

A Journal for
Members of the
Yosemite Association

Winter 1994

Volume 56
Number 1

Yosemite

A New Era in
Park Concessions



The Library - UC Berkeley
Received on: 02-25-94
Yosemite

"It all depends on how adventurous you are."
The words were ringing in my ears as I looked

down at my friend Mike's torn-open knee and the widening stain of blood in the snow.

We were on cross-country skis about 8 miles from the nearest road, high in the mountains of Yosemite National Park. We faced a hard day's ski through the back country to get to civilization, and a storm that was expected to dump 30 inches of snow was moving in fast.

At the secluded cabin where we'd been staying, the ranger had laid down the gauntlet earlier this morning: either brave the storm and risk being snowed in, he said, or leave before it hits. "It all depends on how adventurous you are."

We agonized over this open challenge to our egos. After all, we were five good friends who specifically came here in search of some of the adventures we shared in our youth. We were a bunch of guys who at heart still possessed a lot of the spirit and recklessness of kids.

Yet we were all 30-something adults and professionals who were tied by responsibilities and obligations to the real world far below.

We gritted our teeth and reluctantly decided to head down — but, as a consolation, we chose the more adventurous route graciously pointed out by our ranger.

A half-hour out of camp, Mike had a bad fall on an icy slope and ripped his knee open. Now whether we liked it or not, we were in the middle of a genuine adventure. How did we get into this? How would we get out?

Several days before, as we began our journey in to the Sierra Nevada mountains, the radio announcer sounded ominous. Every 15 minutes or so

Peter Leyden



PHOTOS BY PETER LEYDEN

we heard the same news: a storm front was expected to move into the region and hit the mountains about midweek — or, from our point of view, about mid-trip.

We shook it off and kept staring out at the countryside lit up by warm California sunshine. No storm was going to stop us from reaching Ostrander Lake Ski Hut in Yosemite.

Some of us had flown in from various parts of the country, and we had gathered in San Francisco to start this trip. We were old friends, mostly dating back to college: Dave, Pete, Mike, Hal and Bart.

"We're two journalists, a lawyer, a sociologist and a mental health worker," as Bart described us to a stranger. "None of us actually knows how to do anything useful." Each of us had our own ties

Dave hauling up the mountain and, later, swooning off the basin onto Ostrander Lake.

that bound: wife, kid, baby, lover, job, trial, mortgage, gutted savings, a professional exam, a story due. You name it.

Defying the odds, we each convinced our significant others and bosses to help create a narrow window of opportunity so we could wriggle out of our respective entanglements and schedule a few days together — just like the good old days.

It was going to have to be an adventure on a deadline.

Up the Slope

This whole exercise felt vaguely familiar. Loaded with backpacks, we were skiing slowly *uphill*. Digging our skis into the snow while we plod-

ded up the mountain. Following the lead skier who cut fresh switchbacks. Trying to get into a rhythm in order to forget how far we had yet to go. Then we hit a little flat spot where we could glide and get a brief respite.

Then it dawned on me: This same journey was reminiscent of this same group's portage into the Boundary Waters Canoe Area. Only tougher. In the BWCA, we grunted and sweated through the portages with the canoes on our backs, but then we glided for hours on the surface of the lake.

Here the balance of work and fun were reversed. Here we spent hours grunting and sweating to get up the mountain, only to be rewarded with a few fleeting seconds of skiing downward or across. And here our bodies were much less up to the task. We seemed to have a gap between what our minds thought we were capable of and what our bodies actually could do.

We like to think of ourselves as college kids with taut stomachs of youth. We don't like to think that we're developing the paunches of middle age. And we certainly didn't like to think that we might not make it up this mountain.

The Merry Travelers

It was dark, and it was cold. And we were still skiing on increasingly icy snow. And then we saw the tiny speck of light in the distance — the Ostrander Lake Ski Hut. We felt like medieval travelers who lugged their belongings across the untamed continents and finally spied a flimsy outpost of civilization. Light. Warmth. Food. Water. A dry place to sleep. Camaraderie. Skiing up the mountain stripped us down to the basics. Life became a lot

less complicated up there.

The hut looked like something out of Chaucer's tales. It was a sturdy A-frame built out of rough hewn logs and stones. The ground floor served as a mess hall around the wood stove. Bunk beds lined the walls. Then upstairs there was room for another 10 mattresses on the floor. That area opened onto a small balcony.

We joined those who made it to the hut before sundown. Everyone there supposedly won a lottery to reserve a spot in the hut. The collection of folks was a modern day version of the Merry Travelers in Chaucer's day. There was a stray Australian military special agent up there for training in snow combat. There was a group of University of California Berkeley graduate students coming up to discuss deconstructionism. And the ranger who lives at the hut was telling a small audience the story about how he recently rode out an avalanche.

Not that we were completely lost to the modern age. We found out that our medieval hut had some kind of cellular phone. I suppose it was practical but it did take away some of the romance.

Precious Time

We didn't need an alarm clock to roust us out of bed the next day. We scrambled up like kids at a slumber party — not wanting to waste the rare time together. We walked out on the upstairs balcony and were stunned at the dazzling panorama that we hadn't been able to see the night before. The balcony overlooks the frozen Ostrander Lake, which is cradled by steep ridges at the top of this mountain chain.

Like kids going sledding, we



The ski hut on the edge of the lake is about 10 miles from the road. Hal and Mike cling to the edge of the ridge.

scrambled out of the hut, slapped on our skis and began flying down the hillside to the edge of the lake. We'd trudge back up the hill and then fling ourselves down again to feel the wind whipping past our faces. All of us tend to lose touch with that playfulness, that childish impulse to hurl yourself down a hill and have fun. We need these periodic vacations of enforced play to remember how it's done and how great it is.

From the time we were boys we were programmed to seek

adventure, but our day-to-day lives as adults offer almost no outlets. As adults, we're still reduced to fulfilling that need the way we did as boys — through play.

Later, after a day of exploring, telemarking, lying in the sun and some very intense exercise, we gathered on some rocks to watch the sun set. We all sat in a row, watching the colors of the sky turn, passing a water bottle filled with Scotch.

It doesn't get much better than this.

Decision Time

The next day, we woke up to that damn radio announcer

saying that the mountains were going to be hit with as much as 30 inches of snow. Next we were hit by our ranger laying down his adventure gauntlet: clear out now or prepare to get snowed in. "It all depends on how adventurous you are."

We all felt the conflict. Our self-conceptions were running smack into reality. We imagined ourselves as the kind of men who would brave — no, relish — the perils the snowstorm could bring. Yet, in reality, we were responsible adults who knew darned well that we had obligations in the real world below.

Bart's back, which had slowed him on the way in, was hurting, and he might not be able to power out through deep new snow. I had a deadline at work that I promised my editor I would meet as a condition for getting time off. Dave had a family get-together that he had organized with relatives coming to his place from out of town.

After a lot of dispirited debate, we put the motion to leave to a vote. The result? Five abstentions. No one wanted to be on record as voting against maximum adventure. Bart finally broke the deadlock and took the rap as the one who sent us downhill. We all felt like we had somehow failed ourselves.

Redemption

As an act of group therapy, we had to laugh in the face of this storm. We barely had left the hut before we dropped our packs and were skiing playful swaths through the snow. We'd then step back up and fly down again.

As we played on, our ranger, the last one to leave the hut, skied past on his way out. In

what we all considered an exceptionally generous gesture, he pointed out a more difficult route down the mountain. "It all depends on how adventurous you are."

This time the vote was 5 to 0 to follow the path of maximum adventure and redeem ourselves. We headed out in single file, whizzing through the trees, brushing past branches, clinging to the icy side of the mountain.

All of a sudden I heard Mike's "Help!" over my shoulder. I turned to see his contorted figure wiped out in the snow. He had a deadly serious look on his face. We all rushed back and found that Mike had pitched forward with his heavy pack on his back. The tip of the ski had torn deeply into his knee. There was a hell of a lot of blood.

We all seemed hit with a feeling of dread. One of us was seriously hurt and all of us were in trouble. Too far from the hut. Way far up from the roads in the Valley. The storm moving in fast.

Then we snapped into action: Pressure on the wound. Sat him up, dry and warm. Washed the wound. Pinched it together. Taped it suture-like. Wrapped it tightly. Braced the knee. Didn't seem broken. Pressure slowed the bleeding. Mike not about to faint. Slight chills.

Soon we felt less dread and more illicit feelings of adventure. The more Mike seemed to stabilize, the more we each began to secretly indulge in the idea that this was fun. This was real adventure, not the packaged type. This was really testing our mettle.

Dave, who did most of the hands-on first aid, finally could not contain his glee. With blood on his hands, and Mike's



Dave and Bart push up the desolate slope; at the time, the whole valley can be viewed.

knee in his grip, he mumbled under his breath, "God, I love this."

The Long Descent

First the good news. Mike could stand on his knee and even ski, although gingerly, if the route was relatively flat and straight.

Now the bad news. We had to switchback a long way down the mountain to get anywhere near a flat, straight route.

We put Mike on a plastic tarp and slid him down the steep parts to keep him away from the sharp turns of the switchbacks. The bloodstains he left in the snow, however, were depressing, and that method proved too slow. We

slowly muddled our way down the mountain, taking very wide switchbacks and stepping down the steep parts.

We finally made it to a well-traveled path, and Mike, a fairly accomplished bicyclist, made the final leg on sheer adrenaline. Every once in a while he stopped to inform us that his boot felt like it was filling up with blood. In the end, he actually left three of us in the dust.

Once to the road, we jumped into the cars and got Mike to a doctor's clinic in Yosemite Valley. He ended up with a great story to tell, again and again, over round after round of beers.

Last Call

The next day we continued our descent off the mountains. After a last few hours together

in the Valley, we absolutely had to head for home. We tried to talk about how we could better integrate our daily lives with work and play. How we could create a life that brings the image of ourselves closer to the everyday reality. How adventure could become more a part of each day. We tried to figure out a realistic way to merge the world of friends with the world of work. We value both, yet we always seem forced to choose.

Of course, there was no time to solve these dilemmas. We couldn't squeeze out one last minute of respite from reality. But then, next year, we'll try again.

