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MARY BETH SHENON/THE PALLO DAY, ANTIPOZOUS PALLIUS



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## BAT ATTITUDE

*Jeffery G. Lahr*

As one of Yosemite's interpretive rangers, a favorite part of my job is giving evening presentations around the campfire to park visitors. It's a special time shared by a group of people drawn together by Yosemite's many wonders. But on several occasions, I've been frustrated in my efforts to inspire my listeners by the following

occurrence. There I am, beginning the final story in my carefully orchestrated program. The fire has burned to a rich, even glow. The South Fork of the Merced River murmurs a short distance away, creating the perfect ambiance at the Wawona campground. The audience sits quietly absorbed in my campfire yarn.

Five sixty-foot nets were stretched about one foot above the water. Four of the five nets reached two meters above the water. The final one was stretched three meters in hopes of capturing the elusive *Eumops perotis*.

Suddenly, a faceless voice in the audience cries, "Look out! A bat!"

Repeatedly the spell I have so deliberately cast has been broken by unscheduled aerial assaults. Quiet reveries have been replaced by something more akin to pandemonium. Time and time again, I've been upstaged by the fanciful flight of the world's only flying mammal — the bat. Weighing as little as four or five grams, this flying wonder is a heavyweight in its disruptive effect.

In an effort to recapture my audience, I decided to research some basic information about one of Yosemite's most visible nocturnal creatures. But I still didn't qualify as a big bat fan. In fact, I continued to classify them as a nocturnal nuisance.

At least, that is, until a team of bat researchers arrived in Wawona last summer. In my curiosity, I chose to volunteer and assist in capturing bats as part of an effort to learn how many different species inhabit the southern portion of the park. Bat researchers, Dr. Elizabeth (Dixie) Pierson and Dr. William (Bill) Rainey, were visiting the park for the third consecutive year.

Until recently, bat research in the park has been very limited. As Pierson and Rainey reported in their 1993 findings, "Although bats comprise a major percentage of the mammalian fauna of Yosemite National Park, bat diversity has not been formally investigated in the park since the work of Joseph Grinnell in 1920."

As they traveled to different parts of the park for their research, Dixie Pierson and Bill Rainey looked at the distribution and abundance of bats across the varied habitats and great elevation range of Yosemite.

In addition, they sought information on the distribution of two rare cliff dwelling species, the mastiff bat (*Eumops perotis*) and the spotted bat (*Euderma maculatum*).

In the summer of 1993, a spotted bat was caught by this team near Mirror Lake, examined, and released. This was a prize catch, being the first netting of a live spotted bat in California. The only former evidence of their existence was from dead specimens found several decades earlier.

### Bat Diversity

A survey of bat diversity can involve several methods of inventory. Visual inspection of roosts can reveal information about varieties of bat species that tend to colonize. Acoustic surveys use ultrasound detectors to record the different types of sounds used in echolocation of the bat's prey. But the best method of sampling general bat diversity is mist netting, a practice that involves the capture of individual bats for study, then release.

"Using mist nets for bats is a relatively recent innovation," Bill explained. "Classical bat inventory work

relied heavily on shooting them and making study skins of the dead animals. Mist netting is more analogous to modern catch and release trout fishing."

Mist netting was a key factor in the great Wawona bat hunt of 1994. Early in that August evening, hours before sunset, we arrived at what was selected as a suitable capture site. The night's bat party included Dixie and Bill; several associates and student assistants; Yosemite's Acting Chief Naturalist, Maureen Loughlin; and a couple of ranger/naturalists. The chosen site was along the river, next to the Wawona golf course.

### The Great Wawona Bat Hunt

The first order of business was to set up the mist nets. The mist net is a cleverly designed piece of light nylon strong enough to catch birds — or bats. Running my fingers along its tough, lacy fabric, I was reminded of reinforced hair netting. Mist netting is an important means of surveying the bat population because it provides in-hand observations, but a night's catch is not necessarily a representa-

tive sample of the bat population. Because of differences in foraging behaviors, some species are simply easier to catch than others, and those species have a greater representation in the net.

The mist net was stretched across the river to catch bats which use the South Fork as a flyway in their nightly pursuit of prey. Bats employ a unique method of locating their prey called echo-location. Emitting high frequency pulses and listening for the echo bouncing back, they are able to detect flying insects such as moths and mosquitoes. Bats have a voracious appetite, with some species catching their body weight in insects every night.

Five sixty-foot nets were stretched about one foot above the water. Four of the five nets reached two meters above the water. The final one was stretched three meters in hopes of capturing the elusive *Eumops perotis*, which tends to fly higher than the other species. Commonly called the greater mastiff bat, *Eumops* is the largest bat found in North America. Even a beginning batter like myself soon appreciated that the *Eumops* would be a great catch.

"No one told me that capturing bats is an aquatic sport," I thought to myself as I plunged into the South Fork wearing my boots and jeans. The more experienced bat hunters casually pulled on their waders and wet suits. Fortunately, in early August the water level was only about thigh deep, and the temperature was quite comfortable. Still, I could easily imagine myself a



MARY BETH SHENTON



By the end of the night we had caught 54 bats. Pictured here are the *Euderma maculatum*, spotted bat, and *Eumops perotis*, western mastiff bat.

few hours later, stumbling across mossy rocks and floundering in the darkness trying to reach the mist nets that stretch across the river. Luckily, stealth is not an important factor once bats are in the net.

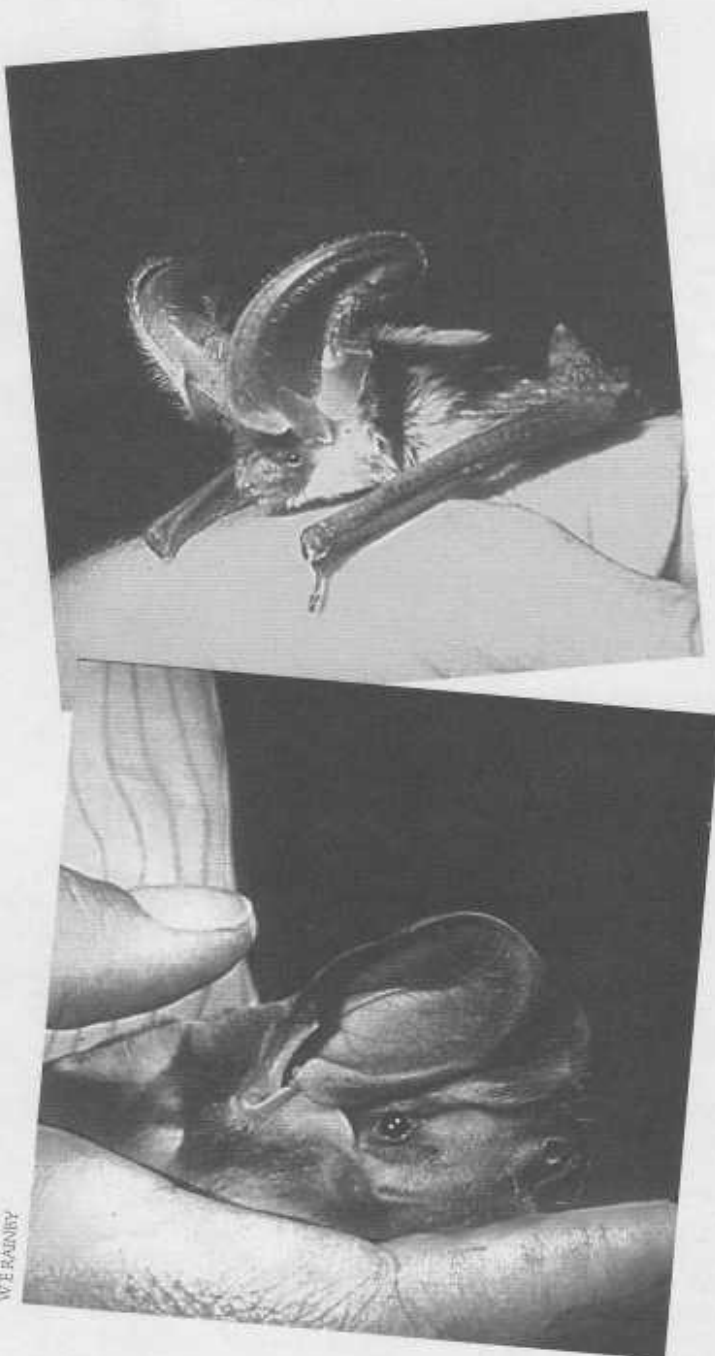
By dusk the nets were opened (it's poor form to open the nets early and possibly catch a bird on its way to the roost). The experienced batters stood by a net, eating a bit of dinner before our anticipated visitors arrived.

Several research assistants were above the river bed, tracking the flight of different species with audio detectors that can identify species whose voices are too high a frequency to be heard by the unaided ear. The ultrasound bat detectors allowed the researchers to record the bats' silent symphony which will later be transposed into a visual sonogram.

Within minutes of opening the nets, four tiny *Myotis yumanensis* entangled themselves while hunting insects near the water's surface. On this scientific expedition the yuma bat was casually referred to as the "yum-yum," or in the plural, "yummies."

Although I was excited as I waded out to assist in untangling the creatures, I could tell by the reaction of the experienced bat-catchers that these early arrivals were clearly expected. "Just like human teenagers out with the keys to the car for the first time," Dixie explained to me as her fingers nimbly extracted our tangled visitor, "the young *Myotis* get careless."

I was content to watch the previously immunized biologists handle the bats, since rabies is present in bats and is not a disease to be taken lightly. But research reveals that less than a half of 1% of bats contract rabies (about the same frequency



WE RAINY

as other animals). Of course no wild animals, bats included, should be handled if encountered by hikers or campers.

#### Bat Anatomy

In the middle of the river, I received my first lesson in bat anatomy as Dixie spread a wing to show the fine membranes that stretch across the "hand" of the bat. The hand is indeed similar to our own, with thumb

and fingers. In fact, the biological family name for bats is *Chiroptera*, meaning "hand-wing."

The wing is made up of a membrane stretching between the fingers, similar in thickness and strength to a sandwich bag. The translucent membrane is permeated with blood vessels. This vascular membrane not only provides enough blood and oxygen to the wing during flight, but also helps in cooling

the bat while airborne. Some bats have even been observed using their wings during aerial assaults to capture prey. They use their wings like baseball gloves, snagging insects and swatting them into their mouths. Sometimes they trap moths in the pocket of skin between the rear feet, then in a swift somersault motion, duck their heads into the pocket for a quick in-flight snack.

The *Myotis* was carefully placed in a small cloth sack — a bat in the bag. Once on shore, the bag holding the bat was transferred to a washtub-sized plastic box filled with strings of clothespins. The bag was clipped inside the box to keep the bat secure and warm until its time for data collection. The tub was dubbed the "bat hotel." This bat was the hotel's first guest of the night, but business proved to be brisk. Soon there was a line of small cloth bags clipped neatly in a row.

