

A Journal for
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Yosemite

How
Ah-ha-le
Stole the Sun
for the Valley
Peor

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no. 3
BIOS

Presley N. Rixie

Nicholas Butler

John Muir

Benjamin Wheeler

George C. Pardee

Theodore Roosevelt

William Loeb



Early in March, 1903, President Theodore Roosevelt began making plans for an extensive exploratory train trip through a portion of the western United States. Included in his itinerary was a two-week tour of California extending from the Mojave Desert to the Oregon border. One of

A Camping Trip with Roosevelt and Muir

Hank Johnston

Roosevelt's particular desires was to spend several days camping in Yosemite with the noted conservationist John Muir, whose writings on the subject of preserving unspoiled places had attracted national attention. Muir had already arranged a forest inspection trip to Asia with Professor Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum at Harvard University, but Muir's close friend William E. Colby and Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, persuaded him to postpone his journey in order to fulfill the President's request.

"An influential man from Washington wants to make a trip into the Sierra with me," Muir apologetically wrote Sargent. "I might be able to do some forest good in freely talking around the campfire."

The necessary arrangements followed, and at 7:30 on the morning of May 15, 1903, having traveled overnight from Oakland, the Presidential special train pulled into Raymond station, the nearest mainline rail connection to Yosemite, with Muir and Roosevelt on board. According to witnesses, a band was playing, bunting and flags waved from every building, and more than a thousand cheering spectators were assembled in eager anticipation of the President's arrival. Some-



NPS PHOTO

what disconcerted by the unexpected attention, Roosevelt, dressed informally in Norfolk coat, baggy breeches, leather puttees (leggings), neckerchief, and nondescript sombrero, briefly addressed the crowd from the verandah of the Bowen Hotel before entering the first of two eleven-passenger stages that were waiting to transport him and his entourage to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The President sat in the front seat of the lead vehicle beside veteran Yosemite Stage & Turnpike Company driver Bright Gillespie. Muir sat directly behind Roosevelt so he could point out places of interest. They were joined by the remaining members of the official party: Secretary of the Navy William H. Moody; California Governor George C. Pardee; Dr. Presley N. Rixie, Surgeon General; Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Roosevelt's private secretary William Loeb, Jr.; and Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The second stage, which followed a short distance behind, carried four Secret Service agents and various other attendants. Accompanying the stages was

Teddy Roosevelt setting off from the Wawona Hotel, May 1903.

a crack detachment of thirty U.S. cavalrymen, mounted on matching dapple-gray horses, commanded by a Lieutenant Mays.

After the customary lunch stop at the Ahwahnee Tavern, eighteen miles above Raymond, the party proceeded directly to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Here, following some preliminaries such as picture-taking at the Grizzly Giant and Wawona Tunnel Tree, the President dismissed the troops, thanking them for their services and calling out as they departed, "God bless you." He also sent away the press and photographers, who fully expected Roosevelt to rejoin them later at the bedecked Wawona Hotel where a lavish banquet was scheduled for 6:00 p.m. The President then bade a temporary goodbye to the members of his party who, except for Muir, reboarded the stage and headed for the sanctuary of the hotel six miles away.

This left Roosevelt, Muir, Park Rangers Charles Leidig

and Archie Leonard, and an Army packer named Jackie Alder alone in the Grove. Camp was soon set up near a cool spring not far from the Sunset Tree. Leidig, the first white boy born in Yosemite Valley and an excellent camp cook, prepared fried chicken and beefsteak for dinner served on tin plates by the campfire. After drinking several cups of strong black coffee, the President bedded down early on forty thin Army blankets, which had been piled under a shelter — half to provide both mattress and covering. "He got just as deep into these as he wanted," Leidig said.

At 6:30 the following morning (May 16), the group was already in the saddle, heading for Glacier Point. The San Francisco Chronicle described their journey: "Avoiding the main road, and long before most of his associates were out of bed at Wawona, the President, filled with his usual enthusiasm for adventure, passed rapidly down the narrow defile known as the 'Lightning Trail' and struck off for Yosemite Valley. An hour later the main road was reached, and the steep ascent to the top of Chilnualna Fall was begun. The party reached the summit before noon, and then the difficult portion of the trip began. Here the party not only had the steep ascents but the deep snow as well."

Floundering in drifts sometimes five feet deep, and further slowed by a blinding snowstorm that continued all afternoon, the weary travelers took turns breaking trail until they reached the meadow back of Glacier Point where they gladly pitched camp for the night. Early the next morning (May 17), after shaking 5 inches of new snow from his blankets, Roosevelt shaved by the light of a great campfire, then joined

Cover: Some of the Presidential party at the Grizzly Giant in the Mariposa Grove on May 15, 1903. From left: California Governor George C. Pardee; President Roosevelt; Dr. Presley N. Rixie, Surgeon General; John Muir; Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Roosevelt's private secretary William Loeb, Jr.; and Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California. (Author's collection)



Muir for a prearranged photographic session with a cameraman from the firm of Underwood and Underwood who was waiting to take the official pictures at Glacier Point. Four photographs were made on the Overhanging Rock: two of the President standing alone, and two with Muir at his side. After a hurried breakfast, the party started on the fourteen mile ride to the Valley via Nevada and Vernal Falls.

About 2:30 that afternoon, a dust-covered Roosevelt and his equally begrimed companions road into Yosemite Village to find a large gathering of residents, tourists and the curious from as far away as Coulterville and Merced expectantly awaiting the distinguished visitors. Unbeknown to the President, Guardian John Stevens and the Yosemite Commissioners had made elaborate arrangements to receive him.

A huge green "Welcome" sign hung across the Upper Iron Bridge; \$400 worth of fireworks were ready to be shot off; a sumptuous banquet catered by a chef imported from the Bohemian Club of San Francisco was in preparation at the Sentinel Hotel; and Stevens, some of the Commissioners, and the other members of the Presidential party were there to greet him. (In their *Biennial Report* for 1903-04, the

Yosemite Commissioners listed an expense of \$794.70 "for the entertainment of President Roosevelt.")

Annoyed at seeing the crowd, Roosevelt headed straight for artist Chris Jorgensen's studio across the Merced River, which had been provided for his use while in the Valley. Dismount-

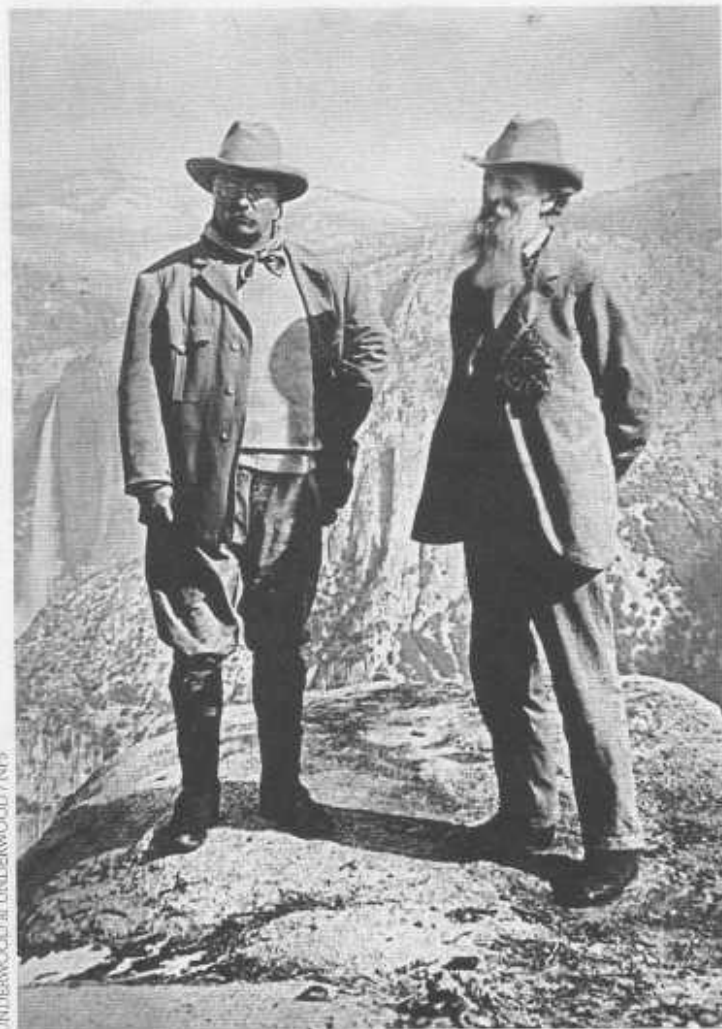
Archie Leonard, Muir, Roosevelt and Charles Leidig riding to the Bridalveil Meadow campsite.



ing, he joined the collected dignitaries in a glass of cold champagne served by Jorgensen, after which Guardian Stevens presented him with the "key" to the Valley (made of manzanita by local woodworker Julius Starke). When Governor Pardee began to talk of the the banquet, fireworks, and other festivities planned for that evening, the President's booming voice broke in: "We will pitch camp at Bridalveil!" Muir had previously suggested that site for their last night in Yosemite.