Peter Leyden is a staff writer with the Minneapolis Star Tribune and a part-time adventurer. This article first appeared in the Star Tribune on November 14, 1993, and is reprinted with permission.

1993 Visitation

Visitation to Yosemite

National Park reached nearly four million people, Michael V. Finley, Park Superintendent, announced in January.

The total of 3,983,749 visitors was an increase of 31,254, or eight-tenths of one percent of the previous year's total of 3,952,495. Finley attributed the small increase to lower than average visitation during last winter's heavy snows, which was slightly more than offset by record visitation during the summer period.

Approximately 75 percent of Yosemite's visitors are from California and the average visitor age is 34. International visitors account for approximately 15 percent of the park's visitation.

Are Those Gentians or Some Kind of Penstemon?

When you see those brilliant blue gentians in Tuolumne Meadows each summer but have trouble remembering their name, or hear the sound of the Clark's Nutcracker's shrill call but don't know much about these beautiful high country birds, or if you've forgotten the name of that obvious peak as you gaze out at the high Sierran landscape — perhaps it's time to think about enrolling in one of the Yosemite Association's outdoor seminars!

There will be seventy-five different seminars offered in 1994. Sign up for a flower identification class and learn more about blue gentian, scarlet gilia, wild geranium, and Indian pinks. Or understand the details of Sierra geologic history revealed on one of the popular geology seminars. Or immerse yourself in Yosemite's human and natural history for a weekend. *An Introduction to Yosemite's Natural History*, June 16 – 19 is an excellent overview to the Park's unique botany, zoology, geology, ecology and astronomy in a lively and pleasant atmosphere that includes meals and lodging at the Crane Flat Campus.

The high country classes offered this summer are many — there is a new session of *Meet The Butterflies*, taught by John Lane on July 28 – 31 in Tuolumne Meadows; *Insects and Other Neat Stuff Of the High Sierra*, led by Michael Ross, July 30 – 31; *Life At The Top*, also taught by Mike Ross, on July 18 – 22; *Stars and The Nighttime Sky*, in Tuolumne Meadows for the first time, will be taught August 1– 5 by Ron Oriti; *Wildflower Hunt With Mike Ross*, August 5 – 7; and *Where Glaciers Roamed — Geology of Yosemite*, August 15 – 19, is a in-depth seminar taught by one of the program's most



NPS PHOTO

Flower identification classes, bird seminars, and drawing and painting excursions are just a small sample of the YA's 1994 natural history program.

popular seminar instructors, Doris Sloan.

Included in the price of each seminar are shared tent sites reserved for participants, who are encouraged to camp in the YA-hosted special use area in the Tuolumne Meadows campground. The YA volunteer hosts can assist you with any questions you have. Bring your tent, a warm sleeping bag, food, (or you can eat out!), and a happy outlook for a positive group experience. Some instructors will offer evening campfires, or there are free ranger programs regularly scheduled in the campground. If you prefer some quiet time after a busy class day, take a picnic dinner into the meadow to watch Tuolumne's magnificent sunset alpenglow.

Make plans now for summer and fall backpack trips offered by the Yosemite Association — get away from the park roads and experience the best of the Yosemite High Sierra. There is

no better way to revitalize oneself than to visit the incredible Yosemite subalpine and alpine terrain at a pleasant pace with an experienced YA trip leader. The accomplishment of being totally self-sufficient while learning about natural processes in addition to new backpacking techniques is what you'll come away with from a YA backpack. Beginner, intermediate and advanced trips are scheduled starting in June and continuing through September. 1994 backpacks are scheduled to Young Lakes, Vogelsang, Yosemite Creek, Glen Aulin, Ten Lakes, and Hetch Hetchy. Of the fifteen different trips planned, one is specifically designed as a writer's workshop in the Vogelsang area, and another is a drawing and painting trip.

Family trips, birding seminars, California Indian basket techniques and lifeways classes, and Yosemite human history are just some topics covered in the seminars for 1994. Plan ahead and sign up for seminars you want to take, as they fill up quickly. Please call and we'll help you select a seminar appropriate to your needs, and help you figure your member discount!

New Olmsted Book Available

Limited Edition

For the first time, Frederick Law Olmsted's landmark report of 1865 recommending management guidelines for the newly reserved Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove of Big Trees has been published in book form. Entitled *Yosemite and the Mariposa Grove: A Preliminary Report, 1865*, the document set forth the policy underlying the preservation of areas of unique natural beauty for the benefit of the public. As his biographer, Laura Wood Roper, characterized it, Olmsted "formulated the philosophic base for the establishment of state and national parks."

Olmsted's report may have been suppressed. For somewhat mysterious reasons, it never was delivered to California's Governor or State Legislature as its author expected. Amazingly, the farsighted document remained undiscovered and unpublished from 1865 until 1952.

Found in 1952 at the office of the Olmsted Brothers in Brookline, Massachusetts, the text is presumably that which Olmsted used when he originally read his report to the Yosemite Commission (the body charged with managing Yosemite, on whose behalf it was prepared). A new introduction by Olmsted scholar Victoria Post Ranney (Associate Editor of the Olmsted Papers Project) is included.

This beautiful new Yosemite Association edition is limited to 450 copies (50 of which have been reserved for the press and

Continued on page 15

A New Era in Park Concessions

Gene Rose

When the National Park Service selected Delaware North to replace the Yosemite Park and Curry Company (YP&CCo) as the major park concessionaire late last year, it marked a major turning point in the long history of concessions operations at Yosemite. Delaware North's subsidiary, Yosemite Concession Services Corporation (YCS), chosen to provide guest services in the Park from a final list of a half dozen bidders, entered into a contract with the federal government that has been characterized as innovative, precedent-setting and experimental.

Whatever the terms of the contract may be, YCS President Gary Fraker believes his firm can be a good concessionaire and preserve and protect the Park's natural resources at the same time. Fraker and YCS appear to have gotten off to a good start.

Park officials say the transition from the Curry Company has gone well, and Fraker has gone out of his way to improve the working relations with the NPS.

"He's done everything we asked," noted Lisa Dapprich, NPS public affairs officer.

"The Park Service is our boss. We will take direction from them. I have, and Delaware North has, the intent of honoring our contract with the Park Service," Fraker emphasized.

Under the terms of the new contract that went into effect October 1, 1993, YCS will assume and gradually pay off the \$61.5 million debt that the National Park Foundation incurred to purchase the possessory interest of the Yosemite Park and Curry Co. The purchase took

place when MCA, the parent company of YP&CCo, was sold in 1991 to Matsushita, the giant Japanese electronic conglomerate.

The new contract is a massive document that is designed to have the concessionaire pay for those activities, historically funded by the NPS, that benefit the concessionaire. For example, the cost of snow removal at the Badger Pass Ski Area will no longer be borne by the government. Similarly, the maintenance and repair of roads, sidewalks and walks within the areas of the concessionaire operation will also be the financial responsibility of YCS.

The contract also provides that YCS will set aside 5 percent of gross receipts into a Capital Improvement Fund which will be used to maintain concessionaire facilities and to implement the revised 1980 General Management Plan. In addition, the new concessionaire will contribute to or maintain several other funds that will channel money into special Park projects.

Among other things, the con-

tract eliminates the possessory interest that the concessionaire previously held in the concession facilities and assets — a significant right with considerable value. It also ends the previous arrangement whereby the NPS leased the 105-room Wawona Hotel and other government-owned buildings to the Curry Company for \$19,271 a year. YCS will set aside \$222,750 this year in another special account, known as GIA, to be used to maintain and rehabilitate the Wawona facilities. Similar but smaller charges will be made for the use of government buildings at White Wolf and other locations in the Park.

Because of the considerable obligations it has assumed, YCS will pay no franchise fee for the first four years of the contract. Thereafter, the figure will be re-examined every four years, with the Secretary of the Interior determining the final fee to be paid. Analysts have suggested, however, that the new concessioner responsibilities, including payments on the MCA held mortgage, equate to a franchise fee of

approximately 20 percent.

"This is a good contract, one that is based on the 'total return or benefit package,' and it's certainly more equitable for all involved — especially the American taxpayer," said Marty Nielson, the Park Service concessions specialist. "We believe they (YCS) are going to be good for the Park."

Whatever the final franchise fee, it represents a marked increase from the 3/4 of 1 percent which YP&CCo paid under the old contract. Some Yosemite observers believe the Park Service received too little from the Curry Company for the privilege of doing business in the park, but that now the NPS may be asking YCS to pay and do too much. Under the terms of the original sale, if YCS finds itself overburdened and unable to meet its obligations, the concessions facilities and operation will revert to MCA. Nielson said that such a scenario is unlikely because the Secretary of the Interior can adjust the fees to meet the situation. Fraker admits the stakes are high. One of his main concerns is the environmental mandate of the contract. He figures that it may take five to



NPS PHOTO



YOSEMITE

Charting the New Course

seven years and many millions of dollars to address the many environmental problems facing Yosemite. For starters, YCS will set aside \$2.2 million this year for environmental restoration, with most of that going to continue the YP&CCo.-initiated clean-up of leaking fuel tanks. Fraker also plans to maintain or expand those environmental programs already in place, such as recycling.

As for the long-delayed General Management Plan, Fraker — as with the Park Service itself — has some trouble subscribing to all elements of the document forged in 1980. He expects that many prescriptions of the plan will be followed, however. For instance, the old Village gas station that was converted into a photo center during the 1980s will be removed. Fraker also anticipates that some concessionaire housing will be eliminated.

"We are planning no new buildings; others will be removed. We will be operating with a smaller footprint, yet better serving those coming to the Park," Fraker said. "I can tell you that when our contractual responsibility ends in 15 years, Yosemite will be a better place than it is today," he said.

He admits that he is still struggling to come up to speed on all elements of the company's responsibilities, including the vexing transportation issue and the company's ties to the Yosemite community. But his initial steps appear to have been positive. Fraker said his management approach is directed toward serving the park visitors, maintaining a client-tenant relationship with the NPS, and preserving Yosemite's environment.

Besides the environmental remediation, Fraker has sought to upgrade the food and beverage

Gary Fraker is an excited new kid on the park block. On October 1, 1993, the 52-year-old Fraker, president of Yosemite Concession Services (YCS), took over the reins of the major park concession company, signalling a marked change in the concessions operation in Yosemite, and perhaps in the larger National Park System.