By the end of the night (after three hours of netting), we had caught and released fifty-four bats — an impressive batting average. I thought of the many fishermen who have walked the same banks for hours without even a nibble. The South Fork, I decided, was much better for batting than for fishing.

"I'll definitely need a glove to untangle this one," Dixie commented as she identified the struggling creature as *Eptesicus fuscus*, the big brown bat. Although the big brown bat was definitely brown, it didn't look very big. To my untrained eye, the big brown bat looked about the same as all the others. Our first bats, the *Myotis*, were about the size of a small flying cotton ball. The big brown bat looked to be the size of a large cotton ball. In comparison, the body of the largest bat we would catch, a *Eumops*, the greater mastiff,

*As the night progressed, so did the number of specimens in our temporary collection. The catch was quite successful — so much so that we had to post a "No Vacancy" sign on the bat hotel before midnight.*

was about the size of a winged croissant (to use nonmetric measurement).

Holding the big brown bat in the gloved hand and working the net with her free hand, Dixie commented, "These guys are feisty." She paused briefly. "I respect that." I also was developing an increased respect for them as I learned more about these nocturnal creatures.

As the night progressed, so did the number of specimens in our temporary collection. The catch was quite successful — so much so that we had to post a "No Vacancy" sign on the bat hotel before midnight. I found myself in the river less often. It's not that I'd grown blasé, just more discriminating. I waded into the water, but only to examine new species. To my disappointment, by 10:30 p.m. there was still no sign of a mastiff, and the nets were scheduled to be taken down in less than thirty minutes.

### The Short Stay at Bat Hotel

On this final night of the inventory, the group wanted to finish early (early this night was 1:30 a.m.), so the nets had to be down by 11:00 p.m. Meanwhile, Dixie began to examine each bat and to collect data. The bats that screeched and struggled in the nets a few minutes before seemed docile as they were handled for examination. Sitting at a portable table near the river, Dixie peered into a binocular microscope, determining such things as gender, age and amount of tooth wear. The length of the forearm was measured along with the weight of each animal. In payment for their temporary lodging in the bat hotel, the guests were expected to leave a small deposit — of guano. The bat scat will be examined later for remains of insect parts to deter-

mine the feeding habits of different species.

During their short stay in the bat hotel, many bats entered a slightly torpid state. Dixie slipped one young bat under her jacket, warming it up before releasing it. Ray Miller, a research associate, did likewise. "Bats have a normal temperature of one hundred and seven degrees," Ray explained. "Even our body heat is barely enough to jump start a sluggish bat."

Ray was in charge of carefully launching the bats back into their aerial habitat. Bats are used to beginning a flight from their elevated roosts in trees and cliffs rather than from near ground level, so precautions were taken to provide them enough height to gain momentum for successful flight. As if someone had just let the bat out of the bag, most eagerly took wing. Coaching the reluctant ones like personal proteges, Ray gently tossed one after another into the air, following their progress with a spotlight to confirm successful departures.

As we finished examining the bats, Bill was in the river, taking down the nets. His work was interrupted at regular intervals by thoughtless bats who didn't realize we were trying to finish up for the evening. Finally he clambered up the bank of the river bed.

### Eumops — The Finale

"The last bat of the evening," he said with a triumphant voice. "Guess which one?"

"Eumops!" Dixie guessed. Bill gently handed her the bag with the catch of the night. Forgetting the work at hand, Dixie slipped the *Eumops'* head out of the bag. Seeing only the head, I could tell that it was by far larger than any of the other species we had captured. Almost reluctantly she slipped it

into the bag, and we continued our bat inventory, saving the *Eumops* as the finale.

Several bats later, it was time to examine the final species, the *Eumops*. The nets were packed up and the other species released, so everyone gathered around to admire the large bat. With a professional excitement, they examined a large sack near the animal's neck. After looking at the gland, Dixie absent-mindedly stroked the fur on the back of the quiet creature. "Bats are so gentle," she said softly. "You'd never hold any other wild animal like this. Imagine trying to hold a wood rat."

A few photographs were taken before Dixie climbed to the roof of the van to give the bat greater height for its take-off. Aided by a careful toss, the bat glided silently into the night.

It was early morning and the bags had been packed into the van, but Maureen Loughlin, Acting Chief Naturalist, discussed possible future projects with the bat team. If funding is available, perhaps radio telemetry devices can be purchased to track the bats back to their daytime roosts. In the course of a night's hunt, large bats can travel perhaps as much as twenty-five miles in search of enough food. Twenty-five miles — as a bat flies — covers a lot of territory in Yosemite. Bats roosting in Tenaya Canyon or on the face of Half Dome could cover large portions of Yosemite Valley every night. Research in bat ecology has been limited, so information gained in Yosemite could have much broader implications in the study of the forested lands of western North America.

The data had not been analyzed for the night's bat inventory, but immediate observations revealed an amazingly rich diversity of bat species

living in the park. During the night, we had trapped eleven different species. The presence of juveniles and nursing females proved that the park supports a reproductive population. Yosemite is not just a park playground for people, it's an important habitat for the preservation of yet another variety of animal.

The newly gained information on bats will be helpful in determining appropriate park management strategies. Bridges (important roosting sites for bats) that are replaced or newly-built can be designed to provide space for that purpose. Further investigation of abandoned mines around the park and the role they play in providing roosting habitat is needed. According to last year's survey, the mastiff and the spotted bat (both rare species) are believed to roost and forage in popular recreational use areas such as rock faces and meadows. Recreational impact upon these sites warrants further study.

How much the night's activities added to the scientific body of knowledge about bats, I don't know. But the experience certainly contributed to my own knowledge as a ranger/naturalist. During future campfires I will never look at bats in the same way. Bats will be considered honored guests, not campfire competitors. As with so many fields of natural history, knowledge brings respect. During my night of netting, I had gained admiration, appreciation, and perhaps even a little affection for my former campfire rival — the bat.

*Jeff Lahr resides in Santa Maria, teaches social studies at the junior high level, and spends his summers in Wawona as a ranger-naturalist.*



# Carl Sharsmith 1903-1994

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.





# Carl's Final Days

Georgia Stigall

**Carl Sharsmith prepared** for his 1994 season in Tuolumne Meadows with the knowledge that his health was failing, but with his usual enthusiasm and desire to share with Yosemite visitors. In May he expressed some concern about the upcoming summer because he held himself to high work standards, and he did not want to "let down on the job." As June approached, he regained his confidence. Carl was very happy the day we drove from San Jose to Tuolumne to begin work.

Each morning Carl joined park visitors to walk in the meadow and share stories and memories. As always, he brought joy and good humor to those he met. In July it became apparent that Carl would need more assistance, so that he could both fulfill his duty and share his passion for Yosemite. We brought Tom Ahern into our circle as Carl's attendant. The additional assistance and kindness provided by many others, including Yosemite friends and visitors, was also of great help.

Carl was able to complete the season in Tuolumne Meadows and had the satisfaction of knowing he had done his job well. We had made plans for many of our usual fall Bay Area outings, including birding and visits with friends. However, after returning home to San Jose, his health began to decline rapidly. We talked about how he wanted to proceed, and he was able to make decisions affecting his care.

With the help of hospice, he spent the final several days of his life in his bed at home, where he wanted to be, free of pain. His son John, friend and attendant Tom, and I were with him, and he knew that we



ALECE MALLORY, 1994

would not leave him. We listened to Mozart and Beethoven. We talked of Muir, opera, Shakespeare, wildlife and a profusion of other favorite topics. Friends visited and phoned to express their love and their farewells.

Carl always approached tasks and projects in his life meticulously and without hurry; his approach to dying was no exception. He drew his final breaths quietly and peacefully. When I made some phone calls after he left us that morning, I simply

bounding from peak to peak in their beloved Range of Light! There was a very energetic feeling that accompanied this notion... and in fact, it snowed in Tuolumne that afternoon.

I will miss Carl for his love of Yosemite, nature, music, learning, and literature. But more than anything I will miss Carl for the sheer joy and humor he brought to daily life. Our simple errands and routine chores were enriched by laughter and a constant appreciation of the birds, flowers, trees and people that we saw in the course of our meanderings. I will always treasure having shared his life these past few years, and am grateful to all of those who helped make his life easier and more joyful.

*Georgia Stigall, longtime YA supporter, spent a great deal of time with Carl Sharsmith in the Bay Area and Yosemite during these last years.*

**A memorial fund has been established for Carl Sharsmith at the Yosemite Association. It will be designated for a special project in Carl's name.**



JONARD JOHNSON

# Imitating Carl

Jeffery G. Lahr

Dr. Carl Sharmith's reputation was well known to me before I came to Yosemite to work as a ranger, but I never had the opportunity to get to know him well. Since we were stationed in different parts of the park (Tuolumne Meadows and Wawona), our paths rarely crossed during the four seasons we worked concurrently as interpreters. But during the trainings and occasional meetings that we attended, I kept a sharp but discreet eye on Carl. He was so well respected and liked that, frankly, I wanted to emulate him.

It was a surprise when one day last summer, I saw Carl slowly walking up the trail in the Mariposa Grove of Giant Sequoia Trees. His step wasn't spry, but his progress was steady. We greeted one another as we passed on the trail. This time my sharp eye was rewarded as I noticed a green sequoia cone in his hand. He brought it to his lips and bit off a fleshy portion of the cone as if it were a Granny Smith apple.

I had watched countless chickarees and chipmunks eat the bright green cones, but never a fellow human. Yet I knew that if a sequoia cone was something that Carl nibbled on, then I wanted to try one, too. He seemed to savor this mountain made snack. In fact, I speculated wildly, perhaps Carl's famous longevity and good health were due in part to the regular partaking of these cones of the ancients.

It didn't take me long to

find a small sequoia cone, freshly cut from the top boughs by an accommodating squirrel. Fortunately, I had the sense to find a remote spot on the trail before trying Carl's treat. I sunk my teeth into the egg-sized cone... at least I tried. It felt roughly equivalent to running my fingernails across a chalkboard. I worried that I had scraped the enamel off the front of my teeth. The sharp acid taste stung my tongue. Even while the first bite remained in my mouth, I immediately lost my appetite for the sequoia cone. Quickly, I deposited the cone where the original harvester might find it for his winter stores.

For several hours, I picked at the tough fibers of the cone still wedged between my teeth. But even before I had successfully removed the last fibers from my teeth, I had learned an important lesson from my brief encounter on the trail with Carl. Imitating his style didn't work. Carl could, perhaps, be emulated, but never imitated. His friendly manner was famous; his knowledge of the high country, legendary.

There will never be another Carl Sharmith.

*Jeff Lahr also contributed the article on the Wawona bat hunt in this issue.*

## The Last Leaf

Oliver Wendell Holmes

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."



