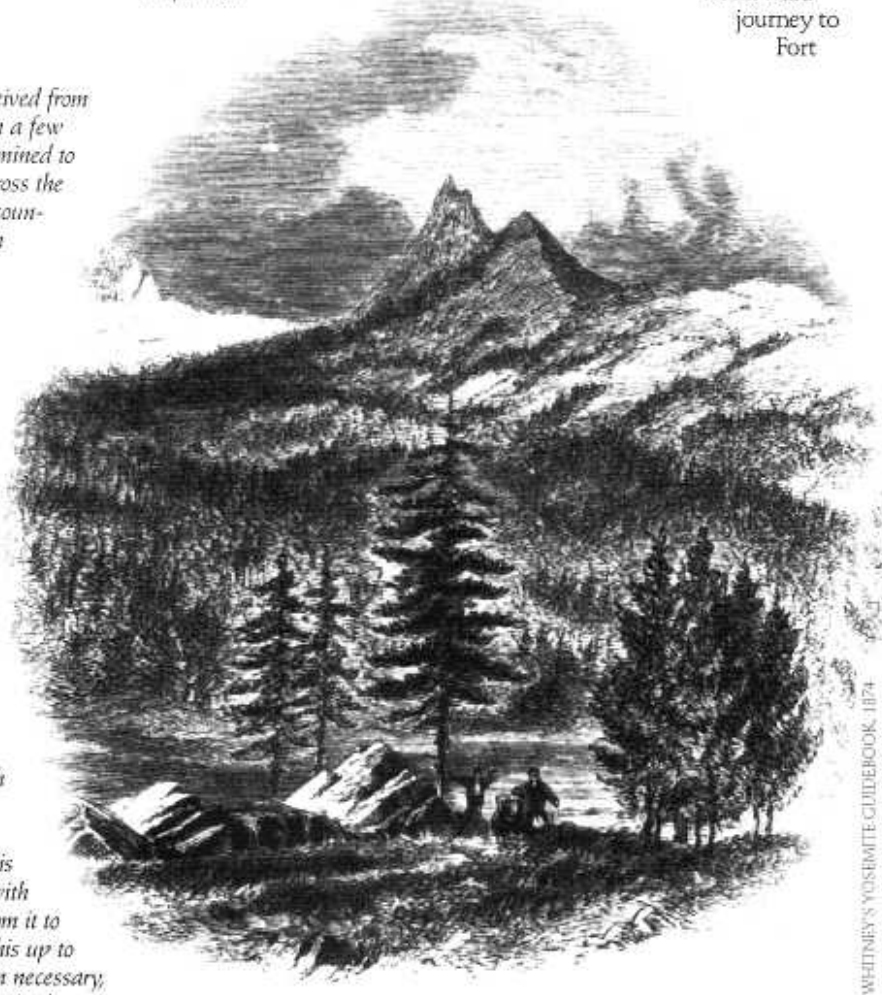
*From information received from the Indian women taken a few days since, I have determined to follow the Yosemiteites across the Sierras, into the Mono country. The Yosemiteites are on friendly terms with the Monos and have fled to this country thinking that the whites will not follow them across the snow. A few families are yet scattered in the vallies high up in the mountains, but are making their way as rapidly as possible to the Mono territory. The squad taken on the 4th was one of these detached parties. The Indians inform me that mules can be taken across the mountains without much difficulty — In connection with this I would state that my command is so small, that I cannot with prudence detach men from it to guard the pack train. This up to the present, has not been necessary, but my farther movement in the mountains will require that the train have a small escort for the safe transmission of supplies. I would respectfully suggest that a small detachment of dragoons be sent to me for that purpose — I would also state that the necessity of detaching two and three men as scouts, without other arms than muskets, has led me to think that a few six shooter would be of service for parties of this nature. Enclosed I transmit a requisition for ten which I*

*hope will meet the approbation of the Genl. Comdg.*

*I am Sir  
very Respectfully  
Your obt. servt.  
Lt. In'try, Comdg.  
Expedition*

other minerals while exploring the region north and south of Bloody Canyon and of Mono Lake. Finding no trace whatever of the cunning chief, he returned to the Soda Springs, and from there took his homeward journey to Fort

the first non-Indians definitely known to have entered the Mono Basin. As a result of Moore's expedition, Mono Lake was shown for the first time on a California map the following year (1853). During the summer of that same year, Tenieya and his people apparently returned to Yosemite Valley to suffer the disastrous fate described in my previous article at the hands of their former friends, the Mono Paiutes.



WHEATON'S YOSEMITE GUIDEBOOK, 1874

### Comment:

In the absence of further reports from Lieutenant Moore, Bunnell's account remains our primary source of information on Moore's subsequent activities. According to Bunnell, "Lieutenant Moore crossed the Sierras over the Mono trail that leads by the Soda Springs through the Mono Pass. He made some fair discoveries of gold and gold-bearing quartz, obsidian, and

Crossing the main ridge of the Sierra at Cathedral pass, Lieutenant Moore pursued the Indians to the Mono Basin.

Miller by way of the old trail that passed to the south of the Yosemite."

Although Moore failed in his mission to capture Tenieya and the remainder of his followers, he succeeded in establishing a new route for white men across the Sierra. His party also became

## Yosemite Photographic Survey Exhibit

The first exhibition of photographs from the Yosemite Photographic Survey will be held at the Ansel Adams Gallery in Yosemite Village from August 1 to September 15, 1992. The exhibit will include photographs by project director Brian Grogan, Linda Connor, Robert Dawson, Steve Dzerigian, Kim Harrington, Philip Hyde, Willie Osterman and Philipp Scholz Ritterman. The ongoing project to document contemporary Yosemite National Park will continue through 1993, and some of these photographs appear regularly in this journal.

Concurrently with this exhibit, the Yosemite Visitor Center presents an exhibition of photographs by Willie Osterman. On sabbatical from his position at the Rochester Institute of Technology, Mr. Osterman spent a year in the Park photographing for the Yosemite Photographic Survey. This exhibit was supported by the Yosemite Association Grants Program.

# Disaster in Foresta

*Shirley Sargent*

**Forty-eight hours** after one of Yosemite's many August, 1990 wildfires had destroyed my isolated mountain home 12 miles from its famed Valley, I rode onto the Ahwahnee Hotel's lawn where grimy, orange-suited firefighters, employees and residents thronged around food-laden tables. Immediately I was besieged by the press. Their voices clamored above the whir and click of cameras. "Were you hurt? Can you describe how you felt? Is it true you were carried away kicking and screaming?"

"Lady," I exclaimed, my voice steadying in astonishment, "Do I look like an idiot?"

Actually I had initiated my own escape by riding a three-wheeled, battery-powered "Roadrunner," a duplicate to the one on which I was being photographed. True, I had dismissed suggestions that I evacuate, knowing that I had safely witnessed three major fires during my 26 years of living on my Forest Service homestead, Flying Spur. I knew also that it would take a moving van to carry the books and historical treasures I had collected during my career as a historian and writer.

On August 7 lightning strikes had ignited over 25 fires on the western flank of Yosemite National Park. Because of Flying Spur's ridge-top location overlooking the Merced River Canyon, we witnessed flames and smoke in several places. "We" meant Raye and David Riggle-Santos, who rented one of the three houses on the 21 acre homestead, Angie, my housekeeper of a week, my niece Kathy, her husband Doug Chappell, their children and an overstuffed and indolent retriever appropriately named Sierra. The Chappell family had recently moved into a 4,000 square foot home on the edge of the spur. My home, built

around a fireplace handcrafted in 1911, was the only other residence. It housed me, a seventeen-year-old cat, and Angie.