Fraker and his company will be charting a new course in concessions management. Not only will YCS need to provide accommodations and services for millions of park visitors, but it will be asked to pay off the \$61.5 million dollar mortgage that the government incurred when it acquired the facilities of the Yosemite Park and Curry Co.

Fraker will inherit a task that, in some ways, is as imposing as Yosemite itself. Under the new 15-year contract, the concessionaire will undertake a new and longer list of responsibilities and activities in behalf of the Park. Fraker said that he is aware of the challenges and looks forward to the task, as well as to getting to know employees of the Park Service and members of the Yosemite Association. (Fraker will be a guest speaker at YA's Spring Forum on March 26, 1994.)

A native of Toledo, Fraker is a graduate of the University of Toledo and has an MBA from the University of Rochester. He joined Delaware North in 1976 and made his way up the corporate ladder. He and his wife Lynn have three grown sons.

During the preliminary negotiations towards Delaware North involvement, Fraker said

he made a half dozen trips to Yosemite. When the contract was awarded to YCS last summer, Fraker spent his first three weeks meeting the staff and gaining an understanding of the concessions operation in the Park.

"Since the beginning, while working on the contract bid, the thought that I might live in Yosemite was in the back of my mind. I think it's just a fabulous place. My wife and I have a general love of the outdoors — trees, animals, flowers, everything," he said. "It's an exciting time."

Over the next 15 years, the new concessions chief hopes to hike every trail in the park — all 800 miles of them. Before the snows arrived in the fall, Fraker took his first step toward this goal when he polished off the Four Mile Trail, the Panorama Cliffs, and the Giant Staircase of Vernal and Nevada Falls.

While he has some 780 more miles to go, Fraker is off to a good start.



YCS CORE

service. While a typical park visitor may not see any major difference in the level of concessions service, the concessions official said that guests will enjoy better foods and more efficient food service with shorter lines.

Given his company's sizable contractual responsibilities, Fraker said YCS will be hard pressed to earn a profit during the first year of the contract.

"We feel we can make a modest profit over the long range. There are new technologies available that will help us gain better efficiencies and to operate better at less cost," he explained.

The Yosemite contract is the largest and the most lucrative concessions operation within the 360-unit National Park System. During its last full year of operations (1992), the Yosemite Park and Curry Co. grossed \$92.6 million.

Delaware North is a privately-owned company headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. with international holdings in Australia, New Zealand, Europe, the Middle East and Russia. Its eight subsidiaries employ nearly 30,000 people and generate over \$1 billion in sales a year. Operations include parimutuel services, publishing, food service for sporting events, special events and in airports. Besides YCS, DNC has seven operations in California.

Gene Rose is the author of a number of books on such topics as the Sierra Nevada, the San Joaquin River, and, most recently, the history of Sierra National Forest. He worked for many years as the Yosemite reporter for the Fresno Bee, and has long been an active member of the Yosemite Association.

Yosemite Fee Changes

It will cost a little more to camp in Yosemite in 1994, but the fee for entering the park won't change.

The National Park Service recently announced that camping fees for all Yosemite National Park campgrounds increased effective January 1, 1994. Fees for Yosemite Valley reserved campgrounds rose from \$12 to \$14; at Hodgdon Meadow,

now pay \$3 per person per night. The cost of all group campsites will be \$35 per night.

NPS Director Roger Kennedy also released news of a series of changes in the NPS fee program, but confirmed that entrance fee rates will not increase this year. The new fee system was authorized in the Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1993, which

a barrier to public use and enjoyment of the parks, but we can and will make affordable adjustments that will place a slightly increased share of the cost of park operations on those who most directly benefit from the government's protection and management of the National Park System," he added.

NPS and other Federal Land

• In the spring of 1994, a new fee will be imposed on commercial tour vehicles entering parks charging per-vehicle entrance fees.

"These provisions will assist in maintaining the nation's unparalleled system of parks, refuges, and public lands, while maintaining our commitment to be responsive to both environmental concerns and fair market values," Kennedy said.

"The National Park System is still a remarkable bargain," Kennedy noted. "Visiting some of the most beautiful places in America costs a family less than seeing a movie at a local theater."

Editor's Note:

Golden Eagle Passports: admit the permit holder and passengers in a single, private vehicle. Those who plan several visits to the park (or other national parks) can save by buying the Golden Eagle Passport rather than paying single visit entrance fees. Golden Eagle Passports can be purchased in person at any of the entrance gates to the park.

Golden Age Passports: good for a lifetime, admit the permit holder and passengers in a single, private vehicle. It also provides a 50% discount on fees charged for camping. They can be applied for at the park entrance stations (there is a \$10 processing fee).



Crane Flat, and Tuolumne Meadows (by reservation) they went from \$10 to \$12; first come, first served camping at Hodgdon Meadow (winter only), Wawona, Bridalveil Creek, and White Wolf, from \$7 to \$10; and Tamarack Flat, Porcupine Flat, and Yosemite Creek, from \$4 to \$6.

Individuals using Sunnyside Walk-in and Hetch Hetchy Backpackers campground will

was enacted last summer.

"An important part of the Administration's effort to streamline government service to the public without further burdening the American taxpayer is our commitment to 'entrepreneurial management' through which we can generate more income to support the nation's parks," Kennedy said.

"We cannot and will not raise fees so that they become

managing agencies will implement these provisions:

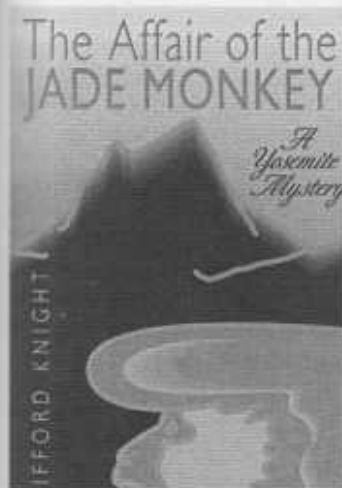
- The Golden Eagle Passport, \$25, formerly valid for a particular calendar year, will now be valid for 12 months from the date of purchase.

- Beginning January 1, 1994, there will be a one-time \$10 processing fee for a Golden Age Passport. The passport is available at no cost to U.S. citizens 62 or older.

The Jade Monkey Appears

Clifford Knight

Editor's note: The following is a chapter excerpted from the Yosemite-based mystery entitled The Affair of the Jade Monkey. Originally published in 1945, the book was recently reprinted by the Yosemite Association. The story follows a group of hikers as they undertake the High Sierra Camp hike through Yosemite's backcountry. At each new camp strange and puzzling events take place. In this excerpt, the hiking party arrives at Altered Lake.



Long before they reached camp, Claudia Benson wished heartily that she had not started on the hike. Twelve miles — or was it fourteen? — was too much, even without a pack. Her pack got heavier and heavier, like her legs, over which she seemed to have no command; the latter seemed to move on their own without her willing it. The tireless swing of the legs clad in jeans ahead of her was hypnotic; she wondered how Beryl Lindsay could do it. They carried nearly twice as much weight as her own.

Somebody was always pointing out natural wonders — trees or rocks or birds. She wasn't interested. For a time

the party moved like midge insects along the base of a huge glacier-scoured expanse of granite. And somebody had to point out that it was the largest area of its kind in North America. But Claudia didn't thrill to the fact as Miss Lindsay did.

At last they entered a grove of aspen, quiet and cool. Beyond it glistened the blue surface of a lake. Camp was not far away. The prospect did much to ease the irritation Claudia felt at Douglas Kramer's actions. Ever since the party had halted in Lost Valley he had been flirting with Ruth Sherman. The last two miles he carried her pack in addition to his own, helped her around and over obstacles which she was capable of surmounting unaided. Doug was doing it to annoy her. She was certain of it. Perhaps the irritation stimulated her to cover that last half mile. She arrived at the camp among the first, on the heels of Mr. Fulton, who walked so fast at the finish that she could hardly keep up with him.

Claudia flung herself on the camp bed and lay like a fallen log. She didn't want to move for a week, maybe never again. She didn't know it was possible to be so tired, to have so many aching bones, to have her heart pound so steadily and so profoundly. That's all she was, a beating heart and an aching body, and a mind too weary to rest. She guessed she was softer than she had dreamed she could be. She wondered if maybe she'd better not go on. There were saddle horses in Yosemite, and they could send one up for her. She'd ride back to the Valley floor, that's what she would do. She couldn't walk any more. If she went on with the party there were still sixty

miles to go. The mere thought was appalling.

Presently she realized that she wasn't the only one who suffered. She heard Mr. DeWitt groaning somewhere near by, and his wife alternately sympathizing and chiding. Except for the voices of the DeWitts there was a strange silence over the whole camp; bird cries seemed to sound in an otherwise empty world. Then outside Bruce Milbank began talking to a camp employee about bears. Another voice, which Claudia later learned belonged to the man who ran the camp, joined in. The bear that had been so troublesome about camp the year before hadn't come back. He'd been live-trapped and taken to a remote area of the park and released.

"You've only got thirteen in your party this time, Mr. Milbank. How come?" a voice said.

"There was a cancellation at the last minute."

"There's a fellow staying here at the camp last day or so. Was asking about when you'd get in. Kind of thought he figured on joining you . . ."

"That so?"

"Fellow named Rogers. Told him he didn't have a chance."

"Did he say he wanted to join us?"

"Didn't say so right out, but it's on his mind."

"Where is he?"

"He went off for a hike early in the afternoon."

The voices drifted away as Claudia dozed. When she awakened she felt completely empty inside; if it was hunger it was the sharpest hunger she'd ever felt. Every cell in her body seemed to crave food. She stretched tired muscles; they were stiff. She wondered when dinner would be served. She'd have to freshen up and put on

makeup to repair the ravages of the hike. She feared that she would look twenty years older when she dared face a mirror.

She lay quietly for a long time. She thought of Harry Hodges, one of the hikers. He had walked with her for several miles, and had offered to carry her pack, but she hadn't let him. He was twice her age, but he had been a very pleasant companion, and thoughtful of the others. Once he had offered to carry old Mr. Fulton's pack, and had been curtly rebuffed. The old man must be quite sensitive. But the thing she remembered particularly was that Mr. Hodges hadn't resented it, but instead had been only amused. Claudia meant to talk more with the man, because he seemed quite interesting.