Roosevelt thanked the Jorgensens for their courtesy, remounted his horse, and headed back across the bridge. He paused long enough to briefly recall the stormy days of his famous charge up the hills near Santiago with a Mr. McPherson, a former member of the Seventh Infantry, who had been closely associated with the Roughriders in Cuba. When the President saw Ellen Boysen, two-year-old daughter of Yosemite photographer Julius T. Boysen, standing alongside her mother holding a flag, he reached down and picked her up under her armpits. After kissing her, he said, "God bless you, you little angel," and put her down.

As the five original riders turned west toward Bridalveil Meadow, a youngster called out, "Hi, Teddy!" The President reined in his horse and gave the disrespectful lad a severe reprimand. (Laurence Dignan, a member of the pioneer Dignan family who was away at school at the time, said his mother always suspected his younger brother Chris, thirteen, of being the culprit — a charge Chris stoutly denied.) Roosevelt then waved his companions on, and while the assemblage of disappointed



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD / NPS

spectators, including the chagrined Commissioners, stood watching, the Presidential party slowly disappeared in the distance, trailed by a long string of people on horseback, in surries and buggies, and on foot.

Camp was set up in a choice spot at the edge of Bridalveil Meadow just west of Bridalveil Fall (a marker identifies the approximate site today). Across the Merced River, El Capitan bulked impressively, and Ribbon Fall, the highest single drop in the Valley, thundered down in full view. Privacy was finally achieved after Rangers Leidig and Leonard succeeded in chasing the congregating spectators

Official portrait of Muir and Roosevelt at Overhanging Rock overlooking the Valley, May 17.

away. "They went quietly," Leidig said, "some of them even on tiptoe, so as not to annoy their President."

Muir and Roosevelt talked long into the night around the campfire. "I stuffed him pretty well," Muir said later in a letter to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, "regarding the timber thieves, the destructive work of the lumberman, and other spoilers of the forest." That dialogue may have played a part in the President's subsequent pro-conservation actions. During the

remainder of his term of office, Roosevelt assisted in adding 147 million acres to the country's forest reserves, created eighteen national monuments, and used his influence in the establishment of five national parks by Congress.

On the morning of May 18, Muir and the President joined the other members of the official party aboard the Cannonball stage to return to the waiting special train at Raymond. The trip was important in itself because driver Tom Gordon set a record for speed that was never equalled in the forty years of horse-drawn vehicles. In just ten hours of actual driving time, the party covered the sixty-seven miles from Yosemite Valley to Raymond. The total elapsed time was just short of twelve hours.

At Wawona, the president and his companions were treated to a champagne lunch by hosts Edward and John Washburn. Roosevelt toured Thomas Hill's studio (the artist gave him a painting of Bridalveil Fall he admired), signed the guest register, and said a few words to the assembled crowd before departing. When he arrived at Raymond, reporters asked him about the Yosemite adventure with Muir. The President told them he had thoroughly enjoyed it. "It was bully," he said. "I had the time of my life!"

This article is an excerpt (minus footnotes) from Hank Johnston's forthcoming book to be published by the Yosemite Association in 1995.

Hank Johnston, a 20-year resident of Yosemite, is the author of 13 books on California history. His most recent works are Yosemite's Yesterdays and Yosemite's Yesterdays, Volume II.

How Ah-ha'-le Stole the Sun for the Valley People

Editor's note: This captivating legend is taken from the newly revised Yosemite Association work, *Legends of the Yosemite Miwok*. The eighteen stories included have been rewritten to reflect their earliest and most authentic forms by compilers Frank La Pena, Craig D. Bates, and Steven P. Medley. Harry Fonseca's colorful drawings enhance this enchanting and informative Yosemite folklore.

To-to'-kan-no, the Sandhill Crane, was chief of the Valley People, and Ah-ha'-le, the Coyote, lived with him. In those times the sun and the moon did not shine west of the timber line along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. In the west, everything was dark and full of fog. There were no regular foods and no baskets or other utensils. People were never married and no children were born. Everything was different.

Coyote was discontented and traveled all about, trying to find a better place for the people. After a while he came to the Foothills Country where it began to be light. He went on a little farther and for the first time in his life he saw trees, and found the country dry and warm and good to look at. Soon he saw the Foothill People and found their village. Coyote was himself a magician or witch doctor, so he turned himself into one of the Foothills People and mingled with them. He saw that they had fire, which made light and became the Sun. Coyote saw also that there were both men and women, that the women pounded acorns and cooked acorn mush in baskets, and that everybody ate food. He ate with them and learned that food was good.

When his belly was full, Coyote went home and told Sandhill Crane that he had



HARRY FONSECA

found a good place where there were people who had the sun and moon and stars, and women, and things to eat. He then asked Sandhill Crane, "What are we going to do? Are we going to stay down here in the dark and never eat? The people up there have wives and children; the women make acorn soup and other things; the men have light and can see to hunt and kill deer. We live down here in the dark and have no women and nothing to eat. What are we going to do?"

Sandhill Crane answered, "Those things are not worth having. I do not want the sun, nor the light, nor any of those things. Go back up there if you want to."

Coyote went back to the

foothills and did as he had done before. He liked the country and the people. Then Coyote returned and told Sandhill Crane what he had told him before. Again he asked, "What are we going to do? Can't we buy the sun? The people up there send the sun away nights so they can sleep, and it comes back every day so they can see to hunt and get things to eat and have a good time. I like the sun. Let us buy him."

Sandhill Crane answered, "What is the matter with you? What would you do with the sun? How would you use it?" Coyote replied, "I do not know exactly, but we would manage in some way to make it go."

Coyote went back to the Foothill People several times,

and the more he saw of the sun, the more he wanted it. No one believed his story and some even openly made fun of him, calling him a wild dreamer. And still Sandhill Crane said he did not want the sun. Finally, however, he told Coyote that he might go and find out what the sun would cost.

Coyote went and found out that the people would not sell it. If he wanted the sun, he would have to steal it. This would be very difficult because Ah-wahn'-dah the Turtle, keeper of the sun, was very watchful. He slept only a few minutes at a time and then stood up and looked around. Besides, when Turtle slept, he always kept one eye open. If Coyote moved his foot, Turtle would pick up his bow and arrow. Coyote felt discouraged and did not know what to do. He feared that in order to get the sun he would have to take Turtle, also.

Coyote decided to try once more, so he went again and turned into a man of the Foothills People. Late in the afternoon, all the hunters went off to hunt deer. Then Coyote turned himself into a big oak limb and fell down on the trail. He hoped that Turtle, the sun's keeper, would come along first. And so it happened, for soon Turtle came along the trail, saw the crooked limb, picked it up, carried it home on his shoulder, and threw it down on the ground. After supper he picked it up and threw it against the fire, but it would not lay flat for it was very crooked and always turned up. Finally, Turtle threw the limb right in the middle of the fire. Coyote, who was now in the fire, did not burn, but kept perfectly still and wished

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Pioneer Naturalists Who Named Our Western Plants

Karen B. Nilsson

Editor's note: The following three sketches are excerpted from the author's newly published book entitled *A Wild Flower by Any Other Name*. The richly illustrated book recounts the fascinating tales behind the naming of western wildflowers and plants.

David Douglas 1799-1834



GRAY HERBARIUM ARCHIVES

Around the turn of the nineteenth century, British horticultural explorers were sending sun-loving exotic plants from equatorial countries to their cool-weather homeland in the hope that they would survive in glass conservatories. In 1823, David Douglas was the first collector to be sent to gather new plants in a temperate area with moisture patterns similar to those of the British Isles. The many tree and flower seeds he sent home were soon flourishing in their adopted land.

A rowdy, independent, and "singularly abstemious" boy, who walked twelve miles round-trip to school each day, Douglas ended his formal education when he was ten. He was apprenticed to the head gardener at a Scottish estate and,

by the age of eighteen, had become an expert horticulturalist. Douglas spent another three years studying at the Glasgow Botanical Gardens, where he worked with Professor William Hooker (later to become the director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew). Hooker recommended Douglas to the Horticultural Society of London as an able collector who was eager to travel. The society first planned to send Douglas to China, but unsettled political conditions there forced him to cancel his trip. To keep their collector employed, the society shipped him off to collect plants that would grow outdoors in England.

Between 1823 and his death eleven years later, Douglas's life was consumed by three collecting expeditions to North America. The first took him to the East Coast and included a visit to Niagara Falls. A year later, he embarked on an eight-month voyage around the tip of South America. After weathering weeks of fearsome

storms, his ship finally landed at the mouth of the Columbia, the mighty river that separates present-day Oregon and Washington states. At that time, the only Europeans in this region were a handful of fur trappers manning trading posts for the Hudson Bay Company.