One fire around the McCauley Ranch and Meadow below us consumed so much drought-dry chaparral that wind-fanned flames were visible by mid-day the 8th. Friends and mile-away "neighbors" in Foresta, a small private inholding just inside Yosemite National Park, were told to evacuate by Park rangers. Raye and David packed up and left after urging us to do the same. As a precaution, Kathy took the children on a camping trip. Doug and I elected to stay as did Angie.

Alerted by Kathy on her way out, a National Park Service fire crew of two young men and a woman arrived in their tool-laden engine and proceeded to hack a fire line and lay hose around the widely-scattered houses. Doug's chain saw chattered into action, too, as he cut

more manzanita near his new house. From the vantage point of his deck, Angie and I watched the planes dropping pink clouds of fire retardant on the flames torching the pines ringing the McCauley Meadow.

Their precision, the lessening of the wind and considerable clearing accomplished on the spur over a quarter of a century, reassured me. Small trees had been branched to six feet above the ground, roads and trails were down to mineral soil, only specimen manzanita bushes were left within 30 feet of structures, and breaks encircled the spur. A meadow to the east, a 2700 gallon water storage tank and the Chappell's doughboy swimming pool provided further protection.

After dark two Park Service bulldozers added tumult and safety as they widened our fire breaks. When I finally fell on my bed, it was blessedly quiet, wind and flames were light and sleep was surprisingly immediate.

Before sunrise, I was riding the Roadrunner, bumping over the inert fire hose and the bulldozer's cleat marks. It was still and cool, yet the smoky air felt sultry. As always I savored the sights — the meadow choked with wildflowers, the stump of the cedar that had been blazed as a property corner in 1913, the outcropping of glacial rock and the legion of trees. My mind refused to admit fear. Angie slept, as did the fire guards, one sprawled in a sleeping bag near each house, but I found Doug on his deck. Below us smoke shrouded the meadow and canyon and yet the sky above was blue which reassured us. No flames showed. Later, crews from both Stanislaus National Forest and the California Department of Forestry arrived, heartening us further with their pre-

*Flying Spur, an old Forest Service homestead with its own patent, purchased by Shirley in 1964.*



SHIRLEY SARGENT



sence and beliefs that the spur was safe.

After breakfast, I had to keep occupied so attended to book work and filled orders for my newest book, *Solomons of the Sierra*, a biography of the mountaineer who had pioneered the John Muir Trail. Theodore S. Solomons had been my predecessor at Flying Spur and, as was I, a Yosemite devotee, writer and historian, who had homesteaded and named Flying Spur in 1910. The fireplace that dominated my living room had dominated his log home until a forest fire burned it in 1936. At that time, I reminded myself, the place had been vacant, protected only by a narrow firebreak and without helicopters or retardant bombers to augment trained fire fighters.

My office was in the back of the house, but Angie, in the living room, told me of any unusual column of smoke, and we made frequent trips down to Doug's deck for firsthand observation. It was hot, smoky, but only slightly breezy. Again I considered packing my station wagon, but how to choose among my multitude of lares and penates? I did send the orders I had filled out with a ranger and newsmen who interviewed me near noon.

One questioner annoyed me by asking, "Do you ever talk to the fire crew?" as though they were somehow inferior. Even after my definite, "Of course, frequently," he persisted callously. "Would you mind posing with them?" "I'd be honored," was my reply, little suspecting that the photographer's picture would be the last snapped of pre-fire Flying Spur. Again, a ranger suggested I leave, and, at my negativism, commented, "If this were my place, I probably wouldn't either."

The breeze had quickened and the sky was gray, but still no

© 1991 BRIAN DOUGAN, YOSEMITE PHOTOGRAPHIC SURVEY



flames penetrated the swirling smoke, and firefighters chatted casually with us. Before mid-afternoon, noise increased and more pumpers drove in. My neighbor Raye appeared, exclaiming, "I came up to get more stuff, but it's too dangerous. You've got to leave."

"Oh, Raye," my answer was nonchalant, "You said that yesterday!"

Nevertheless, alarmed by her fright, and the blending of noise from chain saws, shouts, aerial bombers and wind into a howl of sound, I rode down to Doug's again, leaving poor Angie in my dust. Doug and several other men were starting pumps in his pool and, from the deck above I saw a column of orange flame clawing through, and thrusting above the chaparral. "Doug, look!" I yelled.

Almost simultaneously the men shouted, "Let's get out of here!"

Steady, soft-spoken Doug, who loved Flying Spur almost as passionately as I did, yelled "Get out!" at the same time as Angie started to run and I shot down the ramp headed home. There I transferred to my wheelchair and pushed into the office to grab the sinews of business records. "Put them in the laundry basket," I called to Angie who had run in behind me. Her

All that remained of the Flying Spur homestead was the 1911 fireplace, a survivor of an earlier disastrous fire in 1936.

reply was "Look at the flames." "I can't," I shouted, still unable to believe in the horrible reality of wind and crackling flames. Anguished cries from my cat commanded me as much as Angie's scream, "GET OUT!"

Dropping checkbooks, I wheeled out the back door, climbed onto the Roadrunner, intending to escape with Angie in my station wagon that was parked headed out. However, a glance showed it was blocked by fire pumpers turning around in front of it. I pressed the Roadrunner's hand control lever so tightly it hurt my fingers, and aimed at the road junction a hundred or so feet to the north. Wind-thrown embers ignited fires in the pine needles and dry grass beside and ahead of me and a cinder hit my back. Waves of heat, blasts of smoke and the hideous cacophony of sound accompanied me.

Later an official report documented the catastrophe. "Major upslope, up-canyon runs...intensified by strong upslope winds and thunderstorms caused extreme fire behavior...Where buildings were in draws or on slopes, even homes with clearance of flammable materials

were destroyed...fire behavior and intensity became too severe for the crews and forced them to retreat..." In this instance, retreat was a euphemism for flee.

A fleeing USPS engine reached the road junction seconds before I did, stopped and men spilled out. I was scooped up and hoisted onto the back seat. I neither kicked, screamed, nor looked back to see flames engulfing the sky-reaching Ponderosa pines, and my house. "Where's Doug, where's Angie? Are they all right?" was my only reaction.

"USPS. E-4-2 was responsible for evacuating Shirley Sargent," was the retrospective comment of a CDF official, "and should be credited with saving her life." More, the crew showed compassion. They, one a woman, gripped my hands as the truck jolted forward through swirling smoke, past a forest I would never see again. At the junction with the Coulterville stage road, a third of a mile away, the driver braked, and a befuddled firefighter jumped out to stamp out flames in dry grass.

Visibility was so obscured that Doug, I learned later, with Angie beside him, had nearly slammed into the truck when it stopped.

"Get in," yelled the other occupants in the pumper, "QUICK." Flames erupted everywhere as



we bumped down the mountain-side. A huge orange sheet of flame was chewing through the woods to the west. Fleeting, I envisioned what I called Secret Sunny Meadow in its path. During that wild ride, I neither prayed as Angie said she did, cried or despaired. I was numb, in shock, unable to think beyond "this can't be real" negativity. When we reached the temporary refuge of Big Meadow, 75 or more people were milling around, all shocked by the ferocity of the fire. Uncertainty seemed to prevail, but an emergency back-burned and bulldozed "safety zone" was being prepared within the grassy, daisy-starred expanse of the meadow.