HELEN SHARMITH, 1995

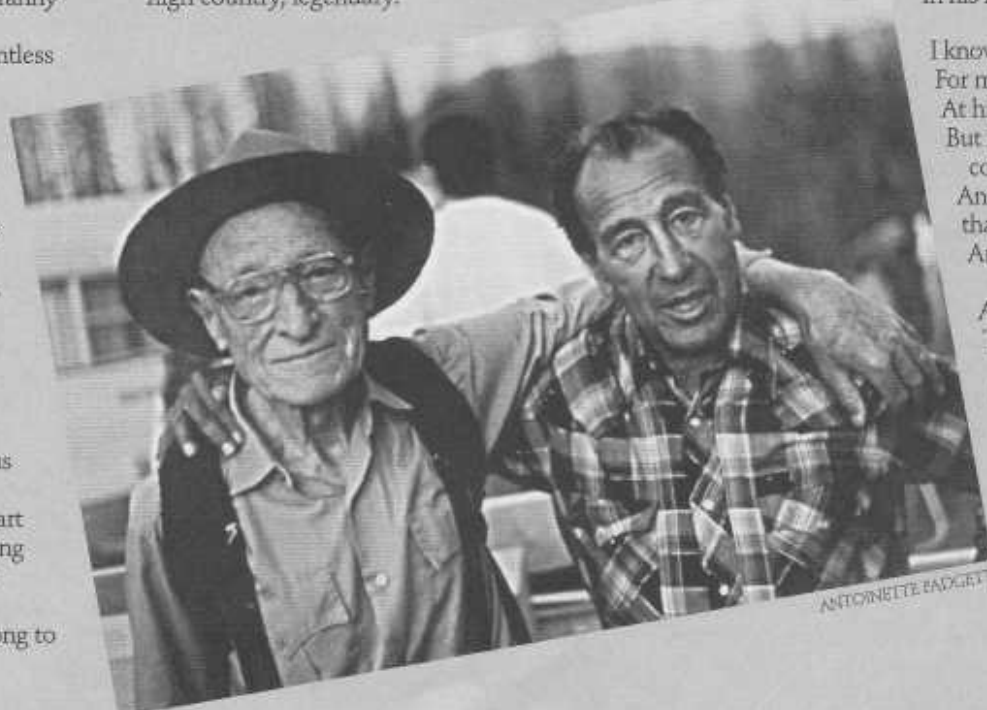
The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he had prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago —  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But in the old three-  
cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all  
that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the  
tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as  
I do now,  
At the old forsaken  
bough  
Where I cling.



ANTOINETTE BADGETT

# The Last Season

Jackie Koenig

Carl Sharsmith settled into a routine during his last summer at Tuolumne Meadows. His health failing, he would treat park visitors to a morning spent sitting in the meadow's bright sunlight, as he told stories and sang songs to those gathered around him.

Dressed in his ranger uniform and his timeworn Stetson hat, Sharsmith was a proud figure sitting in a folding chair in the warm meadow. During his sixty-three years in Yosemite, an estimated seventy-five thousand people experienced this special man. Many friends returned time and again. Mothers who had walked with him as children returned to introduce their own youngsters.

Carl's stories were legendary. Many were about himself. He got started in Yosemite when he was accepted by the Yosemite Field School of Natural History in 1930. This school was the start of the Yosemite interpretive or naturalist program. When called by others a Tuolumne Meadows "interpreter," Carl quickly made known his preference for the term "ranger-naturalist." He, after all, was not "interpreting"—he was simply describing various elements of the natural world—there was no interpretation involved.

He humorously explained the reason for his assignment to Tuolumne Meadows. The summer following his Field School experience, Carl was asked to join the National Park Service staff in Yosemite Valley. The Firefall off Glacier Point was a nightly occurrence. Most park visitors watched that display in the evening, then quickly relocated to the garbage dump where the local bears came to feed each night. As dark descended, spotlights were turned



THEODORE STOLWAT

on the bears, who proceeded to entertain the assembly. One night Carl was assigned to give a talk about the bears as they ate. All went well to Carl's mind, and he left pleased with himself and satisfied that he had heightened the appreciation of the park visitor for *Ursus americanus*.

The next morning Carl was on duty at the Yosemite Museum when Colonel Charles Goff Thomson, the park's Superintendent, approached him. He said, "I was down at the bear pits last night." Carl's chest swelled noticeably until Colonel Thomson added, "Your talk was lousy!" Carl smiled and reflected that he could still hear the Superintendent's enunciation of "lousy" as though it were yesterday. Soon after, Colonel Thomson reassigned Carl to Tuolumne Meadows, and, as they say, the rest is history. It was, of course, exactly where Carl wanted to be, and he returned summer after summer.

Carl reminisced about his life away from the Meadows. During his childhood, his family moved to Galveston, where Carl was frequently beaten up by rough students. At age fourteen, he quit school. His family then moved to San Francisco where Carl's father worked as a chef at the St. Francis Hotel. For a time Carl was a go-fer, carrying supplies from the storeroom to the kitchen.

He returned to junior high

school when he was nineteen. In those days, there was no such thing as a high school equivalency exam, so he patiently worked his way through the grades, "a man among children," his biographer, Elizabeth Stone O'Neill, wrote.

His patience and industry were rewarded. In 1933, Carl received his B.S. degree in botany from the University of California at Los Angeles, and his doctorate in 1940 from U.C. Berkeley. After a long and successful academic career, Carl retired from teaching at San Jose State University twenty years ago and began a project he'd always dreamed of—identifying and organizing his many plant specimens. The product of his labors, now known as the Carl Sharsmith Herbarium at San Jose State, will soon be available worldwide, thanks to computer technology.

Carl also recalled old friends. He had great affection for ranger Ferdinand Castillo, the Tioga Pass fixture who died last December. Anyone who passed through the gate got a friendly word from Ferdinand, who could say "hello" in every language. Carl grieved for Ferdinand this summer. Almost every time they got together in their last few years, they had recited, in spirited unison and by heart, "The Last Leaf" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. At seventy-six and ninety-one years respectively, Ferdinand and Carl were certainly "last leaves upon

the tree." Their combined experience spanned 101 summers in the high country of Yosemite.

Totally uninhibited, Carl sat in the meadow in the middle of the morning and sang for us. He observed that people don't sing much anymore, don't make up songs. He sang us his own composition, "Yosemite," with the line, "we'll count the moments we spend away from you."

When he finished his talk, he would escort his audience to his tent cabin. One day as he walked he crafted a magical story based on some yellow flowers blooming on the banks of the river. He pointed to a tiny plant with his cane, and showed such respect and appreciation for it that it seemed to gather glory as he spoke.

Back at the cabin, Carl would sit on his small front porch, drinking ginger ale and smoking Prince Albert in his old corn cob pipe. He would pass around a blank book, and each of his guests would write him a message. Some people composed brilliant statements about nature, and children labored over simple messages to him. Undoubtedly, Carl relished every entry.

Carl Sharsmith's last season was a quiet one. Every day his soft voice related rich and wide-ranging stories, one after another. He was comfortably at home in Tuolumne, reveled in its special hold on him, and felt deep gratitude for his time there. Invariably, at the end of his morning talk, Carl would look around at his surroundings and declare, "God bless the meadow. I love it so." The feeling was mutual.

Jackie Koenig, veteran hiker and journal writer, spends her summers in Fish Camp just outside Yosemite and her winters in Arizona.



# Will the Real Mount Lyell Please Stand Up?

Susan Guhm

Photographs by the author

**Smoking pantaloons.** Or rather, the smoking pantaloons of Lord Horace Valpey Pullen. Then there were the wild horses, the Lucky Friday, the Queen of the West, and Camp Jackson. Clues, every one. Clues to the true location of Mount Lyell. Or at least what the folks of 1880s Mono Basin believed to be Mount Lyell.

The tallest peak in Yosemite National Park, at 13,114 feet elevation, named by William H. Brewer and Charles F. Hoffmann in 1863, has been in the same place on the map for the past 131 years. Or has it?

Doubt about the peak's location was not on my mind when I chanced across a reference to the Mt. Lyell area in an old 1880s newspaper. "In the principal pine grove of the plateau the town of Camp Jackson was laid out in the palmy days of Prescott, and here several houses were built." My mind reeled. A town. Houses. Oh boy. Where is this Camp Jackson? I read on. "The silver lodes of Prescott, of which the Queen of the West is the most important, trend northwest and southeast across the lofty eastern peak of Mount Lyell, which rises one mile and a half above Camp Jackson." Of course, right away, I didn't just WANT to find it, I HAD to find it. Who knows what treasures might still be within Camp Jackson.

Out came the appropriate 15-minute topo maps (this was before the 7.5 minute maps were published in 1990 for this area) - Tuolumne, Mono Craters, Merced Peak, and Devil's Postpile. Four maps were necessary since Mount Lyell sits in the "Outer Siberia" (upper right corner) of the Merced Peak Quadrangle and

spreads its flanks into three other quadrangles.

Several possible "plateau" areas around Lyell showed up swathed in the map's green, a good sign. All I had to do next was wait for summer. In the meantime, I continued exploring old newspapers for any information about the mining districts in this region.

## Where was Mt. Lyell?

I learned that on December 28, 1884, Lord Horace Valpey Pullen and Viscount Paul Rouze (the grand titles are suspect) left Lundy (on the east side of the Sierras, eight miles north of Tioga Pass - as the crow flies) bound for the southern portion of Prescott Mining District. Since this was mid-winter, they struggled over snow and ice. The next morning they left Bennettville on 9-foot "Norwegian snowshoes" — cross country skis.

Two days later, as the article reported, "The two men reached Mount Gibbs on Sunday, the 30th, and passing the night with Orlando Fuller, proceeded across Mount Lyell on Monday."

This was puzzling. What happened to Mono Pass, Parker Pass and the remainder of the ten miles between Mount Gibbs and Mount Lyell? Had the two men covered an incredibly fast ten miles in one day, after struggling for five miles from Bennettville to Mount Gibbs the previous day? Hmmmmm.

Lord Horace and Viscount Paul ascended Mount Lyell by skirting the eastern edge of "the glacier." They began staking out location notices on abandoned claims on January 1, 1885.

The next day, Tuesday, they began their journey back to Lundy. First they returned to the point on Mount Lyell above the glacier.

