

Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Ta

Katherine Ames Taylor
1926

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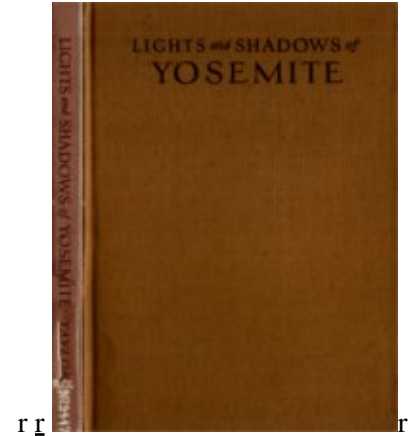
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About the Author

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r See biography in introduction to [Yosemite Tales and Trails](#),r also by Katherine Ames Taylor.r

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r Katherine Ames Taylor (1895-1979),r *Lights and Shadows of Yosemite: Being a Collection of Favorite Yosemite Views, Together with a Brief Account of Its History and Legends, for Those Who Want to Know and Enjoy Yosemite Mores* (San Francisco: H. S. Crocker Co., 1926)r 87 p., Ill. 22 cm.r Bound in brown cloth-covered boards with black lettering on cover and spine.r Copyright 1926 by Katherine Ames Taylor.r No copyright renewal.r LCCN 26014774.r Library of Congress call number F868.Y6 T2.r

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r PHOTO BY CAMP CURRY STUDIO r

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r r The gates of Yosemite Valley, El Capitan towering 3,604 feet above the Valley, on the left; Bridal Veil Falls on the right r

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r Lights and Shadows of Yosemite

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r BEING A COLLECTION OF FAVORITE YOSEMITE VIEWS,r
r TOGETHER WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF ITS HISTORYr
r AND LEGENDS, FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO
r KNOW AND ENJOY YOSEMITE MOREr

r r

r BYr
r KATHERINE AMES TAYLORr

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r published byr
r H. S. Crocker Company, Inc.r
r san franciscor

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Foreword

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r r There r is a dramatic quality about the story of Yosemite which is quite in keeping with its setting. The drama of itsr amazing creation, its first occupancy by the Indians, itsr discovery by the white men, its pioneer days and ways, and its ruggedr Old-Timers, all make it a colossal American pageant.r

r r

r The setting remains the same, but the scene is ever varied by ther shifting lights and shadows. These set the tempo, and whether it isr the red man, the pioneer, or the knicker-clad tourist of today whor occupies the stage, the picture that lingers in the mind of the lover ofr Yosemite is the massing of clouds about Half Dome, or the mile-longr shadow of El Capitan flung across azalea-scented meadows, or ther changing colors on the walls beside Yosemite Falls or other towerinr cliffs.r

r r

r The purpose of this book is to quicken again emotions that werer stirred by such pictures in the heart of every visitor, by presentationr of the outstanding views of Yosemite; since, without an occasionlr jogging, memory pictures alone blur and become indistinct withr time. And just as so many people who make a tour of the Valley electr to have a guide to furnish the facts and the fancies, so is a textr appended to the illustrations.r

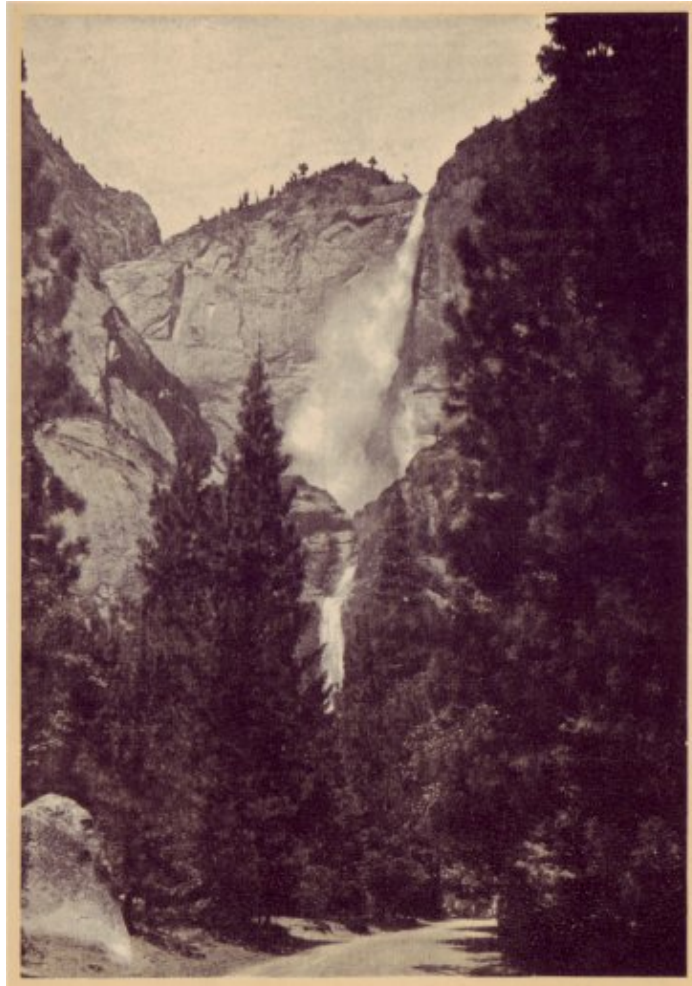
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r If this book serves, then, to recapture even for a moment ther sparkle of the sun-sifted spray of the Bridal Veil, or the eveningr shadows and tints on Half Dome, or if it re-creates for a moment ther tourist days of the Yosemite of our mothers, in the era of the stager coach, as contrasted with the present, with its automobile roadsr to the very feet of the glaciers, it will have fulfilled its mission.r

r r

r —The Authorr

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PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONEr

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r r Yosemite Falls, the upper falls 1,430 feet in height, the lowerr falls 320 feet. The top of the falls is 2,561 feet abover Yosemite Valleyr r

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The Range of Light

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r “. . . then it seemed to me that the Sierra should be called, r not the Nevada, or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years of wandering and wondering in the heart of it, rejoicing in its glorious floods of light, the white beams of the morning streaming through the passes, the noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow and the irised spray of the countless waterfalls, it still seems, above all others, the Range of Light.” r

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r r —John Muir, in *“The Yosemite.”* r r

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In the Beginning

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r r All r of the drama of Yosemite, from its first occupancy by the Indians to the present day, is but an epilogue to that more stupendous drama, its creation. All that has happened since the birth of Half Dome and El Capitan are but the crowding incidents in a moment's dream. What happened during the long night while the world slept? For though the massive cliffs of Yosemite Valley seem old as Time itself, geologists assure us that they are but Time's great-great-grandchildren.

r r

r Bewilderingly long ago, millions of years, some terrific disturbance beneath the earth's crust caused it to break and to tilt up, on its eastern edge, a great hummock of granite blocks, four hundred miles long and eighty miles wide. This was to be known, in our time, as the Sierra Nevada Range. Its eastern front, where it was heaved out of the earth, presented a steep and somewhat terraced front. Its western side was but slightly elevated, its slope gentle and gradual but sufficiently inclined to give new impetus to the transverse streams which had been flowing in diverse directions. Their course was now determined, and their combined flow began cutting canyons in their western slope of this new mountain range. One of the larger of these streams became known as the Merced River. The valley it slowly fashioned later was called the Yosemite. For numberless centuries this erosion continued until the canyon of the Merced River broadened into a shallow valley, and the Merced River slowed down and meandered lazily along its floor.

r r

r Mother Nature roused it into action again with another mighty heave, which raised the Sierra Nevada a thousand or so feet higher on its eastern edge. The process of canyon cutting recommenced for the Merced, and by the time it had lost its renewed velocity there came the third, and final, uplift, greater than all the others. This formed a Yosemite Valley not as wide, nor as deep, nor as sheer-walled as we know it now, but otherwise it was structurally about the same.

r r

r Finally, the Great Sculptor took up his frozen tools, manipulating glaciers to carve and polish to its final perfection this Yosemite Valley. Snows which had accumulated for hundreds of years packed down on the summits of these mountains until they formed solid blocks of ice. These grew and extended, sending out tongues of flowing ice into all its canyons and, eventually, forming a continuous sheet of ice which covered all the mountains and overflowed its sides.

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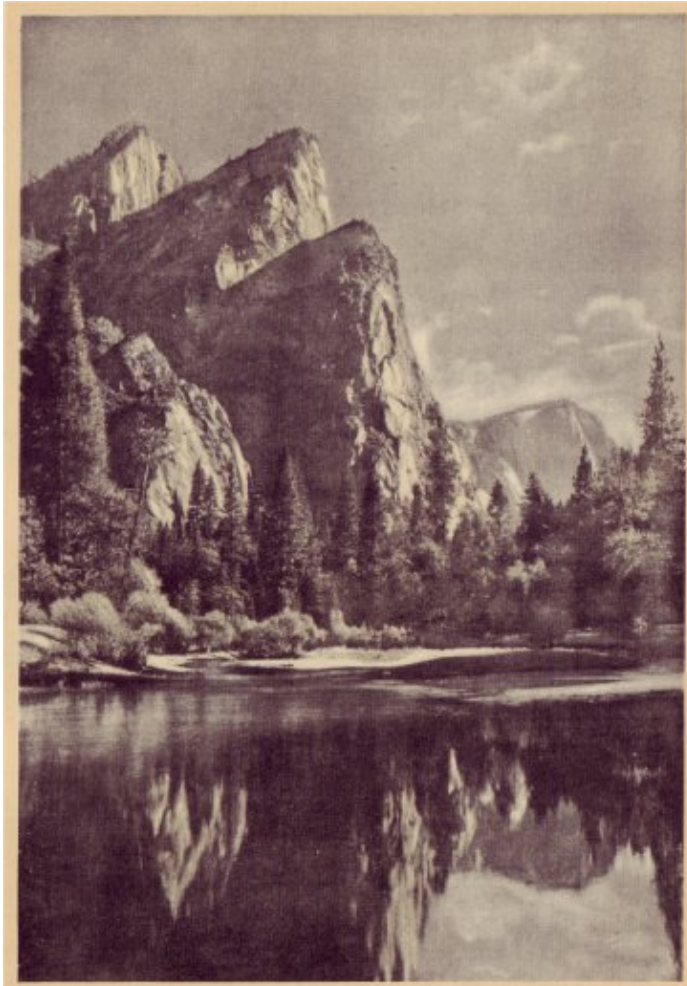
r Thus there were the ice-filled canyons of Tenaya, Merced, and Illilouette. Those three glaciers met and converged at the upper end of Yosemite Valley, to pack the canyon with their thousands of tons of grinding ice and embedded rock, as they flowed slowly down to a point just below El Capitan. Here, as the climate turned warmer, they deposited their moraine, or debris, and slowly they receded to their fountain heads in the high Sierras, damming the outlet of the canyon, leaving Yosemite drowned in a lake hundreds of feet deep. Little by little the sand and pulverized rock of the melting glaciers was deposited in this, until the lake was filled, and the present floor of the valley was formed, remarkable for its flatness, smoothness, and general absence of rock deposits.

r r

r But this was the least of the work of the glaciers. As they came and went, and while they remained, they so ground and carved the walls and floor of the valley, by the incalculable weight of the ice, and the ceaseless movement of the great blocks of rock already embedded in them, that they deepened the gorge, and changed the shape of the whole from that of a V to that of a U. With fine skill they fashioned of this rugged, humpy mountain a splendor of pinnacles, spires, domes, and arches which attracts admirers to it from the four corners of the earth.

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r The particular and outstanding features of the Valley were determined largely by their rock structure. Where there were vertical fissures, or cleavage joints, in the walls, great slabs of granite were more easily plucked out, widening the canyon in such places, and forming the sheer, straight cliffs so characteristic of Yosemite. The quality of the rock, too, its density and its comparative hardness or softness, were determining factors in this sculpturing. Solid, only slightly fissured masses of granite, such as El Capitan, Sentinel Rock, r r r r



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r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO

r r

r r The Three Brothers, the tallest of which is Eagle Peak, 7,773 feet high, or 3,813 feet above Yosemite Valley r

r r r and the Three Brothers, were able to withstand this powerful abrasion and grinding, and were etched out against the skyline by the removal of the less resistant rocks around them. r r

r The domes and the spires and the arches of Yosemite owe their configuration and escape from glacial plucking to their curved joints. These were more resistant than the straight or intersecting joints. Many such hummocks have been rounded into domes by their heaving action of freezing water in the joint cracks, and to their shaling off of thick layers of rock, like the skin of an onion, in their natural process of expansion and contraction caused by alternate heat and cold. Most of the smaller domes, while not directly caused by glaciers, have been beautifully polished by them. Half Dome, most remarkable of all the domes, owes its configuration to their intersection of two systems of joints; one straight, the other curved. This has enabled it to withstand, through the eons, upheaval, earthquake, glaciers, and stream erosion. When Half Dome falls, probably the curtain will have gone down forever on this great stage of Yosemite, set in the course of the millions of years, and made ready for its human actors who were eventually to enact their little dramas there. r

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r PHOTO BY A. C. PILLSBURYr

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r Half Dome, as seen from Glacier Point, in the winter season when snows blanket the Sierras r

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Early Occupants of Yosemite

r r

r The Indiansr

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r r Outr r of the forest, and onto the Yosemite stage, step the firstr actors, the Indians. Not knowing a Yosemite Valleyr existed, there at their feet they beheld for the first time thisr unbelievable valley, with its sheer, sculptured cliffs of granite, itsr gleaming river and broad meadows, its forests and its snow-cappedr domes. What a moment in human history!r

r r

r And yet, this stupendous scenery which was to stir so greatlyr the souls of the white men who came later, probably made smallr impression upon them. With a grunt or two, no doubt, signifyingr “good, safe, resting spot,” these first claim-stakers descended, andr soon the smoke from many round houses was wreathing upward,r declaring the first human occupancy of Yosemite Valley, which ther Indians knew as Ahwahnee—“deep, grassy valley.”r

r r

r Here this tribe of Indians lived and flourished for many generations. Then came a famine, and the black sickness, which all butr exterminated these people. Those few who survived, believing ther Great Spirit to have visited his wrath upon them, fled, many neverr to return. They scattered throughout California and Nevada, manyr of them attaching themselves to the Mono and Pai-ute tribes.r

r r

r The father of Chief Tenaya was one of these Ahwahneechees whor fled from Yosemite. He married a Mono maiden of the tribe withr whom he sought refuge. When young Tenaya grew to manhood, her was persuaded by the urgings of an aged medicine man of his father’sr tribe to gather together the descendants of the Ahwahneechees andr to return with them to their former home. The old patriarch prophesied that as long as Tenaya retained possession of Ahwahnee, hisr band would increase in numbers and become powerful. If he befriended those who sought his protection, no other tribe wouldr come to the valley to make war upon him or attempt to drive himr from it. Furthermore, the old counselor warned him against ther horsemen of the lowlands, the early Spanish Californians, andr declared that should they enter Ahwahnee his tribe would soonr

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r PHOTO BY F. J. TAYLORr

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r r Yosemite Indians are building in Yosemite a new village in replica of those of their forefathers r
r r r become scattered and destroyed, or his people taken captive, and her himself would be the last chief in
Ahwahnee. This prophecy was always in Tenaya's mind, and is said to have actuated his wars upon the
white men when they encroached upon his mountain home. r r r

r Tenaya's band, augmented by refugees and outcasts from the other tribes, became known as the Yosemite,
signifying "Grizzly Bears." There are several explanations of the choice of this name. r One legend relates
that a warrior of this tribe, armed only with the dead limb of a tree, in a surprise encounter fought and killed
a grizzly bear. Dragging himself back to the village, bleeding and exhausted, he told of his battle.
Henceforth, he was deferentially referred to as Yosemite, Killer of the Grizzly Bear. The name was handed
down to his descendants, and was finally adopted by the tribe. The more likely explanation is, however, that
at that time this region abounded in grizzly bears, and the likeness between the bear and his fierce and
ruthless Indian hunter suggested itself to the less warlike tribes, who referred to the Awahneechees
somewhat in derision as the Yosemitees, or Grizzlies. r

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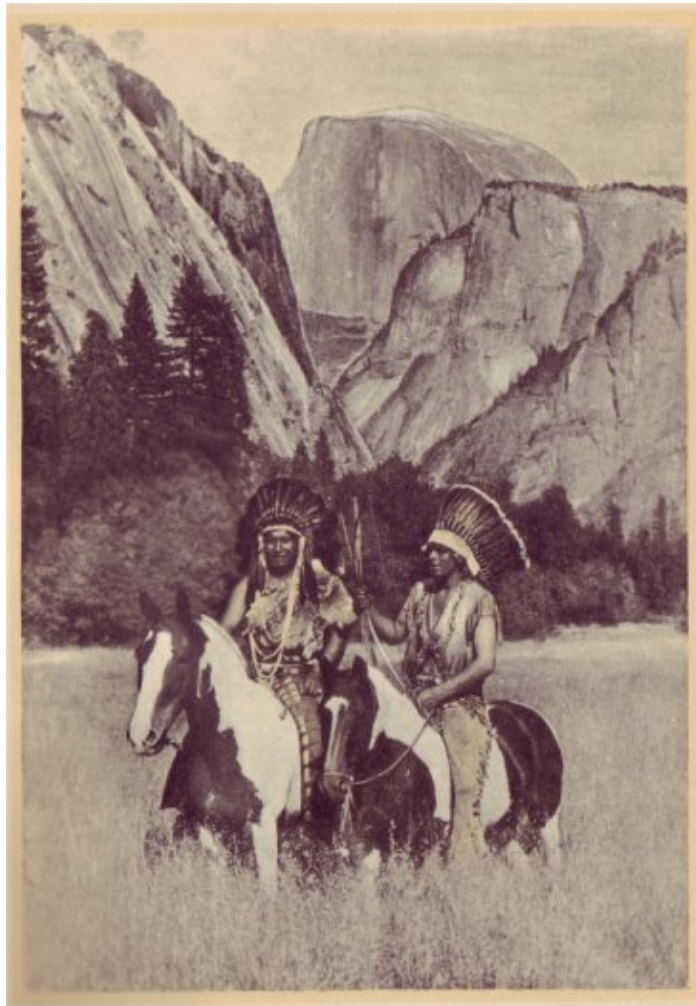
r Came the gold rush of '49 and '50, and the stampede of the miners to the slopes of the Sierra Nevada. Quite
naturally the Indians resented this overrunning of their peaceful valleys, the destruction of their chief staple
of diet, the acorns, by the hogs and donkeys of the white men, the plowing under of great fields of clover and