Angie, Doug and I were reunited, gulped drinks of water, and shared bewilderment. Peril was nearing from the west. Hoarse shouts, gusts of hot wind, and the terrible, already familiar sounds of flames dictated further retreat. Although none of us was injured physically, I decided that we should go to the Yosemite Medical Clinic in the Valley where I could borrow a wheelchair, use a telephone, and we could regroup. My mind was functioning on a practical level, yet still not admitting of the catastrophe. Doug was equally shocked, dazed and haggard.

Minutes after our departure, all the fire crews, Park, Forest Service and State personnel, with their equipment were forced to seek shelter in the safety zone where they were trapped for three agonizing hours while flames burned 68 Foresta cabins and, ultimately, thousands of acres of forest. (At least some of those trapped were heartened when Doug's panting retriever, who had somehow followed us, limped in. Firefighters rallied around her applying Vaseline to her hot paws, bestowing water,

fire rations and petting upon her).

At the air-cooled and comfortably quiet clinic, we were allowed to use an empty patient room. After scrubbing soot and grime off our faces and hands, we sprawled on the beds, still stunned, but aware that even the astoundingly scenic Valley was threatened by fire. Before long we were also aware of people's kindness and concern. Most of the staff was coping with an emergency, but a couple of nurses and the minister husband of one showed the generosity that would envelop us for weeks and months before we were once more functioning citizens with our own roofs over our heads, clothes on our backs and spirits lifted though not completely restored.

Immediate shelter, in the form of a room at Yosemite Lodge, was given to Angie and me by the Yosemite Park and Curry Co., not for a night or two, but for four weeks. That and meals were complimentary even after I told Ed Hardy, the Company's president, that my cost of living could be reimbursed by insurance. Clothing, used and new, so piled up that three days after the holocaust we needed suitcases. Checks, ranging from \$5 to \$1,000 from friends and strangers, arrived with each mail. Kathy and Doug were equally benefitted. Angie was not forgotten either. Her favorite gift was a coffee maker. Later, we were given substantial sums by the Yosemite Fund. Telephone calls, 30 or more a day at first, left me hoarse but touched. Two especially thoughtful friends took and made calls for me.

At first I was confused by calls from newspaper and television people, but soon the Curry public affairs officer took all calls from the media. He approved a live interview by "Good Morn-

ing America," an appearance that prompted a letter from a friend in Boston, "Imagine my surprise to find you in my kitchen this morning!"

None of this unexpected and heartwarming largess was more important than hugs, shared tears, and the thoughtful gifts, such as toilet articles brought to us that very first night. A multitude of anxious, loving friends and relatives expressed their reactions in letters — "I cried for hours...Damn, damn, DAMN."

Practical aid was forthcoming — an offer to do my washing, a new Roadrunner brought by the owner of CustoMobility barely two days after the fire — these gifts of caring and the faith of many people that I would rebuild at Flying Spur...these were what I treasured then, and will treasure forever.

Humor was truly a saving grace. Late that first night, Angie made Doug and me laugh by remarking that the frozen steaks I had bought for a friend's birthday were well barbecued. Three mornings after the fire, at a time when my telephone calls were incessant, a psychologist of the Mariposa Mental Health Service staff arrived to offer their help to fire victims. One offered, kindly, to come to my room to counsel me. "This will sound odd," I said, "but I'm too busy."

Actually, few of the Foresta refugees sought aid, not because we didn't need it, but because we had each other. Our shared experiences, grief, love and fire updates were therapy, often expressed by hugs.

People, I realized anew, are more important than place, yet Flying Spur, despite the shocking initial visit (when everything from ground to sky was gray and skeletal, trees were still smolder-

ing and fragments of pages from my burned Solomons book were scattered widely) was still a priority to my emotional self. After that visit to survey the damage, even my native optimism was in abeyance, but three weeks to the day after the fire, it returned. Followed by a tow truck to remove my derelict car and an insurance agent to investigate my loss, a friend drove me "home." When I spotted green shoots, spearing the ground of my former garden, tears filled my eyes as I realized that nature's rebirth had begun. The prevalent wind had blown away the ash enough to expose the spur's red clay soil, a smoke-free blue sky revealed that the view of mountains was even more dramatic, and there were unburned pines across the canyon. Humbly, and gratefully, I reaffirmed my decision, made emotionally that first numbing night, to rebuild.

Three times, bands of friends, ranging from an architect, ranger to dentist, ranch hand to a 94-year old gardener, gathered to clear the site of debris, ashes, burned trees, plant trees, rehabilitate the water system and build a temporary outhouse with a door-less view. Their reward was dirt, blisters and my eternal gratitude.

Unlike harassed Forestans whose efforts to rebuild have been hampered by County, State and Park Service restrictions, I had a minimum of delays because Flying Spur is an old Forest Service homestead with a patent.

On August 10, 1991, a year and one day after the fire, I hosted a "matchless" housewarming party at Flying Spur for 141 friends and the craftsmen and women who built my new home. Once again the massive fireplace that

*Continued on page 23*

*Shirley Sargent is a noted Yosemite historian and the author of numerous books on the park.*



# Man of Vision

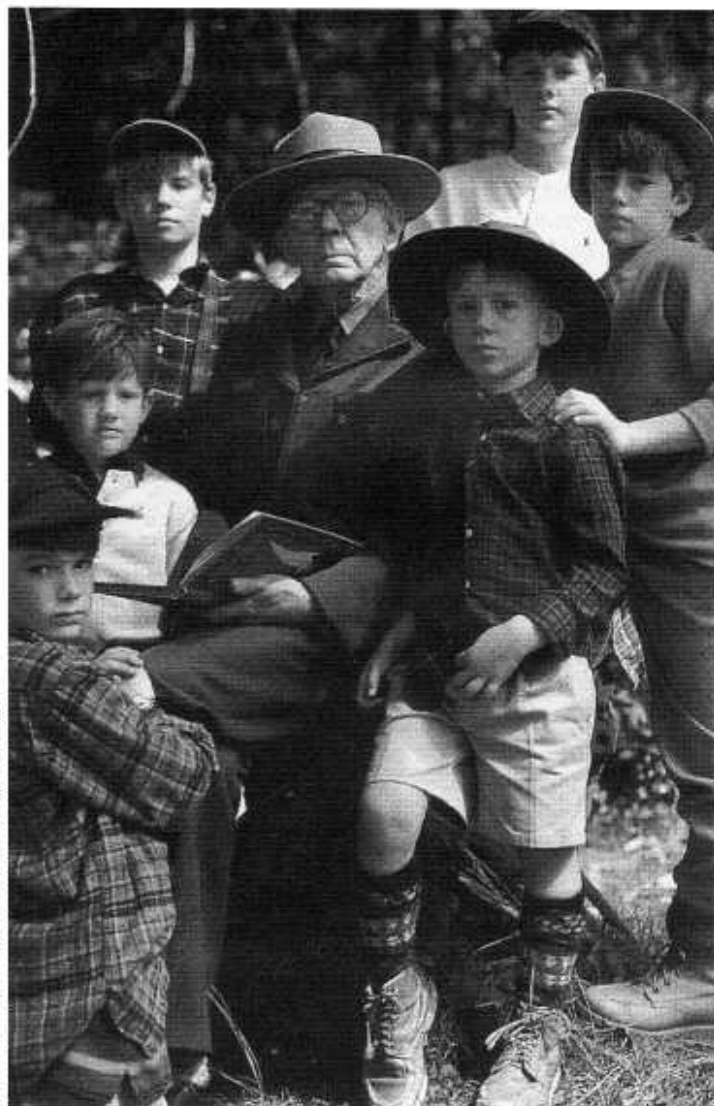
## Henry Berrey, 1916-1992

**Managing Editor** of the Yosemite (Natural History) Association from 1971 through 1985, and a consultant to the organization since his retirement, Henry Berrey died in May from the complications of pneumonia. He was 76. Henry was largely responsible for the enormous growth in operations and effectiveness that the association has experienced during the past twenty years, and distinguished himself by his editorial style and publishing savvy. He endeared himself to the membership, the board of trustees, his staff, and others in Yosemite and elsewhere. Such sentiment is obvious in the letters which follow; they are the personal expressions of several people who worked closely with Henry and knew him well.