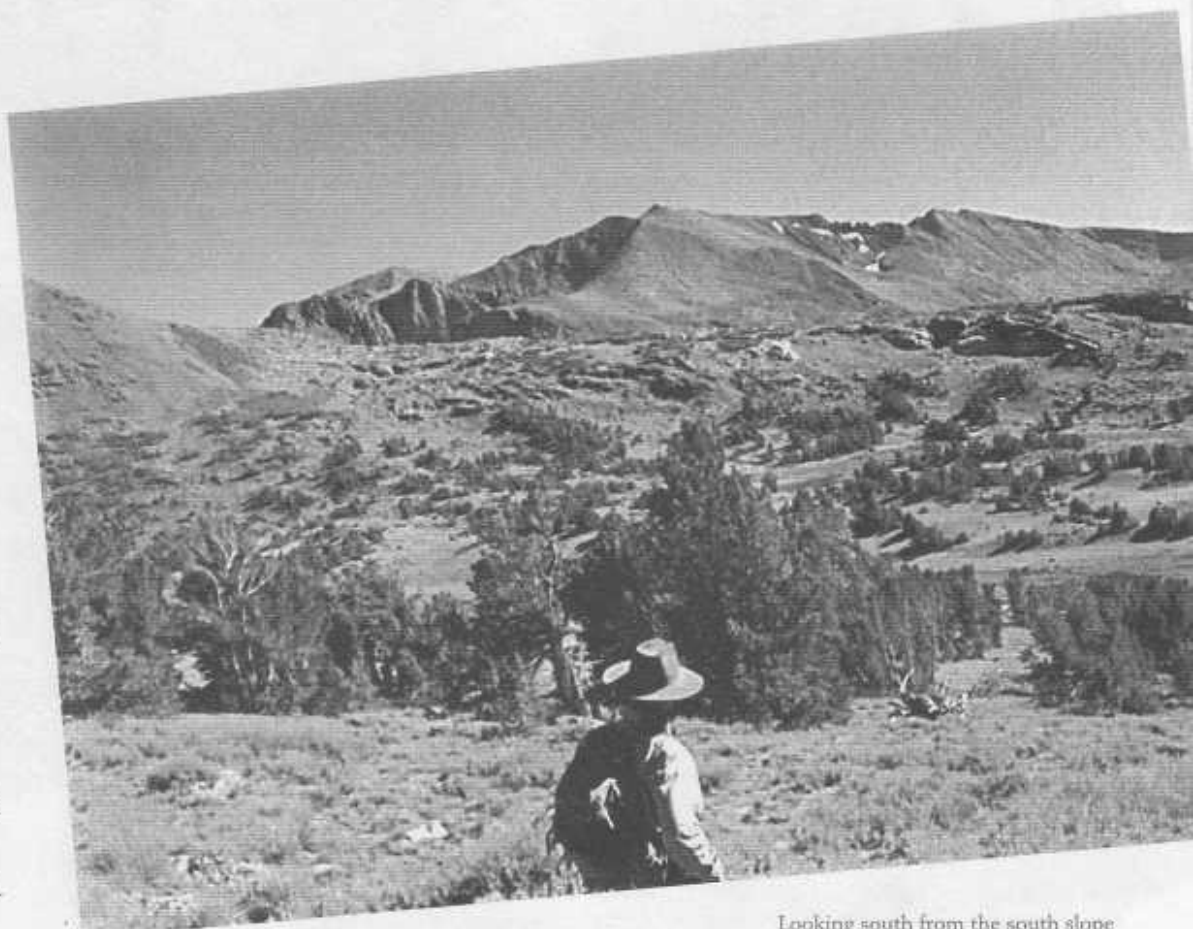
Lord Horace, concerned

Looking south from the south slope of Mount Gibbs, toward what 1880s miners referred to as the slopes, ridges and secondary peaks of Mount Lyell.

about the rapidly approaching snowstorm (which "in mid-Winter is a 'holy-terror'"), decided to cross the top of the glacier rather than take a longer, safer way around by way of an adjacent rocky slope. Lord Horace confidently stepped out onto the top of the glacier. Instantly, he and all that was attached to him, "shot down the glacier like a projectile fired from a gun."

Seconds later he lay senseless "in a mass of medial moraine and packed snow at the base of the glacier." Lord Horace had slid upon the butt-portion of his leather pantaloons for somewhere between 700 and 1,000 near-vertical feet on sandpaper-like snow and ice.

Viscount Paul carefully picked his way down the rocks next to





The remains of the log/stone cabin. The logs had tumbled downslope. Tent camp in background.

the glacier. When he reached his friend at the bottom, he found that Lord Horace was all right — "except that he had lost the rear portion of his pantaloons and underclothing, and a few eyes of grease had congealed on the snow where he first stopped." The smell of burning leather could be detected in the surrounding atmosphere. He was incredibly fortunate to have all his arms, legs and most of his skin still attached.

Although the newspaper reported that the Viscount found him "all right," the pair settled in at a cramped cabin, with the cabin-owner, for three nights. Could it be that his Lordship needed to lie on his stomach for a few days while his de-greased rear healed a smidgen?

Something still bothered me about the story. Not only was Lord Horace's rearend not in right order, but something seemed to be amiss with this Mount Lyell.

I searched for more references

to the mystery mountain. In quick succession I found them in the Homer Mining Index. July 12, 1884 — "When last winter's storms ran Orlando Fuller down from his Lucky Friday mine near Lyell Peak . . ." I knew where the Lucky Friday mine was - at the eastern end of Parker Pass Lake.

Different article, same issue of the Index - "The Rush Creek Wild Horses: A prospector crossing the head of Parker Canyon, from Mount Lyell to Mount Gibbs, on Monday last, came suddenly upon the small band of wild horses that for years have roamed the canyons and gorges about the headwaters of Rush and Deadman's Creeks. Six of the band were feeding on a little meadow just below the Mount Lyell glacier, when the prospector came upon a bluff almost overhanging the spot. As soon as the wild horses got scent of him they took up the steep mountain side on a keen run, like so many deer, and continued running until they disappeared over the high divide between Parker Canyon and the North

Fork of Rush Creek . . ."

Again, the story put Mount Lyell awfully close to Mount Gibbs and Parker Canyon. It just didn't jive with the map at all. Someone had mislabeled a mountain in that region and had called it Mount Lyell — but which mountain? I was now questioning the location of Camp Jackson as well. Was it really on a flank of Lyell or was it somewhere much farther north?

August 23, 1884, ". . . Crossing the Bunker Hill plateau [the western flank of Mount Lewis], little more than a mile, in a course five degrees east of south, we reach the extreme head of the Dana Fork and most easterly waters of the Tuolumne [Parker Pass Lake]. Here Orlando Fuller, the locator of the Golden Crown and Bloss mines at the head of Bloody Canyon, and the pioneer prospector and miner of this region, has a cabin hanging, so to speak, over a lake still (August 15th) frozen over so that a horse can walk over the ice with safety. Across the lake

to the southward rises one of the lofty diorite peaks of Mount Lyell, connected southward with the central peak by a high ridge."

I brought out the map and studied the area around Parker Canyon, Parker Pass, and points south and south-east. Comparing article descriptions with the map, I decided the most likely candidate for the location of Camp Jackson was the valley southeast of Parker Pass near Alger Lakes. It also appeared that Kuna Peak was the most likely candidate for the false Mount Lyell. But, as usual, I wanted to check on it in the field. Even the best of maps

frequently can misrepresent the true appearance of the land.

### . . . Past the Lucky Friday Mine

At long last, my husband, Karl, and I left on the long-awaited trip, delayed several times by illnesses of elderly family members.

From the trail through Parker Pass we could see the depression occupied by Parker Pass Lake where Orlando Fuller had his Lucky Friday claim with its shallow mine shaft. And there on the other side of the lake towered the sheer black crag referred to in the article of August 23, 1884 as "one of the lofty diorite peaks of Mount Lyell."

We slowly rounded the top of the Pass, moving from Yosemite National Park into the Ansel Adams Wilderness Area of Inyo National Forest. Parker Canyon continues gently downhill bordered on both sides by rugged steep-sided mountains. As we approached the turn in the trail I stood agape at the sight



The trail ahead of me, leading up to Koip Peak Pass, matched exactly the description in yet another article I had found relating Camp Jackson's location to Mount Lyell. The switchback trail, with "22 angles," was adjacent to the "Mount Lyell glacier." (The new 7.5 minute map shows the switchbacks.) And here it was before me. Although practically no one would call it a glacier now, 100 years ago it was undoubtedly much larger. Icefields and glaciers have shrunk considerably in the Sierra in the past century.

We topped Koip Peak Pass and descended towards Alger Lakes and what was once called the North Fork of Rush Creek (now called Alger Creek). About halfway down we started seeing horse droppings on the trail. Odd. We didn't see them on the other side of the Pass. Rush Creek Wild Horses? Nah. Must be horsepackers that wandered around this dazzling basin.

### Camp Jackson?

Next day we began our search for Camp Jackson — any sign of mines, cabins, tent sites, campsites, and blazes on trees (trail signs or claim markers carved into trees). For several hours we searched the pine groves and intervening meadows, finding campsites and more horse droppings.

Finally, while walking east along the trail, we saw posts in a distant meadow. A fence? A sheep corral? Large branches, having been cleaned of smaller branches, had been stuck into the ground forming several rectangles. Several posts had fallen and were lying on the ground. A few rocks lay in between the posts, and occasionally there was a brass grommet. Most of the rocks were at least partially

buried by soil and grass that had accumulated slowly over the years. These were remnants of tents. They used tents here, as many miners did.

Instead of having lightweight nylon tents like we have today which can be theoretically pitched in a few minutes, they used canvas. Heavy canvas with metal grommets for rope tie downs. Draped onto posts (or any branches cut locally), anchored with ropes tied to short wooden stakes weighted with rocks, it created a fine temporary summer home.

This particular spot appeared to have had several tents, one right next to the other, probably for mutual warmth and wind protection. There is a good possibility that the tents were used into the twentieth century by hunters and sheepherders. In the past we have found log

cabins in the park which were obviously built by miners, and then restored during the 1900s, most likely by hunters illegally seeking game.

The site of this tent camp fit perfectly with the description of Camp Jackson's location. What about Mt. Lyell? It was described as "... the lofty eastern peak of Mount Lyell, which rises one mile and a half above Camp Jackson." Finding our location on the map, we measured one and one-half miles eastward. There was Kuna Peak, the highest mountain in the area at 13,002 feet elevation.

But there still existed the possibility that this was strictly a shepherd's camp — an awfully BIG one — but a possibility to deal with just the same. If it had belonged to miners and they had made the effort to lug canvas up here and pitch this massive shelter, they must have

Looking west from the site of the tent camp toward Kuna Peak.

wielded pickaxes and shovels and blasted with black powder somewhere in this valley.

