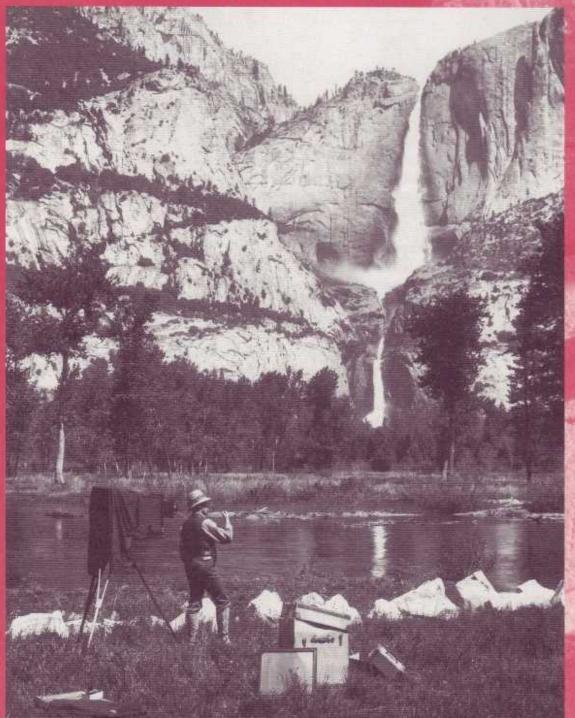


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Yosemite: The First National Park



YOSEMITE: THE FIRST NATIONAL PARK



Cover: Yosemite
Valley became known
to the world because
of the efforts of early
photographers. This
view shows Yosemite
Falls and the Merced
River, with a photographer setting up his
camera equipment,

Cover Inset: View of Half Dome from Olmsted Point Look up "national parks" in almost any reference book, and you will undoubtedly be informed that Yellowstone, established by federal act on March 1, 1872, was the first national park in the world. You might also be told that the idea for the park was conceived by some high-minded members of one of the area's early exploratory parties around an after-dinner campfire some eighteen months before.

The story is a beguiling one that has received wide circulation over the years. Several government publications containing brief histories of the National Park Service state it as fact. In truth, however, the "national park idea" originated in Yosemite long before Yellowstone was even on a map. It came about because a handful of far-seeing citizens wanted to preserve a transcendent piece of California real estate for all the people to enjoy.

Public parks have existed in this country in one form or another since the beginning of colonization. In the Northeast, developing communities regularly set aside "commons," like those in England, for use as pastures or parade grounds, or for recreational purposes. As time went on, landscaped gardens designed principally for quiet strolling or relaxing on benches came into fashion in a number of metropolitan areas. Outside the urban centers, cemeteries laid out on grounds of natural beauty attracted visitors who were not mourners, but devotees of the "great outdoors" seeking pleasure in the sylvan surroundings. All of these early steps were limited in scope, however, and not the result of any organized park movement in America.

The first tentative preservation effort at the national level occurred in 1832 when Congress withdrew from sale forty-seven hot springs in the territory of Arkansas, together with the four sections of land surrounding them, as a "national health and recreation center." Unfortunately, no provisions were made in the shortsighted bill to protect the property for the benefit of the general public. Entrepreneurs soon found they could exploit the reputed medicinal qualities of the springs without federal interference, and the resort town of Hot Springs eventually grew up within the reserved area. Presently, the question of who owned what in Hot Springs became a serious issue. In 1880, after considerable litigation, government title was finally upheld by the courts. Congress then promptly ceded away part of the four sections, sold more, and officially designated the balance of 1,035 acres as the "Hot Springs Reservation." The

reserve became a national park in 1921, long after the national park system was firmly esttablished.

Early in the 19th century, Niagara Falls, the most famous scenic attraction in America at the time, suffered a similar period of unchecked commercialization. Starting in 1806, private owners began acquiring land around the falls, and by mid-century not a single point remained in the United States from which the falls could be viewed without paying the landowner a fee. Moreover,

In truth, however, the "national park idea" originated in Yosemite long before Yellowstone was even on a map.

large areas had been stripped of magnificent native foliage, and a collection of claptrap buildings and tawdry souvenir shops erected in its place. It was not until 1883, after a lengthy lobbying effort led by noted landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, that the New York Legislature belatedly passed a bill creating a state reservation at Niagara Falls.

During this formative period of America, there was understandably no great campaign to safeguard certain special areas of the country for the benefit of future generations. The sprawling public domain appeared to be so vast that no practical man could envision its ever being exhausted. To withhold any of it from development seemed like a crackpot idea.

Therefore, in February, 1864, when the proposal was advanced to establish California's Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove of Big Trees as pleasuring grounds for all the people, the concept was unprecedented. Until this time, no public reservation had ever been set aside by a central government anywhere in the world purely for the purpose of preserving and protecting the natural scenery for the enjoyment of the citizenry.

The principal advocate of the idea was Captain Israel Ward Raymond, the California representative of the Central American Steamship Transit Company of New York. Raymond (1811–1887) first came to California in 1850 and again, permanently, to San Francisco in 1862. He visited Yosemite Valley and was struck by its singular



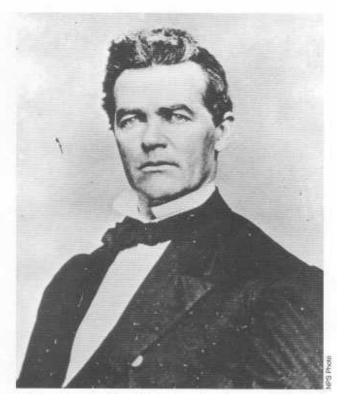
Captain Israel Ward Raymond originated the Yosemite Grant idea. Mt. Raymond, just south of the Mariposa Grove, was named in his honor by the California Geological Survey.

beauty. A public-spirited citizen, he was alarmed by the trend toward private exploitation in the Valley—nine preemption claims filed with Mariposa County between 1856 and 1862 had already usurped many of the prime locations—and the threatened destruction of its trees.

On February 20, 1864, writing from New York City, Raymond addressed a historic letter to the junior senator from California, John Conness, in which he urged Congress to grant to the state of California "that cleft or Gorge in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada...known as the Yo Semite Valley...to prevent occupation and especially to preserve the trees." Further, he asked that the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees be similarly conferred.

In his letter, Raymond furnished much of the description and language that was later used in the actual legislation, including the extraordinary proviso that the property be granted to the state for "public use, resort, and recreation...inalienable forever." He also had the foresight to send Conness a set of "mammoth plate" views by pioneer photographer Carlton Watkins, which illustrated the grandeur of the Yosemite landscape more graphically than any words. It was later reported that the pictures had been widely circulated in Washington, ultimately reaching the White House itself.

Senator Conness forwarded Raymond's letter to the commissioner of the General Land Office (GLO) asking him to devise suitable legislation to carry out the proposal. The GLO promptly provided the desired material,



California Senator John Conness introduced the historic Yosemite Grant bill in the United States Senate. Mt. Conness in the High Sierra was named for him by the Whitney Survey in 1863.

and on March 28, 1864, Conness introduced the Yosemite bill in the senate. The Senate Committee on Public Lands reported favorably on the measure on May 17. Conness then asked for its immediate consideration and was granted his request.