### The Editor-in-Chief

The title of the Chief Executive Officer of the Association has changed over the years from Business Manager to Managing Editor and then President. While Henry Berrey never held the title of President, upon his retirement as a mark of respect and esteem, the Board named Henry Berrey President Emeritus. For Henry, however, the most appropriate title was that of Editor-in-Chief. Henry excelled in all of the areas of activity in which the Association engages, but his great strength was in his role as Editor and Publisher. Henry's use of the English language was impeccable. The many manuscripts which Henry edited and then published carried the stamp of Henry's high language standards, sometimes to the frustration of scientific and historical writers whose work he edited.

I first met Henry Berrey in 1971. Our first meeting arose from a want ad Henry had run in the *Yosemite Guide*. Henry had recently become the Managing Editor of the Association and his



BRUCE WEBER, COURTESY OF POLO / RALPH LAUREN

ad sought volunteers in several fields. One of the persons sought was an attorney to redraft the by-laws of the Association. I wrote to Henry and told him I thought I could assist. In due course, Henry came to my office in Stockton and that began over 20 years of close association and friendship.

At our first meeting, Henry outlined his vision for the Association. His goal was for a more active, membership-based organization which could make a greater contribution to Yosemite National Park than was the case

Henry as a model for Polo / Ralph Lauren for Boys brochure "A Trip to Yosemite — Fall 1990."

in 1971. Henry's vision became a reality. Membership grew from a few hundred to thousands. The budget, and in turn financial aid to the park, grew more than tenfold. The result was the work and efforts of many, but it was Henry's vision and leadership that made it possible.

Through his efforts with the Yosemite Natural History Association, now the Yosemite Association, Henry made a great

contribution to Yosemite and in turn to our nation. In spite of his great contributions to Yosemite and the national parks, my strongest memory will not be of Henry as an administrator or editor, but rather as a true gentleman, a breed that is all too scarce today.

While it is an old and often repeated statement, the world is truly a better place for Henry having been here. Those of us who deeply care about Yosemite should be thankful there was a Henry Berrey who also cared.

*Thomas J. Shephard*

Long-time board member and board chairman for over 10 years.

### Symbolized YNHA

When Steve Medley called with the news that Henry Berrey had died earlier that morning, I reacted with predictable shock, sadness and disbelief. Such news, particularly when the person's death is sudden and unexpected, invariably stirs a mix of emotions and memories leavened by a sense of loss. My response, though was magnified by the realization that Henry had been a major part of my personal connection with Yosemite.

Henry was the managing editor of the Yosemite Natural History Association (it would always be YNHA to Henry; dropping "Natural History" from the organization's name just didn't sit well with him) when I arrived as chief park interpreter in late 1974. In my collateral role as YNHA director (later redesignated "association coordinator"), I would work closely with Henry for more than 10 years and more distantly for another seven.

It didn't take me long to learn that Henry was strong-willed, opinionated, and sometimes brusque. He could be argumentative and intimidating, and at times we clashed. He could frustrate me, and I him. But it was also evident that beneath the

crusty veneer was a caring and hospitable spirit, an engaging wit, and charming kindness.

I quickly came to value Henry's knowledge, his skills, and his counsel. His insights were perceptive and his opinions forthright. He was inherently cautious and fiscally conservative, yet he was creative, innovative, and willing to take risks. Perhaps most admirable were his genuine devotion to Yosemite and his unswerving dedication to the association. While he and I may not have been in agreement on some issues or decisions, it was apparent that he always acted in what he believed to be the best interests of the association.

Henry's publications expertise was known and respected, but his contributions to YNHA and to the park extended well beyond that bread-and-butter activity. His ideas and energy kindled or solidified a number of significant programs. For example, it was Henry who suggested in 1981 that YNHA institute a student intern program that summer to augment the National Park Service's interpretive staff that had been dwindling in the wake of budget erosion. That fall he proposed that the association undertake a fundraising campaign to establish an endowment that would finance the program indefinitely. Since 1981 the student intern program, now in its twelfth year, has grown from six participants to 20 in 1992. And his fundraising brain child was the genesis of the Yosemite Fund, which grew from its roots in YA to become a separate entity that now benefits the park immensely.

YA, of course, also provides the NPS colossal support — financial, administrative, and operational — and much of the association's growth that permits this support can be credited to Henry's vision and direction.



NPS PHOTO

He not only symbolized YNHA, he materially strengthened the partnership. I learned from Henry, and I appreciated the experiences we shared. More, I appreciated him.

*Leonard W. McKenzie*  
Chief Park Interpreter for the  
National Park Service.

### Loyalty and Deference

Henry Berrey had two great qualities when it came to Yosemite and the Yosemite Association. His first and deepest loyalty was to Yosemite, the place. Nothing short of the highest standard would do where Yosemite was concerned. His second loyalty was to Y.A. and the Board. As Board members, we were treated with the greatest respect and deference by Henry.

Henry, of YPS&CCo Public Relations and Marketing Departments, covering the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley.

However, at times Henry's two guiding principles — loyalty to Yosemite and deference to the Board — came into conflict. When one of us on the Board began to embark on an inappropriate path, we soon learned through his most gentlemanly method that we needed to be put back on track. Henry would pose a question. Embodied in that question was a very clear message. As we would devise an answer to Henry's question, our own errancy would become evident.

I can still hear those questions being asked. And I am much the wiser for them. The uncompro-

missing standards of Henry Berrey will, I hope, continue to be the hallmark of the Yosemite Association, and of Yosemite National Park.

*Lennie Roberts*  
Long-time board member and  
current Chair of the Board.

### Not Content With the Average

Perhaps it is an obvious comment, but Henry Berrey truly loved the intricate beauty of Yosemite. In everything he did for the Yosemite Association, and before, for the Curry Company, Henry spoke for the beauty of the park. This was clearly evident in the quality and scope of Association services which evolved under Henry's watchful eye.

One example is the manner by which Henry would wield his well used editorial pen. Even John Muir would have had to stand the test had his orbit coincided with Henry's. Henry was not content with the average; he wanted the written word, the photographs, and the overall presentation of Association publications to match, in eloquence, the park itself.

When the integrity of Yosemite seemed threatened, for whatever reason, Henry always was among the first to rise in defense. On more than one occasion, he reminded me that preservation of the natural essence of Yosemite came first. Henry usually offered this reminder when he perceived that I might be drifting toward more blacktop, more bricks, more mortar, or more sales. Usually, too, he was right.

Henry was a great friend of Yosemite. He was very special. For a moment in the grand history of the park, I was privileged to have shared in its care with him.

*Robert O. Binnewies*  
Yosemite Park Superintendent  
from 1979 to 1986.



## Civilized and Urbane

These days, the image is that anybody who was somebody in the history of Yosemite walked up and over its mountains experiencing the place in a raw spiritual haze absolutely disdaining all worldliness.

Henry Berrey was certainly somebody in the history of Yosemite, but if it is possible to look urbane around a campfire at 10,000 feet, Henry could do it. Put him on a horse at that altitude, and he looked positively cosmopolitan. Granted, he wore a red bandana around his neck, but on Henry that bandana was a cravat.