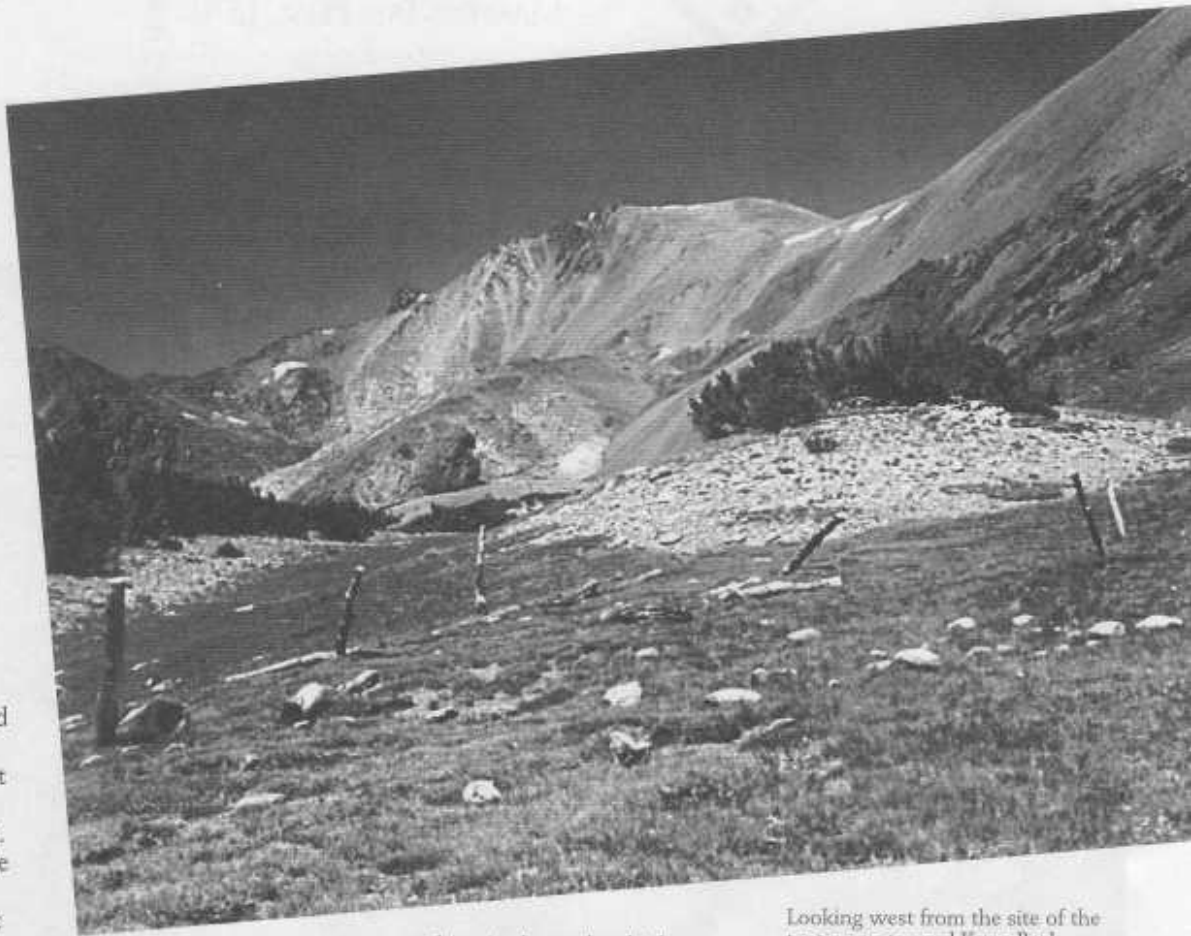
We continued searching the plateau, the groves of white-bark pine and the northern slopes. In all, besides the tent camp, we found the remains of two dugouts, one log/stone cabin, several old and new campsites, numerous test pits, four tunnels, and one timbered shaft.

Clearly a number of miners had lived here, and it being in national forestland, mining had undoubtedly continued, probably by one or two individuals into the 20th century.

### Kuna Peak

In one fell swoop I had confirmed at least to a level

*Continued on page 13*



THE MIRROR LAKE HOUSE — YOSEMITE VALLEY,  
BY GORDON AND WHORTON.  
RECENTLY STOCKED WITH CHOICE WINES, FINE  
LIQUORS, AND HAVANA CIGARS. BOATS  
FURNISHED FOR THE LAKE.  
— MARIPOSA FREE PRESS, 1870





# The Mirror Lake House



Hank Johnston

In the early spring of 1870, Peter Gordon, a veteran Yosemite guide, and Leonidas G. "Diek" Whorton, a former saloonkeeper at Hite's Cove who owned eighty acres at the Cascades, erected a small frame building called the Lake House on the western edge of Mirror Lake. An advertisement in the *Mariposa Free Press* of June 3, 1870, announced: "The MIRROR LAKE HOUSE — Yosemite Valley, by Gordon and Whorton. Recently stocked with choice wines, fine liquors, and Havana cigars. Boats furnished for the lake."

On June 30, 1874, the Yosemite Board of Commissioners ordered "the occupants of the building at Mirror Lake to vacate the premises for the reason of having failed to comply with the conditions of the privilege." The Commissioners then leased the place to William J. Howard, a former county sheriff and later a state politician, who constructed a 40-by-60 foot platform out over the water for dining and dancing. Howard also built a mile-long toll road up Tenaya Canyon to his resort, where he served meals, liquor, and rented out two flat-bottomed rowboats for use on the lake. On July 28, 1876, the *Mariposa Gazette* carried this glowing report of Howard's enterprise:

*A dance came off at Mirror Lake on Monday last. Bonfires were built around the lake, and the light, as it reflected from its mirrored surface, making distinct all objects, forming one of the most beautiful scenes imagination can well conceive. The boats as they were gently moved over the smooth water, with their*

*lovely freight, the music as it fell on the ear with its soft cadence — all reminded those present, we are assured, of the stories they had read of the beautiful Naiads and their queens, as they rose out of the water. Why do not more people visit this lake? Life is short.*

Mirror Lake was a much larger body of water in those days than now. The National Park Service has discontinued the practice of periodically damming and dredging the lake to remove the detritus brought down Tenaya Creek, believing that nature should be allowed to take its course. As a result, Mirror Lake is slowly filling in and will eventually disappear. In 1884 *Guardian* James Hutchings reported that he had "moved several large blocks of granite — some weighing ten to fifteen tons each — from the adjacent banks in to the narrowest neck of the channel of exit of Tenaya Creek, thereby treasuring up the waters of Mirror Lake and at the same time increasing the area of the lake nearly six times."

On July 1, 1879, the State bought the rights to Howard's toll road for \$600 and made it free. Soon after, *Guardian* Galen Clark, by order of the Commissioners, demolished the Mirror Lake tavern and platforms and removed the accumulated rubbish. Howard, who had already taken out his personal property, received \$200 in compensation for his dispossession.

Howard was extremely upset about the Commissioners' termination of his lucrative lease and very shortly got a measure of revenge. As a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of California in 1878-79, he helped push through the provision that State officials such as the Commissioners be limited to four-year terms. As a result, on April

15, 1880, ten months after California's radically restructured Constitution took effect, the Legislature declared all Commission seats vacant and mandated Governor George C. Perkins to immediately select a replacement Board. Only two of the previous eight members were appointed.

*This article is an excerpt (minus footnotes) from Hank Johnston's forthcoming pictorial history of the Yosemite Grant (1864-1906), to be published by the Yosemite Association. Hank Johnston, a 20 year resident of Yosemite, is an author of 13 books on California history. His most recent works are Yosemite's Yesterdays and Yosemite's Yesterdays, Vol II.*

## Mount Lyell

*Continued from page 11*

of certainty that satisfied me, Kuna Peak as "Mount Lyell" and the location of Camp Jackson.

After further study of the map, the actual terrain, and the historic articles, I believe that the ice field in the bowl north of Kuna and Koip Peaks was the site of Lord Horace Valpey Pullen's butt-grinding ride. That is also the most likely area where the Rush Creek Wild Horses would have galloped out of Parker Canyon, over the divide and into this valley. The ice field near the switchbacks was referred to as the Mount Lyell glacier, another case of multiple identities.

This discovery also revealed where Lord Horace Valpey Pullen, Viscount Paul Rouze, R.W. Woolard, A.G. Black, E.S. Utter, Charley Jardine, and Camp Jackson's namesake, Thomas Jackson, among many others, had mined, boiled beans, lived, laughed, read the *Homer Mining Index* for news of their neighbors, and undoubtedly, drunk lots of whiskey.

The mines on the slopes were given names such as Alabama, Mineral Park, Bull of the Woods, Delta, Amazon, and Garfield (after the president, not the cartoon cat).

It is not known who mis-named Kuna Peak. No map I have found shows Mount Lyell out of place. I assume it was begun by an individual who identified the tallest peak in the region as Mount Lyell, and the error persisted for quite a few years.

*Susan Guhm is an Association member from Fresno with a passion for Yosemite's early mining history (see Spring Forum).*

# Spring Forum in March



**The YA Spring Forum** is scheduled for Saturday, March 25, 1995 in Yosemite Valley. This day-long member event will feature a series of informative slide shows, talks, and walks on a variety of topics such as Yosemite history, natural history, resources, and management.

The day begins at 9:00 a.m. with a check-in to receive name badges and sign up for walks in front of the East and West Auditoriums behind the Valley Visitor Center. There will be sessions throughout the day with a break for lunch on your own. Members can choose from a variety of concurrent programs in the auditoriums or take a naturalist or history walk (weather permitting). At 5:00 p.m. people will have a chance to socialize during the wine and cheese hour.

Among this year's speakers is **Patricia Winters**, from the California Bat Conservation Fund, who will treat members to a presentation centered around live bats indigenous to California. Mining historian **Susan Guhm's** entertaining program is entitled "Borax Slapjacks and Frizzled Chickens: 1800s Mining Life in Eastern Yosemite" and comes from two different stories that she will be relating during the presentation. Renowned climber **Mike Corbett** will be on hand to share his expertise on the history of climbing. Many other programs are planned focusing on the park's wildlife, archaeology, geology, and much more.

Members will soon be receiving further details about the Spring Forum by mail, including a reservation form for lodging in the park. Everyone is encouraged to pre-register for the event by returning the card from the mailing along with \$10 for each person attending.

All those who pre-register will receive a finalized agenda in the mail shortly before the event.

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

## Shephard and Wolfus Win Board Election

**Incumbents** Tom Shephard and Dan Wolfus were recently re-elected to the Yosemite Association Board of Trustees. The final tally was Shephard — 1074 votes, Wolfus — 925, and Cecelia Hurwich — 738.

Veteran trustee Tom Shephard has served on the YA



Board for more than 20 years and as its Chairman for more than ten years. A lawyer in Stockton, Tom has been an active and influential participant in the Association. He presently chairs the Publications and Seminars Committee which selects books for publication, and he serves on the Planning and Development Committee which steers the overall direction of the organization. Tom was instrumental a few years ago in the creation of the Yosemite Fund, originally a part of

the Association and now an entity of its own, which has raised millions of dollars for the park.

Also successful in his bid for re-election was Dan Wolfus of Los Angeles who begins his



second-six year term. Dan's background is in banking, and he has served as both the Treasurer of the Association and Chairman of the Finance and Operations committees. Dan, who spends part of each year in his house in Wawona, hopes in the near future to work on a publication about Native Americans in Yosemite which would be a combined effort of YA and the Southwest Museum in LA.