She rolled over. Knifelike stabs of pain struck the muscles of her legs and back. She got to her feet to see if she could stand, then sat down again and slowly massaged her stiffened muscles. Her pack lay on the floor where she had dropped it when she staggered to the bed. Finally she summoned courage enough to retrieve it and sat back on the edge of the bed with the pack beside her. She felt the awakening of confidence. She was going to be able to walk again!

The pack came open beside her as she undid the straps, and she unrolled it looking for her cold cream. Her face felt as if it had been burned black by the sun. An odd little piece of jade lay among her own things. It wasn't hers. She'd never seen it before and she couldn't imagine how it had got into her pack.

Claudia sat on the bed staring at the tent wall, trying to think. Somebody must have

Was it possible that somebody had been in her tent while she was away and put the thing in her pack then? But, no, she'd unrolled her pack then and there was nothing unusual about it.

slipped it into her pack. She thought back over the long weary miles of the hike. None of the men had carried it, although the queer-looking Mr. Hammond had offered to do so. On the rest stops she had used it for a pillow. It seemed impossible for anyone to have slipped the piece of jade into her pack without her knowledge.

A little shiver went up Claudia's back when she recalled that that morning before she left Camp Curry she had thought for a moment that the pack had been disturbed while she was absent at breakfast. Was it possible that somebody had been in her tent while she was away and put the thing in her pack then? But, no, she'd unrolled her pack then and there was nothing unusual about it.

She stared at the piece of jade. It was not large. She could conceal it in her closed hand. The carving was delicately done. Some genius must have created it. The oddest little monkey face stared up into her own. It almost seemed as if it could speak. The monkey's figure was exquisitely proportioned. It sat arms relaxed, shoulders drooping, a weary and lonely little figure. But there was nothing to identify it. She couldn't explain it, and so she slipped the jade monkey into the pocket of her breeches and dismissed it from her mind.

The camp was stirring into life now; exhausted hikers had

revived and were hungrily awaiting the dinner hour. Claudia went outside. The sun was down behind the peaks; rose tints already were creeping into the white granite masses that rimmed the wooded valley. The noisy nutcrackers down by the lake were drowning out all other bird sounds.

Miss Forbes sat smoking a

ent type from Beryl Lindsay. The fact was even more evident to Claudia now. Miss Forbes didn't wear her humanity all on the outside; she hadn't barged up as though she had found a long-lost cousin, but instead sat back quietly and observed and appraised. Miss Forbes probably wrote or painted, or perhaps lectured. She might be a college dean.

tucked into the top of high laced boots. A battered felt hat was pulled down upon his forehead.

"I don't know," said Claudia.

"He showed up about half an hour ago. I didn't see him in our party today. Did you?"

"Oh! Why, I do know him too!"

"Who is he?"

Claudia got up from the bench, her face suddenly screwed up with the twinges of painful muscles.

"Professor Rogers!" she called.

Huntoon Rogers stopped, lifted his hat, then moved a few steps toward the bench. He held out his hand to Claudia.

"Now, wait a minute," he said, a smile lighting up his mild blue eyes. "I know you." He hesitated, searching Claudia's face. "You were in English 33b about three years ago. Miss. Miss I've got it. You're Miss Benson. Claudia Benson."

"That's right."

They shook hands warmly. "How do you remember us all? There are so many of us."

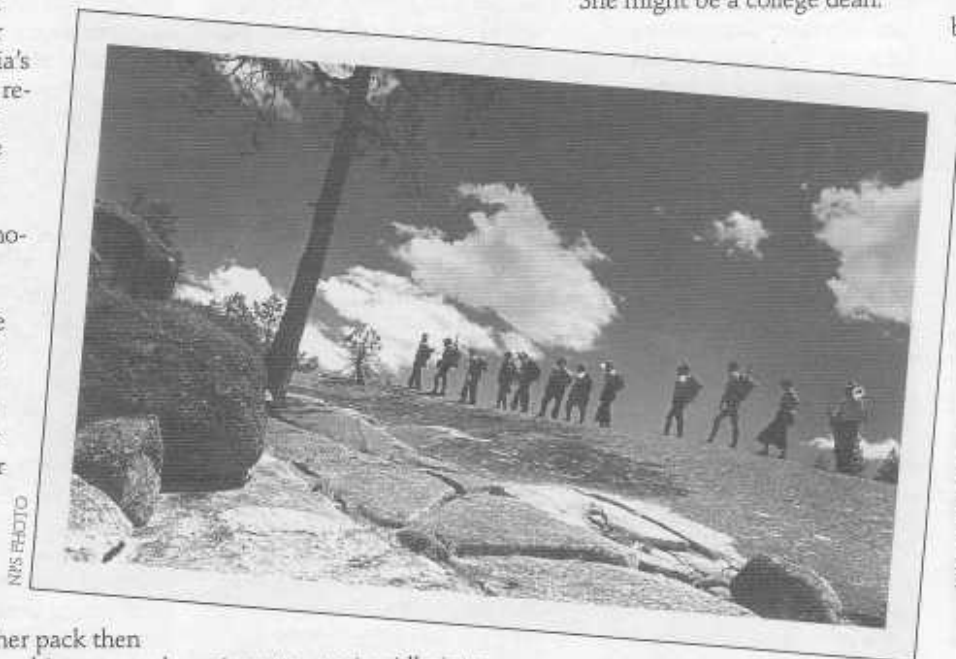
"I remember how well you played the part of Ophelia at the Campus Little Theatre."

"That was my last theatrical!" "I'm sorry. You'd have done well to go on."

"Oh, no. Not ever, Professor. Won't you come over and meet Miss Forbes?"

There was a rush, almost a scramble for the table when dinner was announced. Claudia found herself separated from Professor Rogers, who was at the end of the table with Miss Forbes. But there wasn't to be anything that could be called conversation; everybody was too hungry to talk.

"You knew that we stay over



NPS PHOTO

cigarette, staring idly into space. When she discovered Claudia, she moved over and patted the bench beside her.

"Sit down." Her voice was warm and friendly. "How did you stand the hike?"

Claudia eased herself down upon the bench. "I'm just one colossal ache."

"You'll get over it."

"I hope so. Aren't you all tired out?"

"I keep in pretty good condition. At all times. I'm a little tired, naturally. Anybody would be after a hike like that. You see, we climbed nearly three thousand feet in addition to walking the twelve or thirteen miles from Happy Isles."

Maribel Forbes was a differ-

Her manner was distinguished; her features were strong and regular, and the gray in her hair was most becoming. She wasn't the type that would start out to walk seventy miles on mountain trails, and yet on second thought she was the very person to do that.

"When do we eat?" said Claudia.

"Six. It's about ten minutes yet. I came around here to get away from the odors of the kitchen. They only aggravate my hunger. Who is that man?"

A tall, broad-shouldered man came around the corner of the dining tent. He wore a leather jacket, and old khaki trousers.

The whispered words were distinct. Claudia listened intently. The answer to the question was too low for her to catch.

"It will be shocking to the rest of the hikers. Very shocking." The words this time were in a low voice. Footsteps crunched away.

here at Merced Lake all day tomorrow, didn't you? To rest up." Mr. Hammond spoke to her as the dessert was being put on and the coffee cups refilled. He had told her that afternoon that his name was Jack Hammond. Claudia had not been impressed with him; he ran to the gorilla type, for he was dark and hairy with long arms. His voice sounded as though it had been roughened with a file.

"I knew that, yes. And I'm going to stay in bed all day."

"Me? No, sir. I'm hardened. I could start out now and walk to the next camp. Just as soon as I drink this next cup of coffee."

"Then I won't see you again."

"Oh, sure." Hammond's mental processes were slow. "I was just kidding. What's your first name?"

"Miss Benson will do very well."

"Oh, I get you. High hat."

Claudia was satisfied. Jack Hammond left her alone after that. Later at the camp fire he pointedly avoided her. He sat with Douglas Kramer, who looked downcast and lonely across the leaping flames, for the radio singer with whom he had been flirting the greater part of the day had not stayed for the camp fire, but had gone off to her tent for the night immediately after dinner.

Beside her was Mr. Turley. She hadn't talked with him at all until after dinner when he asked if he might sit in the vacant chair next to hers. He asked if she objected to his pipe, and when she said her father had been a pipe smoker, and that she felt that pipe smokers were the salt of the earth, that sort of broke the ice between them.

Turley seemed a merry sort; at any rate, there was a sparkle

in his dark eyes and the least sally of humor made him shake with mirth. He did too much punning, though. Naturally, she thought, he was a shy sort of man.

"Are you interested in ballads?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

"I know some old California ballads. I'll sing some if I can find a guitar." He got up and went to inquire, but there wasn't any kind of musical instrument in camp. But he promised to sing at the next camp if there was a guitar or mandolin to be found there.

Only a handful of the party remained to enjoy the gathering around the fire. One by one they began to slip away. Miss Forbes and old Mr. Fulton found amusement in the fact that the younger members began to drift away first. They and Bruce Mulbank and Professor Rogers wanted to tell stories. But Claudia's eyes, hypnotized at first by the firelight, became heavy-lidded. She found herself nodding, and then coming to with a start.

"Good-night," she said at last, getting up resolutely and starting away. "I guess I'm too young for this crowd."

Laughter followed after her as her heavy boots crunched away in the rocky soil. The chill of high altitude was in the air. She passed the men's dormitory tent and came to her own, which was next beyond Miss Forbes'. Some of the women had gone together in the women's dormitory, but Claudia preferred to sleep alone. She shivered at the prospect of undressing in the cold. There was a small sheet-iron stove in the tent, but she could be in bed before it heated up. After all, one ought to get hardened. So she laid out her pajamas, then turned off

her light and undressed and buried her shivering body under the pile of blankets. There was a light burning outside which threw solid black shadows upon the tent wall, but she was too tired to wonder whether it would keep her awake. But sleep did not come at once. Everything was so still. There was no place so quiet as the Sierras at night; the wind seldom blew.