He would have been perfectly cast walking out of the old Scribner's publishing office in New York City on a summer evening, putting on his tweed flat hat, climbing into his blue Bugatti, and rumbling off and away to the far moneyed ends of Long Island.

Henry Berrey was a writer, an editor, a designer and a publisher of beautiful documents, and his pursuit of these crafts harked from a time of, let us say, around 1925, when these professions were considered among the highest callings for a gentleman of taste, education, intelligence, wit, and a love for the best of life. Henry happened to decide to carry out his work in Yosemite Valley — to the great advantage of all of us who have ever been a part of the Yosemite Natural History Association. (Henry never truly approved of dropping those middle two words and he was probably right.)

It is an old organization as organizations go today, and has built over these many years an immensely strong heritage of quality, class, and elegant style. In addition to all those beautiful documents, this also was almost entirely Henry's doing.



HILEEN BERREY

1981 members meeting, Tuolumne Meadows.

When we started fund raising a few years ago, we needed a brochure. I still have and will never part with a copy of the brochure Henry designed. It is easily the most beautiful fund raising brochure ever done for any cause, and one of the most moving statements ever about Yosemite and the needs of the place. Henry tossed it off, with no fanfare whatsoever, presenting it with only a few witty and disparaging remarks, in his big city voice, his cigarette held with the nonchalant elegance you see only in those old 1920 movies.

When I first joined the board, it was the custom to meet in the old Girls' Club building. We would meet just before lunch, there would be a fire in the big stone fireplace, there would be a good wine, some socializing for awhile, and then a most excellent lunch, of several courses. I remember once an incredibly

delicious and fancy veal dish, and another time my memory is of a baked Alaska — could that really have been? Certainly none of it came from Curry kitchens.

It was most civilized and deeply enjoyable and it was all Henry's doing, and the business we finally got down to after lunch was facilitated greatly by that pleasure. The Ahwahnee, years ago, used to have that kind of atmosphere, with the miniature wine glass next to yours so that the sommelier could taste with you in that great room, with the table covered with real silver and crystal. Before his time with the Association, Henry had something to do with the great quality that was the Ahwahnee back then.

I could go on, but the point is simply that the Yosemite Association was guided for a number of years by this man who knew that, among a lot of wrong ways, there was a right way to do things, and, by and large, he knew what it was. It's a great gift. And if sometimes he happened to point the way with a cigarette in one hand and a martini in the other, rather than with a compass and a walking stick, and wore a tweed jacket of impeccable tailoring and a button down shirt and tie, rather than shorts and a backpack and a Smokey-the-Bear hat, well, I'll tell you, I'm going to miss it. A lot. We all are.

The Yosemite memory for some of us is not only that of its spirit-lifting country; it includes also this high quality bit of romantic, elegant urbanism that was Henry Berrey — who I hope and trust will always remain a major guiding spirit of the Yosemite Association.

*E. H. "Skip" McLaughlin*

A board member of the Association for several years during the 1980's.

## A Protector of Yosemite

Henry Berrey joined YP&CCo in 1946 as Manager of Advertising and Public Relations and retired in 1971 as Director of Marketing. I first met Henry in 1973 when he was working for the Yosemite Association. Dana Morgenson, who was a long-term chairman of the Yosemite Association, introduced us. Dana had been the Curry Co.'s Reservation Manager over two decades.

After joining the Board of Trustees of the Yosemite Association, I interacted with Henry more and more. Henry and I had several things in common, such as a love of Yosemite and the desire to protect it without a lot of fanfare.

In 1979, I asked my Administrative Assistant, Connie Archer, to call "Berry" and invite him to go camping with me at Mattie Lake. She called Henry, he accepted and we had a great week of enjoying the remote northern part of Yosemite National Park. The unique aspect of this trip was there were two Berry/Berrey's in camp — Henry Berrey and Bob Berry, an NFL quarterback for 12 years and a dear friend I have known since the 1950's. The catch was that when I asked Connie to invite "Berry", she naturally assumed Henry Berrey. This story unfolded in camp and we had many laughs about this mistaken, but welcome invitee.

Henry had a magic twinkle about him when things were positive. When times were difficult, he was a curmudgeon who held his ground intelligently and deliberately. He always warmly welcomed friends and easily made up with those he had skirmishes with — making Henry a loveable contributor to Yosemite's protection and history.

*Edward C Hardy*

President of Yosemite Park & Curry Co. and Y.A. Board Member

## Community

The Yosemite Conversation Club, of which Henry was a member from 1949-1970 was a group of Yosemite residents who met socially one evening each month.

Begun in 1934 and continuing today, nearing its 600th meeting, the club has served the purpose of the pursuit of cultural interests by the members of a small (and at one time) isolated community miles from the nearest city.

Henry was President of the club in 1952 and during the preceding year had been elected secretary-treasurer. His effortlessly recorded minutes reveal a graceful writing style and a subtle, easy sense of humor that was enjoyed in the relaxed camaraderie of the group.

*"The 183rd meeting of the Conversation Club was held on March 3. This meeting should have been held a week earlier, but the Secretary forgot to mail notices, for which failure he is properly remorseful."*

*"The secretary was roundly censured for his gross extravagance in using four-cent postcards to notify members of meetings, when the postcards invariably were delivered via inter-office mail. Properly instructed by the membership, the secretary stated he would revise the communications system and use inter-office mail."*

Members were required, on a rotating schedule to present a paper on a subject of their choice, and to provide a typed copy for each person in attendance as well as a copy for the club's archival files. Questions and general discussion on the evening's topic followed.

*"There was no unfinished or new business, whereupon McHenry read his paper 'Most Men are Created Unequal'. This topic was brilliantly discussed until adjournment."*

*"... Harry Parker sug-*

*gests that it is the Secretary's opinion that the topic was 'brilliantly' discussed."*

*"McHenry objects that there has been no candy for two meetings."*

Membership in the club was limited to 20; it was necessary to vote for the inclusion of new members. Lifetime dues of 50¢ (unless more was needed in extreme situations) were required.

*"The membership committee recommended the name of Harthon Bill as a candidate member to fill the vacancy which would be created by the resignation of Harry C. Parker. Member Parker raised his voice in resentment of being replaced before he had left."*

*"Member McHenry invited all to a farewell party to be given for Mr. Parker on June 3rd."*

The host of the month (someone other than the 'reader') was expected to provide the evening's dinner at a cost of no more than \$2.50 for each member.

*"Host Bill was complimented on the splendid steak dinner provided at the Yosemite Lodge Cafeteria. It was moved and seconded and passed that Bill be reimbursed for all costs above the established maximum. The secretary-treasurer, after cursory examination of Club's resources, explained that, unless Bill would accept penny postcards in payment, no re-*

*imbursement would be possible."*

For a group as small as the Yosemite Conversation Club, there were special committees and elected members of each were expected to make a monthly report.

*"The Secretary read the minutes of the 183rd meeting and no exceptions were noted except that member Ernst was determined to be membership committee chairman despite his efforts to cloud the issue with gobbledygook."*

*"Progress of an undisclosed nature was reported by D.E. McHenry!"*

The topics on which Henry chose to speak reveal a man of diverse and worldly interests; someone who enjoyed history, travel, literature, and art. Among the titles of papers he presented during his years in the club were: *Robert Flaherty: Documentary Film Maker, Bullfighting, Pacific Area Travel Association and U.S. Travel Service and Their Efforts in Promoting Travel in the U.S.*, accompanied by a film on Japan, *Buckminster Fuller, Prehistoric Cave Paintings of the Lascaux Caverns in France*, illustrated by a slide presentation, and *Charles Darwin and the Voyage of the Beagle*.