Again, we send our thanks to Life member Cecelia Hurwich for her wholehearted involvement in the election process. Her dedication to both the park and the Association is clear. Numerous members expressed distress at the task of choosing among the three fine candidates. We hope that there will be ways in the future to utilize both her energy and her interest in Yosemite's behalf.

## Association Dates

**March 25, 1995:** YA Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley

**September 16, 1995:** Annual Members Meeting, Tuolumne Meadows

**March 30, 1996:** Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley

209-379-2317

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



# 73 Field Seminars for 1995

**Accolades for Yosemite Field Seminars!** The YA Seminar program recently received the First Place Award in the 1994 National Park Service Interpretive Excellence Competition. The YA offerings were judged to be the best overall interpretive program presented in a national park. One of the judges stated, "The programs appear exciting, combining instructions with fun, experiential learning opportunities. They include many elements of effective interpretation, which would inspire participants to thirst for more. The list of instructors lends itself to representing quality instruction."

The new 1995 seminar brochure includes seventy-three programs from one day to fourteen days in length. They cover subjects such as natural history, wildflower identification, geology, birding, winter ecology, California Native American studies, butterflies, astronomy, wildlife identification, photography, painting, drawing, nature writing, backpacks and family trips cover most of the categories.

Sadly, Dr. Carl Shar-smith, longtime YA instructor and good friend, died on October 14, 1994. He guided so many people along Sierra wild-flower trails, enriching lives with his knowledge and entertaining teaching style. His unique classes will be sorely missed.

## Winter Program

The first seminars are scheduled for February. There are two winter photography workshops — a *Black and White Photo Workshop*, February 18-20, taught by Jeff Nixon, and *Brenda Tharps'*

*Magic of Winter Color Workshop*, February 25-27. Rooms for participants have been reserved in Yosemite Valley.

Winter courses will include Ron Oriti's *Winter Stars over Yosemite*, March 3-4. This class is a fun way to see wintry Yosemite Valley while viewing Orion, Taurus, Gemini and Auriga. Oriti is known for his captivating mythological and scientific stories of individual stars and constellations. Carol English, Yosemite naturalist, will teach the *Yosemite Valley Winter Ecology*, March 18-19 for those wanting to bundle up against the cold and experience winter in Yosemite. As spring arrives in the foothills, Howard Weamer will instruct a new photography course in the Merced

River Canyon called *Capturing Foothill Wildflowers on Film*, March 25-26.

Some of the most popular programs from other years will be repeated again in 1995, and there are new seminars in the subjects of meteorology, history, forests and meadows, botany, photography and natural history. In addition, there will be classes in acrylic painting, birds and watercolor, and even a backpacking and cooking seminar.

## New Survey Program

One new program is the *Archaeological Survey & Mapping Project* led by Yosemite archaeologist, John Vittands. To date, less than 5% of Yosemite has

been inventoried for archaeological resources, and this gap has created some uncertainty about the nature of the park's prehistoric history. To assist the NPS, two separate hands-on archaeological work projects are to be funded by participants who will perform the surveying and mapping in Yosemite's backcountry under the direction of park staff.

Participants will learn the principles of archaeological surveying, including how to determine the location of boundaries, bedrock mortars, housepits, hearths, rock shelters, and pictographs. Each two-week session will result in a written report compiled by NPS personnel to help construct important information about historic people in this area. YA seminar participants will backpack to the survey location where a base camp will be set up, and meals will be cooked and provided for participants. Survey locations are in fairly remote areas of the park, and participants can look forward to having two days off each week to hike, fish, read, draw, or relax in camp. This is the only seminar offered that is fully tax deductible to participants, as all fees collected will fund the project.

## Program Catalog

Take a look at the new catalog and be sure to sign up early to avoid being disappointed! Last year half of the year's enrollments came in during the months of January and February. Call

Penny or Lou in the seminar office at 209/379-2321 if you have any questions about the program.



PENNY OTWELL

# Summer Work in the Park

## Volunteers Needed

**YA members** who enjoy working with the public and have extended periods of time at their disposal might enjoy joining one of the volunteer programs in Yosemite Valley or Tuolumne Meadows. From April through October the Association needs volunteers in Yosemite Valley to alternately staff the membership booth and the Museum Gallery. The Gallery work involves keeping track of visitation and answering questions about the exhibits and the park. At the membership booth, volunteers answer numerous visitor inquiries and, when appropriate, describe the work of the Association and encourage membership.

These volunteers stay in shared campsites in the Valley for at least a month, work a four-day work week, and receive a stipend of \$6 per workday.

In Tuolumne Meadows, volunteers serve as hosts at the seminar campground and assist the Park Service naturalists by answering visitor questions. The Tuolumne season is shorter — from the end of June through August. Volunteers need to plan for a commitment of 4-6 weeks and stay in a tent, small camper or van in the Tuolumne Meadows Campground. Like the Valley volunteers, they work a four-day work week and receive a stipend of \$6 per workday.

If either of these positions interests you, please write or call (209) 379-2317 for an application.

## Join a YA Work Trip!

**YA offers** its members a variety of opportunities to volunteer in Yosemite. One such opportunity for those who don't have a large block of time to donate is to participate in the



member work trips. For the 1995 season, five such trips are scheduled: **July 30 – August 5** and **August 13 – 19** in Tuolumne Meadows, and **September 24 – 30** and **October 1 – 7** in Yosemite Valley. Due to the success of YA's first ever backcountry work trip near the Sunrise Lakes area last year, and the need for additional work at that site, another trip to Sunrise is planned for **August 27 – September 2**.

These work trips consist of 15 YA members who gather for a five day revegetation project in the park. The Resources Management Division of the National Park Service in Yosemite relies almost entirely on volunteer labor to accomplish a variety of restoration projects. The YA work trips provide some of that much-needed labor and are a cooperative venture with several other organizations. The Yosemite Institute contributes the leadership and food service, the NPS directs the projects, and the Yosemite

Concession Services Corporation donates the crucial financial underwriting that makes it all possible.

In each of the trips, participants camp together in special tent sites from Sunday afternoon to the following Saturday morning. The actual work

schedule goes from Monday to Friday with a day off mid-week. Members bring their own camping equipment and personal gear; all meals are provided by the Yosemite Institute.

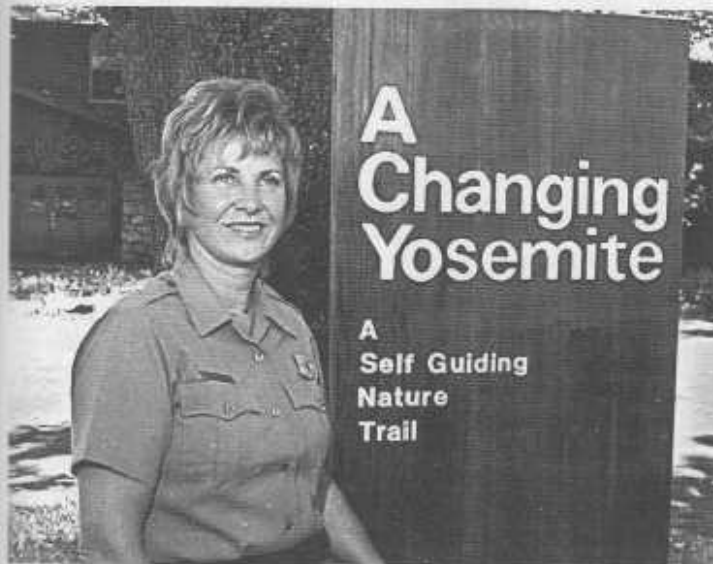
Work-trip participants need to be in good health. There will be a variety of jobs during the week, and many can be physically demanding, especially at higher elevations. Despite the hard work involved, members describe the trips as "invigorating" and "inspiring" and are grateful for the opportunity to contribute to the park. If you are interested in signing up for one of these trips, write or call Holly or Connie at (209) 379-2317.



CAREY OLSEN



# New Superintendent for Yosemite



**Roger Kennedy**, Director of the National Park Service (NPS), has announced the appointment of Barbara J. "B.J." Griffin as Superintendent of Yosemite National Park.

"B.J. has proven to be a major asset to the National Park Service throughout her varied and distinguished career," Kennedy said. "There seems to be no end to her talents as a skilled leader who continually strives to attain the very best for our nation's parks."

Ms. Griffin has served as the Mid-Atlantic Regional Director since August of 1993. In this capacity, Ms. Griffin has directed some 30 park units including such prominent areas as Independence National Historic Park, Gettysburg National Military Park and Shenandoah National Park.

"I am looking forward to returning to Yosemite," Ms. Griffin stated. "It is one of the most treasured crown jewels in the National Park System, and I am very proud to be taking the helm and working toward its continued preservation and service to the public."

In 1990, Ms. Griffin was appointed Associate Regional

Director for operations in the Service's Western Region where she oversaw 47 field units from Arizona to Hawaii, Guam, and Samoa in the areas of visitor services, ranger activities, maintenance, land acquisitions and concessions management.

During her tenure there she supervised the successful awarding of the Yosemite concession contract, the largest grossing business operation in the history of the NPS. While serving as Associate Regional

## 4.1 Million Visitors

**According to the NPS**, visitation to Yosemite National Park reached over four million people in 1994.

A record 4,105,755 visitors enjoyed the 1,169 square mile park during the year — an increase of 3.1 percent over 1993's total of 3,983,749.

According to a 1992 survey, roughly 75 percent of Yosemite's visitors are from California with an average age of 34. International visitors account for approximately 15 percent of the park's visitation.

Director, Ms. Griffin also completed graduate level courses at Carnegie-Mellon University to receive her certificate for the Senior Executive Service.

In 1987, she accepted the position of Assistant Superintendent of Yosemite National Park, which she held through the park's centennial, shepherding the highly visible public celebrations in the park. "By all accounts, B.J. proved to be a valuable asset while asserting her strong leadership quality in dealing with the problems associated with the park, including the dramatic 1990 fire season at Yosemite," Kennedy said.

Ms. Griffin was accepted into the Mid-level Managers Training Program in 1974 and moved to Saint Augustine, Florida, in 1984 to become the Superintendent of Castillo de San Marcos National Monument, a cultural resource area in northern Florida.

She began her career in the Park Service in early 1963 in the Southeast Region, worked in the region's Job Corps program and later went on to become a program and budget analyst for the region.

A native of Shreveport, Louisiana, Ms. Griffin received her Business Administration degree from Mercer University in Georgia.

## Ostrander Ski Hut Closed for the 1994-95 Winter Season

**The Ostrander Ski Hut**, located in Yosemite National Park's backcountry, will not open this winter due to significant problems with the hut's waste system, according to the National Park Service.

Water quality sampling conducted by San Jose State University found that the fecal coliform level at the Ostrander Lake was well beyond the acceptable level indicating a problem with the hut's sewage system.