It seemed hours later that she heard the last of the party walking by outside to their tents. She was too tired to do more than doze. Aching muscles roused her and she lay in dull wakefulness. The light had been turned out and darkness was complete; the silence was absolute. There was no stirring of air among the pines. She slept fitfully again. A noise awakened her. She lay wide-eyed in the cold listening. There were repeated small noises, furtive, sly sounds; there was the clatter of a pail, or perhaps a garbage can lid. With a sigh she turned over and tried to sleep. Probably a skunk, or some other night-prowling creature was abroad.

But sleep, sound sleep, still eluded her. Dreams now troubled her. They were horrible dreams in which she walked along a precipice. She stood poised at the edge of it, and was about to plunge into the depths. But without falling she seemed at the bottom of the abyss and crushed under tons of broken rock. Life was being squeezed out of her, and her own blood ran red upon the white granite surface spread like the top of a table for miles about her. There was the ooze and trickle of blood and the dying beat of a huge pulse.

Claudia awakened with a start. Somebody near by was talking. The words were

scarcely more than whispers; they had no body to them. With a feeling of thankfulness she realized that daylight had come, for the tent canvas was gray overhead.

"Didn't anybody hear anything at all?"

The whispered words were distinct. Claudia listened intently. The answer to the question was too low for her to catch.

"It will be shocking to the rest of the hikers. Very shocking." The words this time were in a low voice. Footsteps crunched away.

Claudia lay quietly for a moment, then threw back the blankets and climbed out upon the cold wooden floor of the tent. She struck a match and dropped it into the little sheet iron stove where kindling and wood were already placed. The fire blazed up, and she dressed by its growing warmth. She tried to heat water to wash her face, but it was too slow, so scorning the softness of warm water, she poured from the pitcher into the white wash bowl on the battered washstand and scrubbed her face. All the while something urged her to get outside, to discover what had happened.

She untied the strings of the tent flap and stepped outside. Miss Forbes was walking by, neatly dressed in gray tweed skirt and green sweater. She heard Claudia coming and turned to greet her. "You haven't heard, I suppose, about Mr. Hodges?"

"What happened?"

"They found him dead in his tent. He'd been . . ."

"Don't say it, please," begged Claudia horrified.

"They seem to think it was murder."

Farewell to Ferdinand



JOHN VAN WINKLE

Yosemite lost one of its best-loved characters recently. Ferdinand Castillo, famed Tioga Pass entrance station ranger/greeter extraordinaire, died December 28 from a heart condition at the age of 76. Ferdinand had spent the summer of every year from 1954 through 1992 at the Sierra's highest mountain pass — a region he loved passionately. In fact, Tioga Pass and Ferdinand were practically synonymous.

A fine eccentric, Ferdinand made it his job to greet with enthusiasm every single Yosemite visitor to enter through his entrance station. He dutifully learned the equivalents of "welcome" and "good by" in dozens of languages in response to the increasing number of foreign travellers to the park. A remarkable emissary for Yosemite, Ferdinand was and will continue to be remembered with great affection by the thousands of

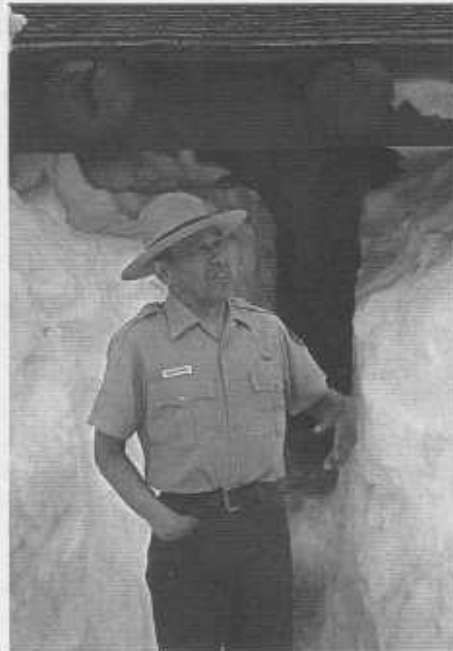
people he treated to his special Tioga reception.

What endeared Ferdinand to so many was his unbridled and unabashed love for his Tioga Pass-centered, personal Yosemite experience. He felt compelled to share it with the world. Whether showing wanderers from beds of fragile alpine flowers, identifying mysterious hidden shapes in the rock formations around Tioga, cracking corn-ball jokes about marmots and big horn sheep, or directing hikers to the best route for the ascent of Mount Dana, he was a man who was truly "in his element."

For many, future drives over Tioga Pass just won't be the same without the prospect of a visit with Ferdinand. But his spirit will enliven the place always, and he'll no doubt be lurking nearby, an eternal guardian of his beloved Tioga rocks, flowers, tarns and trees.

Have a Ferdinand Story?

If you have a special Ferdinand joke or story, please let us hear from you. We would like to collect as many Ferdinand tales as possible, then share them with our members in this journal. Send your contributions to us at P.O. Box 230, El Portal, CA 95318.



For Ferdinand Castillo on Tioga Pass

Elizabeth Stone O'Neill

Each spring when the pass opens,
before the melting of Tioga Lake,
when Dana and Gibbs and Mammoth Peak
shine and shimmer in a blue silk sky
and the snow-eagle on Kuna Crest
spreads white wings,
we will remember how you welcomed us
into your upland kingdom,
guardian of ground squirrels
rock-lover
sky-lover
coyote-man, the joker,
who kept an eye on the way
the wind blew
and always told us
not to trample the meadows.

One August under a blue moon
you said you walked around
all night
until the bright snow sparkled
clean through you.

Your life blows still
across the pass like snowflakes,
grows into the slope like granite,
sings over the white-crowned sparrow
and hovers about the peaks
in ever-changing clouds.

We will remember you,
Ferdinand.
We will keep the faith.
We will climb the good climb,
always,
and we will not step on the
flowers.

Join A YA Summer Work Week!



"This is the hardest work I've ever done and also the most exhilarating!"

Such was the honest testimony of a YA member from one of the four 1993 work trips which provided crews for important restoration work in both Yosemite Valley and Tuolumne Meadows. For 1994, four more of these popular work weeks are planned. All of these groups will be working on revegetation projects under the direction of the Resources Management Division of the NPS.

The two summer trips will be located in Tuolumne Meadows and are scheduled for the weeks of **July 24 - 30** and **July 31 - August 6**. The third work week is planned for **September 25 - October 1** in Yosemite Valley, and that group will work on a river restoration project probably located at Mirror Lake. New this year will be a backcountry YA work trip, scheduled for **September 11 - 17**. This group will hike into the Sunrise Lakes area, camp for the week and work on a large re-planting project nearby.

These work weeks have become a very successful co-

operative venture for Yosemite. YA provides its members to make up the crews, the National Park Service directs the projects and tasks, Yosemite Institute contributes the leadership and food service, and the Yosemite Concession Services Corp. donates the funds to make it all possible.

In each of the trips, 15 YA members arrive for a work project which begins on Sunday evening and ends on the following Saturday morning. The group camps together in special sites, has its meals provided, and works together for four days with a day off in the middle of the week. Work trip participants need to be in good health. There will be a variety of jobs during the week and many can be physically demanding, especially at the higher elevations.

While providing crucial volunteer labor for restoration projects, YA members always report that they have a wonderful time as they work to make Yosemite even more beautiful. If you are interested in signing up for one of the trips, write or call Holly or Connie at (209) 379-2317.

ASSOCIATION FILES



Volunteers for a 4-Day Work Week

Summer work parties are increasingly popular. The Valley, 1992, and, below, Tuolumne Meadows, 1990.

Summer approaches, and YA offers a number of volunteer positions for members in both Yosemite Valley and Tuolumne Meadows. From April through October, the Association needs approximately 30 people who would enjoy working with the public and living for an extended period in the Park.

In Yosemite Valley, volunteers typically split their days between the Museum Gallery and a membership booth on the mall. In the Gallery, they monitor visitation and provide information. At the membership booth, volunteers answer

numerous visitor inquiries and, when appropriate, describe the work of the Association and encourage membership. In Tuolumne Meadows, volunteers staff a membership booth outside the Tuolumne Meadows Visitor Center, as well as serve as hosts in the seminar campground. Last summer, the volunteers enrolled more than 1200 new YA members.

Volunteers typically work a four-day week, receive a stipend of \$6 per workday, and share campsites. The Valley volunteer season lasts from

April through October, while the Tuolumne Meadows season is shorter — June through Labor Day. Volunteers need to plan for a commitment of at least a month in the park, but for most people that requirement is the major attraction.

If you are interested, please write us with your time and location preferences and a daytime phone number. If you have questions, call Holly or Connie at (209) 379-2317.

YA Board Election Results

The results of the 1993 election for two seats on the YA board of trustees are in. The winners are Chris Gallery and Anne Schneider. The final vote count was Anne Schneider — 1018; Chris Gallery — 1006; and Cecelia Hurwich — 794.

Anne Schneider is an incumbent trustee who has been re-elected to a new six-year term on the board. A lawyer in Sacramento, Anne has already contributed substantially to areas of the association's work which have involved legal issues, such as the reintroduction of the bighorn sheep into Lee Vining Canyon. She has also been a valuable member of the "Grants and Aid" Committee which selects projects from the National Park Service's list of possibilities to be funded each year. Seeing herself as a radical on many park issues, Anne will undoubtedly continue to be a strong voice for the preservation of Yosemite.

New to the board is Chris Gallery, a physician who resides in the Park and serves as Medical Director of the Yosemite Medical Clinic. Before coming to Yosemite, Chris and his wife Lucy lived on and



worked for the Navajo/Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona. Enjoying his new area of residence with the High Sierra as his backyard, Chris looks forward to serving on the YA Board as a way to be involved in educating the park visitor in the wilderness ethic and providing valuable financial assistance to the Park Service.

We are grateful to Cecelia Hurwich, long-time supporter of YA and numerous environmental groups, for her enthusiastic participation in the election process.

Richard Reitnauer leaves the board after many years of service to the Association in several capacities, first as Sales Manager and later as a member of the Board of Trustees. Rich and his family moved several years ago to Carson City, Nevada, and he chose not to run for re-election. We are very appreciative of Rich and all his good work on YA's behalf.