Secretarial minutes spanning many years of the Conversation Club read as a roster of residents from all park professions: Yosemite Park & Curry Co., National Park Service,

Lewis Memorial Hospital and the Yosemite Post Office. They illustrate an easy, good-natured ambiance among friends, co-workers and neighbors.

*"Minutes of the previous meeting were read and the secretary was reprimanded for having left the name of Mrs. S.S. Cramer from the list of officers elected to the Community Council. This injustice was promptly corrected."*

*"The secretary was further abused for his fuddleheaded reasoning in the distribution of the Conversation Club meeting notices."*

*Respectfully submitted,  
H. Berrey, Sec'y."*

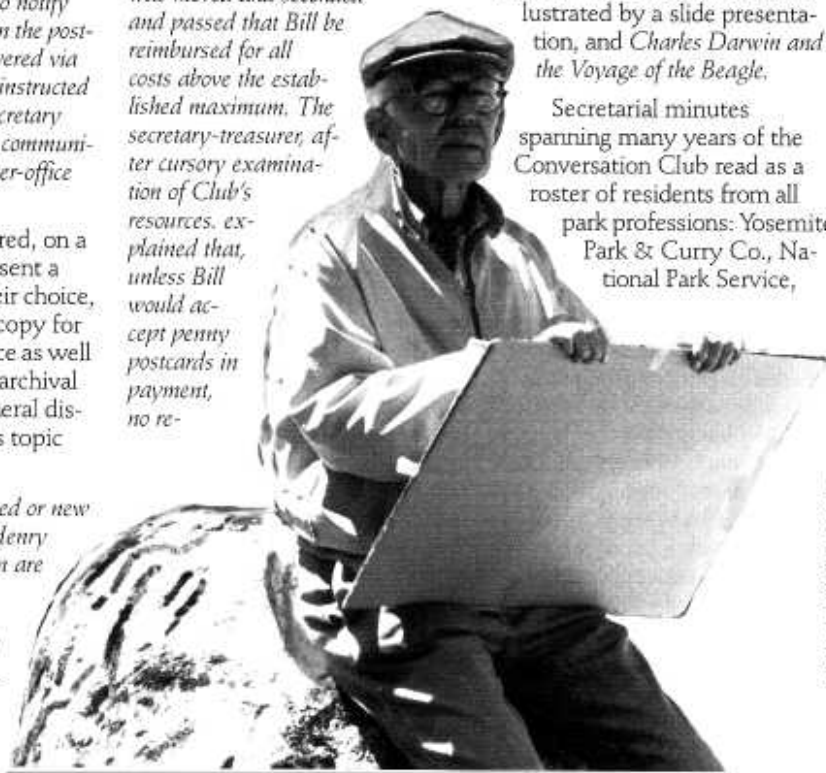
The Yosemite National Park Research Library is the repository for the papers of the Yosemite Conversation Club, 1934 to the present.

*Mary Vocelka*  
Yosemite Association Employee and former Librarian, Yosemite Research Library

## Henry Berrey Memorial Fund Established

**At the request** of the Berrey family, a Henry Berrey Memorial Fund has been established at the Yosemite Association to accept gifts in memory of the man who guided the organization throughout the 1970's and 80's. The fund will be used to support appropriate projects at Yosemite National Park in furtherance of the work that Henry undertook with such style during his life.

Friends, Yosemite Association members, and others are encouraged to remember Henry Berrey through this memorial fund. Checks should be made payable to the Henry Berrey Memorial Fund and sent to: Yosemite Association, P.O. Box 230, El Portal, CA 95318.

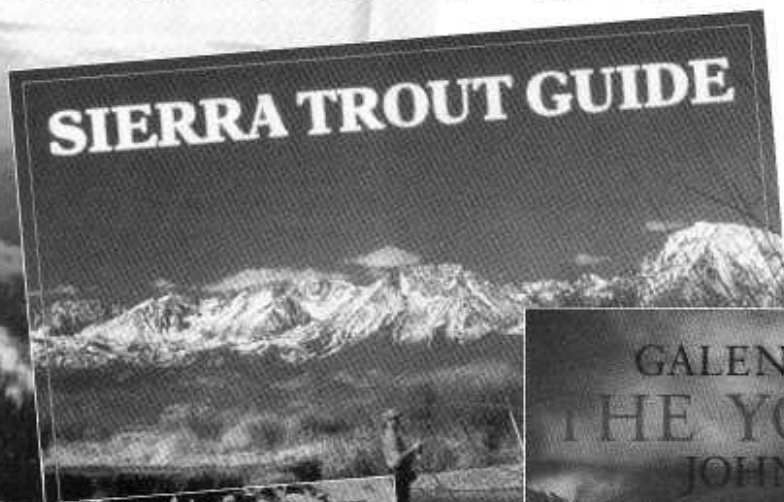


MICHAEL DIXON, 1985 / NPS

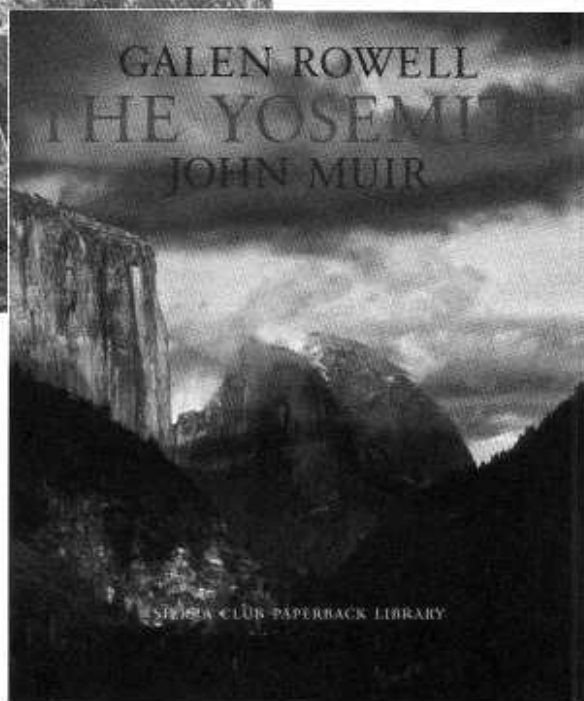
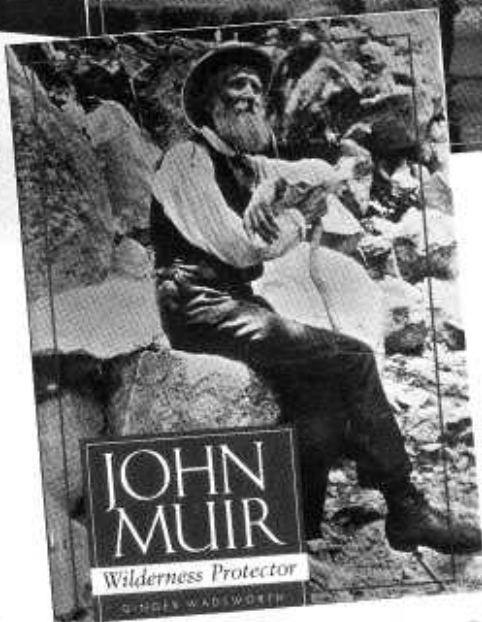


# Yosemite

## CATALOG



The Yosemite  
1993

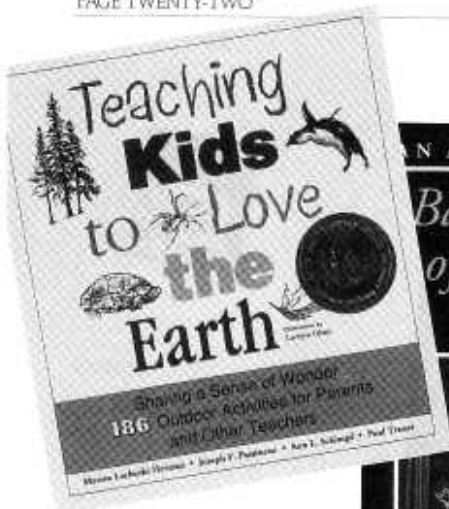


**06800** *The Yosemite Calendar — 1993* with photographs by William Neill. This is the first time that the Yosemite Association has printed its own wall calendar, and we're very pleased with our initial offering. Gifted Yosemite photographer, William Neill, has assembled 13 of his best images which are reproduced beautifully in full color. They are matched with excerpts from poetry by writers like Gary Snyder, Robert Frost, Rainer Maria Rilke and Joe Bruchac. Each month includes significant dates in Yosemite history, holidays and moon phases. It's all printed in a 12" x 12" size on handsome recycled paper and wire-o bound. We think you'll agree it's elegant and attractive. Yosemite Association, 1992.  
\$9.95.