An assessment team determined that retrofitting the facility was not feasible in time for the winter season. "We recognize that the operation of the hut for public use in winter is a valued service to the skiers," said Superintendent Michael Finley. He also stated that the NPS intended to design a new system which would be installed next summer. User fees for the hut will probably increase next year in order to cover the operational cost of the redesign.



# Computer Predicts Path of Wildfire

*Tom Philp*

Thunderheads darkened the sky as thousands of Memorial Day tourists were busy in the valley below. Undetected, a bolt of lightning shattered a red fir in a remote patch of forest near Glacier Point. Nature's seed for a major fire had been planted.

It was just the moment the nation's fire scientists had been waiting for.

In Yosemite, where officials have to decide quickly whether to put out a blaze or let it run its course through the wilderness, scientists and technicians say they have devised the first computer program to predict the ferocity of a fire.

In a state that spends much of its tinder-dry summer waiting for the spark that could send thousands of acres and hundreds of homes up in smoke, such a program is more than just idle science at work. last summer, nearby wildfires forced 1,200 people out of their homes in Tuolumne County.

Deciding how, and how soon, to fight a fire is the kind of decision where every second matters. Particularly since the 1988 fire that blackened more than a million acres of Yellowstone, National Park Service officials know they can't wait for a small fire to get big before deciding to suppress it.

"You can get sweaty palms when a fire gets up and runs," said Ed Duncan, who manages the Yosemite wild land fires.

If officials are inclined to let a fire burn, the new computer program "will allow the manager to know the ramifications," said Jan van Wagtenonk, Yosemite's chief scientist.

Park Service officials spent the summer experimenting with the new fire computer program in Yosemite, Sequoia and some Alaskan national parks.

The Yosemite computer program consists of layers upon layers of information, starting with a geographical breakdown of the park into 6.9 million squares. In each 30-by-30-meter

square, the computer knows the elevation, the slope, the vegetation and the density of the vegetation. "Some of the vegetation information has come from satellites," said van Wagtenonk.

Once a fire starts, a firefighter can type in the location of the blaze and the extended weather forecast. In seconds the screen maps the advance of the blaze by four-hour increments.

The Glacier Point fire — in the only part of the Illilouette River watershed in Yosemite that hadn't been touched by fire in about a century — was the perfect guinea pig, doing just

*Continued on page 23*





**02457 Yosemite - The Promise of Wildness** with photographs by William Neill and an essay by Tim Palmer. This fine new gift book combines the breathtaking and inimitable imagery of William Neill with the insightful optimism of essayist Tim Palmer to present a unique study of Yosemite's meaning and prospect for humankind today and for coming generations.

The selection of photographs (a total of 70 in full color) includes a variety of striking images, from close-up renderings of details of natural objects to monumental portraits of Yosemite's world-famous landmarks. These are the finest examples from Neill's body of work assembled over his many years in Yosemite. The images are faithfully reproduced on rich Japanese matte art paper, many of them in very large format. To enhance the reader's appreciation of his work, Neill has contributed lengthy "Photographic Notes," providing fascinating observations and technical data.

Tim Palmer's essay grew from his many experiences at Yosemite, which have provided him a deep knowledge of the park. He visited during all seasons of the

# Yosemite

## C A T A L O G

year to better understand the many faces that Yosemite assumes. In two parts, the essay comprises an appreciation of the park's uniqueness as well as a plea for the continued well-being of this amazing natural wonderland.

The blending of Palmer's words with Neill's photographs has resulted in a work that has strong impact and that evokes powerful personal response. With grace and beauty, *Yosemite - The Promise of Wildness* provides convincing evidence that the preservation of Yosemite for the singular values it offers our society should be the foremost goal in our relationship with this astonishing but small piece of Earth.

Published by the Yosemite Association. 120 pages, 10" x 12", 70 full-color photographs.

Clothbound, \$29.95



**25485 The Nature of California - An Introduction to Common Plants and Animals and Natural Attractions** by James Kavanagh.

This beautifully illustrated guide highlights over 825 of California's common and unique plants and animals and 85 of the state's outstanding natural attractions. It is an indispensable single reference for amateur naturalists, students, and tourists alike.

What sets the book apart is that every attempt has been made to simplify the presentation of the material. Other identification guides are overly complicated and too detailed to be of use to novices in the field. Descriptions and illustrations

have been grouped together for ease of reference, and technical terms have been held to a minimum throughout.

The work is illustrated with hundreds of color paintings and other helpful drawings. Also included are a section on natural areas and sanctuaries, a species checklist, and a glossary. This is a perfect volume for introducing children and newcomers to the rich natural environments of California.

Published by Waterford Press, 1994. 178 pages, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2" with color illustrations.

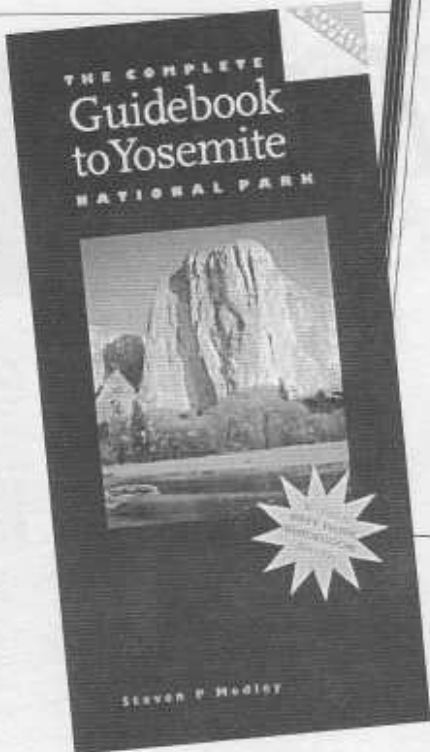
Paper, \$16.50



**15% MEMBER DISCOUNT**



**00360** **The Complete Guidebook to Yosemite National Park - Revised Edition** by Steven P. Medley. Named the "Best National Park Guidebook" by the National Park Service, this comprehensive work provides coverage of every aspect of Yosemite in a single volume. Originally published in 1991, the guidebook has been completely revised and updated to reflect changes at the park (including the installation of a new major concessioner), and bring current the every-changing park phone numbers, addresses, and other data.



Informative and very useful, the guidebook features things to do and see, provides reservation information, lists hiking trails and backpacking tips, and boasts many maps and illustrations. There's also treatment of Yosemite's history, place names, and its natural world. Even the offbeat is included with fascinating lists of unusual facts and other information ("The Ten Best Named Climbs Using Food in Their Titles," for example).

*Library Journal* called the guidebook "comprehensive, authoritative, even subjective at times; a fine introduction to a famous park." Steven P. Medley is the President of the Yosemite Association, and has worked in the park off and on since 1971.

Published by the Yosemite Association, 1994. 112 pages, maps and illustrations. 5" x 10". Paper, \$9.95

**16042** **California Forests and Woodlands - A Natural History** by Verna R. Johnston.

In this attractive book, illustrated with superb color photographs and finely detailed black and white drawings, Verna Johnston offers a panoramic view of the diversified life in California's forests and woodlands.

In clear, vivid prose, Johnston takes the reader chapter by chapter through the state's dominant forest types: Douglas-Fir/Mixed-Evergreen, Closed-Cone Pines and Cypress, Foothill Woodland, Red Fir/Lodgepole Pine, Subalpine Forests, and the rest. For each, she describes the unique characteristics of the dominant trees and the inter-



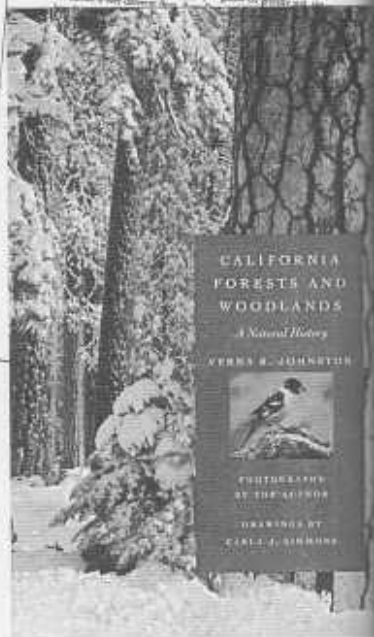
Figure 10. Red Pine (*Pinus resinosa*) in the Sierra Nevada. Red Pine is the dominant tree in the Sierra Nevada. It is a large tree, reaching up to 100 feet tall, and is often seen as a big tree in a forest.

relationships of the plants and animals that live among them, analyzing how fire, flood, fungi, weather, soil, and humans have affected the forest ecology.

Thoroughly researched in field and library, this is the first such book to offer so comprehensive and detailed appreciation of the state's forests. Its timeliness, its integrated coverage, and its lively, anecdotal style make it equally appealing to general readers, naturalists, students, and visitors to California's world-renowned forests and woodlands.

Published by the University of California Press, 1994. 222 pages, illustrated, 6" x 9 1/2".

Clothbound, \$30.00

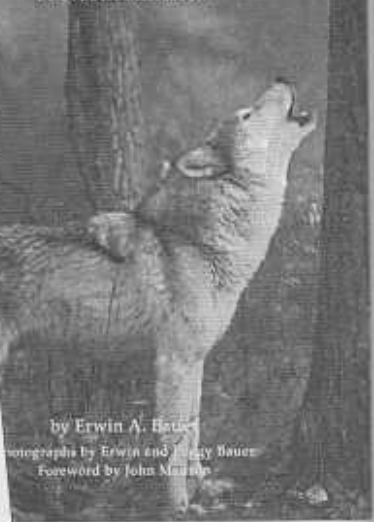


**Opposite:** One month full grown, a young coyote is an agile, quick traveler in the woods. It may not yet be the consummate hunter, but little escapes its notice. If it survives its first full year, each coyote is a genuine super dog.

**Above:** The red wolf, which some scientists believe is a mix of a coyote and wolf, is somewhere between the two and resembles both. It is larger and slightly more reddish than the coyote, especially those from the north, and it is not as likely to be a solitary hunter. Red wolves have not survived the advance of civilization nearly as well as the super dog. Once thought extinct, today a small number again lives in the wild. Thanks to long-term programs of establishment over a few former ranges. Only one wolf out of three programs succeed.

**WILD DOGS**

The Wolves, Coyotes, and Foxes of North America



by Erwin A. Bauer  
Photographs by Erwin and Peggy Bauer  
Foreword by John Marston



**34540 Wild Dogs – The Wolves, Coyotes, and Foxes of North America** by Erwin A. Bauer. This primarily photographic book pays tribute to each of species of North American dogs, from the stunning gray and red wolves to the indefatigable coyote and the cunning and swift kit fox, gray, and Arctic foxes. Included are over 130 full-color images of these magnificent creatures in their natural habitats, in a full-out hunt for food, caring for newborn pups, or simply napping in the afternoon sun.