The proposition had come to him, the senator told his colleagues in an eloquent speech, from "various gentlemen of California, gentlemen of fortune, of taste, and of refinement." The sole objective of the bill, Conness said, was the "preservation of the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree Grove...for the benefit of mankind." He emphasized that the area contained nothing of commercial value and would require no appropriation from the federal government.

The bill passed Congress without debate even though it was the first time that federal land had ever been dedicated to a non-utilitarian purpose, and was signed into law by President Abraham Lincoln on June 30, 1864, at the height of the Civil War. The act stipulated that the Yosemite Grant be managed by a board of nine commissioners, serving without compensation, who would be appointed by and include the governor of California.

Other than I.W. Raymond, we know very little about the identity of the "gentlemen of fortune, of taste, and of refinement" to whom Conness referred in his presentation. Although no testimony has come to light regarding their participation the most likely candidates are the men Raymond and Conness suggested as prospective Yosemite commissioners in their proposal to the GLO. Raymond nominated George W. Coulter, founder of Coulterville, a mining town near Yosemite, and Josiah Dwight Whitney, scion of a prominent American family and the California state geologist. Conness, a member of the California Legislature before becoming senator, had written the law creating the California Geological Survey in 1860 and would have been influenced by Whitney's judgment. Conness added Raymond's name, along with Professor John F. Morse, a well-known San Francisco physician, and Stephen J. Field, chief justice of the California Supreme Court.

Raymond also recommended Frederick Law Olmsted as a commissioner, but according to the editors of Olmsted's voluminous papers, there is no evidence that he played any part in advancing the Yosemite legislation.\(^1\) Olmsted had come from New York City to Mariposa County in October, 1863, to manage the gold mines on the Mariposa Estate for the eastern owners of the property. He visited the Mariposa Grove later in 1863, but never saw the Valley until six weeks after the Yosemite Act became law.

The Yosemite Grant consisted of two parts: Section I set aside 36,111.14 acres (about fifty-six and one-half square miles) in and around the Valley itself; Section 2 reserved a noncontiguous area of 2,589.26 acres (four square miles) about twelve and one-half air miles to the south, which contained the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The protected territory totaled 38,700.4 acres in all, or more than sixty square miles. On April 2, 1866, the California Legislature officially accepted the grant for the state and confirmed the appointment of the nine commissioners nominated by the governor as prescribed in the federal act.

Why were the lands at Yosemite granted to the state of California for preservation rather than setting them aside in the name of the United States of America? There seems to have been no question among those involved with the matter that giving the property to the state was the appropriate way to accomplish the desired purpose. At that time the activities of the federal government were considerably less diversified than now, Congress's policy was to dispose of useful areas of the public domain by ceding them to the citizens of the states in which they lay. This eliminated the need for any federal appropriation-an important factor in getting legislation approved. Furthermore, given the poor communication facilities of the day, management of distant lands could be handled much more efficiently at the local level than from far-off Washington, D.C. For example, James Hutchings, Yosemite's pioneer publicist-innkeeper, said that California residents never knew about the Yosemite legislation until more than five weeks after the act had been signed into law.2

Once the War between the States ended in the spring of 1865, newspaper stories hailing the Yosemite reservation began appearing in both California and the East. The new park was considered to be of nationwide if not worldwide significance, Prominent Massachusetts publisher Samuel Bowles, who visited the Valley in the summer of 1865 with a distinguished party that included the Speaker of the House, Schuyler Colfax, wrote in his account of the journey that "the wise cession and dedica-

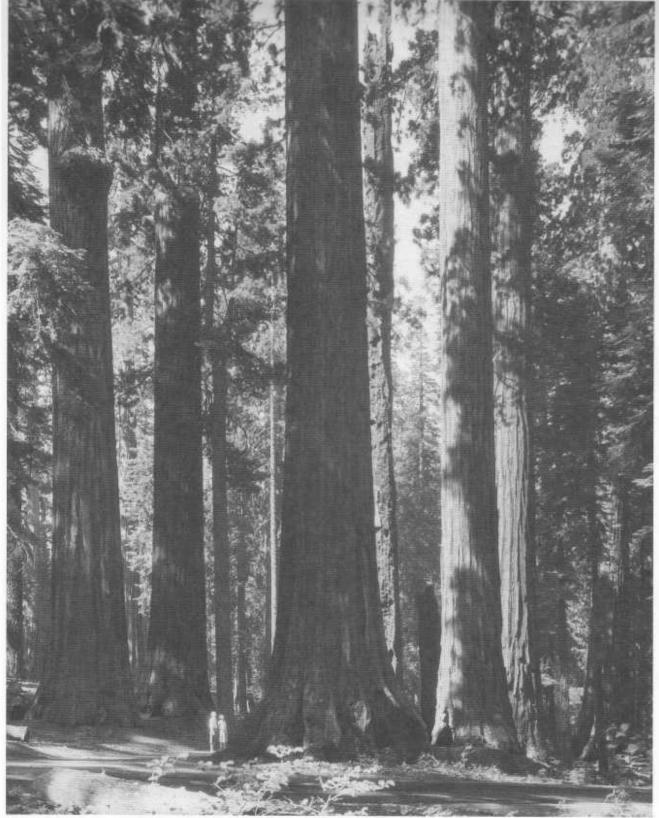
Although relatively few people could make the arduous and expensive trek to see the Valley and Big Trees in person, photographs, lithographs, and stereoscopic views of Yosemite scenes were almost constantly on exhibit in both this country and abroad.

tion by Congress and proposed improvement by California...furnishes an admirable example for other objects of natural curiosity and popular interest all over the Union."

In 1868, the New York Evening Post, under the heading of "The Great American Park of the Yosemite," said: "With the early completion of the Pacific Railway there can be no doubt that the Park established by the recent Act of Congress as a place of free recreation is for all the people of the United States and their guests forever."

That California officials also considered their new charge to be a national responsibility is demonstrated by the use of the term, "The Yosemite National Park," in an official guidebook written by J. D. Whitney, the state geologist, and published by authority of the legislature in 1868. It should be remembered that the federal government gave the Yosemite properties to California with certain stipulations attached. This was no empty gesture. In 1868, when the state attempted to recognize the pre-emption claims of two early settlers—thereby changing the face of the Valley forever—the misguided legislation was nullifed by the United States Senate.

Yosemite's fame continued to grow throughout the late 1860s. Although relatively few people could make the arduous and expensive trek to see the Valley and Big Trees in person, photographs, lithographs, and stereoscopic views of Yosemite scenes were almost constantly on



The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees was set aside as a park at the same time as Yosemite Valley. This was the first Big Tree Grove in the United States to be protected. (From the author's collection.)

exhibit in both this country and abroad.