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tenderr grasses to make way for the white men's crops. Friction resulted.r The Indians evened up scores by stealing the cattle and horses of ther intruders, and in many instances they plundered, burned, and murdered, in their efforts to drive the white men out.r

r r

r There followed the Indian wars of 1851, at which time the Indiansr were effectually hunted out and captured by the United States volunteer troops, and brought down from their mountains into ther reservations established for them by the Government. Tenaya andr his band resisted to the last, but they too were finally subdued andr brought in to the reservation near Fresno. They were later paroleedr and allowed to go back to their mountains, upon the solemn agreement with old Chief Tenaya not to molest the white men further.r r r r r



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r PHOTO BY J. V. LLOYDr

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r r Indian Field Day, when all the Indians around Yosemite gatherr in the Valley for rodeo sportsr r
r r r Tenaya kept to his agreement scrupulously enough, but five of hisr band broke faith, robbing and killing two prospectors who hadr made their way into Yosemite Valley in 1852.r r r

r The Government exacted retribution for this, and again sentr troops into the Valley. While the five self-confessed murderers werer taken, and summarily shot, Chief Tenaya and his people escapedr over the mountains and took refuge with the Monos.r

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r After an extended stay with their friendly and hospitable neighbors, they returned once more to Ahwahnee. But with them returned some of their hosts' horses, and for this gross breach of etiquette, the Monos, in righteous wrath, promptly returned the Ahwahneechees' call, in head feathers and war paint. Finding their erstwhile guests stuffed and stupid with feasting on the stolen horses, the Monos took their revenge, wiping out all but a handful of the Yosemite tribe.

r r

r One could have wished a more glorious end to so dramatic a career as old Chief Tenaya's, but the pitiless fact is that here in his beloved Ahwahnee he met his death by a rock hurled by an incensed Mono neighbor.

r r

r Today there are still to be found in Yosemite descendants of this fearless band that once roamed and owned the Valley. But each year sees their number decreased. Encouraged by the Government which once drove their forefathers out, they are rebuilding a village on the very site they occupied when discovered by the Mariposa Battalion on its first entry into the Valley. Until recently, their acorn caches were still standing in the Valley, and their hollowed stones for grinding acorns are yet to be found. Each year they hold here their annual Indian Field Day, at which time the Mono Indians from Nevada, and Indians from the plains below, gather in Yosemite and participate in contests of various kinds, bringing with them their baskets and beadwork, their papooses and their bobbed-hair flappers Pocahontases.

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r PHOTO BY CHAS. M. HILLERr

r r

r r Leevining Canyon, on the Tioga Road, is the land of magnificentr distances r

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Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

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Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

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Discovery of Yosemite by the White Men

r r

r r Military r business, and not luck, led to the discovery ofr Yosemite Valley by white men.r

r r

r In 1851 the Mariposa Battalion was organized, withr Major James D. Savage in command, for a punitive expedition intor the mountains back of Fresno against Chief Tenaya and his stubbornr band of Yosemite Indians, who had been killing miners and pillagingr their supplies and stores in the placer mining region west of Yosemite. Tenaya defied the Government's demands to come down intor the reservations provided for the Indians.r

r r

r It was on a March afternoon in 1851 that this small band of menr looked down from Inspiration Point, on the old Indian trail, andr saw for the first time what John Muir so justly calls "the Incomparable Valley." It had been a long and hazardous journey, with ther rather terrifying Unknown ahead of them, and it is quite likelyr that the majority of those rugged, practical-minded men gave a nodr or two of appreciation, like their predecessors, the Indians, thenr hastened on down the trail to pitch camp before night fell.r

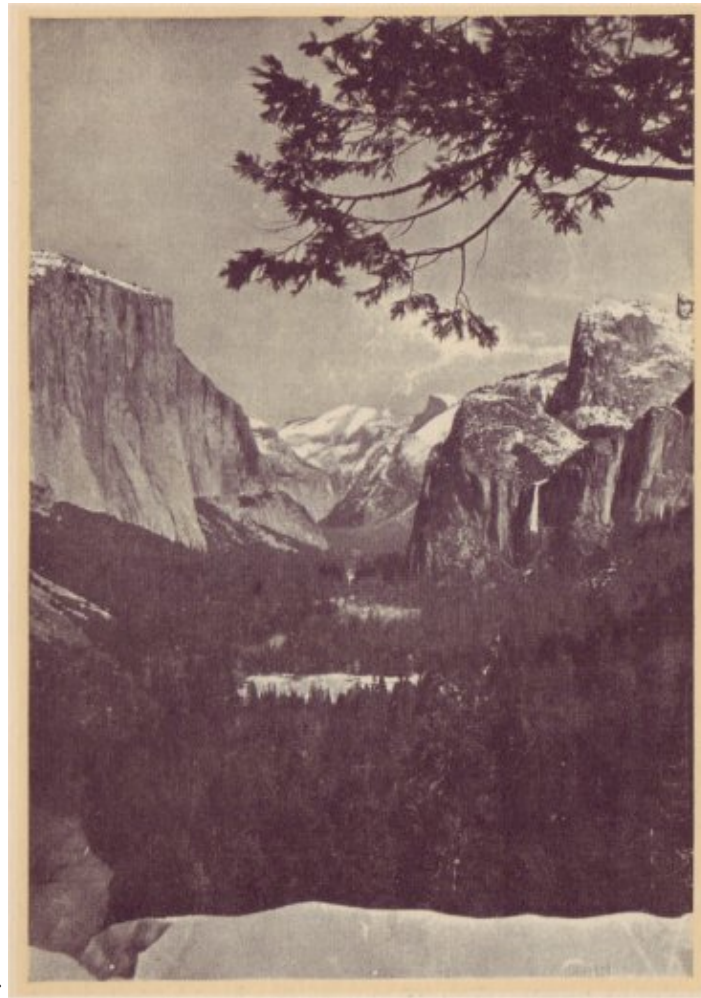
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r Only Dr. Lafayette H. Bunnell, out of that pioneer group, wasr deeply impressed by the beauty and wonder which stretched beforer them. He left the trail and wallowed through snow to the edge ofr the cliff so that he might enjoy more fully the view before him.r Lost in his emotions, he was recalled to reality by the voice of Majorr Savage, who exhorted him to come out of his dream before he lostr his scalp to some inhospitable Indian. And when, in a burst of eloquence, he tried to communicate some of his sensations to the Major,r he was cut short good-humoredly with a "Hold up, Doc! You arer soaring too high for me. This is rough riding; we had better mindr this devilish trail, or we shall go soaring over some of these slipperyr rocks."r

r r

r But after camp had been pitched, in the shelter of a great rockr beside the Merced River, commanding a view of El Capitan acrossr the water, and a hearty meal had been consumed, the men gatheredr about the roaring camp fires in a more appreciative mood. Dr.r r r r r

Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor



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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONER

r r

r r Yosemite Valley, frosted with snow as seen in winter fromr Artist Point, the view first seen by the discoverers r

r r r Bunnell was still absorbed in the wonders of his surroundings, andr it was he who suggested that the name of Yosemite be given ther valley, after the Indians who had made it their home for so manyr years. And that night, by a unanimous vote, the valley was sor baptized, with El Capitan as a silent witness.r r

r Early the next morning the Mariposa Battalion began an exploration of the valley in the pursuit of the Indians. At the foot of Elr Capitan they found the first Indian camp, within hailing distancer and spying distance of the first white men's camp in the valley, withr indications that it had been occupied the night before by the Indians.r At the mouth of Indian Canyon, site of the present-day Indianr Village, a second camp was found, a third beneath the Royalr Arches, and a fourth at the base of Half Dome at the entrance tor Tenaya Canyon. All evidence pointed to a hasty and recent flight,r while in nearly every camp were found articles stolen from miners.r

r r

r But the only Indian captured was a decrepit squaw, who hadr been unable to scramble up the rocks with her kinsmen. Afterr burning the caches of acorns and stored foods, in the hopes of starvingr the Indians out of the mountains, the Mariposa Battalion made campr a second night, preparing to return to the lowlands the followingr day.r

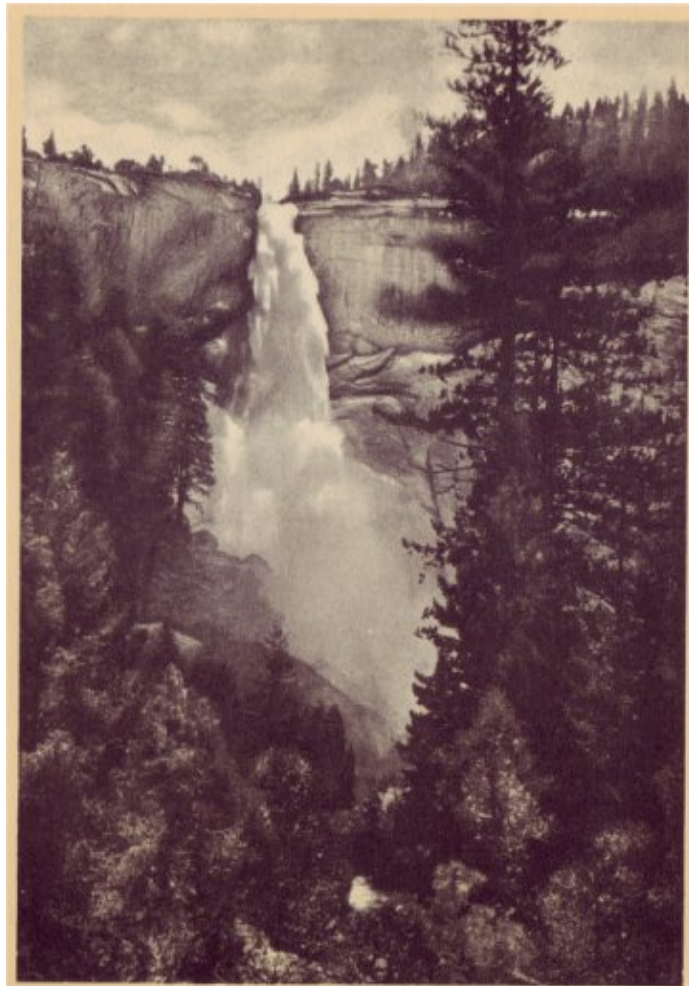
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r When the various scouting parties of the expedition comparedr notes on the scenic splendors of this Indian stronghold, the outstanding feature in the minds of the majority, after their manyr forced fordings of the Merced River, seems to have been that therer was very much water in the valley, and very cold water! None ofr them, with the possible exception of Dr. Bunnell, felt the urge tor stay and pitch a pleasure camp there. That second night, about theirr camp fire, various estimates were made of the height of El Capitan.r They ranged anywhere from the simple-minded guess of 400 feet tor the absurdity suggested by a much-traveled foreigner, and sustainedr by Dr. Bunnell, that it might be as much as 1500 feet! Which is, inr fact, less than half of its actual height of 3600 feet!r

r r

r Such was the first visit of white men to Yosemite to be followedr in May by a second expedition of volunteers, under Captain Boling,r r r r r



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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONER

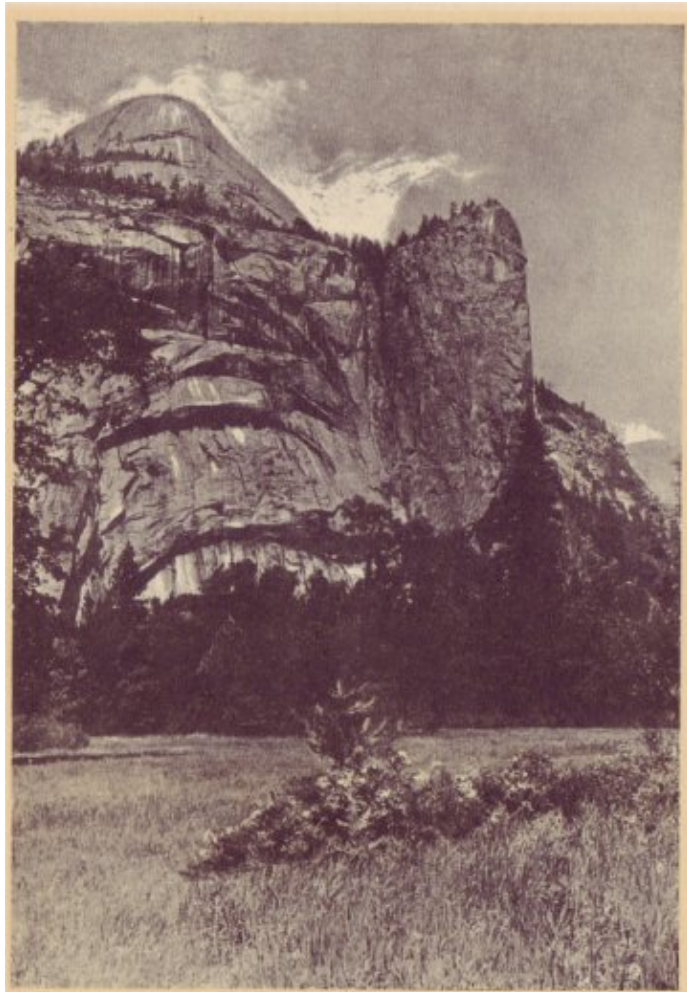
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r r Nevada Falls plunges 594 feet with an ever changing series ofr comet-like sprays r
r r r one which succeeded in capturing and bringing into the reservationr Tenaya and his followers.r r r

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In 1925 a bronze plaque was erected on the site of the first white man's camp in Yosemite by the California State Medical Association to the memory of Dr. Bunnell of that pioneer party. Dr. Bunnell visited the Valley a number of times and wrote a book which is their best authority for incidents surrounding the discovery of Yosemite and for its early history. A huge overhanging rock, close to the bank of the Merced River, opposite El Capitan, was the site of this camp. It is blackened from the smoke of many camp fires since that time and suggests poignantly the blaze about which the Mariposa Battalion gathered, while just across the river flickered the protected fire of their hostile and stealthy Indians.

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PHOTO BY ANSEL ADAMS

r r

Royal Archer, in Yosemite Valley, with North Dome, 7,531 feet high in the background

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Pioneer Days in the Yosemite

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r r Sight-Seeing r in Yosemite began in 1855, six years after the discovery of gold in California. H. M. Hutchings, Thomas Ayers, Walter Millard, and Alexander Stair organized the first tourist party to go into this wilderness of the Indians and their grizzly bears. It was a three days' trip on horseback, each way, over an indistinct and all but impassable trail. Thanks to the aid of two Indian guides they reached the Valley safely, and for five days, as Hutchings puts it, they luxuriated in a "scenic banquet." Picturing them, a poet, an artist, and two ardent nature lovers, steeping themselves in all this magnificence, unknown almost to the world! The enthusiastic reports of this trip did much to stimulate interest in the Valley; Hutchings broadcasting with his articles and Ayers with the first pictures of Yosemite Falls, which were, later, to become even more widely photographed than the Prince of Wales. As a result of this early publicity, two other intrepid parties ventured in before the year was out.

r r

r These were the drum majors leading that long, long procession of tourists which has been trekking to Yosemite ever since. The following year the first women entered the Valley, with true pioneer spirit, and by so doing allayed the fear as to Indians and grizzlies, and thereby stimulated travel considerably!

r r

r The Valley was not crowded in those earliest years. Records show that about twenty or thirty visitors was the annual average for their first ten years. Only the hardiest undertook the trip. But in 1864 Congress turned Yosemite over to California for a State Park, and the tourist record jumped to 147. From that time on travel increased by fifty or a hundred each year, until, in 1875, three thousand visitors registered in the Park. According to Dr. Bunnell, nine tenths of them came either from Europe or the Atlantic Coast. Californians were too busy in those days creating their own miracles to view nature's.

r r

r Long before there were wagon roads, foot and horse trails had to be blazed, and this involved considerable expense and labor, as well r r r r



r r

r PHOTO BY DE COUR

r r

r r Overhanging Rock, at Glacier Point, from which it is a sheer drop of 3,200 feet to Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley r

r r r r as financial risk. The first of these trails was built in 1857 by the Mann brothers, keepers of a livery stable near Wawona. As a toll trail it did not pay, and was soon sold to the county of Mariposa and made free. Travel to Yosemite was difficult enough at that time, involving a stage ride of ninety-two miles over hot and dusty roads in a swaying coach, and then a journey of sixty miles more on horseback, over steep, treacherous, and breath-taking trails. r r

r In 1858, a year after the completion of the Wawona trail, the Coulterville trail on the north side of the Valley was finished, so that visitors might now enter by one road and leave by the other. r Visitors, then, did not return to the Valley season after season, as they now do. One trip sufficed for a lifetime, and it was well to see as much of the country as possible at that time. r

r r

r It was 1874, nineteen years after the first tourist party made its visit, before a wagon road into the Valley was completed. This ushered in the era of the stagecoach, and a journey to Yosemite became almost de luxe then! This first wagon road, the old Coulterville Road, was put through primarily to accommodate goldseekers, who were looking in the High Sierras for the Mother lode, the source of all the gold nuggets and dust that streams had washed down into the placer mining country. The following year, the Wawona Road