Spring Forum Set for March 26

Saturday, March 26, 1994 is the date for YA's annual Spring Forum — a special day for members, filled with informative talks, walks, and slide shows on Yosemite history, resources and management.

The day begins with a check-in from 9:00 to 9:30 am in front of the East and West Auditoriums behind the Visitor Center in the Valley. The hour-long programs begin at 9:30 a.m. and continue through the day with a break for lunch. Members can choose from a series of offerings each hour, including naturalist and history walks (weather permitting). At 5:00 pm members and speakers gather for a wine and cheese hour.

This year Gary Fraker, president of Yosemite Concession Services Corporation, will speak to members at one of the sessions and answer questions. YCS, a division of Delaware North, is the new park concessionaire, chosen after a lengthy bidding process.

Back by popular demand is Kimi Kodani Hill who will present her slide program on the life and work of gifted California artist, Chiura Obata. The drawings and watercolors from Obata's 1927 trip across the Yosemite high country are featured in YA's best-selling new book, *Obata's Yosemite*. Ms. Hill is the granddaughter of Chiura Obata and has a wealth of stories and insights to share.

Other programs for the day are planned on Yosemite's butterflies, wildlife, archaeology, park management, and much more. YA members have recently received all the details on the Spring Forum by mail,

including a reservation form for lodging in the park. If you wish to join us either for the day or the weekend, please return the card from that mailing along with \$5 per person attending. You will receive a finalized agenda just before the event.

If you have any questions, please call Holly or Connie at (209) 379-2317.

Association Dates

March 26, 1994: Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley
July 24 – 30: YA Member Work Trip, Tuolumne Meadows
July 31 – August 6: YA Member Work Trip, Tuolumne Meadows
September 10: Annual Meeting, Wawona
September 11 – 17: YA Member Work Trip, Backcountry/Sunrise Lakes area
September 25 – October 1: YA Member Work Trip, Yosemite Valley

209-379-2317

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

Speedier Diagnosis of Lyme Disease

Editor's note: The Yosemite Medical Clinic reports that there has been a very low incidence of Lyme disease diagnosed in the Park -- 0 to one case a year. Approximately 1-2% of the ticks in Sierra are believed to carry Lyme bacteria.

Scientists say they have developed a new test to determine if joint swelling is caused by Lyme disease, which until now wasn't easy to distinguish from inflammation caused by an immune response.

If a patient has Lyme bacteria, doctors can prescribe with more confidence massive doses of antibiotics, researchers reported in Thursday's *New England Journal of Medicine*.

About 10,000 Lyme cases, carried to humans by deer ticks, are reported annually to the national Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Symptoms include a bull's-eye rash that spreads for about two weeks and flu-like conditions, including fatigue and muscle aches.

If caught early, most cases of Lyme disease can be cleared up with antibiotics. In 60 percent of cases that go untreated, victims develop chronic joint pain and vision and heart problems that can last for years.

An aggressive treatment regimen can cost up to \$17,000 a month.

The new test, which costs \$200, uses a technique that determines whether any genetic material from Lyme disease is present in joint fluid, normally taken from a patient's knee.

It "offers doctors a powerful new diagnostic tool," said Dr. David Persing, director of the Molecular Microbiology Laboratory at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, where the test was developed.

Conventional techniques, which cost about \$150, try to

grow the Lyme bacteria from joint fluid, but are unreliable. As a result, doctors cannot be certain that antibiotics have wiped out the infection.

Electric Buses for the Valley

The NPS is to acquire three electric buses to become part of

the Valley Shuttle System which presently serves millions of riders throughout the year.

The funding for the new electric buses is the result of a partnership between the California Energy Commission, California Department of Transportation (CALTRANS), Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E), and Yosemite National Park. "Thanks to this group effort, we will be

able to gather information from this project which should be very useful for both the Park and the State of California," said Superintendent Finley. "Yosemite makes sense as a demonstration site for electric vehicles because of its variable climate, natural setting and high visibility. It also moves us closer to meeting our goal of reducing vehicular emissions within the Park."

The NPS is soliciting information from qualified manufacturers, which must be received by the Concessions Management Division by February 18, 1994. A contractor is expected to be selected by March 15, 1994.

Olmsted

continued from page 5

are not available to the public). The first book to be designed and printed by Michael Osborne and Normal Clayton at One Heart Press in Berkeley, it measures 5 x 9 inches and consists of 56 pages printed letterpress from photopolymer plates on Rives Heavyweight. The text was set in Monotype Sabon. Included are three illustrations printed in single colors, from line drawings by Wayne Thiebaud. The book is hand-bound by Klaus-Ullrich S. Rotzsch, San Francisco. Of the edition, 100 copies have been signed by Victoria Post Ranney and Wayne Thiebaud.

The price for unsigned copies is \$85; the signed version is \$125. Members receive a 15% discount. Orders, which can be placed by using the form in the back of this journal or by phone, will be filled as they are received.



WAYNE THIEBAUD

Yosemite

CATALOG



01400/01 Obata's Yosemite -The Art and Letters of Chiura Obata from his Trip to the High Sierra in 1927

with essays by Janice T. Driesbach and Susan Landauer. When Obata, a gifted California artist born in Japan, made his first visit to Yosemite in 1927, the experience deeply affected his life. Not only did he produce a remarkable collection of sketches and paintings (later to become woodblock prints), but he recorded the details of the trip in a fascinating series of letters and post cards.

This volume presents Obata's High Sierra journey in his own words and art. Included are 85 full-color reproductions of pencil sketches, watercolor paintings and woodblock prints, plus a detailed narrative of the six-week Yosemite visit as told through Obata's letters and cards to his family.

Adding to the volume are essays by Janice T. Driesbach, curator at the Crocker Art Museum in Sacramento, and Susan Landauer, an art historian trained at Yale University. Their contributions touch on Obata's background, his technique, and the significance of his work and the Yosemite trip.

Beautifully printed in a 10" x 10" size. Yosemite Association, 1993. 156 pages.

Clothbound, \$44.95; paperbound, \$24.95.

01230 Legends of the Yosemite Miwok

compiled by Frank LaPena, Craig D. Bates and Steven P. Medley; illustrated by Harry Fonseca. This is an updated and revised collection of 18 Native American legends from the Yosemite region. It's genuine, representative and entertaining. Featuring characters such as Coyote and Falcon, the stories touch on a variety of themes central to the Sierra Miwok culture. For this revised edition, the legends have been rewritten to reflect their earliest and most authentic forms

whenever possible. Additional stories from historical sources have been included, and the volume contains notes providing the source of each legend, information about alternate versions and variations, and an annotated bibliography with a list of important original works. It's indigenous folklore at its best — enchanting and informative at the same time. Harry Fonseca's color pencil drawings make this a unique and beautiful volume.

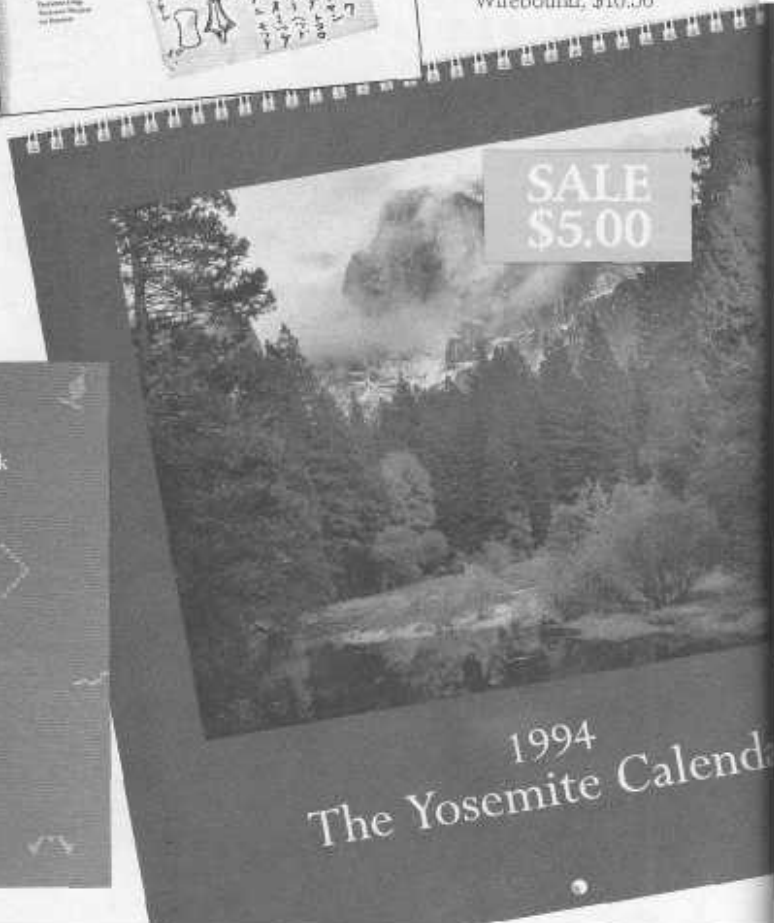
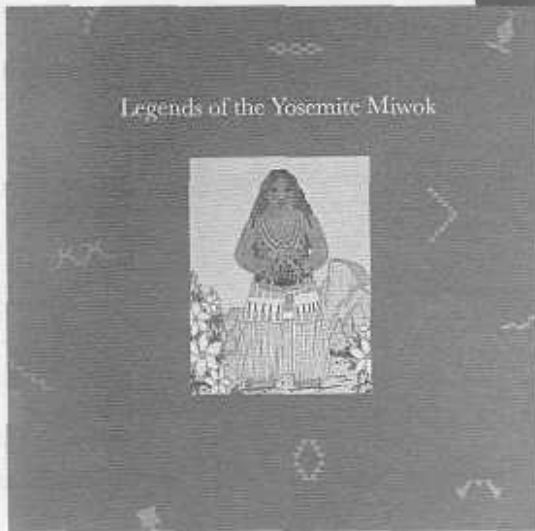
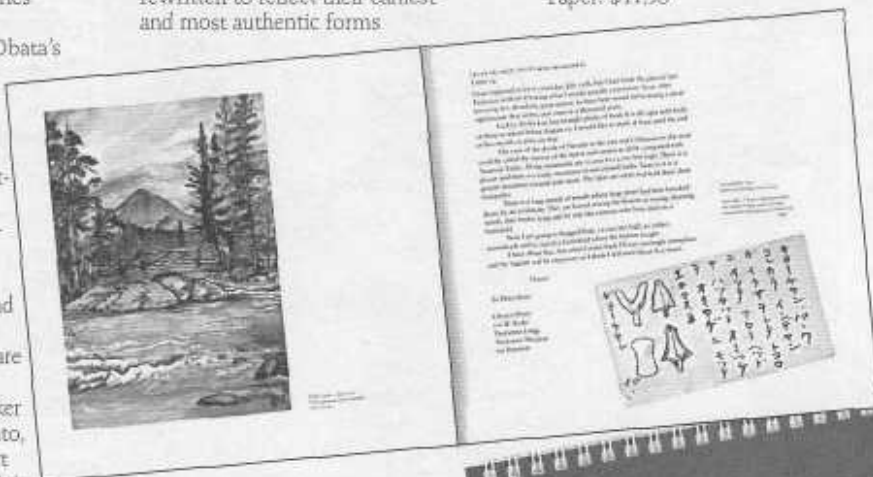
64 pages, 8 1/2" x 8 1/2". Yosemite Association, 1993.