By 1870, with Yosemite ranking high in public favor, proponents of other scenic areas were busy trying to get Congress to set them aside as well. Some were of doubtful value; others were being pushed by groups wishing to reserve a particular place for their own interests. Which brings us to the myth that the national park idea was conceived by a party of prominent Montanans around a campfire in Yellowstone in 1870. The story, which originated in an 1895 book, The Yellowstone National Park by Hiram M. Chittenden, has long since been put into proper perspective by other writers. Paul Buck* and Louis C. Cramton, in their studies regarding the early history of conservation and Yellowstone, have shown that those who urged the creation of the park were for the most part exponents of groups wishing to preserve the area for selfish reasons. Among them was the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which subsequently became the principal means of access to Yellowstone and its first major concessionaire. Its intensive lobbying, and not general support, was influential in getting the Yellowstone Act adopted, according to Buck, who further states that the passing of the bill caused "no flurry either in Washington or the country at large" ... and that "an attitude of indifference prevailed." Congress confirmed its lack of interest in the new scenic wonder by providing Yellowstone with no appropriations whatever for the first five years of its existence. By 1886, the situation at Yellowstone had gotten so far out of control that federal troops were assigned to take charge of the area.

Why was Yellowstone set aside as a federal property in 1872 unlike Yosemite, which had been granted to California eight years before? There is no indication that Congress had changed its mind regarding the public domain in the interim, but circumstances necessitated a different approach. Wyoming did not achieve statehood until 1890, and no effective local government existed in the territory to assume responsibility for the property. Its reservation by the federal government was therefore deemed the only practical method of accomplishing the objective.

It really mattered little that one area was under the aegis of a state and the other of the federal government. The language and purpose of the two congressional acts was remarkably similar in that both created a public park or pleasuring ground "for the benefit and enjoyment of

all the people." Expediency alone seemed to have been responsible for the divergent manner in which the reservations were handled. Indeed, it is questionable whether Congress would have even considered setting aside an untamed wilderness like Yellowstone as a park in 1872, despite the vigorous lobbying pressure, had it not been for the successful example of the Yosemite Grant some eight years earlier. Quite significantly, when the national park system was extended in 1890, it was to protect the areas surrounding Yosemite Valley as well as those now called Sequoia National Park and General Grant Groveall of these in California where the public park program had developed so well during the previous twenty-six years.

So, while the argument that Yellowstone was the first "designated" national park is technically correct for reasons already stated, the real genesis of what eventually grew into today's remarkable national park system was unquestionably the Yosemite Grant of 1864. And thanks to the vision and public spirit of I. W. Raymond, John Conness, J. D. Whitney, and those other unsung gentlemen "of fortune, of taste, and of refinement," Yosemite remains immutable as one of the world's great natural treasures, all these years down the road.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

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Hank Johnston is the author of fifteen books on California History. His most recent, The Yosemite Grant, 1864-1906: A Pictorial History, was published in 1995 by the Yosemite Association. He is a frequent contributor to this journal.

A LETTER TO DEAD SOLDIERS

Author's note: I work as a Park Ranger/Naturalist in Yosemite Valley. I'm also part of Yosemite's Horse Mounted Patrol. I am African-American, one of only a handful working for the park service here in Yosemite. One day I wandered into Yosemite's Research Library, and was talking to the librarian when I noticed a photograph on the wall. I took a closer look at the picture and read the caption. It was a photograph of the 24th Mounted Infantry taken somewhere in Yosemite in 1899. The 24th, along with the 25th Infantry and the 9th and 10th Cavalry, were African-American Army regiments that during the Indian War period became known as "Buffalo Soldiers." Seeing this photograph was like stumbling into your own family while travelling in a foreign country.

I had no idea that 100 years ago the 24th Mounted Infantry and the 9th Cavalry were entrusted with the protection of Yosemite National Park. I had never read this information in any history or heard about this from any other ranger, but there, staring at me, across a gulf of 100 years were these black soldiers who had overcome obstacles that made my challenges seem insignificant. I immediately wanted to know their names, to find out as much as I could about them. They had almost completely disappeared from Yosemite's history. If it weren't for this one photograph, who would know or care that they ever existed? I wanted to speak to them, to tell them that they weren't forgotten. I decided to write a letter to these dead soldiers.

Dear men, forgive me for not writing sooner, but I only recently discovered that the dead do not completely vanish from this earth. I realize now that death does not occur with the stopping of the heart, but when we choose to forget. One hundred years after horses and the creaking of wagon wheels, your names are air, unseen, yet moving around us. How can something as substantial as a column of twenty-six men riding side by side on a dusty road leave neither imprint on the ground nor sound in sky?

Someone must have seen you after you left the Presidio of San Francisco in early 1899. Is there no one in Mayfield who remembers, or Santa Clara, or Firebaugh, or Madera, or any other town of the Central Valley you passed through that has people old and wise enough to remember? A century's accumulation of dust has buried the fourteen days it took for you to get to Yosemite. Even our memory of you fades under the pressure of years. Yet, there you are astride your horses in a Yosemite that is as close as the open window of my office. Is this all that remains that one can touch: a photograph, and a part of a sentence in a military report?

"From records in this office I find that the park was under the control of Lieut. W.H. McMasters, Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, with a detachment of 25 men of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, he being relieved June 21, 1899 by Lieut. William Forse, Third Artillery, with a similar detachment of that regiment." -E. F. Wilcox, Captain, Sixth Cavalry, Acting Superintendent of Yosemite National Park, October, 1899.

This is all that is left of you. All your hopes and desires, what you wanted out of life, your thoughts and dreams, even you and your bodies, your horses and wagons, the shadows you cast on the ground, all squeezed into the space of one sentence. To live only in a phrase, to find that all you ever were, or hoped to be, lies trapped among a procession of nouns, adjectives, and prepositions. To find that the collective memory of your life has become simply a reference in a government document. This is a terrible kind of eternity, but preferable to oblivion, because it means that you still live.

How can something as substantial as a column of twenty-six men riding side by side on a dusty road leave neither imprint on the ground nor sound in sky?

History has momentarily forgotten your names, but not your deeds. I know that in the months preceding your



Some of the 24th Mounted Infantry who served in Yosemite in 1899.

arrival, sheep and cattle were grazing illegally in the park. I know that in late summer of 1898, extensive forest fires burned in Yosemite. The smoke of those fires still seems to obscure your lives. Even the officers who relieved you, could only sense your presence by the condition of the park when they arrived, and by what was recorded in monthly reports to the Department of Interior.

"I am unable to find any records as to the operations of these troops outside of the monthly reports rendered to the Interior Department, but from the present condition of affairs I am convinced that the park was as well guarded and protected as possible considering the small number of men detailed for the purpose."

-E. F. Wilcox, Captain, Sixth Cavalry, "Report of the Acting Superintendent of Yosemite National Park," October, 1899. When you arrived in Yosemite, the stockmen noticed your presence, just as they noticed your absence in the months preceding your arrival. The demands of the Spanish-American War forced the temporary suspension of military stewardship in Yosemite. This was of little concern to sheepherders who used parklands for grazing their flocks. They knew the country better than you, and ran their sheep far from the trails you patrolled. A million acres is a lot of space for twenty-five men to cover. It was easy in your time to avoid the presence of other people, and to lose yourself in Yosemite.