The Columbia became Douglas's highway into this verdant region. He spent months at a time in the forest, collecting alone or with native guides who called him "the grass man." Foul weather was a constant problem. Douglas later wrote that

I labored under very great disadvantage by the almost continual rain; many of my specimens I lost, and although I had several oil-cloths, I was unable to keep my

Douglas Fir: *Pseudotsuga Menziesii*. A magnificent tall, straight forest conifer. Long pendulous branches, slender needles, and cones with conspicuous bracts between thin scales. The most important lumber tree of North America. Grows in mixed evergreen forests, from British Columbia to northern California.

plants and my blanket dry.

At the end of a day of collecting, it was not uncommon for Douglas to find himself wet to the skin, suffering from an infected knee, and worrying about his deteriorating eyesight. At times like these, he did what any good Scotsman would do. He heated water over a fire and brewed his national drink, "tea, which is the monarch of all foods after fatiguing journeys."

Douglas made one sortie after another up the Columbia into the Blue Mountains, the Walla Walla area, and the Spokane River Valley. His travels took him north into Idaho and ended with a walk across Canada. Traveling by foot, Indian canoe, and on horseback, the tireless collector covered more than six thousand miles in two years.

On his third trip to America, in 1830, Douglas struck out in new directions. For a year and a half, he trekked across California, where he visited Mexican missions and discovered the Douglas Fir. He described this tree in his journal as "one of the most striking and truly graceful objects in nature."

From California, Douglas traveled north and was nearly drowned in a canoe accident on the Fraser River in British Columbia. His next stop was Hawaii. There, Douglas met his maker in a freak accident on the slopes of Mauna Loa. While climbing the volcano, he fell into a pit and was gored by a wild bull.

In his short lifetime, Douglas proved to be a resilient and tenacious collector who gained lasting respect on both sides of the Atlantic. Wherever he ventured in the forested Northwest, Douglas spied conifers not known in his homeland nor in the eastern



ANDREA HENDRICK

I labored under very great disadvantage by the almost continual rain; many of my specimens I lost, and although I had several oilcloths, I was unable to keep my plants and my blanket dry.

United States. He once wrote his mentor, Dr. Hooker, "You must think I manufacture pines at my pleasure." In addition to the Douglas Fir, he discovered the Sitka Spruce, seven pines — including the Sugar Pine — and seven firs. Douglas also collected many flowers, such as penstemons, godetias, and the Douglas iris that were soon blooming in English gardens. It is said of David Douglas that no other collector has reaped such a harvest or has had his name associated with so many useful plants.

John Gill Lemmon
1832-1908

**Sara Plummer
Lemmon**
1836-1923



Looking over old plant specimens in Gray's Herbarium at Harvard University, one finds label after label reading "J. G. Lemmon and wife." These simple notes attest to a warm and enduring relationship, as well as a long and productive botanical partnership.

John Lemmon seems to have been born with a love of plants. His mother once said that she believed he had inherited "the reincarnated spirit of an ancient weed puller." This spirit was almost snuffed out during the Civil War. While fighting for the Union, Lemmon was captured and sent to Andersonville, the infamous Confederate prison where barely one hundred of some five thousand starving prisoners were able to stand unaided upon their release.

After the war, the nervous and exhausted veteran traveled west to recuperate on his brother Frank's farm in the Sierra Nevada foothills. Slowly, Lemmon recovered and began to relate to nature again. He wrote that

As I peered out of the windows, and later groped about the premises, the strange flowers, bushes, and even the trees proclaimed the fact that I was in a practically unknown world.

Lemmon collected some of these unknown plants and sent specimens to Professor Asa Gray, whom he idolized as "the Father of Botany." Gray cheerfully responded, "You have discovered seven new plants — new to science. Good! Send some more!"

When Lemmon looked over Gray's list of seven new plants, he was elated to learn that "the curious five leafed clover, found intruding on Frank's doorstep, had become (overnight) *Trifolium Lemmonii*." This scholarly recognition of something that

he loved to do had a revitalizing effect on Lemmon. His energy returned, and he went on to live and collect plants for another forty years.

A decade after coming to California, Lemmon met a kindred spirit in Sara Plummer, a fellow member of a Santa Barbara botanical club. Plummer was the proprietress of a small library that she con-

sidered "a haven for intellectual development." The two were married in 1880 after a four-year courtship.

For their honeymoon, the Lemmons planned an extended "botanical wedding trip" that took them to Arizona and New Mexico in search of the elusive wild potato. While in Arizona, the Lemmons were determined to explore the rugged Santa Catalina Mountains. In the spring of 1881, they ascended the highest peak in that range with the help of E. O. Stratton, a local rancher. Stratton named Mount Lemmon in honor of Sara Plummer, the first white woman to make that climb. In 1905, on the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, the Lemmons returned to Arizona, found Stratton, and once again the trio climbed Mount Lemmon.

The Lemmons made their home in Oakland, where the sign above their door read, "Lemmon Herbarium." Inside the house one evening the couple had good cause for botanical exultation. For some time, John Lemmon had been pestering Asa Gray to name something for his wife, and the couple had just received word that the professor had named a new genus *Plummera*, honoring Sara's maiden name. "We have just held a grand celebration," wrote John. "mother & I dancing around the room . . . alternately shouting for joy and weeping with gratitude."

By this time, Professor Gray may have been getting a bit tired of receiving one request after another from the Lemmons to name plants after them. "Why, you have *Lemmonii* as thick as locusts all round!" he was heard to complain. And in truth, such spe-



ANDREA HENDRICK

Lemmon's Paintbrush, *Castilleja Lemmonii*. A perennial, many-stemmed plant with narrow leaves. Flower heads have purple-tipped bracts and sepals. Blooms in July and August. Found in high meadows of the Sierra Nevada, from Lassen to Inyo counties. Especially notable in the meadows near Tioga Pass in Yosemite National Park.

As I peered out of the windows, and later groped about the premises, the strange flowers, bushes, and even the trees proclaimed the fact that I was in a practically unknown world.

cies could be found all over the West.

In their later years, both Lemmons were hired by the California Board of Forestry to use their field experience to help preserve the state's diverse forests. In the words of a contemporary romantic:

Thus hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, these sweet-spirited, amiable, and devoted heroes have lived and worked, quietly benefitting a people, many of whom were never even aware of their existence.

Carl Sharsmith 1903-



ELIZABETH O'NEILL

A documentary film titled *Yosemite: The Fate of Heaven* ends with the image of an octogenarian in a National Park Service uniform sinking to his knees in a mountain meadow to examine a tiny flower. To thousands of campers, hikers, and plant lovers, this scene portrays the pied piper qualities of Carl Sharsmith, a naturalist who has been living and teaching in the High Sierra for more than sixty years. During those years, Sharsmith has explored nearly every nook and cranny of this land above the trees. And, he has probably come to understand the relationships

among living things and the land more thoroughly than anyone since John Muir.

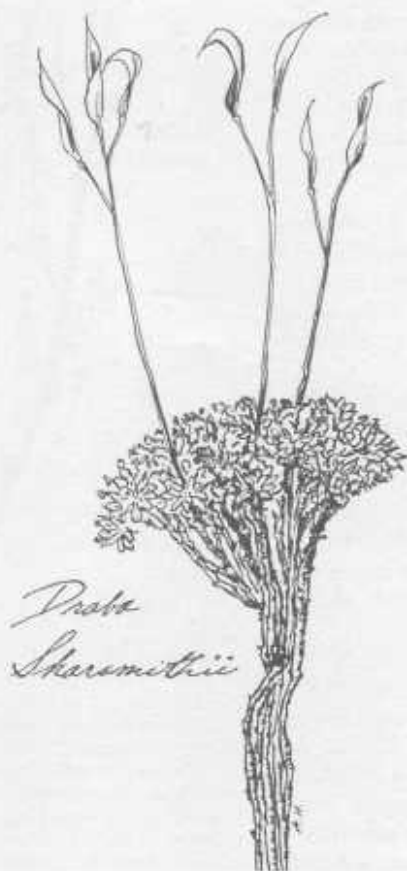
Sharsmith's parents were Swiss, but Carl, first known as Karl Wilhelm Schaarschmidt, was born in the United States. In his father's restless search for the perfect chef's job, the family moved from New York to restaurants and resorts in Switzerland, London, Canada, Oregon, Utah, Texas and California. Carl was a sensitive boy, often hiking alone with a knapsack his mother made for him, longing to know the names of the plants he saw on his wanderings.

Sharsmith quit school at fourteen to find work in lumber camps and on railroad crews. In his free moments, he filled journals with quota-

tions from Shakespeare and the classics, notes about woodcraft and nature, and melodic passages from grand opera. These writings were to become an integral part of his mountain philosophy.