**31560** *Sierra Trout Guide* (revised edition) by Ralph Cutter. This comprehensive work provides you everything you'd ever want to know about trout in the Sierra Nevada. There are chapters on natural history, locating productive waters, tackle and techniques, angling ethics, back-country fishing, trout food, and even a distribution chart for lakes in every Sierran county. It's much more than a simple fishing guidebook. Profusely illustrated in color, the book is a remarkable improvement on the earlier edition. 112 pages. Frank Amato Publications, 1991.  
Paper, \$19.95.

**21280** *John Muir — Wilderness Protector* by Ginger Wadsworth. Here is a new biography of John Muir written for young people. The author covers the full range of Muir's life from his boyhood in Scotland to his Alaskan expeditions to his life in Yosemite Valley and California. It's a great introduction for young persons to Muir's non-traditional approach to life, his passion for the environment, and his commitment to preserving the natural world. There are plenty of black and white photographs along with representative quotations and their sources. 144 pages. Lerner Publications, 1992.  
Hardbound, \$15.95.

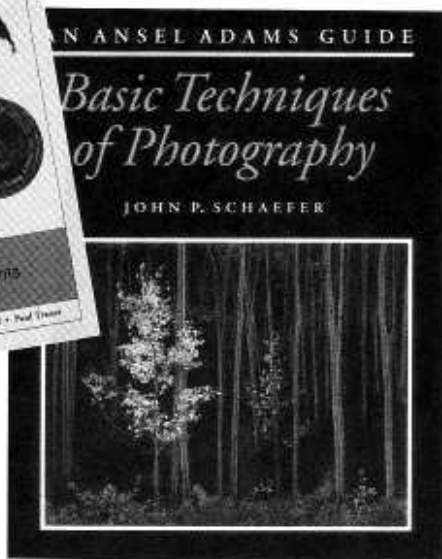
**35152** *The Yosemite* by John Muir with photographs by Galen Rowell. Here's the paperback version of the fine, coffee-table-style book which was produced by the Sierra Club. Muir's classic work on Yosemite is illustrated with 101 color photographs by Galen Rowell, presented in a large format (9" x 12"). Each of the photographs is accompanied with a photographer's note explaining the story of the image or updating Muir's words. The result is a nice combination of time-honored words with fresh new photographs of Yosemite. Sierra Club Books, 1989.  
Paper, \$25.00.



**33300** *Teaching Kids to Love the Earth* by Herman, Passineau, Schimpf and Treuer. This new book is a collection of 186 activities designed for use by parents and teachers with children to help them experience and appreciate the earth. Each chapter contains a story, instructions for a main

activity, suggestions for related activities, and a list of additional resources. The main themes are curiosity, exploration, discovery, sharing and passion. Illustrated with black and white drawings. 175 pages, Pfeifer-Hamilton Publications.

Paper, \$14.95.



**15065** *Basic Techniques of Photography — An Ansel Adams Guide* by John P. Schaefer. Ansel Adams' unique systematic approach to the fine art of photography is presented in this thorough one-volume guide. The book is organized to provide the serious beginner or novice photographer with an understanding of the basic principles of both black-and-white and color photography. There are chapters on camera systems and film, the Zone System, light and light meters, developing the negative, basic printing, and many more. Extensively illustrated with technical drawings and photographic images. 389 pages, Little, Brown and Company.

Paper, \$29.95.

**07516** *Yosemite Association Patch*. Our Association logo is embroidered on colorful, sturdy fabric for placement on daypacks, shirts, blue jeans, jackets, or wherever! The newly designed patch is available in three attractive colors: dark blue, forest green, and maroon.

\$3.00 (please specify color)

**07800** *Yosemite Enamel Pin*. Designed especially for the Association, our enameled metal pin is a work of art. Each of the 10 different glazes is hand placed and separately fired. The result, from William Spear Design, is an eye-catching and colorful piece. The metal enamel pins are relief engraved in a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 2" size.

\$11.95.

favorite trail mix! The pouch is designed with front snap fasteners on the straps. This allows comfortable positioning on your belt — even between belt loops; no need to take your belt off first. The material is high quality Cordura pack cloth with a waterproof coating on one side. Beige with the dark brown and white Yosemite Association patch, the Pelican Pouch measures 8 x 5 x 2½ inches.

\$11.95.

**07510** *Yosemite Association Mug*. This distinctive and functional heavy ceramic mug feels good with your hand wrapped around it. Available in two colors (green and maroon), it's imprinted with our logo and name in black and white. Holds 12 ounces of your favorite beverage.

\$6.50.



**07505** *Yosemite Association Baseball-Style Cap*. After long being out of stock, our Y.A. caps are available once again. The new version is made of corduroy with an adjustable strap at the back so that one size fits all. The cap is adorned with a Y.A. logo patch, and comes in dark blue, forest green and maroon colors. The cap is stylish and comfortable, and wearing it is a good way to demonstrate your support for Yosemite.

\$9.95 (please specify color)



**0770** *Pelican Pouch, Wilderness Belt Bag*. The Pelican Pouch is not only perfect for carrying field guides, but also offers instant access to all the small items that are usually buried in your pack — pocket camera, lenses, maps, or your



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## New Members

We would like to welcome to the Yosemite Association the following fine persons who became members within the past three months. Your support is greatly appreciated.

### Regular Members

Joanne Andrew, Warren Ashley Brown, James & Janis Bucholz, Jeff Caldwell, Janis & Joel Carter, Jeff Collett, Dana & Craig Cook, Helen R Costa, Marilyn Crawford, Virginia DeBolt, Dr & Mrs Roger W English, Preovolos Family, Matt Furcron, Thomas & Linda Furness, Dennis & Donna Grannan, S Sue Harper, Joan C Kitson, June Kodani, Larry & Kit Kubo, Keith & Mary Lange, Carol Laughton, Kathryn Nunn, Mr & Mrs Bill Oliver, Joan Li & Thomas Pong, John & Joni Ragsdale, Mr & Mrs Gregory Sager, Paula Sapunar, WV Scarborough, Judith M Scholzer, Mary Sheeran, Dr & Mrs Budd Shenkin, Russell Stott, John & Maggie Streets, David Valencia Jr, Roy & Joan Waller, Cricket Wingfield.

### Contributing Members

Eugene & Lois Ballock, Alan & Susan Barich, Sandra L Berman, Thomas J Boures, Ken & Sylvia Curry, Clayton & Florence Dunham, Chuck Ferguson, Gary W Fuller, Lee M & Donna E Galloway, David Goodfellow, William & Merrabeth McKellar, Raymond Schaad, Warren & Denise Scott, Jim Shirley, Carolyn Shugart, Mary R Zinn.