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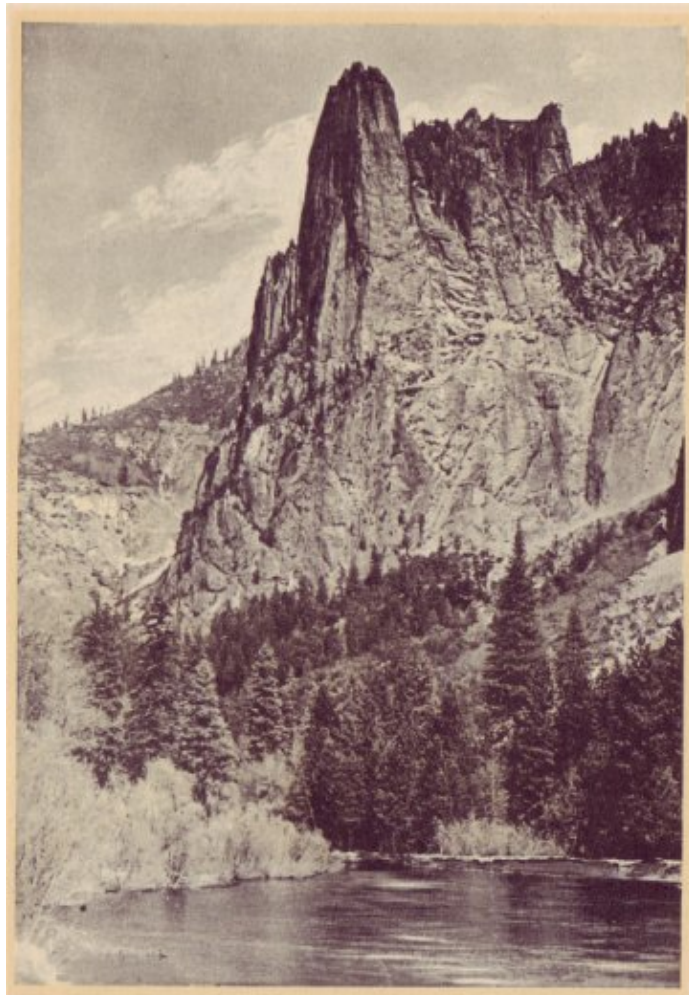
was extended into Yosemite Valley from the south side, and this road, now much improved, is the present Wawonar automobile road. The Big Oak Flat Road, traversing the Bret Harter country, and the first free wagon road from the edge of the Park to the floor of the Valley, was completed in 1874, shortly after the Coulterville Road was opened.

r r

r The days of the stagecoach! What pictures and emotions the phrase conjures up! Stagecoaches, gold-diggers, bandits, conviviality, and always and ever the jolting and swaying, the heat and the dust, or the thrilling fording of rivers at high water when the horses had all but to swim! Yet those were the days for which the Old-Timers still sigh!

r r

r Until the Horseshoe Route stage line was established, the trip from Stockton took two, and sometimes three, days. With the r r r r



r r

r PHOTO BY A. WIEDERSEDER

r r

r Sentinel Rock, guardian over Yosemite Valley, resembles a Cathedral built upon a mountain r
r r r r coming of the Cannonball Express, via the Horseshoe Route, this time was reduced to a day, albeit a long one. This was made possible by changing horses at intervals of ten miles or less along the whole route,

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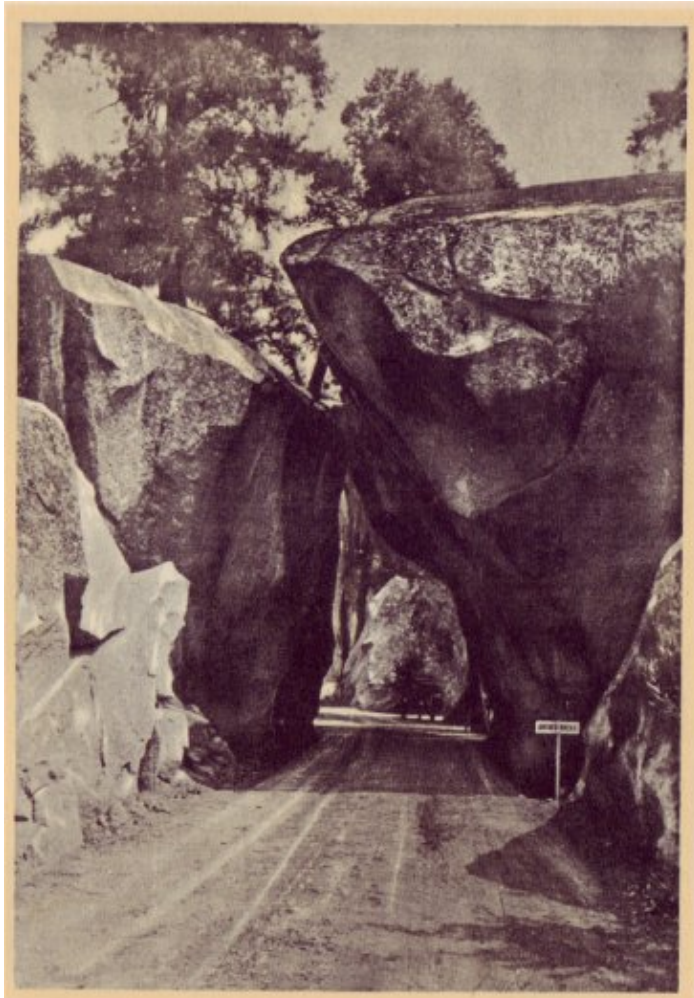
which is now followed by the Horseshoe auto stages. Many of these old relay posts are still pointed out to the tourists, and are popular camping spots for automobilists. r r

r Tales are told of the rollicking speed at which these stagecoaches sometimes traveled over the then perilous roads. The Black Devil's Turn was a particularly perilous bend, so named for the negro driver who generally managed to take it on two wheels, giving his passengers an unbilled extra thrill. Holdups were all too common occurrences along this road in those days, when both tourists and miners might be traveling with wealth on their persons. Even forest fires failed to stop the Cannonball Express, according to one story, which relates how the driver whipped his steeds, as he came to a burning forest at a point where turning around on the narrow road was impossible, and emerged to find the back of his stagecoach smoldering. No, travel today is not what it used to be! r

r r

r The wonder and delight caused by the construction of these roads into Yosemite was quite transcended, in 1907, by the completion of the Yosemite Valley Railway to its terminal at El Portal, from which point horse-drawn stages took passengers into the Valley proper. Automobiles were admitted to the National Parks in 1915. That act has done more than anything else to increase travel to Yosemite. The beautiful and spectacular Tioga Road, begun in the days of the gold rush and never completed, was rehabilitated in 1915, largely through the efforts and generosity of Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service. He and some friends bought the private mining road to which the Government could not get claim, and presented it to the people of the United States, and in so doing opened to automobile travel all the grandeur of the higher Yosemite country. r

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r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO r

r r

r r Arched Rocks, near the entrance of Yosemite Valley on the El Portal Road r

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Old Yosemite Landmarks

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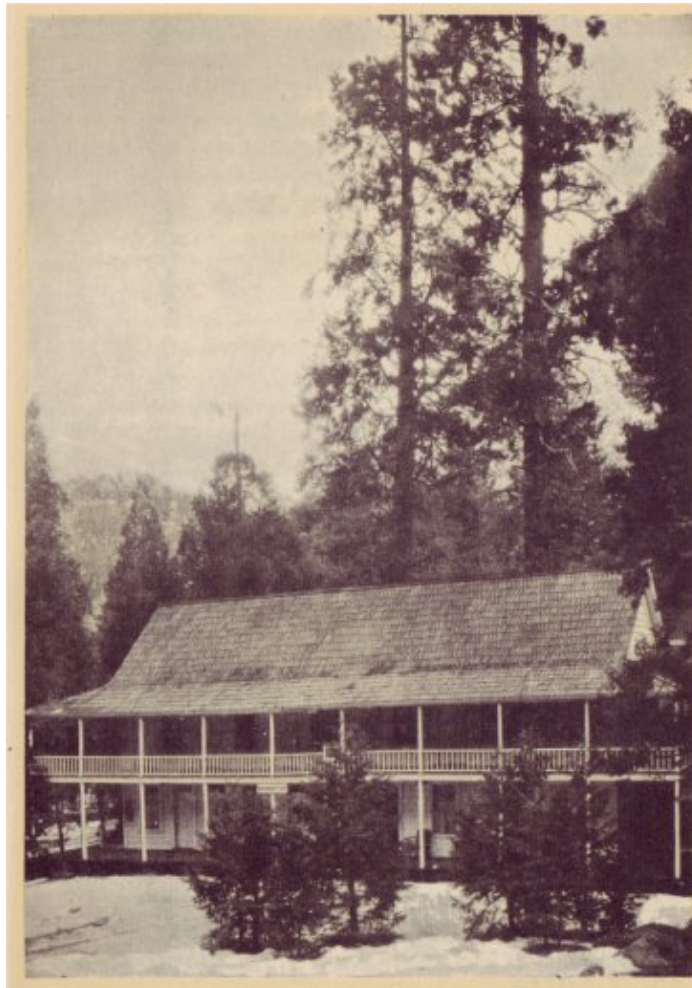
r r Even r in its earliest days, business enterprise was great inr Yosemite Valley. Foreseeing another “gold rush” in California, in the tourists certain to flock to Yosemite, two menr built inns in the wilderness less than three years after Hutchings’r first trip there. True, the first of these was a saloon, built in the fallr of the year of 1856, and opened the next spring to accommodate thatr class of visitors who must have their whisky and gambling even inr the shadow of El Capitan. The following year it was fitted up andr used as a restaurant, as it became evident that it was as necessaryr to eat as to drink, while in Yosemite. Several years later it was enlarged and was known as Black’s Hotel, where John Muir livedr many years later after his rupture with Hutchings.r

r r

r The second of these inns was to become more widely known. It r was primarily a blue canvas building erected by a Mr. Beardsly,r and later torn down to make way for a wooden structure, whichr H. M. Hutchings bought. After a few years this became one of ther famous hostelryes of Yosemite, as distinct a Yosemite landmark ofr its day as the Sentinel Hotel, Yosemite Lodge, and Camp Curry werer to become later. It was called Hutchings’ House and achieved itsr distinction largely through the personality of its genial host. Certainly it had not many material comforts to recommend it. Owing tor its flimsy construction and lack of partitions, at first, the men werer all herded downstairs and the women upstairs. Later, paper partitions were erected between rooms, curtains hung for doors, andr husbands and wives were permitted to occupy the same apartment.r The whisper which was heard around the world would have beenr quite deafening there, and the shadows on the paper walls must r have made lively pantomimes. Nevertheless, these little discomfortsr were taken good-naturedly by the guests, for the most part, andr laughed off as the shortcomings of a poetic host, who would reciter poetry as he fetched the morning hot cakes.r

r r

r A part of the old Hutchings House still stands, on the premisesr of the Sentinel Hotel, and is known today as Cedar Cottage, becauser r r r r



r l

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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONEr

r r

r r Cedar Cottage, in Old Yosemite Village, the first permanent structure in Yosemite, is known for its Big Tree Room r

r r r r of the huge cedar tree growing through one of the rooms. This, r alone, of all the early landmarks will be retained in the destructionr of the Old Yosemite Village, which must make way for the new.rr r

r Leidig's Hotel, at the foot of Sentinel Rock, was another favoriter inn of its day. The old Stoneman House, in the meadows of ther upper part of the Valley, was the most pretentious of them all untilr it was destroyed by fire. Perhaps one of the most welcome butr financially least successful was Snow's House, which flourished forr a few years at the foot of Nevada Falls. All were crude enough, according to report, yet in all a spirit of hospitality and true bonhomier prevailed.r

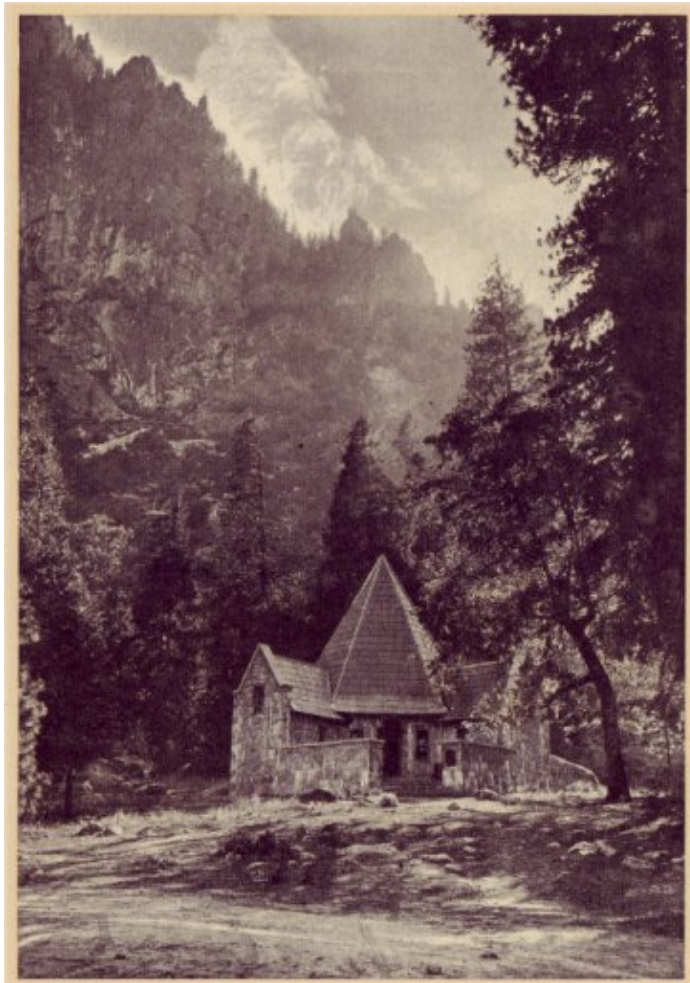
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r The problem of transporting people into the Valley in those earlyr days was commensurate only with the problem of feeding andr sheltering them while they were there. That was no mean undertaking, considering the inaccessibility of supplies. These earlierr hotels, then, were comparable, no doubt, to the rude but ampler accommodations to be found today in the upper reaches of Yosemite Park, at the Hikers' Camps at Merced, Booth, and Tenaya Lakes.r Shelter, food, beds, and blankets were all that could be provided forr the tourist in those days.r

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r r

r One of the show places in the Park was John Smith’s Cosmopolitan House. Its exterior was simple enough, but its interior containedr baths! Real bathtubs, with hot and cold water! It also comprisedr a barber shop, a billiards and pool hall, as well as a reading andr writing room. It was the popular rendezvous of the Valley, and in itsr huge old registry book, divided according to States, are to be foundr many autographs of people famed in America and abroad. Tor achieve this oasis on the heights, John Smith, the popular proprietor,r had had the foresight and the energy to pack in on mule back, for ar distance of fifty miles, all the furnishings for his hotel. Theser included the bathtubs, full-length mirrors, elaborate glass goblets,r and an amazing array of other articles. Such a nature as his mightr have realized that dream of George Anderson’s had he lived a littler longer, a hotel on the shoulder of Half Dome! As this is written,r his building still stands in the old Yosemite Village, it being used nowr r r r r



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r

r PHOTO BY ANSEL ADAMSr

r r

r Le Conte Memorial Lodge, built by the Sierra Club, in Yosemite Valley, to preserve lore of the park r r r r as offices for the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, while in ther front the Yosemite barber still plies his trade, and above the oldr placard “Shave and Haircut” is the new one, “Hair correctly bobbedr here.” So the old order changeth.r r r

r The Sentinel Hotel, of all the old landmarks, is probably ther best known and loved by this generation. Outgrown by the changigr times, on the score of sentiment it will be missed by many when tornr down.