As Sharsmith matured, he was pulled in two directions. On the one hand, his love of nature and the freedom he felt out-of-doors led him to follow the advice of John Muir:

Sharsmith's *Draba*, *Draba Sharsmithii*. The branches of this low, compact, multi-branched, woody-based perennial are thick with tiny leaves. Three to ten tiny yellow blossoms appear on short, flowering stalks. Lance shaped seed pods are twisted and curved. Grows in crevices and in sheltered granite areas of the souther and central Sierra Nevada, mainly on the eastern side at high elevations.



ANDREA HENDRICK

"Climb the mountains and get their glad tidings." He found work piloting a group of boys known as the Trailfinders around the Sierra Nevada and the Indian Southwest. Later, he became a naturalist for the National Park Service in Yosemite. On the other hand, Sharsmith also felt a strong desire to continue his education. At the age of nineteen, he went back to junior high school. Twenty years later, he received a doctorate from the University of California.

After trying to feel at home teaching at the University of Minnesota and at Washington State College, Sharsmith returned to California and took a job at San Jose University. The location was right. He could drive his 1935 Ford roadster from San Jose to Yosemite in less than a day. At San Jose State, Sharsmith amassed a substantial herbarium. His specialty was the study of alpine plants in the Sierra Nevada as compared to similar plants in Alaska, the Rocky Mountains, and Switzerland.

Some lives seem to follow an invisible path that leads to wisdom and to appreciation by their fellow humans. So it seems for Carl Sharsmith. He could hardly have realized at the time the effect on his thinking of his experiences in lumber camps as a penniless youth or the lasting importance of the leadership skills he gained with the Trailfinders. Pivotal to his career was his acceptance to the Yosemite School of Field Natural History, the model for interpretive training for the National Park Service. Much of his detailed scientific knowledge came from long backpacking trips with his botanist wife, Helen, in the years when few others were on the high country trails.

Pivotal to his career was his acceptance to the Yosemite School of Field Natural History, the model for interpretive training for the National Park Service.

All these experiences shaped Sharsmith's skills as a premier interpreter of the plants, geology, and rhythms of the High Sierra. To the groups following Sharsmith on his guided hikes or listening to his campfire stories, he is truly the "mountain sage."

In 1991 Sharsmith was honored with the naming of *Draba Sharsmithii* by Dr. Reed Rollins of Harvard University, a botanist who first met Carl decades earlier when they were both

doing research in the herbarium of Stanford University. This *Draba*, a member of the Mustard Family, had been discovered by Sharsmith high up on Lone Pine Creek in the Eastern Sierra in 1937, and for years it had been given another name. The day he found the plant, Helen wrote in her journal about staying in camp while Carl climbed Mount Morrison. She had just finished washing clothes, developing film, and making plum cobbler

for their dinner when Carl returned. "I'm so glad he is back," she wrote. "It was getting lonesome. He found a new *Draba* which seems most interesting."

Later, Carl & Helen separated. She moved on to the University of California at Berkeley, where she wrote *Flora of the Mount Hamilton Range of California*. Carl remains at San Jose State University, where he is an emeritus professor and curator of its herbarium. But like the plant that bears his

name, Carl Sharsmith is most at home in the high mountain meadows, adapting to the vagaries of nature and anticipating the next season's summer sun.

Early plant collectors were part of a nineteenth-century botanical movement — a loosely linked network of European academies, East Coast professors, and a curious assortment of amateur botanists. The majority were self-taught and delighted in their scholarly passion.



The Ghosts of Hetch-Hetchy

Gene Rose

If you listen quietly — and with a little imagination — you can hear the ghosts of Hetch-Hetchy.

At first there's the sound of silence, reflecting the aeons of creation, then the inexorable grinding and polishing that carved out what we know today as the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River.

Next you will hear the quiet steps of the ancient ones, the Native Americans who first occupied this great canyon. They bestowed the name Hetch-Hetchy on the valley — for a wild grass that grew there.

Now listen for the echoes of the "Forty-niners" and those that followed them, the gold seekers.

The oddly named Nathan Screech apparently was the first Euro-American to see this valley. We don't know the particulars of his reaction, but we do know that he fell in love with the area. He claimed it for his own — in 1850 — a year before the first white pioneers entered nearby Yosemite Valley.

It's not hard to visualize other newcomers venturing into the canyon. John Muir came this way a few years later. The wandering Scotsman left no evidence of his visit, beyond his expressions of reverence and admiration for what he saw as a rival to Yosemite Valley itself. Muir's appreciation for Hetch-Hetchy no doubt prompted, in part, his 1890 efforts to protect the area surrounding the Yosemite Grant as a national park.

Try to imagine the other sounds emanating from the canyon by the end of the 1890s. For several years the City of San Francisco had been casting about for a source for municipi-

pal water. Several other watersheds were examined, but the city kept coming back to Hetch-Hetchy. The prime advantage was not the copious water supply but the fact that the canyon was situated on public land. The sounds were those of base water politics.

The Sierra Club, not yet a decade old, issued rallying calls, ready to protect the ramparts of the national park. The fight for Hetch-Hetchy resounded throughout the west, with major battles being waged in Washington, D.C. At issue was the sanctity, the integrity of a national park.

In the early 1900s our nation's government had not yet distinguished, on a policy level, between preservation and conservation. Many Americans did not differentiate national parks and national forests. The very idea of national parks as preserves had not yet made its way into the American ethos. But over time Hetch-Hetchy became a crucible in which echoed voices as the nation debated the costs and benefits of treating all its natural areas as usable resources.

In 1901, the Secretary of Interior asked Congress to

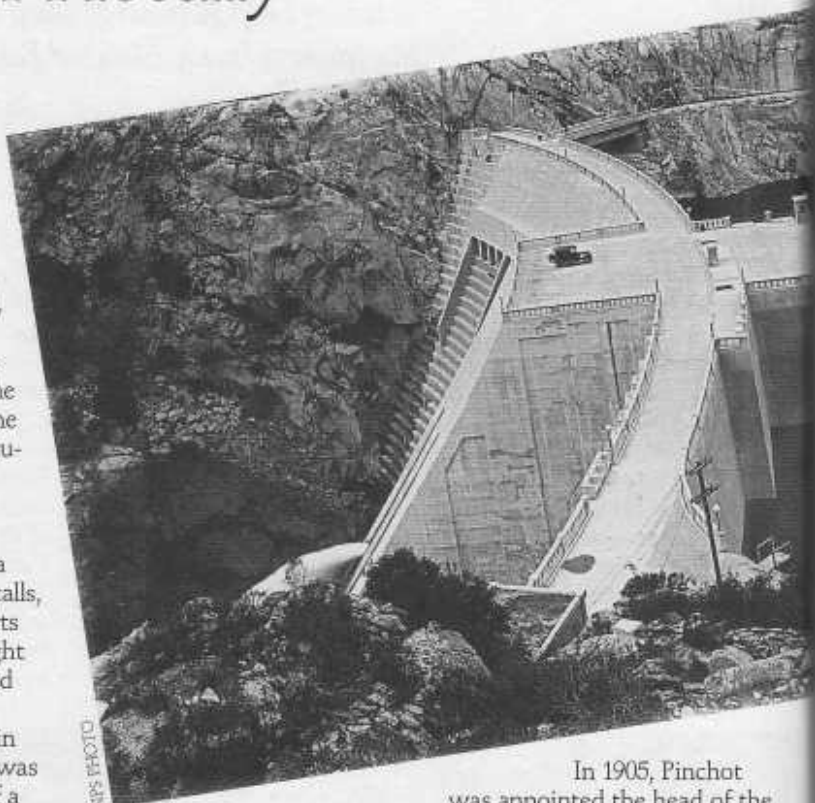
define special use easements through national parks. Eventually a bill was approved that authorized the Secretary of Interior to allow within "Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant National Parks . . . canals . . . reservoirs . . . for supply of water for domestic, public or any other beneficial uses."

One of the strongest voices to be heard in the Hetch-Hetchy battle was that of Gifford Pinchot. At the time, Pinchot was regarded as the nation's foremost conservationist. Pinchot lent his reputation to Teddy Roosevelt as a member of his staff, and helped develop Roosevelt's image as the "Conservation President."