### Centennial Members

Tom & Linda Corbett, Don & Cynthia Givens, Dee & Spencer Hart, Ron & Colleen Helsel, George & Peggy Heuber, Jack & Maureen Leach, Victoria A H Rice, Connie Ellen Shearer.

### Life Members

L Lundberg, Mr & Mrs James R Martin, John & Irva Neff, Bill Wissel, Ron & Karen Zaller.

### Participating Life Members

Jim & Arleen Seybert.

### International Members

Chris Phillips & Helen Clare, England.

### Recent Donations to YA

Anatalo Corporation, Rodney Anderson, Ansel Adams Gallery, Enviro Sports, Marilyn Johnson, Bonnie Little, Gretchen McClair, Leo Pawek, Michael G Smith, Georgia Stigall, Carlos & Eufrocina Yap.

*In honor of Dr Jeffrey Voorhees:* Joyce Smitheran.

*In honor of Dr Theodore L Huller:* Joyce Smitheran.

*In memory of Henry Berrey:* Tom Borchardt, Hal Browder, Claire Haley, Martha Miller, Elvira Nishkian.

*In memory of Mary Jardine Granis:* Eleanor Jardine.

*In memory of Steve Hodson:* Henry & Virginia Marklay, Frank & Nancy Young.

*In memory of James A Ice:* William & Tona Cohendet, Jill Harmon & Family, Joseph & Margaret Otterson, Dorothy McKenzie.

*In memory of Rodney Reece:* Joell Erlandson.

*In memory of Leroy "Rusty" Rust:* Elvira Nishkian.

*In memory of Ira Darrell Southwell:* James Carpenter, Barbara Johnson, Dana & Maria Nelson, William Nicholson.

## Friends of the Association, 1991

The following fine people and companies made generous contributions of their time, money, or energy during the past year. We thank them copiously, and apologize to anyone whose name was inadvertently omitted.

Barbara Abate, Aaron & Linda Addington, Janet Adelman, Alicia Carmen Aguirre, D Reneria & M Almanzo, Betty Anderson, Charles I. Anderson, Pam Anderson, Rand & Frances Anderson, Adila Araya, Mary E Arego, Lee Armstrong, Cecile D Baker, Roberta Baker, Ben & Donna Barker, Kurt Barton, Cynthia Baum, Charlene Beam, Rick K Beekman, MA Bell, Catherine Bellavita, Richard L Berg, John P Billingsley, Barry & Bea Binns, Phyllis & Harry A Birk Jr, Ada Bishop, Wayne Bonser, Sharon Boyes, TL & WL Brock, Nancy Bruce, A Mohring & B Buenz, Marcia Burt, Donald Campbell, Elaine Canepa, D Peacock & M Cardinalli, Joanne Carlsen, Bill & Mary Carroll, J Martin & W Carter, Tim & Melanie Carter, Robert Carty, Anthony Castagna, John Cernok, Bruce Cesar, Cameron Chandler, Pei Chen, Phyllis Chutuk, Joe & Ann Cleaver, Jan Cobb, Matt Coulter, Rod L. Craig, Elizabeth Crane, Gary L Crawford, Richard & Heidi Crone, Michael Cunningham, Linda Curtiss, Donald C Dafeo, Nicholas J Dahinden, Ralph Daniel, Gail Dannemiller, Elaine Davis, Sally Davis, Sarah Davis, Vanessa Dawson, Katie & Mel Dearn-dorf, Carolyn Dekoven, Leo DeMarco, Nancy Derthick, Larry Dodson, Helen Dong, Anne Dougherty, K Thomson & N Dove, David Downing, David DuBose, Pamela S Duke, Bill R Dumas, Joseph & Kathy Duret, John C Earnhardt, Peter Eby, Sharon Nelson & R Embry, Debbie Estanda, Alike Estes, Rick Fallis, Jack Ferguson, Robert Franz, Lydia Frazier, Robert Matthew French, Lisbeth Fry, RT & C J Fuhrman, Barbara J Fuller, Dorothea Gales, Carol Gallagher, Charles & Sally Galvin, David & Lutrell Gehman, Al & Esther Goldman, Helio Gomez & Family, Chryss Goodell, Norman & Bonnie Goodfriend, Cindy & Bill Gracely, Lisa Graulich, Jeremy Greene, Robert Gronley, RC Haggard MD, Erin Marie Hall, Susan F Hannan, Carol Harrison, Mr & Mrs George Hart, Roberta Harvey, Judith R Fletcher,

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## Eternal Debate

*Continued from page 3*

*moves that seem reasonable. In other words, it might well be possible to increase the quality of use in Yosemite Valley by a well thought out, aggressive, educational campaign. Certainly some of the problems now facing the National Park Service, both in campgrounds and in other areas, might be ameliorated by presenting them and a proposed solution to the people who create them.*

How Few Are Enough? John Muir's observations and Lon Garrison's survey, together with the concerns that motivated them, show that whether annual visitation to Yosemite National Park is 1,000, 400,000, or 3,400,000, the fundamental themes of the Yosemite debate have remained unchanged for more than a century. In fact, one might reasonably ask that if a "quality" recreation experience cannot be obtained with 3,000,000 visitors per year, or with 400,000, or with 1,000, how few visitors must there be in order to reach that goal?

## Foresta

*Continued from page 16*

dominated Theodore S. Solomons' log home from 1911 to 1936, and my own from 1964 until 1990, is the focus of a cherished place. Once again the welcome mat is out and nature is fostering trees and an astounding diversity of plant life. I will always mourn for the piney scents, the sounds, beauty and seclusion afforded by forest. I will miss the lares and penates of the old house. But now I revel in new beauties, expanded views and mountain peace. To me Flying Spur is still a magnet, a lodestone, a home drastically changed but not ruined by fire.



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## Join the Yosemite Association

You can help support the work of the Yosemite Association by becoming a member. Revenues generated by the Association's activities are used to fund a variety of National Park Service programs in Yosemite. Not only does the Yosemite Association publish and sell literature and maps, it sponsors field seminars, the park's Art Activity Center, and the Ostrander Lake Ski Hut.

A critical element in the success of the Association is its membership. Individuals and families throughout the country have long supported the Yosemite Association through their personal commitments. Won't you join us in our

effort to make Yosemite an even better place?

### Member Benefits

As a member of the Yosemite Association, you will enjoy the following benefits:

- ✧ *Yosemite*, the Association bulletin, published on a quarterly basis;
- ✧ A 15% discount on all books, maps, posters, calendars and publications stocked for sale by the Association;
- ✧ A 10% discount on most of the field seminars conducted by the Association in Yosemite National Park;
- ✧ The opportunity to participate in the annual Members' Meeting held in the park each fall, along with other Association activities;

✧ A Yosemite Association decal; and

✧ Special membership gifts as follows:

*Supporting Member:* A selection of 8 handsome notecards (with envelopes) featuring beautiful photographs of Yosemite;

*Contributing Member:* A Yosemite association mug — new design;

*Sustaining Member:* A copy of the award-winning video, *Yosemite: The fate of Heaven*;

*Life Member:* Matted color photograph by Howard Weamer of a Yosemite scene; and

*Participating Life Member:* Ansel Adams Special Edition print, archival mounted.

Membership dues are tax-deductible as provided by law.

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## Moving?

If you are moving, or have recently moved, don't forget to notify us. You are a valued member of the Association, and we'd like to keep in touch with you.

## Yosemite

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