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Every year guests come into the Valley and want to stop again at the Sentinel Hotel, where they stopped ten, twenty, even forty years ago.

r r

r When the State of California re-ceded Yosemite to the United States Government in 1890 to become a National Park, a barracks was erected on the site of the present Lodge to care for the troops who patrolled the Park prior to the creation of the National Park Service. National Parks were at first administered by the War Department. With the recall of the soldiers, and the establishment of the National Park ranger service, the barracks was converted into another summer camp, which was purchased by the Yosemite National Park Company and rebuilt as the present Yosemite Lodge.

r r

r At the other end of the Valley, just below Glacier Point, lies Camp Curry, synonymous to many with Yosemite Valley itself. Certainly it is unique among the camps of its kind in America, if not in the world. In 1899 David A. Curry and his wife opened their first camp there, pitching seven tents about a central camp fire, to entertain a party of school-teachers. When the season closed their number of tents had increased to twenty-three and 290 guests had been entertained. As in the earlier hotels of Yosemite, Mr. and Mrs. Curry were true host and hostess to their guests, even when their number grew to such dimensions that it was impossible to know them personally. It was Mr. Curry who originated that most famous of all Yosemite customs, the evening fire-fall from Glacier Point, and his "stentor" call of farewell to the departing guests, and the sentiment it evoked, will long live in tradition.

r r

r James C. Lamon was first permanent settler in Yosemite. He is interesting chiefly because he belonged to that great Order of Firsts.

r r

r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO

r r

r Tenaya Lake, surrounded by granite domes, carved and polished by glaciers r

r r r Unlike the many who came to Yosemite to look, he came to live, and his was the first chimney smoke, of red man or white, to circle upward just as steadily through the snowstorms as through the sunshine. He built his cabin in 1859 near the present site of Camp Curry. That first winter he lived in the Valley utterly alone, without even the companionship of a dog, watched over only by El Capitan and Half Dome. In the face of discouragements from his friends, he set out a garden and an orchard which they claimed could never flourish in that climate. That apple orchard, in bloom in the springtime, in its rare setting of majestic cliffs and foaming waterfalls, is still one of the sights of the Valley. The visitor was always sure of a welcome. If the proprietor was not at home to sell his fruit, the visitor was allowed to pick and eat, in his garden, but not to carry away, depositing on his window a quarter or a half-dollar in silver. r r

r Lamon lived in the Valley for fourteen years, and when he died there, he was laid to rest in the little Yosemite cemetery, now in the good-fellowship of Galen Clark, H. M. Hutchings, and other Yosemite pioneers. r

r r

r Just across the meadows from the Sentinel Hotel, commanding a fine view of Yosemite Falls, is a stone bench, a memorial to Galen Clark. He is sometimes referred to as The Grand Old Man of the Valley. In 1857 Galen Clark first built his log cabin at Wawona, then known as Clark's Station. He went there, with a

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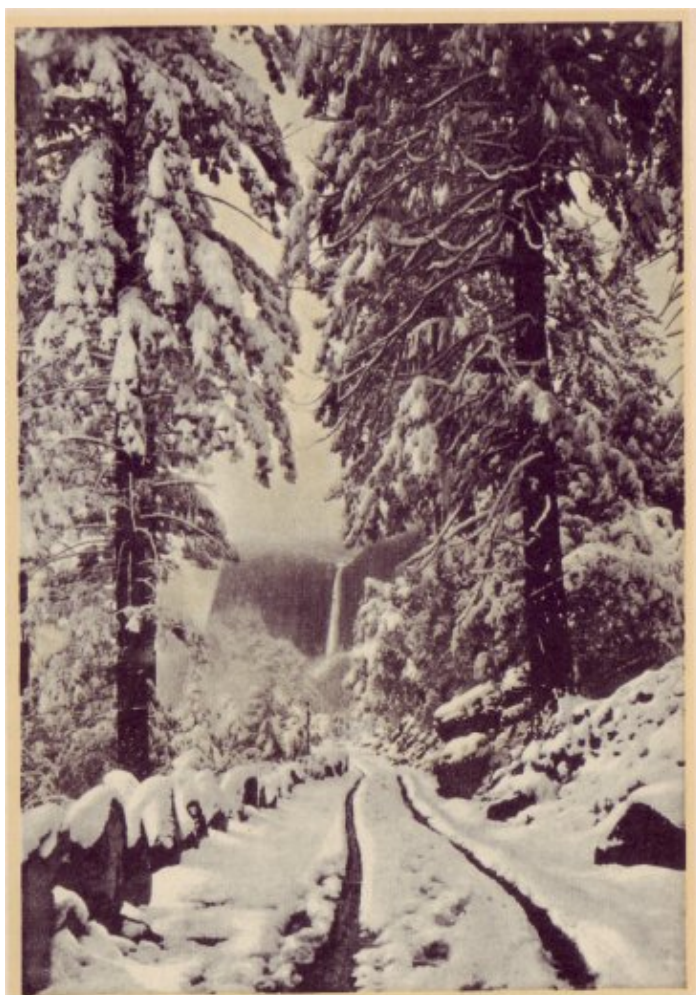
serious tubercular infection of the lungs, in the hope of prolonging his life. He succeeded quite admirably in this, living to the vigorous old age of ninety-six.

r r

At ninety years of age he turned author and wrote three authoritative books about Yosemite, which undoubtedly he loved and knew better than anyone else of his time. An author at ninety is alone a unique claim to fame, but Galen Clark has other claims.

r r

Though not the actual discoverer of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, he is certainly responsible for making them known to the world. He made the trail from Wawona to the grove and conducted to the Big Trees many hundreds of people. The Big Trees were one of the absorbing elements in his life. For fourteen years he was there r r r r



r r

r

PHOTO BY A. C. PILLSBURY

r r

Down the Wawona Road into Yosemite when the trees display their winter finery r
r r r first Guardian of Yosemite Valley, and for twenty-four years he served as a member of the Board of Commissioners which guarded its wonders. He lived for fifty years in the Valley of Wawona, spending twenty summers in Yosemite Valley, and he lies now in the plot he selected in the Yosemite cemetery,

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shaded by the Sequoia seedlings he himself planted there twenty years before he was laid to rest beneath them. Neither rude nor crude, he was a "very perfect gentle knight" of the High Sierras.

The Bard of Yosemite was John Muir. Just as John Muir made Yosemite his, so does Yosemite claim John Muir for her own. He, more than any other, typifies the spirit of Yosemite. There is something about his physical endurance and outdoor ruggedness which suggests the far-flung peaks of the High Sierras; something in his mental energy and crystal clearness which suggests his beloved Yosemite Falls; and something in his spiritual beauty and tenderness which suggests the flower-strewn, cloud-shadowed meadows of Yosemite. Impossible it is even to think of him except in the terms of beauty he lived in and loved so well.

r r

He first came to Yosemite in 1868 for a brief visit. After that he returned again and again to this chosen spot of his, making it a base for further excursions in the surrounding country. Untiringly and with the keenest joy and enthusiasm he gave the greater part of his life to intensive and fruitful study of this "great page of mountain manuscript."

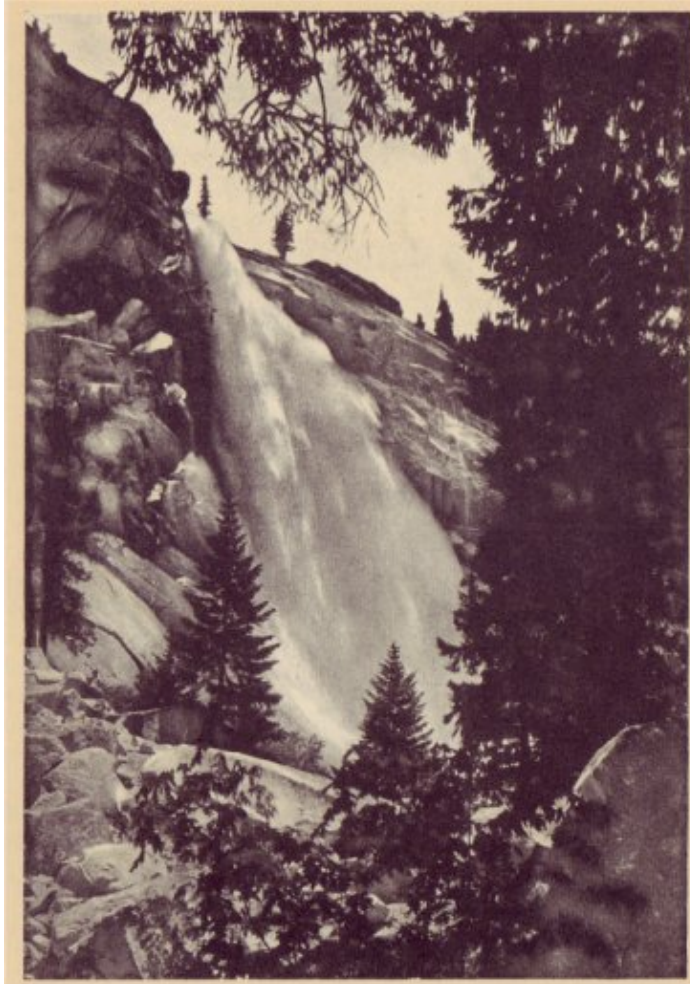
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It was largely through his efforts that Yosemite became a National Park. As president of the Sierra Club for twenty-two years, and by his writings, studies, and explorations, he did more than any other one man to interest the world in this great out-of-doors.

r r

The former site of the sawmill where he worked for several summers, and the spot near the foot of Yosemite Falls where his cabin stood, are now shrines to all lovers of John Muir. It was here that he and Joseph Le Conte, the geologist, met for the first time, by the bend in the Yosemite stream which Muir deflected so as to flow through one corner of his cabin, that he might better listen to its song.

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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONER

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r r Nevada Falls, as seen from the Trail, through a frame of oaks, r pines and maples r

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Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

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Yosemite Valley—Descriptive

r r r

r Yosemite Valley r Accordingr r to geologists, Yosemite Valley is nearly in the center of the State of California, north and south, and in the middle of the Sierra, which is seventy miles wide at this point. It is described in Government documents as being a “cleft, or gorge” in the Sierra range, which suggests, erroneously,r some deep canyon. Valley, on the other hand, conjures up an image of flatness, broad meadows, and meandering streams. As a matter of fact, Yosemite is a rare combination of both.r

r r

r The floor of the Valley, three thousand feet below its rim, runs in an easterly and westerly direction, and is seven miles long and about a mile across at its widest point. It alternates flowery meadows,r through which the Merced River winds, with fragrant groves of pines, firs, spruces, and incense cedars. On all sides sheer granite cliffs rise almost perpendicularly to a height of from 2500 to 5000 feet.r These form at times sheer shafts of granite, as in the Sentinel Rock,r and Cathedral group; at others they round into vast domes, or group themselves in gigantic piles of sculpturing. Over their sides appear glistening ribbons of cascades or the thundering falls of Yosemite,r Bridal Veil, Vernal, and Nevada.r

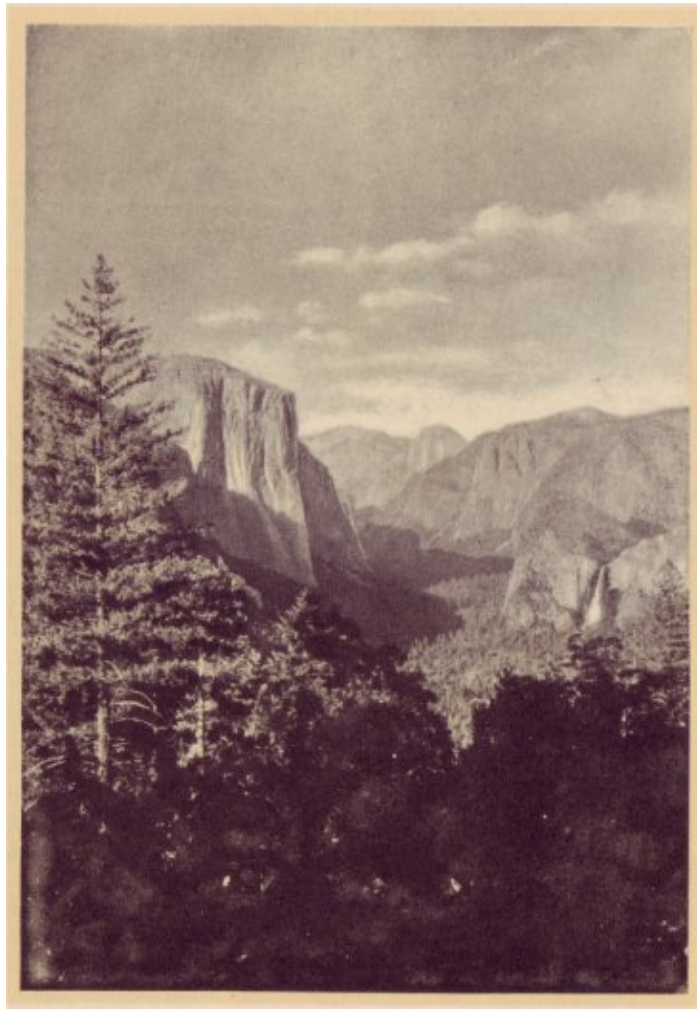
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r The wonder of Yosemite does not lie in its bewildering heights and overpowering distances, but in its amazing harmony of magnitude and fragile beauty. Single features so blend into the magnificent whole that it takes days to appreciate it all. Waterfalls five hundred to one or two thousand feet high are so subordinated to the mighty cliffs over which they pour that their own significance is blurred.r Mighty trees fringe these walls like waving grain. Broad meadows at their feet appear but narrow strips of lawn.r

r r

r “Things frail and fleeting and types of endurance meet here and blend into countless forms, as if into this one mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures.”r

r r r r r



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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONER

r r

r r Yosemite Valley, as seen from Inspiration Point on the Wawonar Road r

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Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

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Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

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Yosemite's High Country

r r

r r Yosemite National Park r covers an area of 1124 squarer miles, almost the size of the State of Rhode Island. Counting r in the acres on the perpendicular surfaces of its cliffs, Yosemite is probably larger than Rhode Island.r

r r

r Of this vast area Yosemite Valley comprises but eight squarer miles, or about three fourths of one per cent of Yosemite Nationalr Park. Yet the visitors who know Yosemite's back country are few inr number compared to those who picture Yosemite merely as ther Valley only.r

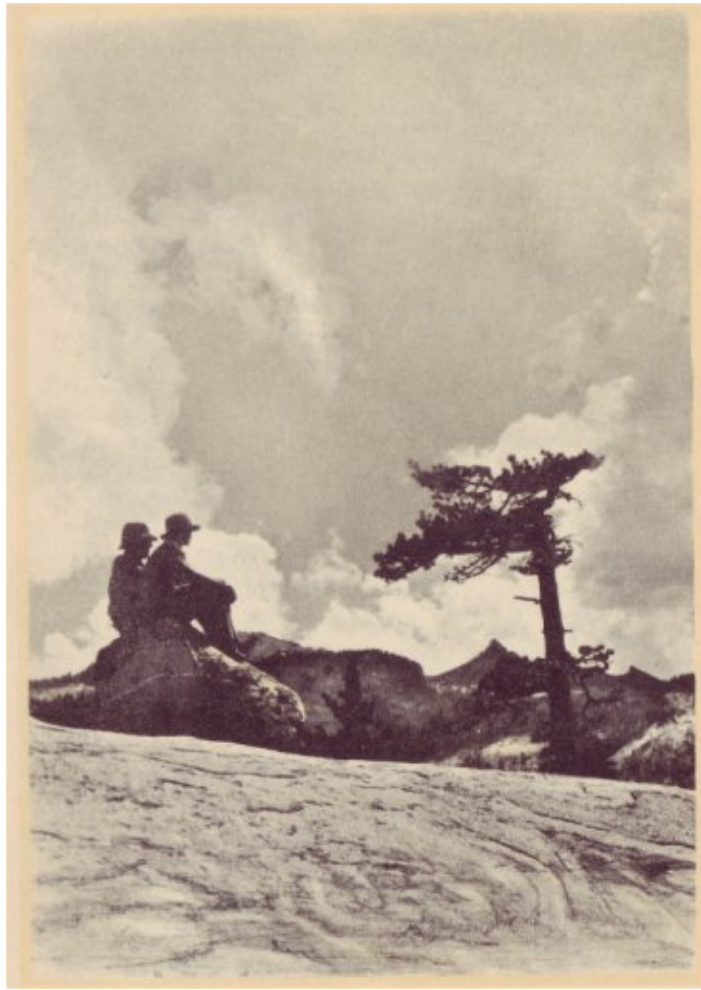
r r

r Occasionally one hears the remark that Yosemite is becomingr overcrowded with visitors. Those who make that complaint dor not know the magnificent miles of Yosemite's majestic back country,r above the 6000-foot level, where mountain crests, canyons, meadows,r lakes, streams, glaciers, minarets, and forests are piled side by sider in reckless extravagance. As some one has aptly said, "Time andr Nature sculptured with a lavish hand when Yosemite's high country was carved."r

r r

r Tuolumne Meadows lies but an easy day's trip, by automobile,r by horseback, or on foot, from the floor of Yosemite Valley, and isr the most central base for the many High Sierra trips. Once a glacialr lake, the Meadows lie at the junction of Dana and Lyell Forks ofr the Tuolumne River, at an elevation of from 8500 to 9000 feet abover sea level. They are approximately ten miles long and two milesr wide, and are surrounded by the highest of the Sierra peaks in thizr part of the range, most of them perpetually snow-crowned. Conness,r Dana, Mammoth, Lyell, and McClure peaks rise on the north and ther east, the Cathedral Range on the south, while Fairview Domer stands sentinel at the lower end of the Meadows. Mount Hoffman,r a particular favorite, remains aloof from its brother peaks, and liesr to the west, not far from Tenaya Lake. On the east from Tuolumner Meadows, about an equal distance from Hetch Hetchy on the west,r lies Mono Lake, of volcanic origin. To the north of Tuolumne lier Matterhorn Canyon and Benson Pass to lure those seeking greaterr r r r r

Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor



r r

r

r PHOTO BY F. J. TAYLORr

r r

r r Along the trail as it winds past peaks, forests, meadows, lakes, streams and rocky cliffs, to Merced Lake

r

r r r r seclusion. Here is an enormous area of lakes and valleys and woodsr which is seldom visited except by rangers. It is an unspoiled wilderness which will delight all those who hold that the mountains arer too overrun by human kind to be enjoyable any longer. Here oner can be as exclusive and as uncivilized as even the most primitiver man could desire!rr r

r From the summit of Mount Dana one gets the finest summary ofr the scenery of the high country. From here one has a completer circle or “360 degrees of pure scenery,” as J. Smeaton Chase has it.r Remnants of living glaciers can be seen, countless mountain lakes,r or tarns, stretches of green forests, and shining granite domes. Fromr here one can sample at one’s leisure the diverse types of scenery atr hand, and marvel, as in Yosemite Valley, at the blending of ther austere but magnificent with the beautiful and the picturesque.r

r r

r Then contrast this extensive view with that more intimate, butr no less amazing, scenery of the Tuolumne Canyon. Narrow, and withr walls a mile high, it is one of the deepest and widest glacial-carvedr canyons in the world. Along its rocky floor the Tuolumne Riverr swirls and cascades, at times striking a shelf formation of rock,r which hurls its water twenty feet in the air, a solid arch of water,r spanning fifty feet or more, forming the famous Waterwheel Fallsr of the Tuolumne. These will, in time, be as world-known and asr