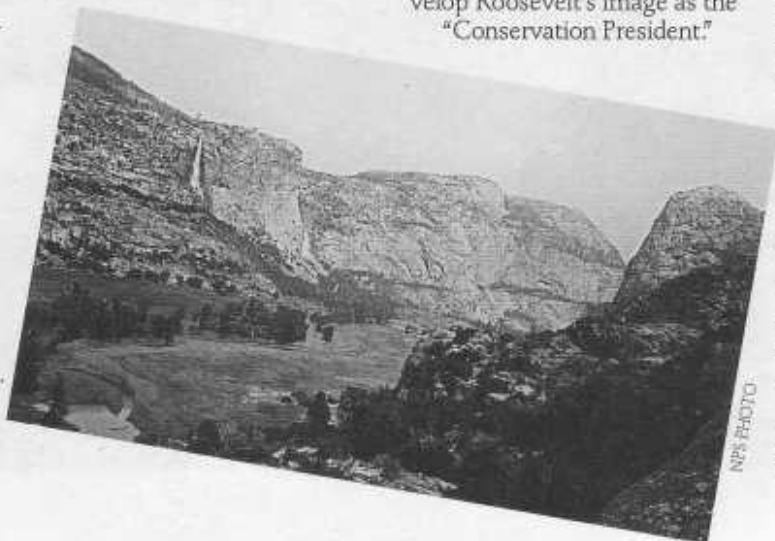
In 1905, Pinchot was appointed the head of the re-organized Forest Service. It was his management philosophy that all of the nation's natural resources were available for human development — so long as that use was prudent and sustainable. His position on the availability of public forests was quite clear. "In the administration of the Forest Reserve it must be clearly born in mind that all land is to be devoted to its most productive use for the permanent good of the whole people and not for the temporary benefit of individuals or companies. The continued prosperity of the agricultural, lumbering, mining, and livestock interests is dependent upon a permanent and accessible supply of water, wood and forage, as well as upon the present and future

use of these resources under business-like regulations enforced with promptness, effectiveness and common sense. When conflicting interest must be reconciled, the questions will always be decided from the standpoint of the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run."

John Muir, a passionately eloquent opponent of the project, saw the issue differently



NPS PHOTO



NPS PHOTO



and was fierce in his defense of areas like Yosemite National Park. He felt the national parks should be sacrosanct — that they should be left alone, inviolate. He articulated the difference in value between national forest resources and national parks.

Even after Pinchot had been fired from his Forest Service post by Roosevelt's successor, William Howard Taft, Pinchot remained in the public light. He left little doubt where he stood regarding Hetch-Hetchy, backing the city's effort to build the dam. When the issue came down to the wire, Muir's last hope rested in a presidential veto. But Pinchot had the ear of the President, and in 1913 Wilson signed the measure.

Now imagine Hetch-Hetchy filled with the noise of construction. Eventually the backed-up waters of the Tuolumne River drowned out the natural sounds that had been so common and familiar for centuries. All that Muir and

his followers heard at Hetch-Hetchy represented a national tragedy — a preservationist's Waterloo — a national man-caused tragedy.

The concrete in the original O'Shaughnessy Dam was barely cured when the city decided — unilaterally — that it needed to raise the height of the dam to increase water storage. More park land was appropriated. Once again the valley reverberated with the clatter of construction.

Some of the promised sounds from Hetch-Hetchy never occurred. Early on, the city had painted a glowing picture of the reservoir as a recreational center, with people boating and amusing themselves on the lake. In fact, the reservoir was closed to public use and its recreational potential never realized.

Sounds coming from the canyon occasionally took on strange overtones, born of new controversies. In the 1950s, for instance, the Sierra Club's

EUGENE ROSE



David Brower produced a film on the reservoir, calling for removal of the dam and restoration of the valley.

In 1985 a group of individuals apparently aligned with Earth First! slipped onto the walkway and draped a jagged strip of black plastic down the face of the dam. The visual effect suggested that the dam had cracked. Once again, Hetch-Hetchy was on the tongues of the American people.

About the same time, Rep. Rick Lehman, whose district then embraced Hetch-Hetchy, steered legislation through Congress prohibiting the

construction of any more dams in Yosemite or other national parks.

The Hetch-Hetchy issue resurfaced in 1988 when then Interior Secretary Donald Hodel proposed that the City of San Francisco undertake a feasibility study to determine if the dam could be removed and the valley restored. His suggestion generated cries of outrage and some intense media coverage for a few weeks, then quietly disappeared.

Today, as park visitation surges toward the 4 million mark, the debate over Hetch-Hetchy resurfaces from time to time. Visitors to the area number about 40,000 persons. However, if the dam were removed, the area could accommodate an estimated 1 million persons a year, 1988 study by the Assembly Office of Research suggests.

It's not likely we'll be hearing the din of workmen tearing down the dam anytime soon. Environmental restoration would take decades and cost megadollars. The state concluded that it would cost approximately \$825 million to restore Hetch-Hetchy and compensate the city for the loss of water and power generation.

For now, the predominant sound in the great canyon will remain the lapping of the tamed waters of the Tuolumne River muffling the cries of the ghosts of Hetch-Hetchy.

Freelance writer Gene Rose worked for many years as Yosemite reporter for the Fresno Bee. He is a regular contributor to this journal and has written a number of books about the history of the Sierra Nevada.

A New Conservation Ethic

Bruce Babbitt

In its 1916 decree creating the National Park Service, Congress explicitly outlined two goals: preserve the designated sites "unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations" and provide for the future enjoyment of these resources. The conflict between preservation and access has forced a creative tension on the Park Service since its first days. Achieving balance grows more difficult each year.

As challenging as the mission is, the two goals are not contradictory, particularly when one focuses on the nature of the genuine park visitor experience.

The national parks are not about entertainment; Disney, Warner Bros. and others are masters at that task, and park rangers need not compete with them. Rather, rangers facilitate the American people's encounter with their heritage. The challenge is in bringing the

visitor to a more intense appreciation of the natural world.

This framework sets new and clear parameters on methods for accommodating more visitors.

Despite annual increases in visitation, for example, the Park Service will not be in the road-building business. Roads disrupt, divide and fragment natural systems that are the very reason for our parks; our challenge is in finding new means of visitor transport.

We will not be in the hotel-building business, but will instead work with owners of lands bordering parks so that many overnight needs can be met in gateway communities. These communities can also serve as "staging" areas, where visitors can learn of a park's facilities, collect materials and shop.

Likewise, the service must consider different methods of protecting its resource base,

because it is no longer enough to focus on the nature of developments within the park. We must begin to focus on parks not as distinct entities, but as the centers of ecosystems.

A Comprehensive View

At Yellowstone, massive herds of elk and buffalo (and soon, perhaps, gray wolves) do not acknowledge the straight lines on a map; those animals inherited an entire ecosystem, and park staff must work closely with resource managers from other state and federal agencies to protect their migration range.

Everglades National Park is part of a natural system being killed by the invasion of exotic plants (caused by nutrient-rich agricultural runoff) and the diversion of water for residential and commercial uses. That park's fate lies not in the hands of the rangers, but in a massive, multi-agency

effort to restore the system.

Sequoia National Park as air-quality problems worse than many large cities, but the source of the problems lies in faraway industrial centers along the California coast and in the Central Valley. Clearly, it is no longer sufficient to label land a park and assume it is protected.

Protecting the resource base also means continuing the search for new sites, because America's history and perspectives are always changing. Fifty years ago, there was no Martin Luther King Jr. Historical Site to be preserved, because that chapter in our history had not yet been written.

A century ago, we crossed the Midwest in search of scenic splendor, oblivious to the extraordinary biodiversity being plowed up and taken for granted. The new effort to cre-

Continued on page 13



Sierra Parks Earn Low Marks in National Survey

Yosemite, along with other national parks, recently received poor grades in a survey conducted by the National Parks and Conservation Association and Colorado State University. Superintendents of every national park unit were asked to grade park resources, services and facilities and to give personal assessments of the state of their parks. Grades were assigned to seven critical areas: natural resources; cultural resources; park infrastructure; visitor information; law enforcement; work-force and budget issues; and special programs for visitors.

"Our national parks ought to receive a report card with straight A's" said NPCA President Paul C. Pritchard. But nationwide, superintendents gave their park conditions an overall C average. Yosemite, Sequoia, and Kings Canyon actually fell well below average in the ratings with a string of D's and even an F in the final tally.

Eighty-five percent of all park superintendents responded to the survey which was conducted by Colorado State researchers between February and April 1994. The survey was highly subjective: the grades reflect one superintendent's view of his or her park. But the survey's sponsors believe the report card provides a baseline for future studies and sheds light on some woeful present conditions.

Failing infrastructure, low staffing, lack of funding, and ignored resources were cited over and over again in the report. Nationwide, the lowest marks were assigned to infrastructure, work force, budget and cultural resources management, while law enforcement and natural resource management fared better.

In California's Sierra Nevada

parks, age and visitor pressures contributed to the low grades. "The work force is too small and stretched thin," said Yosemite spokesman, Bob Clopine. "The things that we're asked to do we just don't have the people to do." Yosemite, for instance, would like to station interpretive rangers at the tourist magnet Wawona Tunnel. No staff can be spared.

The park would also like interpretive rangers to meet thousands of tour buses that come through annually. But that's not a possibility, nor are Visitor Centers or exhibits at the entrances to the park. In addition, Clopine reported that park employee housing is "just falling apart," noting that electrical systems, ventilation, and heating are badly in need of repair.