Paper: \$11.95

06801 The Yosemite Calendar - 1994

with photographs by Charles Cramer and poetry by Joseph Bruchac. The Yosemite Association's new wall calendar is as beautiful and functional as ever. Charles Cramer, an instructor for the Ansel Adams Photography Workshops and a former Yosemite Artist-in-Residence, selected 13 of his most stunning color images of Yosemite which have been reproduced with remarkable clarity and detail. Each monthly photograph is matched with a poem specially written by Joseph Bruchac, a writer and storyteller best known for his book entitled *Keepers of the Earth*. His poetry is sensitive, evocative and moody, while it reflects a deep love for Yosemite and the environment. The calendar also notes significant dates in Yosemite history, holidays, and phases of the moon. Printed in a 12" x 12" size on recycled paper. Yosemite Association, 1993.

Wirebound, \$10.50



07516 Yosemite Association Patch.

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

\$3.00 (please specify color)



07700 Pelican Pouch, Wilderness Belt Bag.

The Pelican Pouch is not only perfect for carrying field guides, but also offers instant access to all the small items that are usually buried in your pack — pocket camera, lenses, maps, or your favorite trail mix! The pouch is designed with front snap fasteners on the straps. This allows comfortable positioning on your belt — even between belt loops; no need to take your belt off first. The material is high quality Cordura pack cloth with a waterproof coating on one side. Beige with the dark brown and white Yo-

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

\$9.95.

07510 Yosemite Association Mug.

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

\$6.50.

07505 Yosemite Association Baseball-Style Cap.

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

\$9.95 (please specify color).



07720 Yosemite Bookstore

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

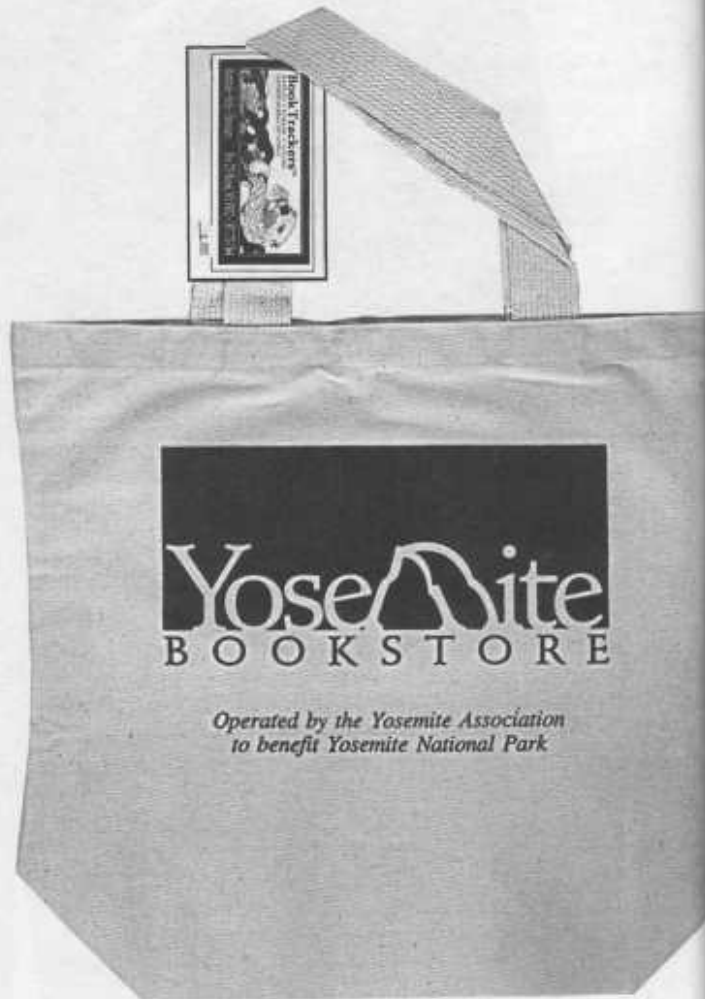
\$8.95



Order Form Credit card orders call: **(209) 379 2648** Monday - Friday, 8:30am - 4:30pm

Item #	Qty.	Size	Description	Price Each	Total
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
9					
Subtotal					
Less 15% Member's Discount					
Subtotal A:					
7% Sales Tax (CA customers only)					
Shipping charge					\$3.50
Total enclosed					

Credit card No. _____ Expires _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Membership Number _____
 Yosemite Association, P.O. Box 250, El Portal, CA 95318





New Members

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

Regular Members

Elisha & Charles Abrams, Sarah Adams, A Ramirez Jr & K Aguilar, Allen B Altman, Chris Angelo, K Neal & Dan Asay, Robert Asquith, Colleen E Balch, Dan & Terri Barnett, L Fridmore & M Barnhart, Maryellen Bauer, Debbie Beamer, Dolores Bermak, Susan Bettelheim, Tim Bever, Norman Bird, Martin Birdman, Robert E Blesse, Jenny Blew, John Blew, Sarah Boulton, M G Tandy, K Bozeman, Drew Bradley, Michael Bradley, Susan Bradshaw, Ann Brambl, David C Brodahl, John Brophy, J Robbins & Cynthia Brown, Amy & Laurence Brunton, Lola M Burdine, Roberta Burk, Mary E Butters, John Campbell, JL Carlton, Paula Carroll, Jay & Diana Castillo, Karen & Steve Cates, Warren Cederborg, Frank & Alicia Cervantes, Linda Chaput, Sharon Hesse & Jim Chernoff, Vincent J Chiarello, Stephen J Christensen, Stephen & Doris Sze Chun, Phyllis Sue Cleveland, Judith Cohen, Steve Cole, Stacy Cone, Douglas Conklin, Michael Coopersmith CFA, Ernie & Tore Correa, Josie Cortez, Mark & Teresa Cownie, Diane M Cox, Carrie Crumley, Danny E Cupit, V & M Custodio, Dave & Lara Daetz, Dick & Dottie Davis, Robert & Brenda Degner, Diane Dempsey, Adele L Dickinson, Richard Dickinson, Matt Dobberteen, Alma Dodd, Laurie F Donegan, Bruce Douglas, Helene A Downs, Sandra R Dumoski, Christine Dunbar, Kathy Duvall, Mark Egbert, Michael Ellison, Rick Erlien, Wayne Fancher, Louise Fearon, Professor Hubert S Feild, Denise Elizabeth Field, Pete Fitzpatrick, Mr & Mrs William Flanders, Gary & Lisa Flores, Chandler Ford Jr, Joanne Gabel, Jesus & Carole Garcia, Larry Gasaway, Shannon Ghaner, Jeff Golden MD, Evie & Burt Goldman, Thomas A Goldwasser, Robert W Goodell, Scot Gordon, Robert Lee Grace, Linda Graham, Dinia Caldwell Green, Browne Greene, Kathryn E Greene, Judy Guinn, George P Haldeman, Paul Haldeman, Bill Hale, Caroline K Hall, Charlie Hall, Nancy Hardwick, Don & Diane Harmon, Craig Hatfield, Mr & Mrs Richard Hatfield, Susan Hatfield, Arnold J Hefflin, Stuart Herman, Jim Herrell, Deborah Hill, Sherry Hirsig, Joan A Hobbs, Dawn Hodson, Buzz & Berta Hoffman, Joan Holmstrom, Larry Houser, Patricia Hubble, I Dorothy Hunt, Ken A Hunter, Marj Ishiwata, Michael A Jacobs, Joyce James, Peter & Bridget Janopaul, Laura Jason, Clinton E Jeffrey, Robert Jeffries, Rob Jellinghaus, L Bratton & D Jenk-

ins, AC Johnston, Gail E Joice, Richard & Iva Dora Jones, Ronald Jorstad, Dick & Mary Juba, Steven Kahn, Jay Foster Kanitz, Ted A Keener, Andrew & Leah Kirk, D McBride & M Kiwalle-McBride, Herbert E & Barbara Kling, Linda L Knoll, Tony Kramer, Carol Kruize, Laurence Krumm, John Kuiper MD, Traci Laufenberg, Karen Leaf, Robert W Leiby, Dr Jack Levine, Miss Linda Leyva, John Lieske, Linda G Livingston, Robert Loeffler, Jack London, Judith P Loniak, Dr George Lott, Pilar & Thierry Luzzi, AP Machado, Bonnie & Herb Mager, Joseph Mahon, Patrick Mahoney, Corey Malies, Rico Mandel, Gail J Mann, J Buckley & Julie Martin, Jon C Martin, Katherine L Martin, Robert Mason, Donald R Mathews, Harold McElhinny, Dave & Julie McGrew, Dave McIntosh, John P McNamara, Margaret McLernan, John & Carolyn Mcwhirter, C McCarney & B Merchant, Robert E Metcalf, R N Michels, Gail Miller, Sara Mirra, Anthony & Carolyn Modory, Ligia & Jack Moore, Clayton Moraga, Howard W Morgenstern, James M & Virginia Morton Jr, David E Moser, Carmen Mulholand, Colleen Mulholand, Ric Munds, Patricia Murphy, Gordon Murray, William Murray, Leslie & Roger