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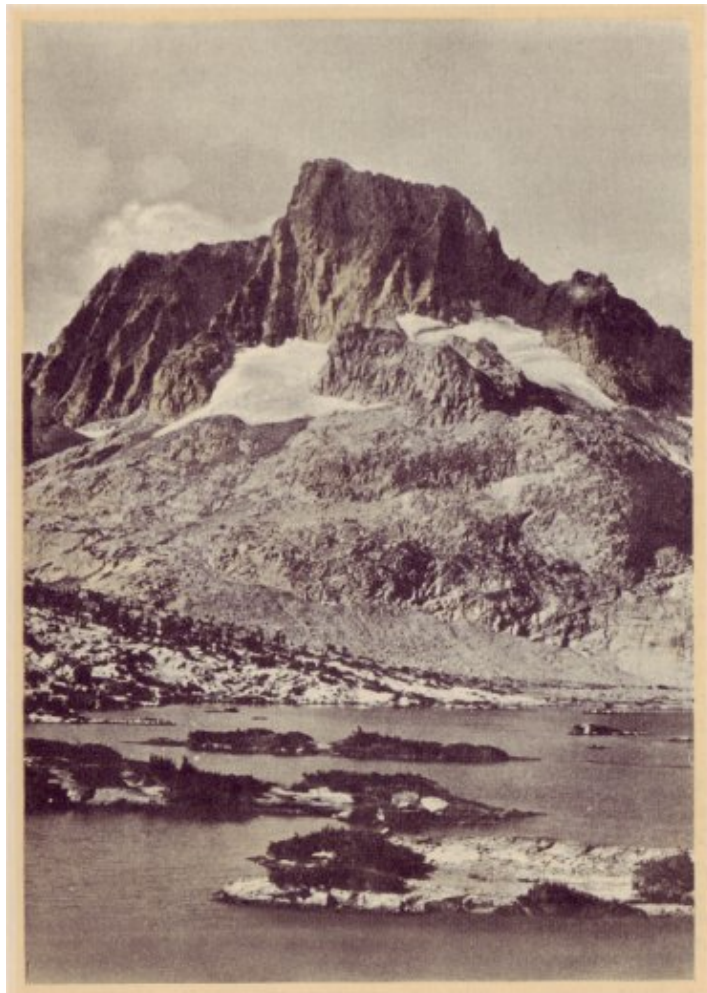
eagerly seen as the Yosemite Valley itself. Throughout this country are maintained the High Sierra camps, at easy hiking or horseback-riding distances, furnishing food and shelter at cost, and relieving the mountain vacationist of the necessity of carrying his pack.

r r

r If, as John Muir says, you are so unfortunate as to be "time-poor," and unable to take these back-country trips, there still remains one of the rarest consolations of all, an overnight trip to Glacier Point. This may be reached either on foot, by pack animal, or by automobile, and should be the climax to every first corner's visit to Yosemite. It is a panorama never to be forgotten; a panorama of domes, pinnacles, waterfalls, and peak upon peak of the scalloped crest of the Sierras.

r r

r Directly below you, almost a mile, lies the Valley from which you have come, an animated, toylike settlement. Automobiles



r r

r

r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO

r r

r Banner Peak, 12,957 feet high, with Thousand Island Laker nestling at its base

r r r r dart about like tiny insects, the Merced River is but a silver trickler from an overturned goblet. But the sheer and impressive cliffs! They rise straight up from the floor of that Valley to the very soles of your

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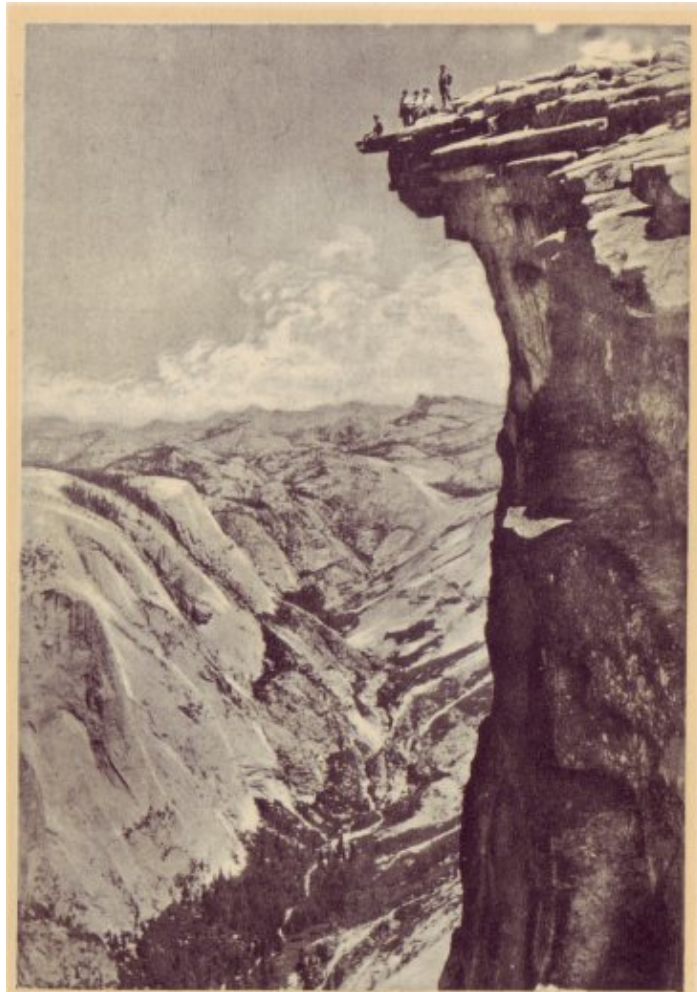
shoes, some 3254 feet above it! Opposite you, across the Mercedr Canyon, Half Dome looms, mightier than ever at this close range,r rosy and mystic in the sunset glow.r r r

r Everywhere is there a sense of space, and strength, and power,r in the face of which all that is cramped and human seems quietly to relax and expand. Instinctively you draw a deep breath as your recall these lines:r

r r

r *“I inhale great draughts of space,r
r And the East and the West are mine,r
r And the North and the South are mine.”r*

r r r r r



r r

r

r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIOr

r r

r r The rim of Half Dome, from which one can look down 4,892r feet to the floor of Yosemite Valleyr r

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Hetch Hetchy

r r r

r r Nature, r r as well as history, repeats itself. The Hetchr Hetchy Valley, approximately thirty miles north fromr Yosemite Valley, was at one time considered a smallr reproduction of the greater Yosemite. There was a distinctly markedr family resemblance in its topographical features. But all hope thatr this little Yosemite would grow up to become a greater Yosemite was drowned when the valley was inundated with water in 1923 inr the creation of a reservoir as an auxiliary water supply for the cityr of San Francisco. And therein lies a long tale of a bitter fight between the idealists who fought to retain the valley in its originalr virgin beauty, and the materialists who succeeded in converting itr into a man-made lake.r

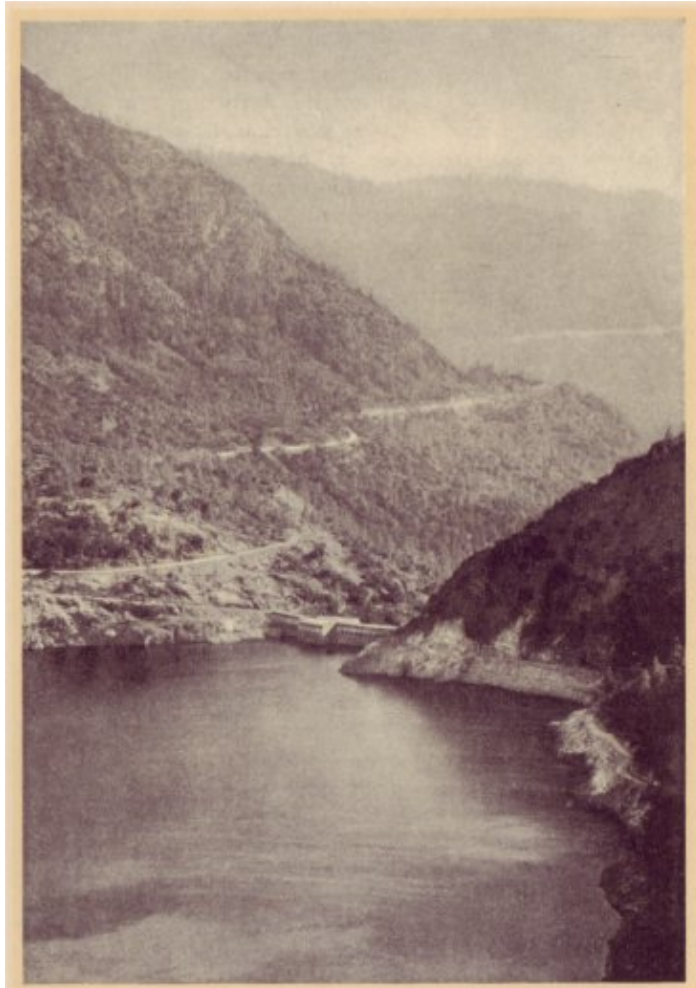
r r

r Hetch Hetchy, the valley of the Tuolumne River, is now anr artificial lake, stretching back seven miles from the 300-foot damr constructed across its lower end. Two very beautiful waterfallsr empty into this from its surrounding cliffs, the beauty of which isr repeated and emphasized in the reflections in the lake. The cliffs,r so similar to those of the Yosemite, rise sheer and unbroken fromr the surface of the water. At the lower end stands the Kolana Dome,r resembling in outline the Liberty Cap of Yosemite. At the upper end,r when the spillway is opened, pours a miniature Niagara, hypnoticr in its tremendous power and crystal beauty.r

r r

r The Hetch Hetchy Valley has reverted to type. Once a valley,r it was entered and occupied by a glacier, which, receding, left therer a beautiful mountain lake, with its tributary waterfalls. In ther course of time this lake was filled in and became, once more, a valley.r Man, then, took a hand in things and by building a dam reconvertdr this valley into a lake. History, as well as nature, repeats itself!r

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PHOTO BY COURTESY, CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

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Hetch Hetchy, once a miniature Yosemite, now a man-mader mountain lake to store water for San Francisco

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Yosemite's Giant Sequoias

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r r In r the deep peace of the solemn old woods stand the Big Trees, r the *Sequoia gigantea*, just as they have stood, many of them, r since before the birth of Christ, defying the storms of thousands of years, impervious to the rise and fall of antlike nations, living, r growing, blossoming, and germinating again, century upon century. r Ageless, raceless, for all time and all peoples, they are a living link r between the distant past and the more distant future. Though estimated to be between two and three thousand years old, some of these trees, it is said, may not yet have reached their prime. Yet age is but r one phase of their great glory. Coupled with this is their amazing r size and rare beauty which make them truly one of the wonders of the world. r

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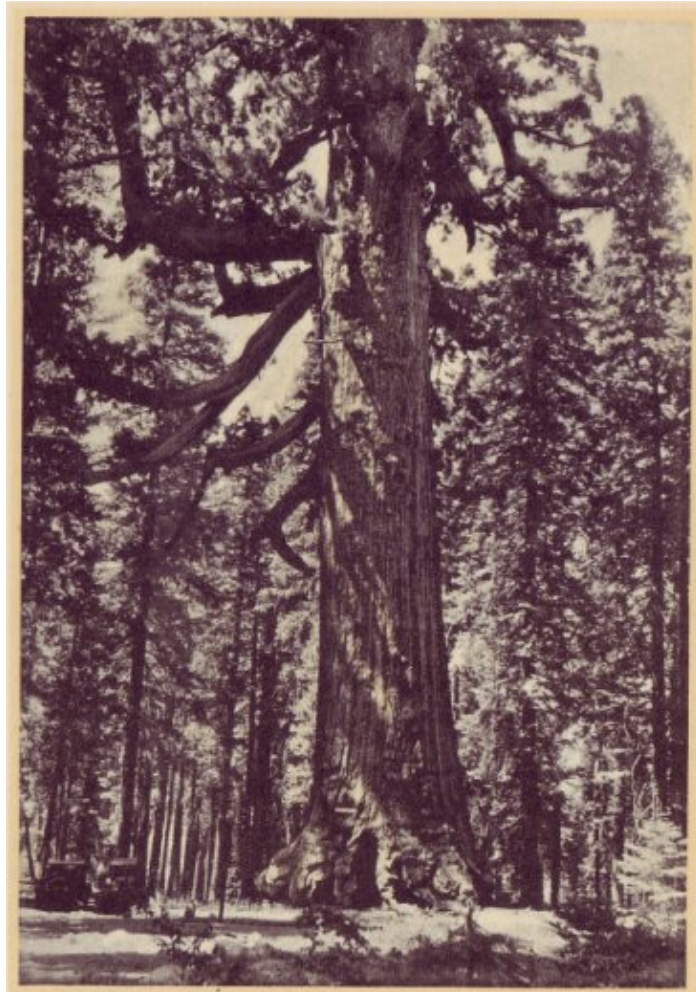
r Within the boundaries of Yosemite National Park are three of r the twenty-six groves of Big Trees. The Tuolumne Grove, about a r mile and a half west of Crane Flat on the Big Oak Flat Road, r contains forty trees. The Merced Grove, about three miles east of r Hazel Green, off the Coulterville Road, has thirty-three trees. The Mariposa Grove, best known of all, four miles south of Wawona, r boasts four hundred and ninety mature trees. Among these is the Grizzly Giant tree, fully entitled to its world-wide fame for being r the oldest living thing on earth. r

r r

r The height of the full-grown tree averages from 150 feet to 250 r feet, though there are many instances of Big Trees which exceed r these figures. The Mark Twain tree in the Mariposa Grove towers r 331 feet heavenward, tallest of any of the Big Trees on record. The diameter of the trees, measured four feet from the ground, averages r about twenty feet. Their age is a matter of greater speculation, r owing to the difficulties of measuring the age of any living tree, r the age of a tree being determined by the number of rings in its r trunk. A conservative estimate is that the mature trees range anywhere from 1500 years old to 3000, and there is evidence that some r few of them may be as old as 5000 years. r

r r

r Though naturalists say that the genus of this tree was once r to be found on three continents, Europe, Asia, North America, during r r r r



r r

r

r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO r

r r

r The Grizzly Giant, 93 feet around, 204 feet high, monarch of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees r
r r r one of the glacial ages all the species became extinct except the two which still survive in California,
and are to be found no place else in the world, the Big Tree, or *Sequoia gigantea*, of the Sierras, and the
Redwood, or *Sequoia sempervirens*, of the Coast Range. r r

r Sheltered in warm spots and thus spared by the Sierra Nevada glaciers which may have swept forests of the
venerable giant sequoias away, the surviving Big Trees are to be found only between 36 and 38 1/2 degrees
north latitude, and between 5000 and 7000 feet above sea level. They have a strong family instinct and
group closely together, a straggler rarely being found more than a mile from the family circle. r

r r

r John Muir points out that in every grove of Big Trees running water is to be found. It was generally
supposed that the trees grew there on account of water. On the contrary, he points out, the water is there
because of the trees. The roots of these immense trees fill the ground, forming a thick sponge which absorbs
and holds back the rain and melting snows, only allowing it to seep out and flow gently. Drain off the water,
and the trees will remain, but cut off the trees and the water will vanish, so he declared. r

r r

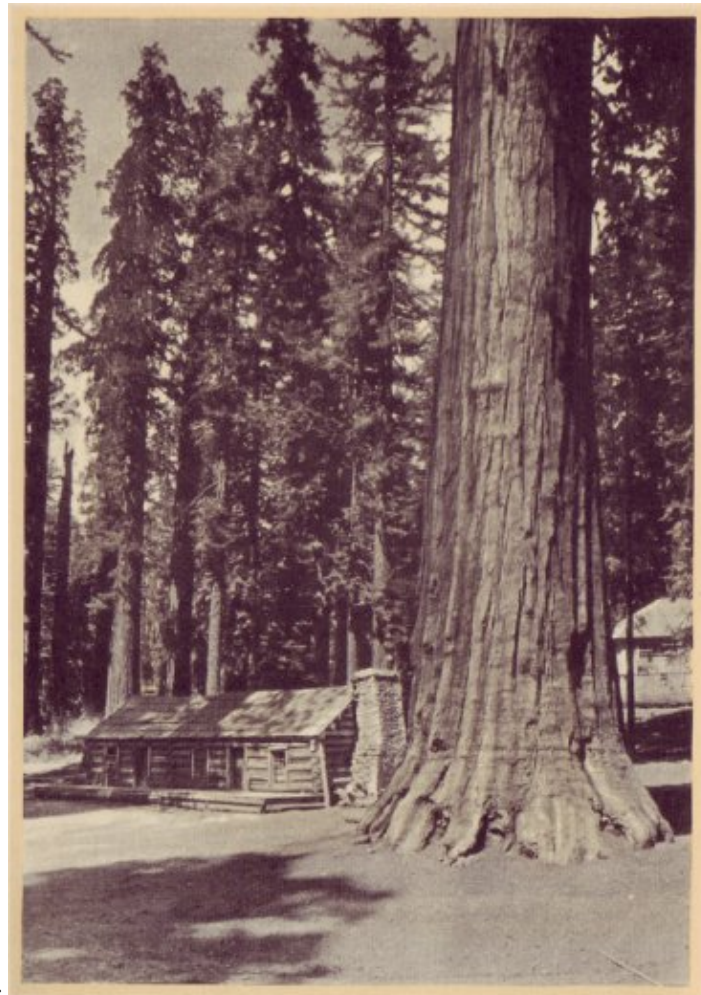
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r There is a perfection and symmetry in the beauty of the Big Trees quite in keeping with their dignified stateliness. No fantastic, wind-blown contours, or picturesquely gnarled branches. Their great trunks rise like fluted columns, free of branches a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet from the ground in the more mature trees. At their age of two or three hundred years, when they have attained a height of from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five feet, these lower branches drop from the trunk. Their foliage is densely massed and regular in outline. These trees show no weather side and their branches taper up to the leafy crowns with beautiful precision. Their bark of the trunk is reddish brown in color, ridged, and sometimes a foot and a half in thickness. It contains little resin, is very fibrous, and so is not readily inflammable.

r r

r Toward the end of the winter the Big Trees bloom. The female flowers are pale green, about three eighths of an inch long, and grow in countless thousands on the ends of the sprays. The male blossoms are pale yellow and grow in even greater profusion.