Millions of dollars would be needed to improve some of these grades: an estimated \$44 million for housing and another \$29 million for Visitor Centers and exhibits. Similar needs are faced by other parks, including Yosemite's neighbor Sequoia Kings Canyon which is struggling

with an infrastructure that is suffering from "60 years of deterioration," said Tom Ritter, its recently retired Superintendent.

Report cards mark progress to date but are also designed to promote improvement. "This report is the first of its kind in the nearly 80 year history of the national parks," said Paul Pritchard. "You couldn't ask for a better group to give an assessment."

Conservation Ethic

Continued from page 12

ate a park in the Kansas prairie finally acknowledges the importance of that resource.

Generations in search of alpine scenery simply walked on by some of America's most unique ecosystems. One of those regions would be protected by the California Desert Protection Act, ushered through the Senate by Sen. Dianne Feinstein, D-Calif. Unsurpassed in its scenic, biological,

cultural and recreational significance, the desert has been ignored too long.

Finally, a protection of the resource requires a sounder financial base. A first step would be congressional action to restore discretion to the Interior secretary to set reasonable park entrance fees. Currently, only three of the 367 Park Service sites charge \$10 per vehicle, only 15 charge as much as \$5 per car and Yellowstone's entrance fee is less today than it was in 1915. In addition, Congress can provide collection incentives to park managers by returning to the park half the money collected above the current base.

Living In Harmony

Though beset by fundamental problems, the welcome sign is out at our national parks, because the National Park Service can fill a unique and immediate role. We are within decades of an environmental collapse on this planet. Our urgent task is to communicate to the American people what it means to live more lightly and respectfully on the land.

Any contemplation of our role in developing and teaching a new conservation ethic leads directly back to the national parks. The parks are where this task is easiest, where the educational process begins, where it is all so extraordinarily fresh, obvious and overwhelming. The national parks must serve as the gateway to the conservation ethic, because if that gateway can't be crossed in our national parks, it can't be crossed anywhere.

This essay by Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt appeared nationally in newspapers during May, 1994.

National park superintendents grade their parks

REPORT CARD

CALIFORNIA PARKS

	Natural resources	Cultural resources	Infrastructure	Information quality	Law enforcement	Work force & budget	Special programs	Overall grade
John Muir NHS	D	C	C-	C-	D-	D	F	D+
Sequoia & Kings Canyon NP	C-	C-	F-	C	C	D+	D-	C+
Joshua Tree NM	C-	C+	C-	C	C+	D	C	C-
Death Valley NM	B-	B-	C+	B+	B-	C	C+	B-
Muir Woods NM	C	C+	C-	C+	C	C	C	B-
Golden Gate NRA	C+	C+	C-	B+	B+	C+	C+	B+
Santa Monica Mtns. NRA	A-	C-	B-	B+	C+	C+	C-	B-
Point Reyes NS	C+	C	D	D+	D+	D	D+	B+
Yosemite NP	C-	C	C-	C+	C	C	C+	B-
Pinnacles NP	B-	B-	B-	C+	B	C	C+	B-
Lassen Volcanic NP	C+	B-	C-	B	C+	B	C+	B-
Channel Islands NP	C+	B-	C-	B	C+	B	C+	B-

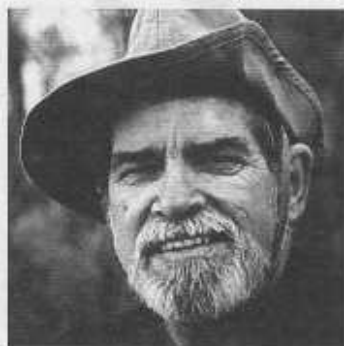
Source: National Park Service

NP - National Park
 NM - National Monument
 NS - National Seashore
 NRA - National Recreation Area
 NHS - National Historic Site

Members To Meet in Wawona in September



Yosemite Association's nineteenth annual Members' Meeting will take place in Wawona on Saturday, September 10, 1994. T. H. Watkins, editor of *Wilderness* the quarterly magazine of The Wilderness Society, will be the featured speaker at



the afternoon meeting. Author or co-author of twenty-three books on many aspects of the western landscape ranging from the California Desert to the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in Alaska, he also has written more than 250 articles and book reviews for a wide variety of publications, including *Smithsonian*, *Audubon*, *The Washington Post*, and *The New York Times*. His most recent book is *These American Lands: Wilderness, Parks, and The Public Lands*, which is a history of this country's public lands system. His talk for YA members is entitled "A Gardener in Eden: One Writer's Journey from a History of Place to a Sense of Time," which will explore his love of western history as shaped by a sense of place and his concern for the environment.

The day will begin with registration at 10:30 a.m. on Saturday on the lawn near the Wawona Hotel. For those who are spending the weekend, there will be several naturalist walks offered on Saturday and Sunday mornings. At 1:30 p.m., the Members' Meeting

will take place outside at the Pioneer History Center. Since seating will be on the ground, lawn or beach chairs are useful. After the meeting, there will be a wine and cheese hour along with a raffle and an auction of Yosemite memorabilia. In the evening, dinner will be served on the lawn of the hotel. Tickets for the dinner are available ahead of time or at the event.

Rooms at the Wawona Hotel were assigned to interested members by a lottery in July. There are additional accommodations available in Wawona, the Valley and outside of the park; these were listed in

the letter to members sent earlier in the summer. If you have any questions about the event, please call Holly or Connie at the YA office, (209) 379-2646.

An Evening with Obata's Yosemite

Association members and their guests are invited to a private showing of the special exhibition of *Obata's Yosemite* at the Japanese American National Museum in Los Angeles on Saturday evening, October 1, 1994 from 5:30 - 8:00 p.m.

The exhibition, which opened a year ago at the Crocker Museum in Sacramento and has also been shown in St. Louis., features Chiura Obata's striking drawings, watercolors, and woodblock prints from the artist's trip through the Yosemite High Country in 1927.

In the early part of the October evening, members will have a chance to enjoy the exhibition and refreshments, and then granddaughter Kimi Kodani Hill has graciously agreed to present her popular slide show on the artist's life and art.

Invitations have been sent to YA members in the Los Angeles area, but the event is open to any members and their guests. Please call the YA office if you would like any more information.



Association Dates

September 10, 1994: Annual Meeting, Wawona

September 11-17, 1994: YA Member Work Trip, Sunrise

September 25-October 1, 1994: YA Member Work Trip, Yosemite Valley

October 1, 1994: Southern California Members' Event, Los Angeles

December 1, 1994: Grant deadline

March 25, 1995: YA Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley

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.

Become A Ham and Carry A Radio in the Wilderness

William Alsup, N6XMW

Anyone who takes a serious hike in the backcountry worries now and then about getting help in case of accidents or emergency. Backcountry rangers, of course, carry handi-talkie radios. But did you know that ordinary civilians are permitted to do likewise on the amateur radio bands? These hand-held radios are quite small and weigh significantly less than the ordinary 35mm camera. They have a surprising line-of-sight range. A few years ago on the summit of Mt. Brewer in the southern Sierra, while re-tracing Clarence King's original 1864 route, I easily "hit" the Mt. Bullion repeater, which was more than 125 miles away. I could have "auto-dialed" the Park Service dispatcher (had there been an emergency) or asked a ham down in the Central Valley to phone for aid. Fortunately, no emergency existed and I simply used the repeater to reach my family and tell them we made the summit.

Amateur radio operators, also known as hams, are not CB'ers. For many years, the FCC has required amateur operators to know Morse Code

and to know electronics in order to obtain the operating privileges on the various short-wave and other radio bands. However, in recent years, the FCC has eliminated the Morse Code requirement and substituted a much simpler test for the "codeless technician" license. Although this license does not permit operation on the traditional short-wave frequencies, it does permit the operator to use the same type of handi-talkie on the same frequencies as I used from the top of Mt. Brewer. This is the "two-meter" VHF band. Thousands, perhaps now hundreds of thousands, of citizens have recently obtained these new privileges. This creates a tremendous opportunity for backcountry explorers to take along a light-weight radio for emergency use. Taking a radio with you on your future outings could save a life in your party or in some other group you meet in the wilderness.

These are not cellular telephones. In fact, the FCC prohibits using the amateur bands for any business. The bands can be strictly used for personal use and public service use. And, while in the wilderness, it would be perfectly lawful to carry on a "rag chew" in which hams simply yak about any subject they want (other than business), a wilderness

ham would be well advised to leave the radio in the backpack until it is actually needed. Otherwise, limited battery life might be compromised. I have carried my radio on dozens of backcountry trips and few on the outing even knew I had it.

Handi-talkies work on a line-of-sight basis. This means that you can reach any station or other handi-talkie that is on an unobstructed path or close to it. Handi-talkies typically put out only one-and-one-half watts of power. This still will go a long distance. Performance can be improved by substituting a telescoping half-wave antenna (one meter long) for the normal rubber ducky antenna seen on most handi-talkies.