These stockmen knew where you were and avoided you, but I wish the opposite. How can I reach across 100 years and hold out my hand for you to take? How can I convince people that you are not dead but live on? Not just in documents and old photographs, or even in the park ranger uniform I wear, but that you are real soldiers surviving into the present? Because I choose to remember you, you live on in me. I know your lives had meaning to black folks. I know that someone called you son, brother, or father. I think that I understand why you joined the army. You had few choices, and a military career provided a sense of dignity, respect, and, a pension upon retirement.

Understanding all of this leads me to my father. Dad grew up in rural South Carolina in the 1930's. He served in the Army and the Air Force from the 1950's until the 1970's. He is a veteran of Korea and Vietnam. Although we lived as a family in several states, and two other countries, my father, was absent for part of my childhood. I remember venturing into my parent's bedroom and touching his clothes. I would hold, smell, and caress them as if this action would release dad from the void that had swallowed him, and return him home.

Thinking of him leads me to a place and not just a time. I imagine the hardships he endured in Southeast Asia. I imagine the hardships you endured in America and the Philippines. Those thoughts create a pathway to you. I have made a bridge of my father and it leads to you. You too left loved ones behind who cherished your memory. You too risked your lives so that the lives of your brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, would be better. You are more than just soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, and this story is bigger than just a chapter in Yosemite's military history. To consider it solely on that level would serve only to diminish your lives and the complexities of the country you lived in.

Thus the memory of my family's sacrifice has become inextricably bound to the sacrifices of you who are long dead, but not completely forgotten. We have met before. The face of history is never a stranger. The deeper we gaze into the past, the greater our recognition of ourselves in other places and other times. We are all amnesiacs stumbling around the world trying to find out who we are, where we belong, and where we come from, until that moment when we find a story that tells us everything about ourselves.

You, who are soldiers, who are family, have given me that story. In so doing you have assured yourself a presence in Yosemite. Thank you for clearing the trail that I followed 100 years later. You cannot imagine how your passage has made my journey infinitely easier.

BLUES FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY

Horse beneath me, Rollin' like the sea. Horse beneath me, Rollin' like the sea. A soldier's life is ridin' far, But never being free.

People gaze upon us, Along the dusty road. Strangers gaze upon us, Along the dusty road. Nev'r seen a horse, I guess, Carryin' such a load.

Joined the Twenty-fourth Infantry, To get away from pain. Joined the Infantry, I guess, To get away from pain. Though hurt ain't somethin' you can leave, The motion keeps you sane.

Horse beneath me, Rollin' like the sea. Horse beneath me, Rollin' like the sea. This soldier's life is ridin' far, But never being free.

-SHELTON JOHNSON

IKING WHERE WE LIVED

BOOK REVIEW

BY DWIGHT H. BARNES

In California's sesquicentennial years, it is appropriate that the impact of the flood of miners and settlers upon the native people who had lived here for centuries should be told.

This is what Galen D. Lee of North Fork has done in Walking Where We Lived, a memoir of his Mono Indian family, whose oral history spreads over six generations, back to the 1850s.

The book, however, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, is much more than an account of the tragic and traumatic events brought on by the gold rush invasion of the Sierra Nevada. It is a warm, personal account of the traditions of Indian life, an in-depth look at the old ways and the beliefs of these mountain folk whose daily lives were entwined deeply with all aspects of nature.

"By accepting the possibility of a relationship of all things to each other, there are no boundaries," the author writes and then quotes his great aunt, Margaret Moore Bobb, "Everything is just the way it is. Just accept it, don't ask why."



Elsie Capps, the author's great-great-grandmother, displays her coiled baskets in the early 1900s. (From the author's collection.)

Traditionally, the Nim people, as author Lee refers to his extended family, believe that all forms of life are "our little brothers" with whom one can communicate.

His people needed no calendars. Everything spoke to them. The land, the sky, the wind, the rain, the plants, the birds guided the actions of the Nim. For instance, when yappy coyote pups were nursing or young birds fledging, it was time to stop hunting. The young would not survive if their parents were hunted.

Mrs. Bobb was young Gaylen's mentor who encouraged him to walk the white man's path while learning the old ways. It was Mrs. Bobb who passed on centuries-old tales of the evolution of the Nim people and stories featuring animals and birds which not only entertained the young boy but also taught the lessons of life. Many are recorded by Mr. Lee.

Skills, such as making baskets which the family still uses for cooking, making fishing line, belts and other things out of milkweed, making brushes and brooms from soap plant or how to cook mushrooms or acorns are detailed throughout the book.

Walking Where We Lived is woven through the four seasons, which are the cycles of life.

Puhiduwa, "when the grass turns green," was a time for renewal, feasting, playing, visiting and dancing with ceremonies that which faded around the turn of the century because of pressure from white people and the Christian church who felt these to be pagan.

Tazewano, "when the grass is drying up," was the time that the women hoisted baskets filled with acorns on their backs and everyone walked to cooler elevations.

The author tells of his personal experiences following his family's footsteps including such things as how to eat sourberries. And, he notes he cannot wait to teach his grandson, Anthony, how to use elderberry wood to make pop guns for cowboy and Indian games. Indians always win, of course.

Yibanoti, "when the days turn cool," was when his ancestors returned to rebuild their cedar bark homes, the "tonobi," to hunt, to fish, to gather soap plant and other materials and foods. Mrs. Bobb's knowledge of gathering is shared as are her tales of life with the Nim over the centuries.

To'wano, "when it's cold," was a time when Rattlesnake slept so that stories that were handed down from generation to generation could be told. If these were told while Rattlesnake was awake, he might cause trouble.

Then, there was another season. "Spring When Uninvited Guests Bring Death." This chapter is a well-researched account of the time in 1851 when the Mariposa Battalion drove the author's great, great, great grandmother, Chinitit, from Cha:tiniu, which for centuries had been the familv home near what now is Mammoth Pool on the upper reaches of the San Joaquin River.

Houses, granaries, sweathouses, shade arbors, windbreaks were burned. "White men burn everything."

The family passed little about the war down from generation to generation. They did not talk about "bad things," for fear they would be brought into one's own experience. Gaylen Lee now believes it is time to reveal those events which a century and a half ago changed drastically Chinitit's life and the lives of her descendants.

One hundred and fifty years ago, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo guaranteed Indians the right to their land and their freedom. However, as gold seeking miners pushed eastward higher and higher into the Sierra, they had little regard for the Indians.

Such was the fear instilled in Indian people by white men who believed "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" that the author recalls that even when he was a child he was told to hide when a stranger appeared.

Creation of the Sierra Timber Reserve in 1893 and the Sierra National Forest four years later effectively closed the hills to Indian habitation. Indians did not become citizens of their own country until 1924, thus they could not obtain permits to use their own land.