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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONE r

r r

r Galen Clark Cabin and a giant sequoia in the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees r

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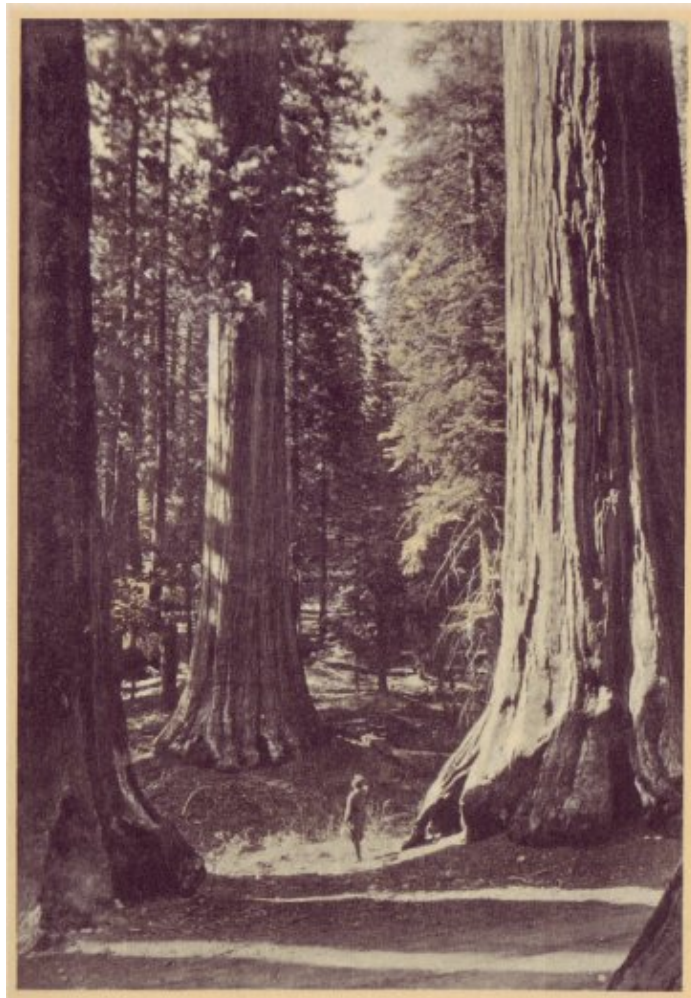
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r Unlike the rest of the Sierra trees, the Big Trees are not subjectr to disease, insects, and fungi. They are never sick nor do they showr the least signs of decay. Lightning and fire are their greatest enemies,r and, within the last century, the axe of man. The tops of many ofr the oldest trees have been lost repeatedly through lightning, butr immediately the branches beneath turn upward and begin the slowr race to achieve supremacy and to become the new crown.r

r r

r A little aloof, then, and lofty, they stand, but what incomparabler majesty and grandeur is theirs! Age, size, and beauty are not all.r Their most precious gift is the spirit of peace, quiet, and greatr strength which comes to those who commune with them. Thoser who come to stare, remain to worship, and to receive the benedictionr of these High Priests of the Sierras.r

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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONER

r r

r The Temple of the Trees, in the Mariposa Grove of Giant Sequoias r

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Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

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“First Families” of Yosemite

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r r After r all, the Yosemite Indians were but newcomers to ther Valley as compared to those earlier inhabitants, the blackr and the grizzly bears, the four species of deer, the mountainr lion and the wild cat, the Douglass and the gray squirrel, and ther others of the ninety-seven varieties of mammal life then existingr there. These were the “first families” of Yosemite, among whom ther bears and the deer and the squirrels are most frequently seen byr visitors, and continue to attract the greatest amount of interest.r

r r

r The grizzly bears, for whom the Yosemite Indians were named,r have been practically annihilated by the white man’s rifle, and onlyr the black and the brown, or cinnamon, bears survive, both of ther same species, though differing in color. They still amble ponderouslyr about on the floor of the Valley, thrilling the tourist who happensr upon one, or who is happened upon. Not for nothing have we beenr brought up on the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears!r

r r

r Though traditionally one of the most feared of animals, bearsr are of far more use than harm to the park they inhabit. The commonr sheep, and their shepherds, have caused inestimably more destructionr in the mountains than all the wild animals together. “Hoofedr locusts” John Muir called them, and it was their depredations,r through nibbling, tramlings, loosening of earth on the mountainr slopes, and the burnings of vast areas to provide forage for them,r which led directly to the creation of this region as a National Park.r

r r

r What creatures of contrast are these Yosemite bears! They delightr equally to wallow in fields of wildflowers or to nose about in anesthetic garbage dumps. They feast grossly on the carcasses of warmr sheep, or sheep a month dead, badgers, gophers, lizards, snakes,r ants, wasps, their eggs, larvae, and nests, or turn delicately to ar meal of wild strawberries, clover, raspberries, mushrooms, nuts, andr acorns!r

r r

r Since the garbage dumps of yesterday have been replaced by ther incinerators of today, there seems to be no common rallying ground,r or “clubroom,” for the bears. This was a great disappointment to r r r r



r PHOTO BY A. C. PILLSBURYr

r r The bear cubs are the clowns of the forest r

r r r many visitors. Consequently, it has become the custom each evening to haul great cans of “select swill” to a platform in the woods, where powerful searchlights are turned upon the bears as they scramble for the food, to the great delight of the spectators across the river. Occasionally a camper tourist after enjoying this amusement will return to his camp to find that the bears have been to see him in his absence, taking with them the provisions for tomorrow’s breakfast. r r

r Then there are the deer, equally as interesting as the bears. Where one thrills, the other delights. Their grace, quickness, and gentler wildness all have a tremendous appeal for the Yosemite visitor. Their deer are far more common in the Yosemite National Park than their bears. Groups of them can be seen almost any time grazing in their meadows of Yosemite Valley. For the most part, though, with their coming of summer, the greater number migrate to the upper reaches of the Park, particularly around Chinquapin, above Yosemite Falls, and in the region of Merced Lake. Like humans, they will seek their cooler climates in the summer, returning to the Valley and the western boundaries of the Park in the wintertime. This was the time, at their end of the Indian summer, that the Yosemite Indians celebrated their big hunts. It was easier to let the deer come to them than it was to seek them out. r

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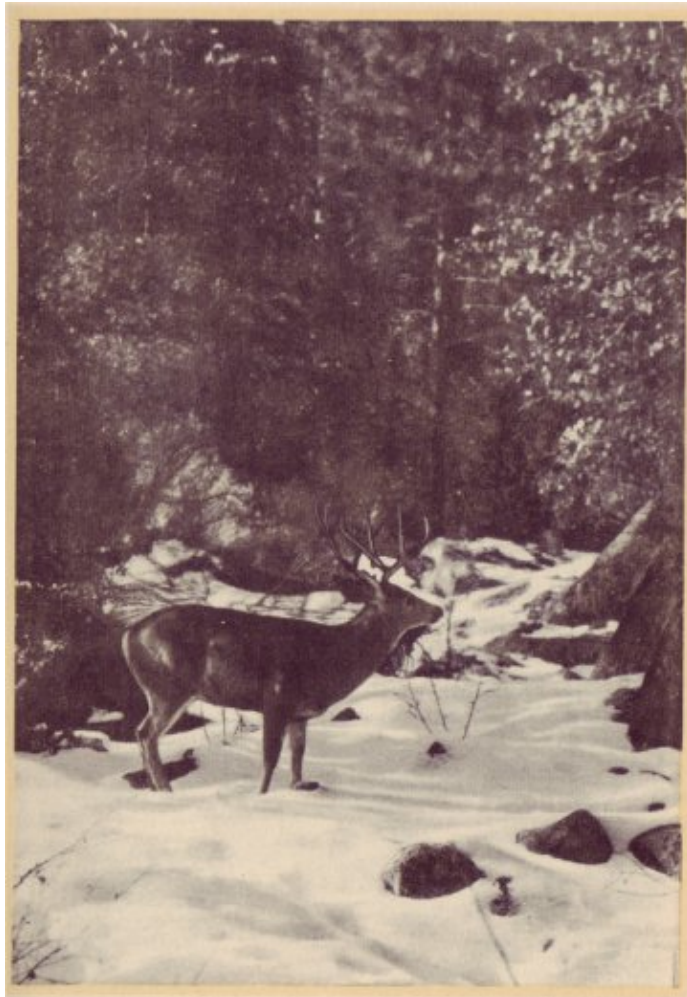
r Of the four species of deer which once inhabited this region, only the mule, or black-tail, deer remains.

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There are estimated to be about 20,000 of them in the Park now. Though spared from their human hunters, their ranks are still considerably thinned, each winter, by the mountain lions, and by hunters outside the Park boundaries. Hunters claim that the deer know where they are protected and that though they may stray over the boundary in search of food, at the sound of a gun or a suspicious noise they make straightway for the Park boundary, for over the line is safe!

r r

r In summer these deer wear a thin, reddish coat, but when autumn comes they grow a protective coat of gray. They live principally on the young leaf of the mountain lilac, or a tender sprig of mint or wild cherry. Fastidious and dainty they are in their food. Tor r r r r



r r

r PHOTO BY J. V. LLOYD r

r r

r At least 20,000 deer make their home in Yosemite National Park r

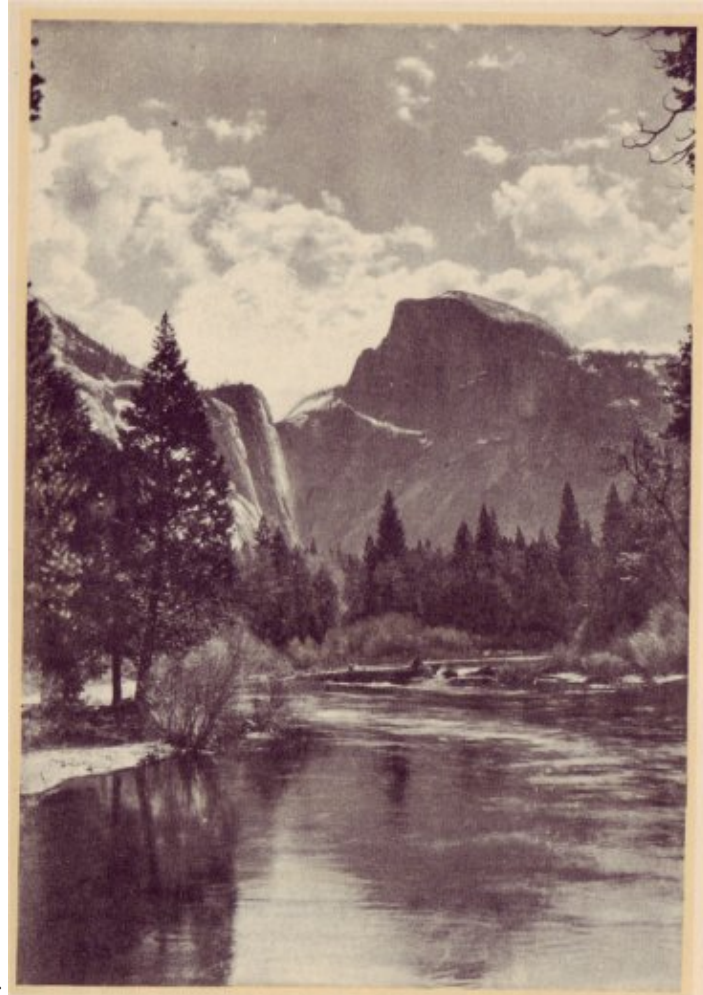
r r r r see them moving, swiftly, quietly, surely, in the leafy-shadowed woods, hardly distinguishable from the trunks of the trees through which they seem to weave, is an endless joy to even the most accustomed. r r r

r Yosemite is one of the world's greatest sanctuaries of wild life. r Here every protection is afforded them. In addition, a free nature-guide service is established by the National Park Service to help their visitor enjoy and know the animals and birds more thoroughly. r Appreciation, of course, comes only in ratio to one's understanding, r and while one may enjoy, solely through the senses, the sound, color, r and movement this

Lights and Shadows of Yosemite (1926) by Katherine Ames Taylor

wild life contributes to Yosemite, it is only through the knowledge of their haunts and habits that the realization comes that all the greater stories of Yosemite are duplicated here, in exquisite miniature, among these furred and feathered folk.

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r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO r

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r r Half Dome, 8,852 feet high, towering almost 5,000 feet above Yosemite Valley, like a fragment of stupendous statuary r

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The Legend of Tu-tok-a-nu-la and Tis-sa-ack

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r r If r you look closely upon the massive face of El Capitan, you willr see there the fancied likeness of a man, in flowing robes, hastening westward. The Indians know him as Tu-tok-a-nu-la, andr there is woven about him the following legend:r

r r

r When the Great Spirit first made Ah-wah-nee, now known asr Yosemite, and led into it the children of the sun, he placed the greatr god Tu-tok-a-nu-la on his granite tower as guardian of the Valley,r to watch over them and care for them.r

r r

r Tu-tok-a-nu-la it was who called upon the Great Spirit to bringr rains when they were needed to ripen the acorns and make fat ther tender grass roots. The deer he would drive from the thickets thatr the hunters might bring home venison to their women. The streamsr he kept filled that the-fish might abound there. He was beloved ofr all the children of Ah-wah-nee, for he brought happiness and prosperityr to the Valley.r

r r

r Then, one morning at dawn, he heard a voice on the breeze,r calling to him in tones more sweet than the ripple of the waters.r “Tu-tok-a-nu-la!”r

r r

r And as he looked in wonder, he saw, for one fleeting moment, ther form of a beautiful maiden, not like the dark children of Ah-wah-nee but of great radiance and fairness, with eyes blue as the mountainr lakes and hair golden as sunlight. Eagerly he reached out to her,r but she vanished in a snowy mist, and he knew her to be Tis-sa-ack,r who dwelt upon Half Dome.r

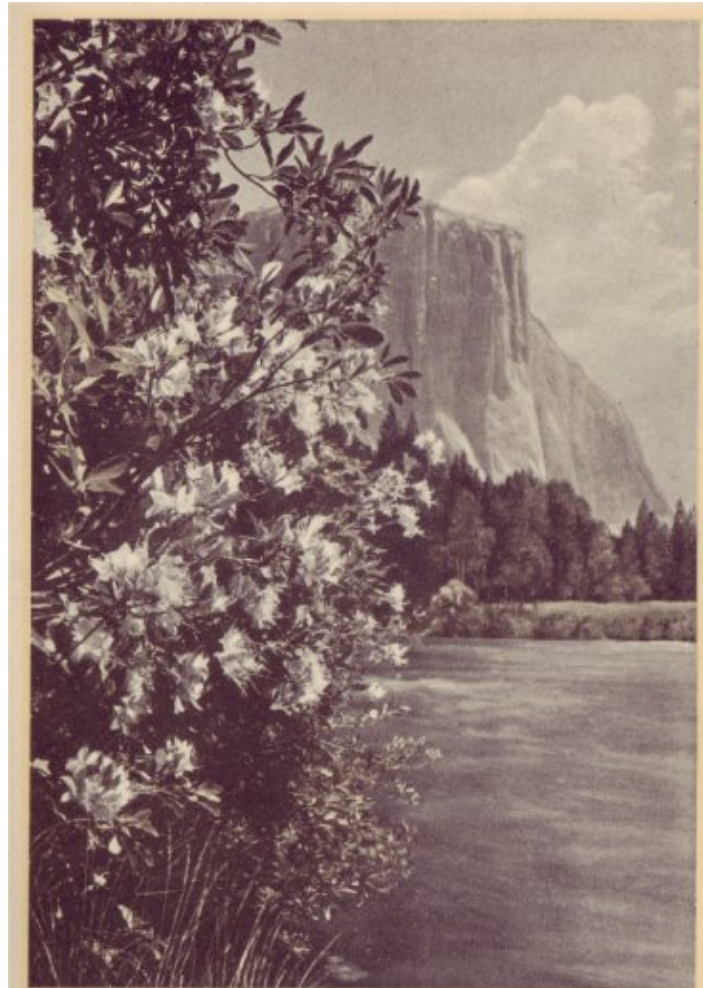
r r

r From that day forward he could think of nothing else but hisr love for her. As he roamed the mountain peaks and the forests, inr search of her, neglect and desolation fell upon Ah-wah-nee. In vainr did his people call to him, imploring him to bring rain to revive the parching earth. The streams shriveled up and the fishermenr returned empty-handed. No longer did the deer come from ther mountains, and sickness and starvation came to the Ah-wah-nee-chees.r