Over the years, amateur radio clubs and operators have installed repeaters on various high positions throughout the country. A repeater receives a weak signal and re-broadcasts it simultaneously at a much higher power. In this way, your weak signal is re-broadcast and can be heard by other hams over a wide range. Thus, for many high ridges and mountain tops in the Sierra, it is possible to reach dozens of distant repeaters and, in turn, hundreds of amateur radio operators who monitor these repeaters. In an emergency, they could help. There are no ham repeaters in wilderness areas, although

there are NPS repeaters there.

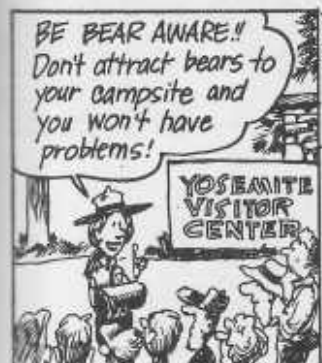
When a handi-talkie is down in the canyons, it is impossible to hit a ham repeater. Ordinarily, in these circumstances, it would be necessary to hike to a high ridge or mountain top in order to access a repeater. To mitigate this problem and to make handi-talkie use more effective in the wilderness, I have recently authored a proposal published by the official arm of the Amateur Radio Relay League, a magazine called *OST*, which suggests that hams announce their presence on the national simplex calling frequencies every three hours starting at 7:00 a.m. through 7:00 p.m. and to monitor thereafter for five minutes. In this way, hams in the backcountry could reach each other, provided they are within line-of-sight. This protocol avoids running down battery time and avoids the confusion over which frequency to monitor. This coordination would allow a ham who's already situated at a high enough position to reach a repeater to serve as a relay for an emergency message from down in the canyons. The proposal received an enthusiastic response by amateur hams/wilderness hikers. Now, the important task is to spread the word and encourage use of the protocol. The national calling frequency

on the two-meter band is 146.52 MHz.

In summary, if you are already an amateur radio operator, take your handi-talkie on your next backcountry expedition and please try to follow the proposed protocol. If you are not a ham, please consider taking

Continued on page 19

FARLEY



Phil Frank

© 1994 TIME FOR SOME CHANGE, PHIL FRANK

Yosemite

CATALOG



02258 A Wild Flower by Any Other Name by Karen B. Nilsson. Newly published by the Yosemite Association, here is an engaging collection of sketches about the botanists and explorers who both named and lent their names to plants in the Western United States. Those with an interest in natural history, wildflowers, plants or American history will find these stories full of adventure and discovery.

Included are both world-renowned botanists and amateur collectors, persons who discovered and preserved plants on the brink of extinction, and both male and female naturalists (including Dr. Carl Sharsmith). Each entry is accompanied by a drawing of a plant named in honor of the person discussed. Effort was made to illustrate endangered species that most readers would never have a chance to see in the wild. 162 pages, 35 black and white illustrations, 41 photographs. Yosemite Association, 1994.

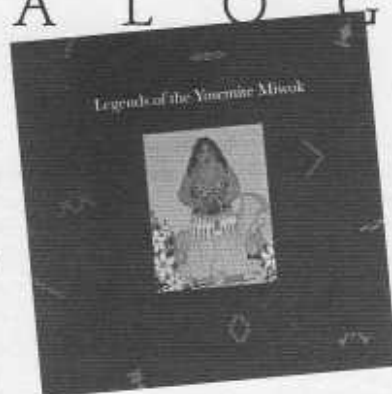
Paper, \$14.95.



01230 Legends of the Yosemite Miwok

compiled by Frank LaPena, Craig D. Bates and Steven P. Medley; illustrated by Harry Fonseca. This is an updated and revised collection of 18 Native American legends from the Yosemite region. It's genuine, representative and entertaining. Featuring characters such as Coyote and Falcon, the stories touch on a variety of themes central to the Sierra Miwok culture. For this revised edition, the legends have been rewritten to reflect their earliest and most authentic forms whenever possible. Additional stories from historical sources have been included, and the volume contains notes providing the source of each legend; information about alternate versions and variations; and an annotated bibliography with a list of important original works. It's indigenous folklore at its best - enchanting and informative at the same time. Harry Fonseca's color pencil drawings make this a unique and beautiful volume. 64

pages, 8 1/2" x 8 1/2". Yosemite Association, 1993. Paper, \$11.95



01990 The Tree of Time — A Story of a Special Sequoia

written and illustrated by Kathy Baron. Children will be delighted by this picture book that follows the life of a giant sequoia that lived for over 2,000 years. Illustrated with lovely watercolor paintings, the volume pairs the progressive stages of development of the tree with notable events in world history. This technique helps children to

better appreciate the past and its significant milestones while it allows them to more fully grasp the remarkable age of these unusual trees. For further emphasis, a time line of world history runs throughout the book.

When the "Tree of Time" is only a seedling, Hannibal and his elephants are crossing the Alps. While the sequoia grows, human-kind progresses from wooden-wheeled chariots and rock painting to space ships on the moon and computers. The author describes the tree's development, weaving in natural history information, while holding the reader's attention through the use of exciting incidents and the uncertainty of the tree's final destiny. For children ages 5 and up. 40 pages, 7" x 11". Yosemite Association, 1994.

Paper, \$7.95



A WILD FLOWER
by any other
NAME

Sketches of pioneer naturalists
who named our western plants

KAREN B. NILSSON

00950 A Journal of Ramblings Through the High Sierras of California by Joseph LeConte, with an introduction by Dean Shenk and an afterword by John Muir. Here is a new reprint of the long-unavailable account of a horseback trip to Yosemite and the High Sierra by a group from the University of California in 1870. The ten "scholars" were led by Joseph LeConte, a popular instructor and an expert in a number of the natural sciences.

The book is a significant historical work for its numerous descriptions of California at the time, including the Central Valley, Yosemite, the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and Mono Lake. LeConte also made observations on the geological origins of the landscapes he encountered, and recounted his meetings with renowned mountain characters like John Muir and James Hutchings. 140 pages, 6" x 9". Yosemite Association, 1994.

Paper, \$7.95

02469/02468 Yosemite and the Mariposa Grove: A Preliminary Report, 1865 by Frederick Law Olmsted, with an introduction by Victoria Post Ranney. This is a finely printed edition of landscape architect Olmsted's landmark report to the State of California providing recommendations for management of the newly established Yosemite Grant. Most historians agree that Olmsted formulated for the first time within the report a philosophic base for the creation of state and national parks.

Astonishingly, the report was suppressed until 1952, and has never before been published in separate book form. To commemorate that fact, the edition was printed letter press on Rives Heavyweight paper, then hand-bound. Three illustrations by noted California artist, Wayne Thiebaud, are included. The handsome and lavish volume was limited to 400 copies, of which 100 were signed by Mr. Thiebaud and Ms. Ranney. 56 pages, 5" x 9". Yosemite Association, 1993.

Clothbound; signed copies, \$125; unsigned copies, \$85

02255 The Wild Muir — 22 of John Muir's Greatest Adventures, selected and introduced by Lee Stetson, illustrated by Fiona King. Here is an entertaining collection of John Muir's most exciting adventures, representing some of his finest writing. Each included adventure has been selected to show the extent to which Muir courted and faced danger, i.e. lived "wildly" throughout his life. From the famous avalanche ride off the rim of Yosemite Valley to his night spent riding out a windstorm at the top of a tree to death-defying falls on Alaskan glaciers, the renowned

outdoorsman's exploits are related in passages that are by turns exhilarating, unnerving, dizzying and outrageous.

Lee Stetson has carefully chosen episodes from every stage of Muir's life, prepared short introductions to place each in context, then arranged them chronologically so that the reader can vicariously enjoy one man's life of adventure. The text is nicely complemented with striking black and white scratch-board drawings by Fiona King, a talented illustrator. 216 pages, 6" x 8". Yosemite Association, 1994.

Paper, \$9.95



A JOURNAL OF RAMBLINGS THROUGH
THE HIGH SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA



BY JOSEPH LECONTE

HIGH SIERRA CLASSIC SERIES

Yosemite and
the Mariposa Grove,
A Preliminary Report, 1865

IT IS A FACT OF HIGH SIGNIFICANCE
whenever to the upper and lower ends of
the great Sierras, that a better knowledge
of the mountains of our own country
the mountains of our own country
The great dome of the Capitol was wholly
during the war, and the bones of the
watched it remaining exposed in contemplation
not below they were buried in contemplation
on the opposite bank of the Pacific Ocean
state of Liberty was pointed upon the
that this President Lincoln proclaimed
of the day. Let us have the people
Baker stands the true work of the people
Cavalry the noble work of the people
in long columns of granite men
kill of the deadness of the people
work and some other work of the people
to spend your thoughts in contemplation
period. There are some other work
see your Cavalry were some work
because surrounded. All the



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)

**07700 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 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 Yo-

osemite Association patch, the Pelican Pouch measures 8 x 5 x 2 1/2 inches.
\$9.95.