"Cultural genocide was the long term result," writes the author.

Sustaining the Nim through it all, he states, was their belief that "Nothing ends. All life goes on. All of the old people still are here in other forms; continuing to teach us, if we only listen."

Or, as Grandma Bobb says, "Aishupa. Don't worry. It's okay."



Grandma Margaret Moore Bobb leaches acorn flour at a spring behind her home in the 1950s. (From the author's collection.)

Walking Where We Lived, Memoirs of a Mono Indian Family, by Gaylen D. Lee, University of Oklahoma Press, 1998, 208 pages, including index, bibliography, notes. Hardback, \$23.95. It is available from the Yosemite Association by calling (209)379-2648 or by using the order form in the catalog section of this issue.

Dwight Barnes, a freelance writer living in Oakhurst, had former careers working as a newspaperman and in the office of Congressman Harold T, "Bizz" Johnson. He is currently involved in the establishment of Fresno Flats Historical Park.

BRUINS, BROWNIES, AND UNIONS: TUOLUMNE MEADOWS, 1948



angler

I learned about what would become my favorite spot in the world at a campfire in Yosemite Valley fifty-plus years ago. A ranger mentioned that fishing at someplace called Tuolumne Meadows was terrific, I had no idea where that was, but as an intrepid 11-year-old angler, I had to go there.

During those years of rather casual camping in the valley, my family established

a small colony each summer, occupying adjacent sites-Grandma and Grandpa, Aunt Marj and Uncle Pete, the Fixes, the Garths, plus my parents. The men-some of whom came up only for weekends-chopped wood, tied knots, built fires...manly stuff. The women, of course, ran the camp, setting the schedule and directing activities: "Wouldn't it be nice to drive up to Glacier Point today?" my mother would observe, but it wasn't a question: we'd definitely visit Glacier Point.

That's why I worked on her when I launched a pestering campaign. After a couple of days Mom, a strong believer in father-son outings, convinced...or perhaps coerced...my dad to take me to Tuolumne Meadows.

The next day, Pop and I piled into our robin's-egg blue Buick and headed up a road that grew increasingly steep, increasingly narrow, and increasingly daunting. Night was falling by the time we finally reached our destination, and what struck me wasn't the wondrous grassland or the surrounding granite or even the stream, but a large, white canvas building containing a store and cafe; I'd never seen anything like it.

The campground behind it was sparsely occupied, so Pop decided we could bivouac conveniently near a cluster of garbage cans and a small restroom built of stones. He cooked his entire culinary repertoire: fried bacon, potatoes, and onions ("unions" he called them), a manly treat. Shortly after eating we unrolled our thin sleeping bags onto the ground and crawled into them.

I quickly fell asleep but awakened later with the certain knowledge that I was freezing to death; I'd never been so cold. My father, bundled into all the clothes he'd brought, was rebuilding the fire. "You better put more on, boy," he urged through chattering teeth, "and move closer to the fire."

I did both those things and eventually drifted off again... until a metallic BANG! tore me from sleep. Car lights flashed on around us, and I saw the silhouette of what was surely the largest bear in North America lumber between the garbage cans and me. Then another and another paraded through our camp.

Pop shouted, "Get in the car! Quick!" I couldn't move, so he tossed me into the backseat. I spent the rest of the night there wrapped in my bag, wary of hungry bruins.

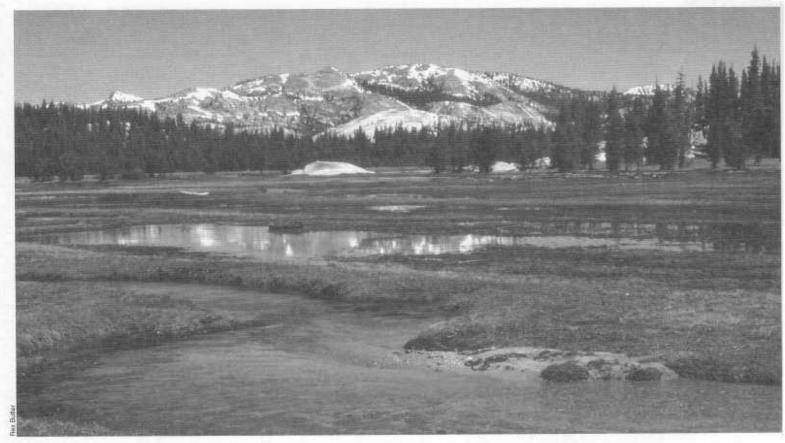


The blue Buick packed and ready to go.

Sometime before dawn Pop crawled from the Buick and began cooking bacon, potatoes and unions. "I can sure pick the camps,' he chuckled. After eating, we set off in gray dawn up the Lyell Fork trail, wearing everything we'd brought except the sleeping bags; we'd have worn them, too, but we couldn't figure out how. We trudged a long way...out of the range of bears, or so I hoped.

After sunlight warmed the canyon, we began fishing, but none of the visibly abundant trout struck our bait. Before long my dad, who wasn't enthused about angling anyway, gave up. "You can try a little longer," he said. "I'll meet you at that cafe."

Shortly after he departed I noticed a fish following my salmon egg as I reeled in. Several more quick casts brought same result: no strikes, but obvious interest. I'd brought a small yellow-and-red lure called a Flatfish. I'd



Tuolumne Meadows then and now.

never tried it, but I rigged it to my leader and cast into the same pool that had produced followers. A dozen fish seemed to race one another to strike, and I landed a husky brown trout. My next cast produced the same result. In less than an hour I had my limit-brownies-cleaned and packed with wet grass in my wicker creel.

That finished, I unwrapped my lunch of a greasy bacon-potatoes-and-unions sandwich but decided I'd pass. I couldn't choke any more of that stuff down. Nevertheless, I was a satisfied angler as I marched rapidlystill wary of hungry bruins-back to the canvas cafe.

Our blue Buick was parked in front, and Pop was drinking coffee when I arrived. "Give up?" he asked, and I had the pleasure of showing him the full creel. "I'll be...," he said.

He treated me to a hamburger and soda, and I explained over and over how I'd nailed all those trout, telling him he could use the Flatfish tomorrow. "Not me," he said. "I'm heading back to the Valley, I damn near froze to death last night, and I could just barely walk back here today. These two young gals, no bigger than a minute, passed me on the trail carrying huge packs. I could just barely tote that fishing pole."

Pop, never an outdoorsman but once a noteworthy athlete at UCLA, laughed at himself, then added, "But if you really want to stay, I guess I can buy some more bacon and potatoes and unions at that store next door...fry 'em up with your fish."

Visions of my mother's tamale pie or chicken dumplings...of anything else...gripped me. Did I want fishing or food? I was a growing boy, so food won easily.

As we drove back down on that rough, narrow road I

dozed, not imagining that Pop and I would never fish together again or that I would return, and return, and return to Tuolumne Meadows—that frigid, bearinfested, trout-rich realm of bacon, potatoes and unions—each time remembering a dad who couldn't catch fish but who could laugh at himself.