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r r

r Still Tu-tok-a-nu-la heeded them not. He was consumed only with a desire to see again his vision of Tis-sa-ack. But she had



r r

r

r PHOTO BY A. C. PILLSBURYr

r r

r Azalea time along the Merced River, with El Capitan in the background r

r r r r vanished, and when she returned and saw the distress that Tu-tok-a-nu-la's love of her had brought upon his people, her heart was heavy and she called upon the Great Spirit to bring rain to Ah-wah-nee. r r

r At once there came an answer to her prayer, for with a mighty crash the Great Spirit split in two the throne rock upon which she had stood, and the water flowed from its side, filling the streams and the valley. And Tis-sa-ack's tears flowed down the cleft rock, leaving at its foot a little lake, so that the streams might ever be replenished. r

r r

r Tis-sa-ack was banished forever into the mists, but as she departed, white down from her breast fell beside the water, where it can be seen to this day in the form of countless white violets. r

r r

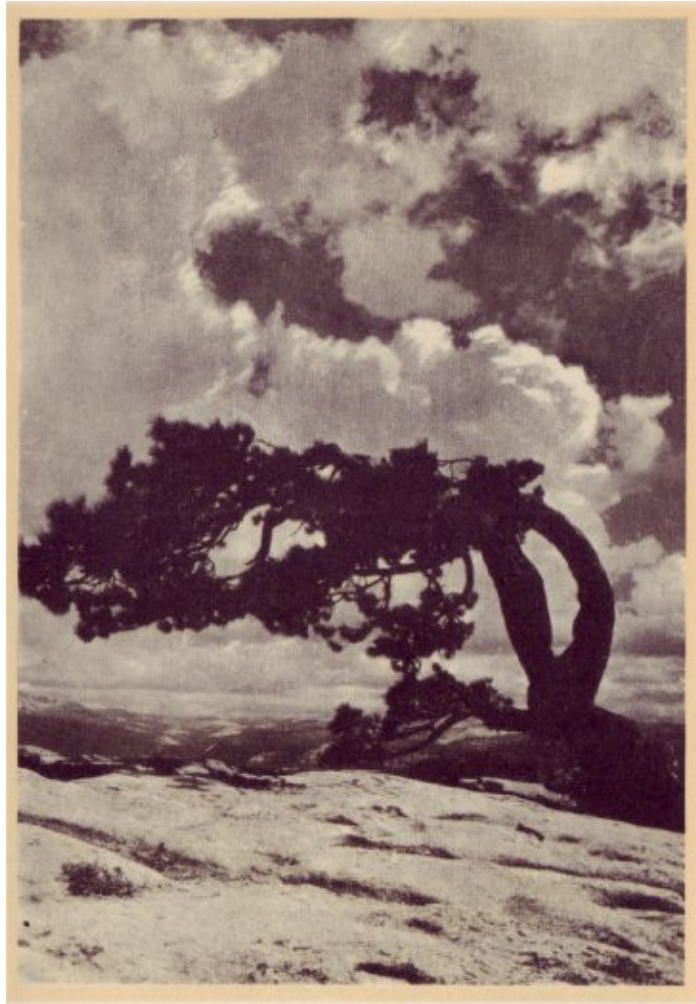
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r Tu-tok-a-nu-la returned at last from his vain searchings, and, r with his hunting knife, he carved his form upon El Capitan, to showr the people he had gone into the West again, always seeking hisr vanished Tis-sa-ack. And upon the tip of the rock he carved the facer of a stern warrior, to guard, in his absence, the Gates of Ah-wah-nee. r

r r

r Occasionally, it is said, just as the last rays of the sun creep overr the crest of Half Dome, Tis-sa-ack comes back, wreathed in a cloud, r to gaze once more into the valley she loved so well, and to make surer that the children of Ah-wah-nee still live in peace and plenty. r

r r r r r



r r

r

r PHOTO BY A. C. PILLSBURYr

r r

r r A Jeffrey Pine growing from the rock of Sentinel Dome, 8,117r feet above sea levelr r

r r r

r r

r r

r r **Next: Hum-mo • Contentsr • Previous: Indian Legendsr** r

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r r r

The Legend of Hum-mo—The Lost Arrow

r r r

r [Editor's note: r this "legend" "is almost certainly fictitious" r according to NPS Ethnologist Craig D. Bates. r It was first printed in Hutchings' *In the Heart of the Sierras* (1888) r —dea.] r

r r r

r r Littler r to the left of the upper Yosemite Falls, standing r alone from the edge of the cliff, is a great shaft of graniter rock, which is explained, mythically, in the following way: r It was the day of the marriage of Tee-hee-nay, fairest of Ah-wah-nee maidens, to Kos-soo-kah, bravest of the warriors. r

r r

r But before Tee-hee-nay should go with Kos-soo-kah to his lodge, r there must be a great feast, and all day long Ah-wah-nee was astirr with preparations. r

r r

r Early in the morning Kos-soo-kah gathered about him the strongest of his young braves, to go forth with him on the hunt for ther marriage feast. He parted from his bride with the promise that, atr the end of the day's hunt, he should drop an arrow from the cliff r between Yosemite Falls and the canyon of the arrow-wood. By ther number of feathers it bore Tee-hee-nay should tell what the kill r had been. r

r r

r The day sped quickly while Tee-hee-nay and her women gathered r acorns and young grasses, and when the long shadows stretched r across the meadows she made her way, with a light heart, to ther foot of Yosemite Falls to receive the message from Kos-soo-kah. r

r r

r The shadows deepened to night, but still Tee-hee-nay received r no sign from her lover. Becoming fearful, she climbed the cliff r to meet him, and there, at the top, she saw fresh footprints in the moistr earth, which led over the cliff—but failed to return! r

r r

r Slowly she crept to the edge of the rock, and, leaning far over, r she saw on a mound of fallen rock the motionless body of Kos-soo-kah, spent bow in hand. She knew then, that as he had drawn his r bow to speed

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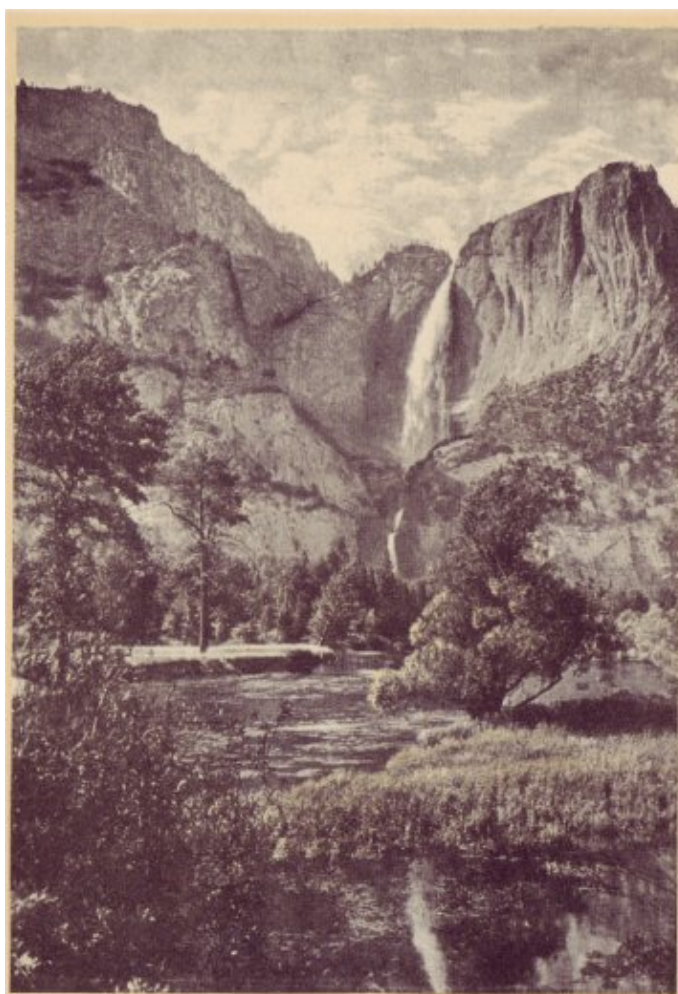
his love-message to her, the ground beneath his feet had given way, carrying him with the fatal avalanche.

r r

r By means of a signal fire she brought to her the old men from the valley, and the young warriors from the woods, bearing on their backs Kos-soo-kah's kill for the wedding feast. Slowly she was lowered over the cliff to his side, and, as she whispered "Kos-soo-kah" in his ear, she knew his spirit had fled.

r r

r As they were both raised to the cliff above, there, beneath their feet of grace and energy, from the crest to the river below



r r

r PHOTO BY A. C. PILLSBURY

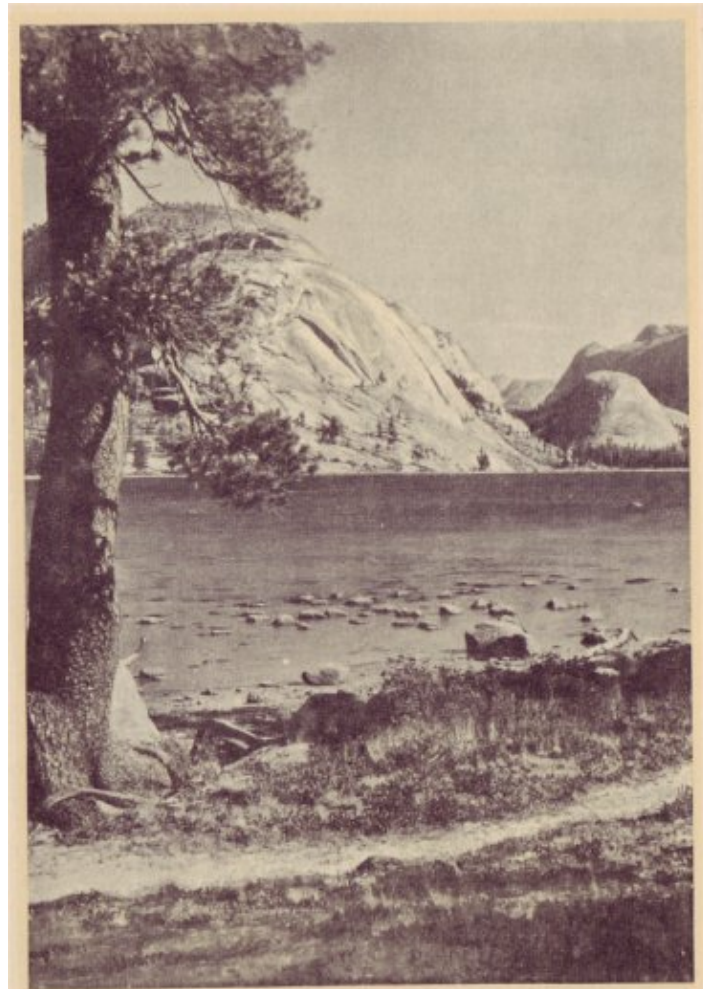
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r Yosemite Falls, viewed from across the Merced River, 2,565 feet

r r r stars of her wedding night, she fell quietly forward upon his breast, and the spirit of Tee-hee-nay followed that of Kos-soo-kah's.

r The arrow has never been found. Some say the lovers took it with them, leaving in its stead the granite shaft to the left of Yosemite Falls, in token of Kos-soo-kah's fulfilled pledge. And this rock is known to the children of Ah-wah-nee as Hum-mo, or the Lost Arrow.

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r PHOTO BY F. J. TAYLORr

r r

r r A camp on the shores of Lake Tenaya, 8,146 feet above sea level r

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The Legend of Po-ho-no

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r r Many r people remark upon the capricious cold wind which, r even on the warmest days, is often felt to blow in ther vicinity of Bridal Veil Falls. While the white man pauses r to admire the gossamer veil of spray, the Indian hurries past, facer averted, a dread fear in his heart. Po-ho-no signifies to him “Evilr Wind,” and his fear of it is founded in the following myth:r

r r

r One soft spring day, while the women of Ah-wah-nee werer gathering grasses for basket weaving above the top of Po-ho-no, or, r as we know it, Bridal Veil Falls, one of the maidens ventured nearr the edge of the water to pick an overhanging grass. She stepped uponr a mossy rock, set there to lure her by Po-ho-no, the Evil One whor inhabits the mist, and, in a twinkling, was snatched into the Falls, r never to return. Her companions, horrified, and fearing the samer fate, hastened back to the valley to give the alarm. Instantly a bandr of young braves sped to the foot of the Falls. But no sign of ther maiden was to be found. Her spirit, with many others, was imprisoned in the water by Po-ho-no, there to stay till she had succeededr in luring to its doom some other victim, and then, and not untilr then, would it be released to wander on to the home of the Greatr Spirit in the West.r

r r

r So that is why an Indian shudders as he feels the breath of Po-ho-no upon him, and he hastens by, lest he be called upon to pay ther forfeit of some tortured spirit.r

r r

r Some ethnologists, however, interpret Po-ho-no to mean “puffingr wind,” a happier and, no doubt, more accurate interpretation.r

r r r r r



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r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO r

r r

r r Bridal Veil Falls, a silvery spray wafted by the winds as it drops 620 feet r

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Pi-wy-ack—Legend of Pi-wy-ack, or Vernal Falls

r r r

r r Everyr r year, before the Great Spirit spread his snow-blanketr over the Valley of Ah-wah-nee, it was the custom of the Monor tribes to cross the mountains to enjoy the venison feasts withr their neighbors. With them came their women, who outnumberedr those of the Ah-wah-nee-chees. At one such feast, Wa-lu-lah, ar Mono maiden, stirred the fancy of a young warrior of Tenaya'sr band. Through all the time of feasting he watched eagerly for ther love-sign in Wa-lu-lab's eyes. But all the love had gone out of Wa-lu-lah's heart the preceding year when her voice rose in the funeralr wail beside the pyre of her dead Mono lover.r

r r

r When the feast was over, she returned with her father to theirr Mono home, with never a thought of the Ah-wah-nee-chee warrior.r

r r

r But her face was ever before him, and his desire grew, till,r finally, with the clearing of the trails in the spring, he crossed ther mountains to the home of the Monos. There he smoked the peacer pipe with the chief of the tribe, Wa-lu-lab's father.r

r r

r That night he stole Wa-lu-lah while she slept, and carried her to ar bower he had prepared for her, in the home of his tribe. Silent andr submissive, knowing it was useless to struggle, she walked beforer her captor, while hate smoldered in her eyes. Silent and submissiver still, she ate the food he brought her.r

r r

r But no sooner had he taken his place among the braves ofr Tenaya for the evening meal than, warily as a trout, quietly as ar fawn, she slipped out into the forest to the trail which led away from Ah-wah-nee. Swiftly she ran, but scarcely had she passedr through the spray of Pi-wy-ack, the White Water, than she heardr shouts behind her, and knew that the Ah-wah-nee-chees had discovered her flight.r

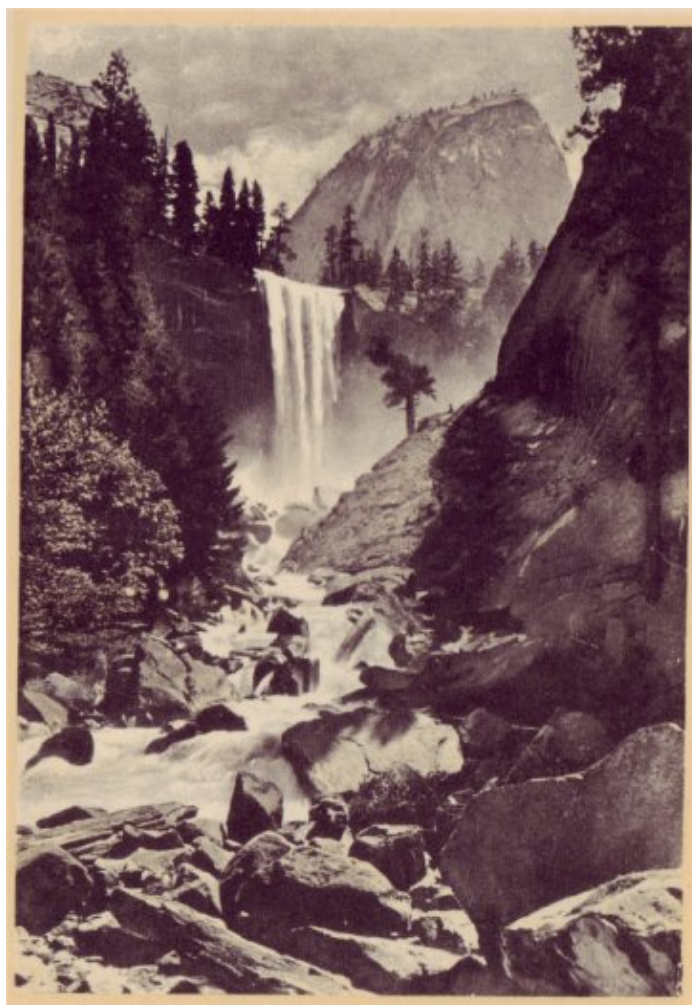
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r Nearer they came, and nearer, till upon the edge of the Emeraldr Pool her pursuers overtook her. With a wild cry she unloosed ther canoe which floated in the shadow of the ledge, and with quickr strokes paddled to the middle of the stream, where the water ranr swift and deep and strong.r

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r r

r Erect, defiant, with her long black hair tossing on the wind, she guided the canoe to the current which glides over the edge of the r r r r



r r

r

r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO r

r r

r Vernal Falls, where the Merced River plunges with steady roar 317 feet r
r r r r cliff and dashes itself to pieces on the rocks below. And even as the young chief sprang into the icy water, in one last effort to reclaim his stolen bride, the boat slipped over the edge of the cliff, and the spirit of Wah-lu-lah sought refuge with that of her Mono lover with whom she had kept faith. r r

r *“I do not know of any place where the tranquil beauty of shadow can be so well seen and felt and studied as in this deep, serener valley. On this unlimited canvas light paints with a mighty brush, in broad half-miles of cobalt and purple and gold and grey. There is continual variety in noting the day-long, quiet changes; continual variety and continual discovery. One may have studied El Capitan and the Sentinel and Half Dome a score of times, and think that one knows them through and through and yard by yard; but the next observation will show some clouding of color or massing of shadow that quite alters your conception. Even the solid outlines seem to change, and a slant of sunlight or a skein of mist will upset the most fixed topographical conclusions.”* r

r r

r —J. Smeaton Chase in r “Yosemite Trails.”r

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r PHOTO BY ANSEL ADAMSr

r r

r r Groves of Quaking Aspens greet the traveler along Yosemite Trailsr

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Legend of Tu-tok-a-na

r r r

r [Editor’s note:r this “legend” “was almost certainly fabricated”r according to NPS Ethnologist Craig D. Bates.r It was first published in Hutchingsr “The Great Yo-Semite Valley” (1859)r and reprinted in Hutchingsr r *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity* (1862)r andr r *In the Heart of the Sierras* (1888)r —dea.]r

r r

r r “Whenr r El Capitan was but a boulder” is an expressionr sometimes heard in Yosemite. This refers to that epochr before Tu-tok-a-na distinguished himself among all ther wild folk of Yosemite. El Capitan, according to legend, was notr always the massive cliff it is today. Mythically speaking, it achievedr its growth, as well as its name, in the following manner:r

r r

r One warm summer day, when there were only animal people inr the world, two little bear cubs ran away from their home to gor swimming. Scrambling out of the water, they lay down upon a warmr rock to dry. The sun, and their swim, made them drowsy, and theyr soon fell fast asleep. While they were sleeping, the rock upon whichr they lay began to grow. It grew and grew, until it towered up intor the very clouds, with the little bear cubs still asleep on its top.r