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. Our YA caps are made of corduroy with an adjustable strap at the back so that one size fits all. The cap is adorned with a YA 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).

07720 Yosemite Bookstore

Book Bag. Here's YA's handy new book bag made from durable 100% cotton fabric with a sturdy web handle. Cream-colored, it's imprinted in blue with the Yosemite Bookstore logo. Fine craftsmanship and generous oversized design make this a bag you'll want to take everywhere. Conserve resources with a reusable book bag. Approximately 17" x 16".
\$8.95

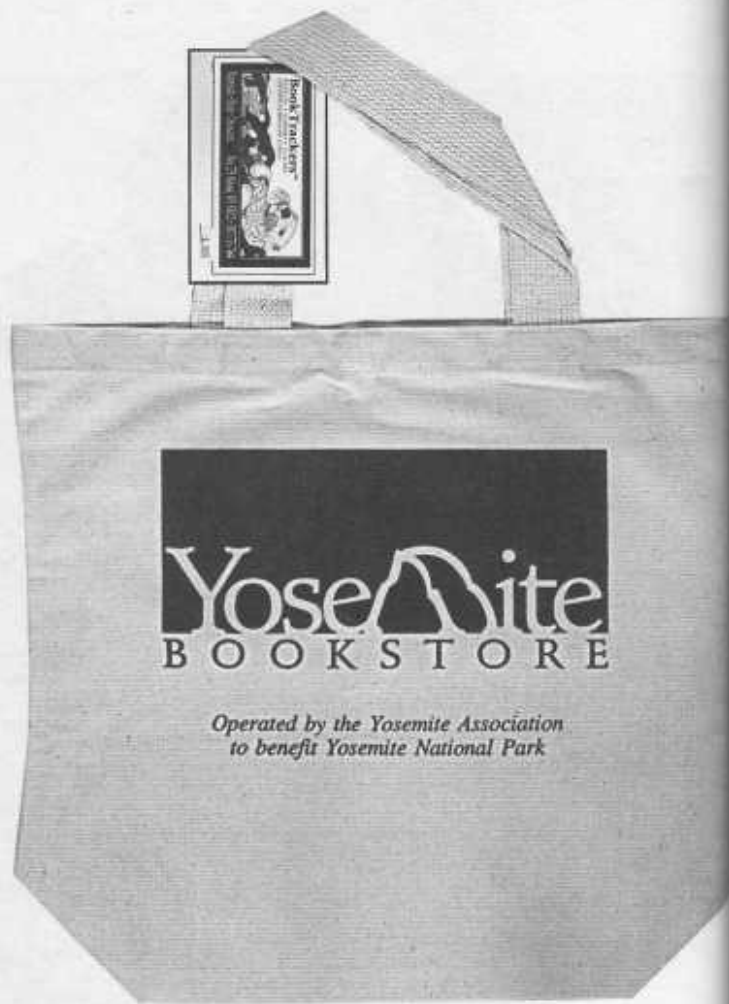


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New Members

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

Melanie Albaugh, Gwendolyn Alley, Carolyn Araiza, Kathleen Balles, Ephraim Baran, Judith Bares, Ruth & Roger Barr, Delores M Bartholomew, Sandra & Jim Beck, Melvin E & Bonnie Bennett, Mary Jane & Jude A Blau, Eugene Boudreau, Frank Boynton, Charles L Brady, Jeanne Bushra, Brian Butrazoni, Chuck Callaghan, Angel & Kathlyn Cardoza, Deborah & Tony Carpenter, Betsy Chisum, Bonnie Clarke, Jerry Clifford, Wendy P Cobb, William J Cronon, Charles & Ada Cuono, Patrick & Jean Daley, Tom & Jeri Danielsen, Roger D Doran, Jeremy Eichler, Neil W Elliott, Melinda Feuquay, Colin J Flynn, Maura Franklin, Brad & Kathie Fregger, Roberto Garcia, Julia Royal Gold, Melinda Golis, John & Dorothy Green, Marilyn Green, P J Hales, Victoria Hamilton, Bonnie Harrigan, Laurie & Bill Hildebrandt, Angela Hood, Fredrick & Jean Howard, Walt Huber, Nancy Hyde, Pauline Irwin, Edwin Jarlowski, Laura F Jenkins, William F Johnson, Magdalena & Rainbow Julian, Don & Beverly Kaplan, Jim R Karpiak, Thomas Kearney, Robert & Phyllis Kirby, Kinue Kleinschmidt, Ronald Knowlen, Richard LaBeau, John Link, Chris Loberg, T Herning & J Look, Joel Mark, Robert K Masuda, W H Mattinson, Nan & Jim Maurer, Kathryn McKenna, Paul & Eileen Meshkew, Lester S Mitchell, Lillian Molina, Doreen Morse, Indrani Murthy, Lorraine Nelson, Mark Nelson, Pat Nomura, Mary Elizabeth & T Oliver, Pam & Byron Palmer, S Clover & L Pape, Sue W Partington, Harry Petersen, Dr & Mrs Howard Pfug, Mark Phillips, Arnold & Carolyn Patti, Nancy Reid, Shana Robertson, Michele Rogers, Eric & Lisa Rosenblum, Gil & Holly Ross-Sisneros, Bette Z Rubinow, Don Schaapman, Eric Schmitz, Marilyn Scott, Nancy Rietzke Silver, John D & Amy Simons, Reed B Sladen, Kathy Saeferk, Gene & Janet Steffy, Mary D Stokes, Greg Stowe, Jim & Diane Stracuzzi, Tavis Toland, Marian Toovey, Carolyn Velvey, Charles Wagner, Tom & Margaret Walker, Linda Wallace, Peggy Watson, Pam Weber, James Westly, Rick & Sharon Wiggins, Constance A Willens, Sharley Wilson, Harriet Wingard, Laura Worth, Dr Franklin Yee, Karen Young

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Sam & Trudy Bronner, Stephen & Terry DeMarco, The Archibald Farm, Charlotte Giese, Tom & Bonny Goselin, Sven & Rosalie Hakansson, Claudia Kawczynska, Vicki A

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Internation Members

Win-jin-Chung, Taiwan, ROC; Janine Franken, Switzerland; Haroaki Furuta, Japan; David Laing, Scotland; Ian Today, Australia; John Urquhart, United Kingdom

Recent Donations to YA

Bill Griffith, Dr & Mrs Elliot Shubin, United Way, Yosemite Hang Gliding Association, Yosemite Institute

In Memory of Helen Atteberry: Frederick & Florence Bolden, Bob & Lieselotte Gamero, Paul & Deborah Haug, William & Helen Kroger, Kevin & Karen Laur, Mr & Mrs Targe M Lindsay, Marjorie McGranahan, David & Charlene Newstrom, Patricia Reitter, Jean Song, Elizabeth VanAtta

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In Memory of Joy Hossack Kuhn: John & Nancy Naumann

In Memory of Ernest Morales: Frances Dougherty

In Memory of Col Orville W Shelton: Mr & Mrs Robert Blewett

Ah-ha'-le

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the keeper, Turtle, would go to sleep.

Soon this happened and Turtle fell fast asleep. Then Coyote changed back into his own form, seized the sun, and ran quickly away with it.

Turtle awoke and saw that the sun was gone and called everybody to come quick and find it. But they could not for Coyote had taken it down through the fog to the Valley People, and they dared not venture further on account of the darkness.

But when the Valley People saw the sun they were afraid and turned away from it, for it was too bright and hurt their eyes. They feared that they could never sleep.

Coyote took it to the chief, Sandhill Crane, but he would not have it. He said he didn't understand it and that Coyote must make the sun go, just as the Foothill People had done it.

When Sandhill Crane refused to have anything to do with the sun, Coyote was disappointed,

for he had worked very hard to get it.

Still he said, "Well I will make it go."

So Coyote arranged it so that the sun moved as it does now. He carried the sun west to the place where the sky comes down to the earth, and found the west hole in the sky. Coyote told the sun to go through the hole and down under the earth and come up on the east side and climb up through the east hole in the sky. He instructed the sun to make light over the Foothills People first, then continue down and make light over the Valley people. Next the sun was to go through the west hole again and back under the earth so the people could sleep, and to keep doing this, traveling all the time.

The sun did as he was told. Then Sandhill Crane and the Valley People were glad, because they could see to hunt. The Foothill People were satisfied, too, for they had light in the daytime so that they could see, and at night the sun went away so all the people could sleep.

Become A Ham

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the simple test to become at least a codeless technician and then take your handi-talkie on your next backcountry exploration. For further information, please contact William Alsup, N6XMW, 1120 Ashmount Avenue, Oakland, California, 94610.

William Alsup is a San Francisco attorney, Yosemite Association board member, photographer, hiker, and ham. His book, Such a Landscape!, was published by Yosemite Association in 1987.



Lupinus Chamissonis



**YOSEMITE
ASSOCIATION**

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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, archivally 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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