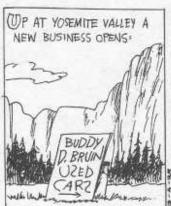


Haslam at the 1998 Members' Meeting

Longtime Y.A. member Gerald Haslam is a Professor at Sonoma State University and a prolific and popular writer of California's rural and small town areas. His personal favorite is Coming of Age in California (Devil Mountain Books, 1990) which was named to the San Francisco Chronicle's list of the century's "100 Best Books from the West."

MEMBERS PAGE

Cartoonist Phil Frank to Speak at Member's Meeting







The 24th Annual Members' Meeting will take place at the Tuolumne Meadows Lodge on Saturday, September 18, 1999. Popular Bay Area cartoonist Phil Frank, creator of the "Farley" cartoon strip that appears daily in the San Francisco Chronicle, will be the featured speaker at the afternoon meeting.

An astute commentator on contemporary life, Frank frequently sets his strip in Yosemite and uses his eccentric cast of characters (with fur and without) to shed light on various aspects of human nature and behavior, along with a few swipes at park policy. His new book, Fur and Loafing in Yosemite, has just been published by the Yosemite Association. The book gathers nearly 200 Yosemite-based cartoon strips that capture the day-to-day activities, politics, tourists, and management complexities of the park with insight and humor.

YA members received details on the meeting and on the lodging lottery by mail in July. In addition to the afternoon meeting where Phil Frank will speak, the day will include naturalist walks in the morning, lunch outside the Lodge, wine and refreshments in the afternoon along with a raffle and auction. Phil Frank will be available to talk with members and sign copies of his book.

Last Call to Sign up for a 1999 Seminar!

Enjoy the last of the summer wildflowers in the High Country or celebrate the arrival of Yosemite's fall color by signing up for one of these excellent field courses offered by the Association. There is still time to join one of these top-notch instructors leading these excellent outdoor field classes. Each seminar includes free campground space, or rooms may still be available for those wanting to stay indoors. Give Penny our Lou a call in the seminar office - 209/379-2321. Check the YA web site to read each seminar's detailed descriptions: www.yosemite.org

Bird Close-Ups - Bird Banding in Lundy Canyon led by Mike Rigney, August 13-15

Wildflower Wisdom in Tuolumne Meadows taught by Suzanne Swedo, August 13-15

Eastern Sierra Biodiversity in Tuolumne and the Eastside taught by John Harris, August 9-13

The Living Forests in Tuolumne Meadows taught by Mike Ross, August 23-27

The Giant Sequoias in The Mariposa Grove/Wawona taught by Stan Hutchinson, August 27-29

Grand Hikes in the High Country in Tuolumne Meadows led by Noreen McClintock, August 26 (eve)-29

Three Great Walks in Tuolumne Meadows led by Julie Ahern, September 10-12

Three Great Walks in Yosemite Valley led by Julie Ahern, October 22-24

Hawks in Flight in Tuolumne Meadows, September 9(eve)-12

Creative Photography for Beginners -Fall in Yosemite Valley taught by Catherine Gockley, October 8-10

Yosemite - Alive With Poetry in Yosemite Valley taught by Kristina Rylands, October 8-10

Autumn in the Eastern Sierra Nevada photography in Lee Vining taught by Robin Ingraham, October 15-17

The Light of Autumn - Intermediate Photography in Yosemite Valley taught by Catherine Gockley, October 15-17

Photographing Yosemite Valley taught by Jeff Nixon, October 22-24

Sign up soon and enjoy Yosemite through a learning vacation!

Judge Rules on El Portal Road Repair

On Monday, July 12, U.S. District Judge Anthony W. Ishii stopped the final stage of repair of the El Portal Road (Highway 140) along the Merced River. The judge ruled that the National Park Service needs to conduct a more comprehensive study before beginning the last part of the project.

Judge Ishii ruled that the Park Service had violated the National Environmental Protection Act and the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act by not properly studying the impacts of the 71/2 mile road project along the Merced River before beginning construction. The lawsuit was filed by the Sierra Club and Mariposans for Environmentally Responsible Growth. The decision does not stop the work that is already under way on the project's first three phases which was planned to repair damage from the January 1997 flood while straightening and widening the road's two lanes. These phases are scheduled to be finished by fall of 2000.

The ruling said that the Park Service could not remove Cascade Dam—near the intersection of Highways 120 and 140—or begin the final phase of construction on the El Portal Road until a comprehensive management plan is completed for the waterway.

Schedule for the Yosemite Valley Plan

Development for the Draft Yosemite Valley Plan is taking longer than the National Park Service anticipated. The Park has been developing alternatives for the plan, and is working through the complex issues related to resource preservation and visitor experience. As environmental consequences are assessed, the alternatives are being further revised. The size of the document that will result from combining the four plans into one will require additional preparation and printing time.

For those reasons, the Draft Yosemite Valley Plan will not be out during the summer of 1999 as expected. The revised schedule is: Early Winter: Draft Yosemite Valley Plan/ Supplemental EIS will be released for public review and comment.

Early 2000: Public Meetings will be held in various locations.

Spring 2000: Comments received during the comment period will be analyzed, and the final Yosemite Valley Plan/ Supplemental EIS will be written.

Summer 2000: Final Yosemite Valley Plan/Supplemental EIS will be released. Summer 2000: The final decision will be signed by the NPS Regional Director. Work would now be undertaken to implement the plan.

For information: www.nps.gov/yose/planning.

Association Dates

September 18, 1999 Annual Meeting, Tuolumne Meadows

October 24–30, 1999 Work Trip, Yosemite Valley

April 1, 2000 Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley

September 9, 2000 Annual Meeting, Wawona

209/379-2317

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

Treasured Valley Volunteers



If you stopped by the Y.A. information booth this past June, you may have been greeted with the enthusiastic smiles of loyal Y.A. volunteers Ray and Marilyn McKeever. They've been welcoming visitors for Y.A. since 1990, yet have an even longer history intertwined with the park. Both Ray and Marilyn have been coming to Yosemite for over sixty years. In 1951, while Ray was working for Yosemite Park and Curry Company, they met for the first time on a beach in El Capitan meadow. Three years later they were married and now their five boys, all climbers, frequently visit the park as well.

They continue to faithfully volunteer, year after year, because "we love meeting the fantastic people who visit the park." Since Ray retired from being the Chief Engineering Inspector for the City of Fresno, they love to travel, with recent trips to Alaska and Russia and an upcoming excursion to Boston this fall. But for one month every summer their calendar is booked with a stay at Yosemite. Y.A. thanks Ray and Marilyn for their dedication and hard work.

Leaving a Yosemite Legacy

We encourage you to consider including a gift to the Yosemite Association in your will or estate plan. It's a way to ensure that others will enjoy Yosemite far beyond your lifetime.