Mrs Marvin Sippel, Fred A Smith, Renata Smith, Brenna Snider, John Snodgrass, Peter Somers, Tim Sorensen, L Scott & Louis A Spoto, Marni Stanfield, John A Stearns, Gordon R Stone, Lisa Strawn, K Tarmann & W Streett, Audrey & Marc Struve, Doris Taitano, The Lesh Family, Dean & Leslie Thomas, Al Thompson, Nobuo Tokunaga, Eileen Tracy, Gary A Turner, Ken Underhill, Mary Valentino, Jean Vandevort, Timothy Vincent, May Waldroup, Donna & Wendy Walker, Rod & Jean Ward, William Warden, Nick Warner, Dennis & Maxine White, George White, Susan & Jack Wilkinson, Yvonne & James Williamson, Tat-On Wong, Kenneth & Martha Wooden, Angie C Wulfow, Roger J Wyan, Aaron Yoshinobu, Linda Zukowski

Supporting Members

Brenda Jane Baker, Therese Barmetler, Paula G Bartak, Karen Batten, Dinah Bear, Laura J Beeler, JE Bentley, Barbara & Richard Boyer, Mary Sue Bradley, David E Bristol, G Mayer & MB Broderson, Marvin D Brown, John & Francis Cabral, Victoria L Collier, James P & Joan Darrah, George E Dodds, Richard Donnelly, J L Donovan, L Burns & T Ellison, Mariam G Graham, Mr & Mrs Don-

Cooper, Paul A Danielson, Milton K Everett, Harry Haimovitch, Mr & Mrs Robert Hansen, Glenn & Eve Jaffe, Sharon Kelly, Mr & Mrs Martin Lipman, Mary Lee & Joel Morris, Stuart Moulder, Howard & Susie Nielsen, Mr & Mrs William Phelan, Mr & Mrs Lawrence Prager, Ann & Wayne Rieke, Peter & Jennifer Sander, Donald Scherer, Jan & RG Trapnell, Bob & Mary Wasik, Pat Watson, Mary Waywell, Connie West, Leslie Anne Young

Sustaining Members

June Adler, Doug & Susan Hitchner, Patrick Spellman

Life Members

Russell & Caryn Dates, DeWitt & Judy Garlock, Russell Morimoto, Mr & Mrs Donald Ray, Mr & Mrs Virgil Richberger, Sue Anne Salmon, Bryan & Bernadette Solberg, Steven Sumnick, Brian D Thiessen, Vicki Warner-Huggins

Participating Life Members

Tony De Maio, Larry Ellertman, Benson Louie, Les Mann, Barry & Maureen Rahrton, Nancy J Wong

International Members

Joseph A Burge, Guatemala; Danny Goh, Singapore; Christina Johnson-Dear, Canada; Lorraine Roberts, England.



Myers, Dee Namba, Alan Nilsson, Susan D Norman, Douglas Okulewicz, Willis A Osborne, Peyma Oskoui, Karen Ostergard, John & Peggy Overland Family, Meg & David Owen, Lois A Owens, Ken DeBow & Linda Palmer, Robert Palrud, Richard Parent, Mr & Mrs Andrew S Paterson Jr, Robert Paynter, Dallas L Peck, Anne Pelletier, June Perez, Mark Persons, Bruce & Cindy Peterson, Richard Petkiewicz, Alice Eiko Pierce, James Ploski, Larry Potter, RM Pound, Mike Pozarski, C Beckham & R Prater, George Proper, J Boyd & K Pstrak, Dan & Helen Quinn, Lois S Rainwater, K Light & J Rautenberg, Steven & Carolyn Read, Kevin & Debbie Ream, Linda Reed, Charles Reilly, Susan Reinhart, James & Peggy Religa, Ken & Joyce Renshaw, Tom Richert, Virginia Ridgeway, Harriette Roberts, Max Rudolph, Rita Sago, Oswaldo Sanchez, David Sandford, B Kahn & L Sandvik, Tracy D Sarriguarte, Jonathan Schechter, Jonathan J Seagle, John Seher, Linda Sharp, Dr James Shebl, Kent Sheldon, Andrew J Shepard, William Shernoff, Mr &

aid L Hall, Lianne Araki & Ed Hattayar, Michael Hatz, The Michael Hayes Family, Maria & Jim Hefferman, Karen Horne, Howard Jones, Alice Kase, Randall Kaufmann, June Kodani, Elizabeth & Robert Lennie, Sandy Lynn, Chris Macintosh, Dorothy K McAllister, Helen Lane McCarthy, Michael & Denise McInerney, Lynda & Dean Mesner, Marilyn & Ken Orloff, Harriet Ottaviano, Harvey & Elise Palitz, Jeffrey Pappas, Mr & Mrs William E Parker, Bernadette Prue, Joy S Reis, EC Rodekohr, Nancy Salcedo, Jim & Elaine Salvatore, John R Shuck, Jeffrey Smedberg, Jean Staats, Linda L Swope, Dana & Ed Thor, Juleen Turner, Robert & Melody Umstead, Mrs Helen L Vukasin, Nancy K Waki, Shirley Wallack, Rick & Karen White, Charles C Worth

Contributing Members

Jud Atwater, Donald & Sondra Baker, Jane & Jerry Baldwin, Robert & Penelope Bellus, Brandon Berge & Family, M Reading & J Castor, Dinese & Tom Christopher, M Luce Contracting Inc, C French & Bob

Recent Donations to YA

Freddie Allen, Grant Idle & Michele Almquist, Richard & Peggy Bauhaus, Otto Best, Linda & Tom Cook & Friends, Bob & Nancy Eckart, Cindy Grooms, W L Jablonski, Sharon & Robert Johnson, Jostens Learning, Midwest Mountaineering, Charles Neifeld, Mary Janis Robinson, William & Jean Ryan, John Sanders, William Scheide, The Schlinger Foundation, Arent Henry Schuyler Jr, Arthur & Peggy Seessel III, Daniel & Alice Simon, Luisa Serrano, Chris Walburgh, Wilderness Press Inc

In Honor of the Bauhaus family: Mark & Caroline Bauhaus

In Memory of Ferdinand Castillo: Gene & Doris Rose, Georgia Stigall

In Memory of Marcia Kinney: Mr & Mrs J B Azer, Eunice Banks, Kenneth M Turner

In Memory of Kenneth & Marcia Kinney: Laura S White

In Memory of Constance Kirkendall: Mr & Mrs Robert Cannon

In Memory of Jim Martin: Fern A Martin

In Memory of Joe L Pacheco: Mark D Brasington

In Memory of Tom & Margaret Singall: Georgia Stigall

In Memory of the 1937 Class of the Yosemite Field School, and Joseph L Dixon, Bert Hatwell, Harold C Bryant, Francois E Matthes: Lawrence Reinecke



YOSEMITE
ASSOCIATION

Yosemite Association
Post Office Box 230
El Portal, CA 95318.

Address correction requested

Non-profit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Yosemite Association

BioSciences Library
Univ. of California
Berkeley, CA 94720

Join the Yosemite Association

You can help support the work of the Yosemite Association by becoming a member. Revenues generated by the Association's activities are used to fund a variety of National Park Service programs in Yosemite. Not only does the Yosemite Association publish and sell literature and maps, it sponsors field seminars, the park's Art Activity Center, and the Ostrander Lake Ski Hut. A critical element in the success of the Association is its membership. Individuals and families throughout the country have long supported the Yosemite Association through their personal commitments. Won't you join us in our

effort to make Yosemite an even better place?

Member Benefits

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

★ *Yosemite*, the Association bulletin, published on a quarterly basis;

★ A 15% discount on all books, maps, posters, calendars and publications stocked for sale by the Association;

★ A 10% discount on most of the field seminars conducted by the Association in Yosemite National Park;

★ The opportunity to participate in the annual Members' Meeting held in the park each fall, along with other Association activities;

★ A Yosemite Association decal, and

★ Special membership gifts as follows:

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

Contributing Member: A Yosemite Association mug — new design;

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

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

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

Membership dues are tax-deductible as provided by law.

Yosemite Association

Board of Trustees

Lenie Roberts,
Chairman
William Alsop
Allen Berry
Robert C. Eckart
Chris Gallery
Edward C. Hardy
Christina A. Holloway
Kathleen Orr
David Robertson
Anze Schneider
Thomas J. Shephard
Phyllis Weber
Daniel Wolfus
Michael V. Finley,
NPS Representative
Andrew F. Hartz,
Ex officio
Jeffery C. Lapham,
Ex officio
Elvira Nishkian,
Ex officio

President

Steven F. Medley

Sales

Patricia Wight,
Manager
Ann Gunbow,
Assistant
Wendy Warren,
Warehouseperson

Seminars

Fenny Orwell,
Coordinator
Lou Cartet,
Assistant

Bookkeeper/ Office Manager

Clara Haley

Membership

Holly Warner,
Coordinator
Connie Nelson,
Assistant

Secretary/Cashier

Anne Steed

*Yosemite Guide
Editor*
Bridget Kerr

Please enroll me in the Yosemite Association as a . . .

- Regular Member
\$25.00
 Supporting Member
\$35.00
 Spouse / Partner
add \$5.00

- Contributing Member
\$50.00
 Sustaining Member
\$100.00
 International Member
\$35.00

- Life Member
\$500.00
 Participating Life Member
\$1,000.00

Name (please print):

Phone Number:

Address:

City:

State/Zip:

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$

or charge to my credit card

BankAmericard/Visa Number:

Expiration Date:

MasterCard Number:

Expiration Date:

Mail to: **Yosemite Association**, Post Office Box 230, El Portal, CA 95318. 209/379-2646

For Office Use

Paid: Card # Exp. Date: Gift: File: Comp:

Moving?

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

YoseMite

is published quarterly for members of the Yosemite Association, edited by Steven P. Medley & Holly Warner, and produced by Jon Goodchild/San Rafael Design Co., Copyright © 1994 Yosemite Association. Submission of manuscripts, photographs, and other materials is welcomed.

Printed on recycled paper



Digitized by
Yosemite Online Library

<http://www.yosemite.ca.us/library>

Dan Anderson