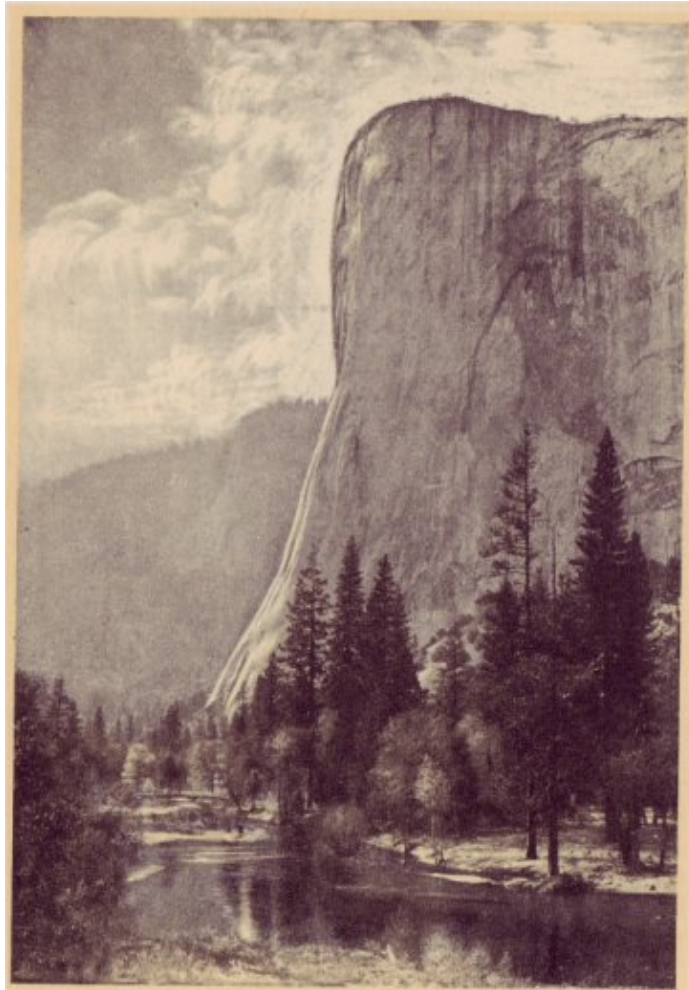
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r When the mother bear learned what had happened she was overcome with grief. All the animals in the woods gathered about ther foot of the great rock, and each, in turn, tried to leap up to bringr the bear cubs down. One after another they failed, even to the agiler cougar and the powerful grizzly bear. Finally, the Measuring Worm,r Tu-tok-a-na, humblest of all the mountain peoples, began to climbr up the face of the cliff. Inch by inch he made his way until he reachedr the top, and there he found the bear cubs and took them back tor their waiting mother. Overjoyed by the rescue, the animals hereafterr called the cliff by the name of the valiant measuring worm, and it isr still known as Tu-tok-a-nu-la.r

r r

r A sequel to this story, no less amazing than the original, is thatr Tu-tok-a-na, elated by his prowess, began now to “show off” a bit.r He climbed again to the top of the cliff, and, stretching himselfr clear across the Valley, drew himself over. Then he returned, repeating his acrobatics until he so weakened the walls of the Valley thatr they caved in, thus widening the canyon at this point quiter noticeably.r

r r r r r



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r PHOTO BY BEST STUDIO r

r r

r r El Capitan, guardian of Yosemite, rises abruptly 3,604 feet from the floor of the Valley r

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Legend of Tis-sa-ack

r r r

r r Long, r r long ago, before the Great Spirit had peopled Ahwahnee, an Indian woman, called Tis-sa-ack, and her husband, r Nangas, left the plains of the Merced Valley to cross the high mountains before them. Weary from long days of climbing, and r laden with burdens, they reached Ahwahnee at last, parched for water. It had been many days now since they had tasted of water, r and eagerly they stumbled on to Ah-wei-ya, or Mirror Lake, where they would refresh themselves. r

r r

r Tis-sa-ack, arriving first, set her papoose in its basket on the ground beside her, and, bending over, drank thirstily from the lake. r Again and again she filled her basket and drank deeply from it. So great was her thirst that by the time her husband arrived not a basketful of water remained. r

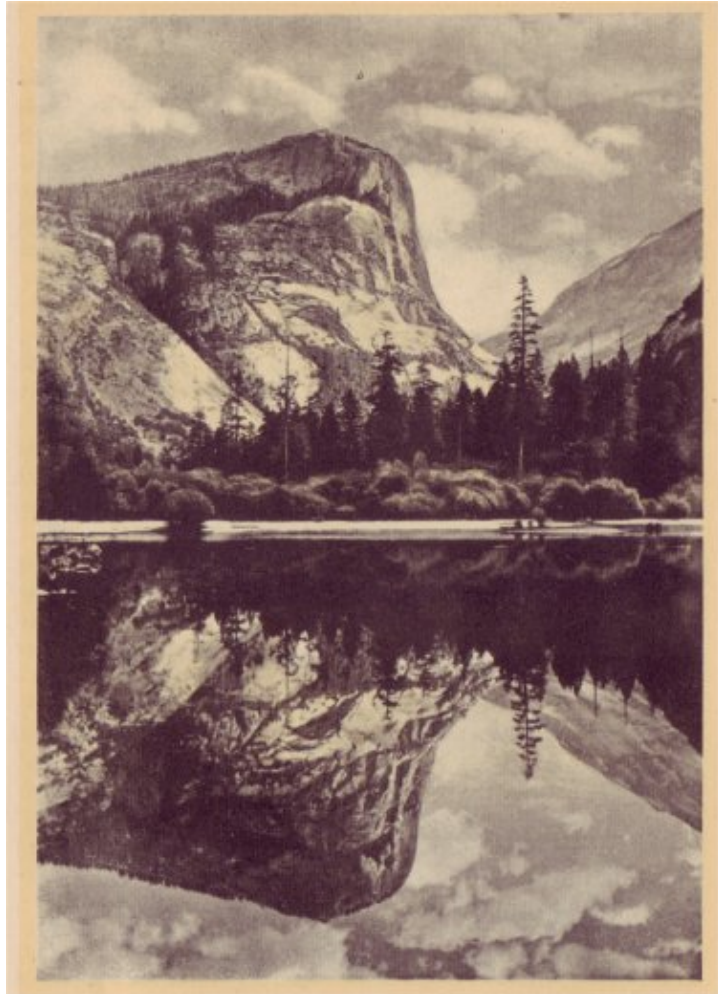
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r In great anger, Nangas turned upon his wife and began to beat her. Tis-sa-ack, in fright, ran from him, but he pursued her, striking her as he ran. At last, in pain and humiliation, Tis-sa-ack turned upon her husband, and threw her burden basket at him. r

r r

r The Great Spirit, angered by all this tumult in his peaceful Ahwahnee, straightway turned them all into stone. Nangas became Washington Column and North Dome. The upturned burden basket, r hurled by his weeping wife, became Basket Dome. The forgotten papoose in his basket, became the Royal Arches, while Tis-sa-ack herself became that great monument, Half Dome, which is still r streaked with the tears of shame which streamed down her face at her husband's beating. r

r r r r r



r r

r PHOTO BY DE COUR

r r

r r Mirror Lake, where at sunrise Mt. Watkins, 4,000 feet above the lake, is reflected perfectly in its waters r r
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Upon Beholding Yosemite

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rr “The overpowering sense of the sublime, of awful desolation, of transcendent marvelousness and unexpectedness, that swept over us as we reigned our horses sharply out of green forests, and stood upon a high jutting rock that overlooked this rolling, upheaving sea of granite mountains, holding, far down in its rough lap, the vale of meadow and grove and river—such a tide of feeling comes at rare intervals in any life. It was the confrontal of God face to face, as in great danger, or sudden death. All that was mortal shrank back; all that was immortal swept to the front and bowed down in awe.” rr

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r —Samuel B. Bowles.r

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Acknowledgments

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r r The r author of this book wishes here to call attention to severalr very excellent books on Yosemite now in circulation, eachr with a distinct and definite purpose. For the reader who desiresr a complete, interesting, and accurate compendium of facts, there isr Ansel F. Hall'sr "Handbook of Yosemite National Park."r Thoser interested primarily in the Indian lore will enjoyr Herbert Earl Wilson'sr "The Lure and the Lore of Yosemite."r as well asr Galen Clark'sr "Indians of Yosemite."r For the Indian legends themselves,r C. Hart Merriam'sr "The Dawn of the World"r and Bertha Smith'sr "Indian Legends" are recommended. Keenest appreciation of ther beauties of Yosemite are to be found inr John Muir'sr "Yosemite"r andr "My First Summer in the Sierras."r and in J. Smeaton Chase'sr "Yosemite Trails."r For its abundance of rare photographs, as wellr as for its information,r John W. Williams' "Yosemite and the High Sierras"r is exceedingly interesting. Dr. L. H. Bunnell gives the mostr authoritative early history of Yosemite in his book entitledr "The Discovery of Yosemite."r

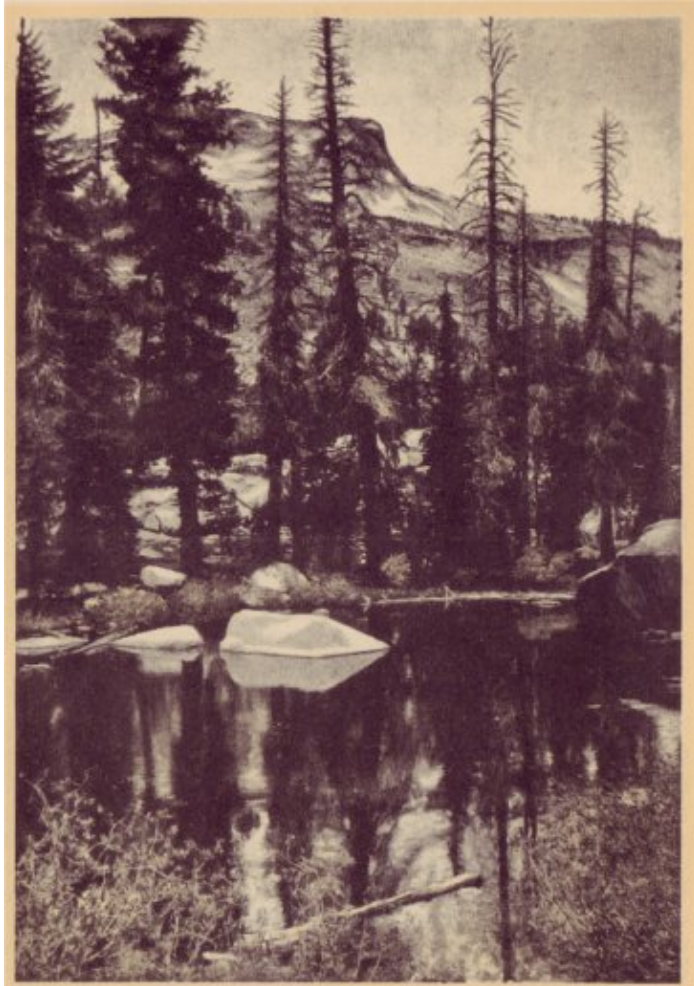
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r To all these books, and more, the author makes acknowledgmenr for much of the material here presented. The author wishes further to extend personal thanks to Mr. Francis Farquhar for the liberal user of his extensive Sierra library, and to the Old-Timers who haver given first-hand information.r

r r

r One further word in connection with the legends included.r Though the germ of them sprang originally from authentic Indianr lore, by their many repetitions they have become so embroideredr and embellished by the white man that only a flavor of the truer Indian legend remains. However, they are the current stories stillr told about the distinctive features of Yosemite, and they are deemedr worthy of one more repetition on that account. Versions of the samer legend vary so in detail that the writer has ventured, in one or twor instances, to give a composite of the most prevalent accounts, maintaining always a strict adherence to the underlying theme, or motif,r of the legend, while risking the embroidering of one more eyelet inr this fabric of fancy.r

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r PHOTO BY F. J. TAYLORr

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r r One of the Black Pools along the Tioga Road, Mt. Hoffman in the background, and its reflection r

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Administration

r r

r r Yosemite r narrowly escaped falling into the hands of private vate owners seeking to exploit its wonders for profit. Inr 1866, when Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove ofr Big Trees were declared a public park by the Legislature of California,r numerous land, timber, and mining claims had been established already within the area that is now the park. The state park was mader possible by an act of Congress ceding the Valley and the Mariposar Grove to the State of California.r

r r

r In 1890, Congress established a reservation of the wonderful arear of mountain peaks, glaciers, forests, lakes, and meadows adjacentr to Yosemite Valley, and for sixteen years there were two Yosemite parks, the one national, the other state owned, the former surrounding the latter. In 1906, the California Legislature ceded Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove back to the Federal Government, andr the following year the U. S. troops entrusted with patrolling Yosemite Park took over the administration of the Valley and the Bigr Trees Grove.r

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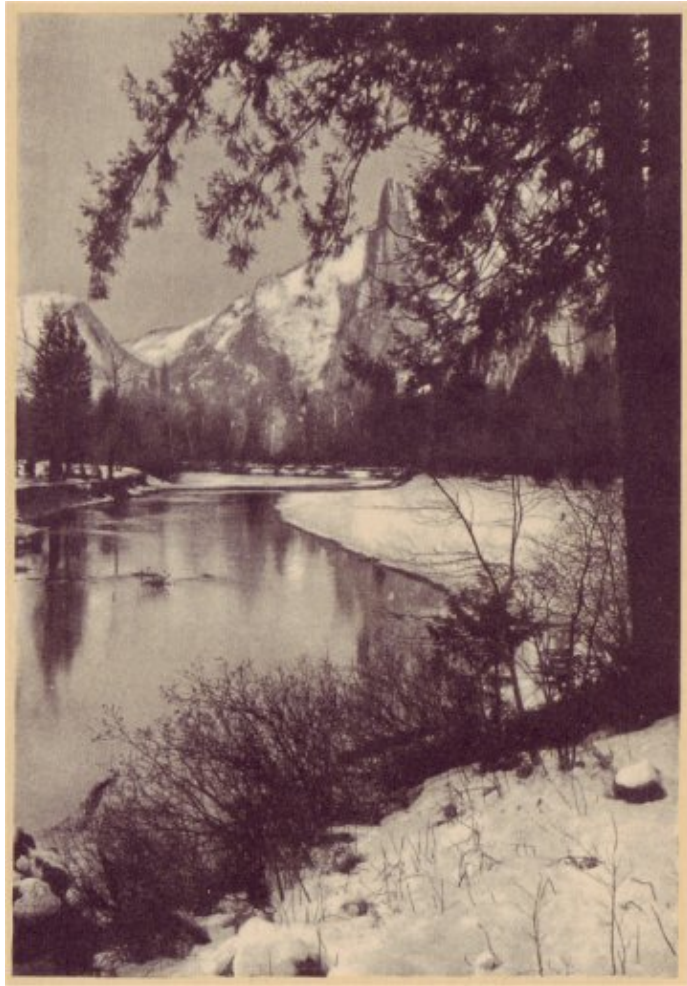
r Not until 1914, when the National Park Service was created as ar division of the U. S. Department of the Interior, did civilian administration of Yosemite begin. Since that time Yosemite has been under the direction of a civilian superintendent, representing the Nationalr Park Service, and in charge of a force of civilian rangers, engineers,r and other employes. Their task is not only that of maintaining orderr and protecting the wild life, but also that of building roads andr bridges, providing water, electricity, telephone service, and sanitaryr facilities to the tens of thousands who make Yosemite their temporary home in the summertime.r

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r Since its formation, the National Park Service has done muchr toward absorbing the private holdings in Yosemite National Park.r Timber claims have been acquired by trading national forest standsr for those of private companies in Yosemite. A few private land holdings still exist, but in time it is hoped to make the entire park public.r Mining is no longer permitted.r

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r In addition to strictly administrative functions, the National Parkr r r r r



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r PHOTO BY GEO. E. STONER

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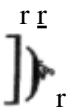
r r Yosemite Valley in winter when the carpets of snow are spread for winter sports r

r r r r Service now offers educational facilities for those interested in their geology, the flora and fauna, or the history of Yosemite. The Yosemite Museum has gathered exhibits illustrating these fields ofr study. A nature-guide service each summer conducts expeditions forr those interested in the lore of the great out-of-doors. In addition, inr the Administration Building, an information ranger is always at their command of the public, to furnish information regarding roads,r trails, fishing streams, or trips into the back country. Both ther Museum and the Administration Building are in New Yosemite Village.r r

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r Readers of this little book may care to add to its contents theirr own reactions or their favorite photographs. To this end, ther following pages are dedicated.r



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r http://www.yosemite.ca.us/library/lights_and_shadows/administration.htmlr

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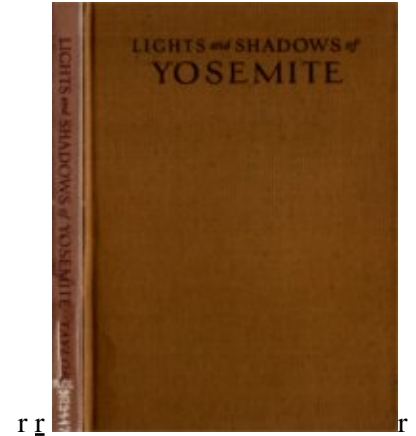
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r See biography in introduction to [Yosemite Tales and Trails](#),r also by Katherine Ames Taylor.r

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Bibliographical Information

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r Katherine Ames Taylor (1895-1979),r *Lights and Shadows of Yosemite: Being a Collection of Favorite Yosemite Views, Together with a Brief Account of Its History and Legends, for Those Who Want to Know and Enjoy Yosemite Mores* (San Francisco: H. S. Crocker Co., 1926)r 87 p., Ill. 22 cm.r Bound in brown cloth-covered boards with black lettering on cover and spine.r Copyright 1926 by Katherine Ames Taylor.r No copyright renewal.r LCCN 26014774.r Library of Congress call number F868.Y6 T2.r

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r —Dan Anderson, www.yosemite.ca.us

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