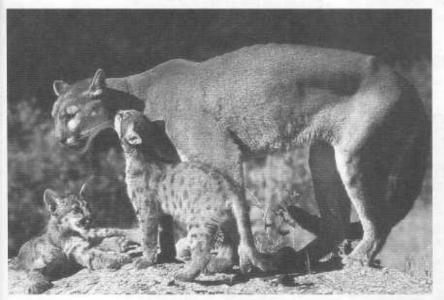
For information about leaving a Yosemite legacy, call (209) 379-2317, or write to P.O. Box 230, El Portal, CA 95318

IN A DAY'S WORK

Most days in the life of a mountain lion researcher are filled with hot dirt roads and the eternal blip of the telemetry box, data collection that proves very important for our research yet shows the elusiveness of the animals we study. There is always a chance, and hope, of a sighting, but the end of our shift usually finds us with nothing more than memories of a dusty trail, some grit in our teeth, and a rough idea of where the lions are. Some days are different, however, the kind that you know will stick with you forever, the type that would never be possible were it not for a tremendous amount of luck and good fortune at your side. We have had some of those days.

One of our three collared lions had been in the same general area since we started this year's data collection in early April. Around the time when May turned into June, our research team noticed that her movements had further decreased and she had remained in the same specific area for a couple weeks. We wondered at this and our curiosity rose. My project partner, Suzy Pettit, and I decided to go in on foot to see what we might find.

Our first discovery was that yes, lions do like a lot of cover. The densely vegetated hillside was made up almost entirely of chaparral species, the kind of plants that seem to take joy in drawing blood on human legs and arms. No doubt about it, we were in the lion's world. Slowly and with a great deal of perspiration, we made our way up the slope. As we did, the volume of the telemetry signal told us that we were close to her location yet it seemed that she



was moving away from us. Four or five times we discussed how unlikely it would be to see her, even if we could get to within 15 or 20 feet, and four or five times we decided that we should turn back. As luck, or stubbornness, would have it, we never did. We worked our way onto a rock outcrop to give our arms and legs a spell from the savagery of the shrubs, and also decided it was time to return to the Jeep. As we turned to go, we both heard a single small cry and froze; moments later we heard another. Although neither of us had ever heard it before, there was little doubt that the sounds had come from a mountain lion kitten.

The strength of the telemetry signal told us that mom was very close, probably 30 to 50 feet (that's two bounds to a lion), but our curiosity had peaked so we stuck close to each other and hoped the luck that had brought us onto the rocks hadn't deserted us. Perhaps we had awakened them, perhaps they were hungry, but they became quite vocal within a few minutes of our arrival.

After some tricky maneuvers to get onto a precarious spot on one of the rocks, it was clear that the den was at the base, some 10-12 feet below our location. There was a partially overhanging rock comprising one wall of the den and a semi-circle of canyon live oak making the other three. The combination of rock and tree created a nearly impenetrable fortress for the kittens to spend their first weeks of life. A moment later my eyes adjusted to the low light and one, two, three, four little heads attached to a mass of spotted fluff came into focus.

Their eyes were mostly closed and they rolled more than they crawled. Our best guess is that they were no more than a week and a half old. Mom was always close by, but we never saw or heard her, more good luck for us. The most harrowing moment was when Suzy dropped her sunglasses about five feet away from the den. For some reason, most likely stupidity, I volunteered to retrieve them when she was content to leave them behind. Once down to ground level, I used a long stick to reach around the rock.

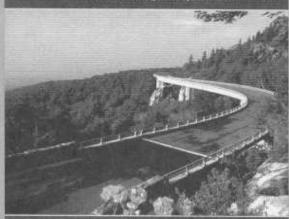
Sunglasses in hand, we turned for home, smiling broadly. In fact, I think we smiled broadly for the whole next week and beyond. I'd never had such an experience and probably never will again, but it is the rarity of these types of days that makes them so important and special. After all we as humans have put these majestic creatures through, it fills me with joy to live and work in a place where we can celebrate their success, rather than try to suppress it.

Chuck Carter is a wildlife technician for the Yosemite Mountain Lion Research Project and a lifelong resident of the Yosemite area.

YOSEMITE CATALOG

Caring for America's Greatest Natural and Historic Treasures

"Best book on the subject in 30 years."—BOOK W. WINKS.



Our National Park System DWIGHT F. RETTIE STEWART L. UBALL

Our National Park System

by Dwight F. Rettie, with a foreword by Stewart L. Udull.

Here is a comprehensive look at America's national park system from a policy standpoint. The author, formerly the chief of the National Park Service policy development office, discusses the state of the system, which is made up of millions of acres of land in more than 350 areas, including parks, historic sites, battlefields, and recreation areas.

He asserts that important policy issues affect the existence, permanence, and condition of the system, and urges that those issues be addressed by a broad spectrum of the general public and by the president and Congress. He further contends that the time to act is now, while supporters are concerned about the parks and while the National Park Service is sensitized to the need for change.

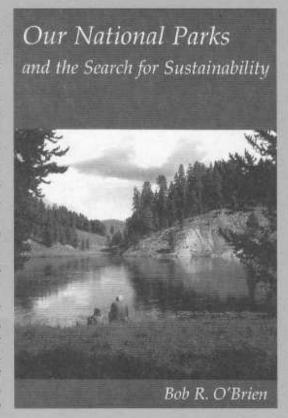
This is a straightforward and scholarly work, full of observations regarding the existing park system and what is needed (if not essential) for its future care, 293 pages, University of Illinois Press, 1995. Paperback, \$21.95

Our National Parks and the Search for Sustainability by Bob R. O'Brien.

The premise of this work is that an urgent problem exists in the national park system centered on the need to balance the public's desire to visit the parks against the parks' need to be protected from too many people and cars and too much development. The author explores the National Park Service's attempt to achieve "sustainability"—a balance that allows as many people as possible to visit a park that is kept in as natural a state as possible.

He discusses the methods the NPS uses to walk the line between those who would preserve vast tracts of land for "no use" and those who would tap the Yellowstone geysers to generate electricity. Using case studes of six western parks, he shows how rangers and other NPS employees are coping with issues that impact these important natural areas, including visitation, development, and recreational use.

Mr. O'Brien is a professor of geography at San Diego State University, where he teaches courses on the national parks, outdoor recreation, and ecotourism. It is his hope, after researching and writing this book, that our society will enter a new era of caring for our parks, and a truly sustainable national park system. 246 pages, University of Texas Press, 1999. Paperback, \$19.95





Fur and Loafing in Yosemite — A Collection of "Farley" Cartoons Set in Yosemite National Park

by Phil Frank.

The newest book from the Yosemite Association gathers 200 hilarious Yosemite-based cartoon strips, featuring do-good ranger Farley and a remarkably aberrant cast. Covering over ten years of recent Yosemite history, the cartoons chronicle the day-to-day activities, politics, and management complexities at the park with amazing insight and loads of humor.

The exceptional, curious, and eccentric characters include Farley, journalist and seasonal park ranger, four urbanized black bears

(Bruinhilda, Alphonse, Franklin, and Floyd), Chief Ranger Horace Malone, Velma Melmac (the camper who abhors dirt), and Stern Grove (a no-nonsense law enforcement specialist). As a group, this band of Yosemite-philes offers an amusing and entertaining view of life in California's most famous national park.

Cartoonist Phil Frank created the "Farley" cartoon strip, which for years was nationally syndicated. It now runs daily in the San Francisco Chronicle, giving Phil the opportunity to respond quickly to current events in the greater Bay Area (including Yosemite). He lives in Sausalito with his wife Susan, and maintains studios on a houseboat and in the San Francisco Chronicle clock tower.

The cartoon collection includes a cast description, a "Bear's Eye View Map of Yosemite Valley," biographies of all the characters, and notes about the origins of a number of topical strips. The book is 9 inches high and 12 inches wide, and features two strips per page. 128 pages, Yosemite Association, 1999. Paperback, \$12.95

The Waterfalls of Yosemite

by Steven P. Medley: photographs by Keith S. Walklet.

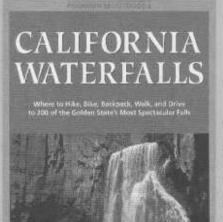
This fold-up brochure provides everything you would ever want to know about Yosemite waterfalls. Lavishly illustrated with stunning full-color photographs, the guide is divided into two sections. The first offers in-depth coverage of eleven waterfalls in Yosemite Valley, while the second discusses the major waterfalls outside the valley, including those at Hetch Hetchy, Wawona, in Tenaya Canyon, and along the Tuolumne River. Handsome location maps accompany the descriptions.

Besides relevant data about each fall (including height, best view points, and former names), the publication also features recommended hikes to park waterfalls, historical perspectives on the waterfalls, waterfall facts, a list of the world's ten highest waterfalls (two of which are found in Yosemite), safety tips, and waterfall resources.

This is a terrific resource for anyone interested in Yosemite's famous waterfall phenomena.

The two-sided brochure, printed in full color, is 41" x 10" and folds down to 4" x 10". 19 photographs plus maps, Yosemite Association, 1999. \$2.95





California Waterfalls

by Ann Marie Brown.

Here is a comprehensive and entertaining guide to 200 waterfalls throughout the Golden State. Besides a narrative description, each entry provides all kinds of information about the falls, including directions, access and difficulty, elevation, and best season to visit. There's even a "Scenic Beauty Rating" assigned to each waterfall, which, albeit arbitrary, helps distinguish the most impressive cataracts in the state.

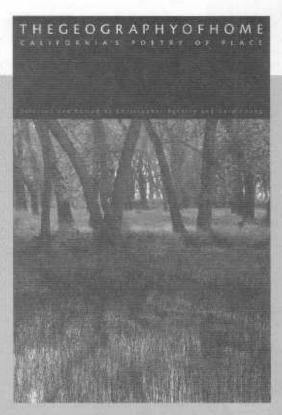
Supplementing the text are more than 125 photographs and a dozen easy-to-use maps. There are also insider's tips on finding the best falls with swimming holes, the easiest falls to walk to, the best backpacking trips for waterfall lovers, California's most unusual cascades, and much more. This is a great book to keep in your car to make it easy to find waterfalls wherever you travel in Yosemite's home state. 406 pages, Foghorn Press, 1997. Paperback, \$17.95

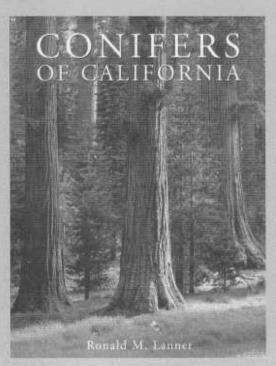
The Geography of Home - California's Poetry of Place selected and edited by Christopher Buckley and Gary Young.

With its rich diversity of landscapes and people, California has nurtured poets born and raised on its soil, and has drawn to it established writers from other places as well. This new collection brings together seventy-six contemporary poets, many of them world-renowned, who present their visions of California.

The poets have also contributed brief essays expressly written for this book describing what California has meant to them and to their poetry. The result is a broad and entertaining book in which California's emotional, cultural, and physical landscapes are examined, questioned, and celebrated.

Among the noted poets included are Francisco X. Alarcon, Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, William Everson, Robert Hass, Philip Levine, Gary Snyder, and Gary Soto. Their poetry touches on subjects from the redwoods to the Mojave Desert, and from the neighborhoods of San Francisco to Yosemite's backcountry, 444 pages, Heyday Books, 1999. Paperback, \$16.95





Conifers of California

by Ronald M. Lanner.

This is the first book entirely devoted to the state's native cone-bearing trees and shrubs. Fifty-two species of conifers grow throughout California, from sea level to about 12,000 feet, and they grace practically every natural habitat in the state, from arid desert scrub to fog-shrouded rainforest.

The variety of conifers is also impressive, and some are distinguished or unique for a medley of reasons. Species include the coast redwood (the world's tallest tree); giant sequoia (the world's most massive tree); the Great Basin bristlecone (Earth's oldest living organism); and Torrey pine (the rarest pine in the U.S.).

The author shares his forty years experience with forest trees in a text that serves as both natural history and field guide. The narratives are accompanied by detailed identification information, watercolor botanic illustrations, color photographs of each species, and distribution maps. The volume is beautifully designed, printed in full color, and handsome in all regards. 274 pages, Cachuma Press, 1999. Paperback, \$24.95



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, or maroon. \$3.00 (please specify color)



Yosemite Wilderness Pin

Here's a beautiful enamel pin commemorating Yosemite's unparalleled wilderness. It's circular in shape with a high country scene rendered in blues, grays, and greens. A real treasure for collectors. Approximately 1 inch in diameter, \$4.00

Yosemite Association Mug

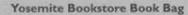
This distinctive and functional heavy ceramic mug feels good with your hand wrapped around it. Available in two colors (green or maroon), it's imprinted with our logo and name in black and white. Holds 12 ounces of your favorite beverage. \$6.50 (please specify color)



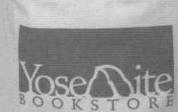
Sierra Nevada Field Card Set

Illustrated by Elizabeth Morales

These handy field identification cards depict the most commonly seen birds, mammals, trees, and wildflowers from the Sierra Nevada region. Illustrated with color drawings and including information about the size, habitat, and other field marks of each, the cards are unbreakable, waterproof vinyl plastic and fit conveniently in one's daypack or glove compartment. Particularly helpful for newcomers to the Sierra as regularly observed flora and fauna can be quickly identified. Four plastic cards printed on both sides, Yosemite Association, 1991 and 1995, \$11.00



Conserve resources with YA's handy book bag made from durable 100% cotton fabric with a sturdy web handle. Gream-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. Approximately 17 x 16 inches. \$8.95



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 or maroon. The cap is stylish and comfortable, and wearing it is a good way to demonstrate your support for Yosemite. \$9.95 (please specify color)



Order Form

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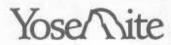
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