The informative text is complemented with maps of each species' territories and photographs of their prey and competitors. *Wild Dogs* should delight dog lovers and wildlife enthusiasts alike with an in-depth look at some of America's most feared and revered predators.

Published by Chronicle Books, 1994. 120 pages, 130 color illustrations, 8" x 11". Paper, \$16.95

**22327 Life on the Edge – Wildlife: A Guide to California's Endangered Natural Resources**, Carl L. Thelander, Editor in Chief. This impressive compilation of conservation information regarding California's endangered wildlife combines images, data, mythology, and science in an epic production. Printed in large format and running to 550 pages, this will long serve as a valuable resource that every amateur naturalist and professional scientist will rely on and refer to in making informed decisions about the survival of threatened and endangered species.

More than a catalog of species only, the volume provides ideas and keys for the rescue of endangered life forms. It's an indispensable and timely reference on issues facing Californians today.

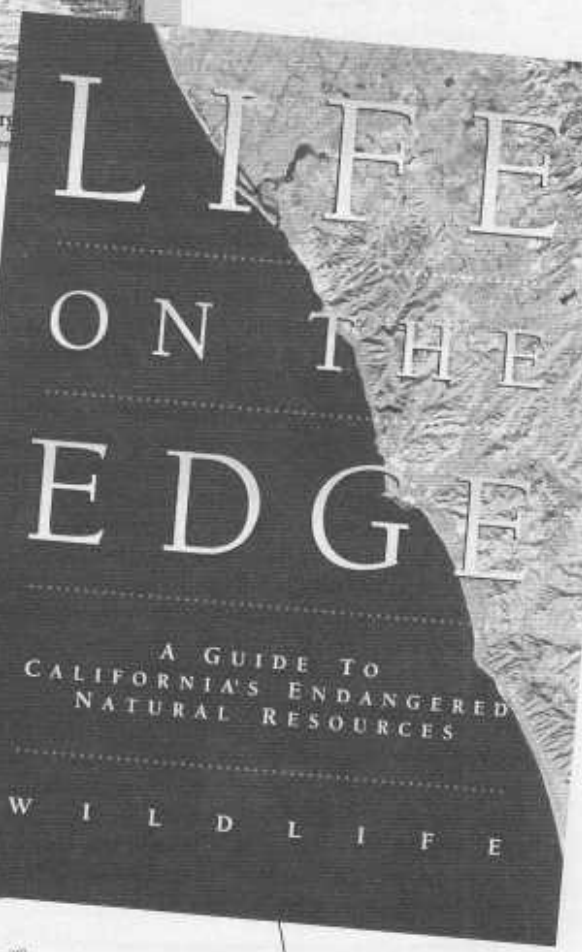
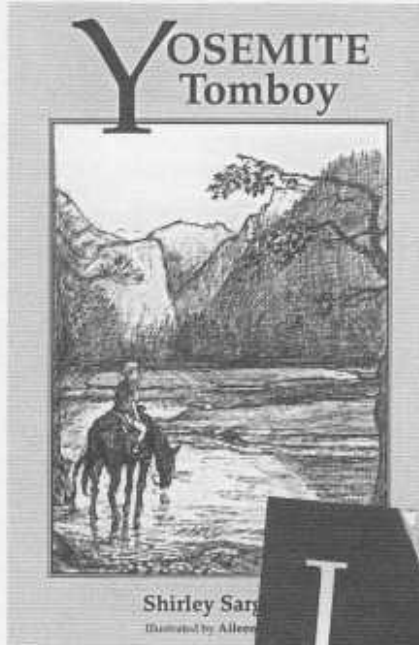
Published by BioSystems Books and Heyday Books, 1994. 550 pages, hundreds of color and black & white illustrations, 9" x 12". Paper, \$45.00

**36490 Yosemite Tomboy** by Shirley Sargent. Yosemite provides the setting for this dramatic story of eleven-year-old Jan Kem. Within weeks of enrolling in the Yosemite School, Jan's uncontrolled temper and her rebellion at being a girl bring her rejection from the other girls and probation at school.

Bolstered by a close-knit family, compassionate teachers, an Indian boy, an old pioneer woman, and the magic of Yosemite, Jan slowly gains maturity. She wins friends, earns respect, finds new interests, and discovers that she likes herself the way she is.

Shirley Sargent's continuing fascination with Yosemite Valley began when she was nine. At that time, like Jan Kem in this book, she lived in a construction camp in Yosemite's high country. Later she attended school in Yosemite — the beginning of a lifelong passion for the park and its history. Is that where the similarities between Shirley Sargent and Jan Kem end? We encourage you to read the book and decide for yourself.

Published by Ponderosa Press, revised 1994. 121 pages, line illustrations, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2". Paper, \$9.95



**07516 Yosemite Association Patch.**

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

\$3.00 (please specify color)



**07800 Yosemite Wilderness Pin.**

Here's a beautiful enamel pin commemorating Yosemite's unparalleled wilderness. The latest in the series of pins for all of California's wilderness areas, it's circular in shape with a beautiful high country scene rendered in blues, grays, and greens. A real treasure for collectors. Approx. 1 inch in diameter. \$4.95

**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 Yosemite Association patch, the



Pelican Pouch measures 8 x 5 x 2 1/4 inches.

\$9.95

**07510 Yosemite Association Mug.**

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

\$6.50.



**07505 Yosemite Association Baseball-Style Cap.**

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

\$9.95 (please specify color).

**07720 Yosemite Bookstore Book Bag.**

Here's YA's handy new book bag made from durable 100% cotton fabric with a sturdy web handle. Cream-colored, it's imprinted in blue with the Yosemite Bookstore

logo. Fine craftsmanship and generous oversized design make this a bag you'll want to take everywhere. Conserve resources with a reusable book bag. Approximately 17" x 16". \$8.95



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## New Members

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

### Regular Members

Drs Bill & Barb Ailor, Sharon M Allen, Mr & Mrs Rolf Arntai, I David Atcherson, James A Aylard, Catherine Murray Barnes, Jim Barnes, B Wallace & Tom Beckett, Michael G Bennett, Joseph Bergmann, Nina Bibinoff, Robert E Bigelow, Harold H & Bonnie Bishop, M Maceira & Jim Bosworth, Ardis Bow, Jaclyn A Bowman, Betty Boykin, Pete & Susan Bradley, Margaret Brinkley, Robert D Brooke, Kate Brovarney, Jim Bruns, Kimberly & Jeanne Burge, David & Nancy Butow, Julianne Christinson, Joseph Chudy, Brian & Mary Clelland, Michael L Gocco, Craig K Collins, Ken Conner, John R Cooley, Elizabeth Crane, Sylvia Y Curtis, Shirley Conley & David Raja, Mr & Mrs Mike Davison, Helen Deiss, Charles M Diel, Thomas & Dolores Doyle, Jill Duttonhofer, Helen Lynn Earis, James B Ehrlich, Leroy Eriksen, Jeffrey Farris, Hyla Feder & Tracy Fernandez, Victoria & Les Finder, Yvonne G Flagg, Helen P Flanagan, Dr Solomon Forouzes, Mary Forest, Marcia Fotsch, Beverly A Fraser, Carmen B Gagne, Bruce Gillies, Dennis & Jo Meenaghan Gorsuch, Jean Grace, Bill Guyton, Kathleen M Haney, Joan Hangartee-Matulich, Ralph Heim, Gary Hesler, David Hingston, Justine Hoffman, Larry Holdee, Fred & Jean Horton, Cynthia Jones, Mrs Mary Jane Karigan, Marcia Kaufmann, Constance Kenney, Dee Kenville, Ron Kilgren, Laurel Koss, Norman Landy, Rick & Paula Lane, Sonny Lawhon, Jerry & Shareen Lawrence, Joan Lennox, Dave Lichtenstein, Deann & Robert Mann, Robert Manning, Adrian Marinovich, Ann Masuda, Sherri Maurin, Janet M Maynard, Kristy D McConnell, Laurie McGovern, Jesse Mendoza, Babcock Mfg Co, Justine Michas, Mrs Barbara Mohler, Willie Montgomery, Dr & Mrs James K Moore, John F Murray, Ms Mary Murray, J Asch & Douglas Nelson, Rick Nelson, Mr & Mrs R Neumeister, Allan Noe, Arnold M Notkoff, Michael O'Brien, Ralph Occhipinti, Rex & Gerri Osborn, B M Paine, Dale Parshall, Janis Paslin-Diller, Carol & Walter Plumm, Tom & Lyn Phillips, Marsh Pitman, Elizabeth Pomeroy, Stephen Prud'homme, Bill Ralph, Dori Ramsay, Claire S Ravi, Jeff Richards, Jim & Madeline Riepe, Barbara Robinson, Cindi Robinson-Cooper, Bob & Laura Rodrigues, Danny Rogers, Colleen M Ross, Irving N Rubinstein MD, Eric Russell, L Edwards & Inger Sagatun-Edwards, Nancy Sagerman, Michael R Sanford, Jim & Sherrye Scherckenback, The Schermers, Art & Janice Serote, Beverly Sessa, Larry

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### Supporting Members

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### International Members

Rob Gahan — England, Tokiko Hagiwara — Japan, Janine Manson — Scotland, Andrea Moira — Italy, Ian Tooley — Australia

## Recent Donations to YA

*In honor of the marriage of Jeffery C Lapham and Elizabeth Boimeau:* Mr and Mrs Mike Roberts

*In memory of Henry Berrey:* Mr and Mrs Tom Shepard

*In memory of Cynthia Anderson Fox:* Yvonne Cook, Mr and Mrs Joe Holland

*In memory of Joe Gallison:* Mr and Mrs James Byrd

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*In memory of George Keirns:* James Clayton, Mr and Mrs Ronald Hanscom, Mr and Mrs William E Jones Jr, Mr Griffith R Lewis, Mr and Mrs Michael Thomas

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*In memory of Richard Phinney:* Mrs J Phinney

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*In memory of Mrs Gordon Wright:* Dr and Mrs J T Hollister

Computers "are just one more tool," said Duncan of Yosemite. "Human intuition tells you that if the wind changes, the fire behavior is going to change."

The one thing any computer program can't do, however, is predict politics, which increasingly is playing a role in national park firefighting.

In the case of the Glacier Point fire, there was local outrage over the smoke it generated. And there has been a debate between federal and local officials over California's Clean Air Act, which mandates the reduction of particulate pollution after it reaches a certain level, whether it originates from a factory smokestack or a forest struck by lightning.

"Let's control fires so the smoke does not cause a health hazard," said Gertrude Taber, a Mariposa County supervisor whose district includes part of Yosemite.

Tourists in Yosemite, and residents just outside the park, "are living on the edge of wild lands," said Art Baggett, another Mariposa County supervisor who thinks that locals and tourists at times will have to deal with the smoke from a natural fire.

In 1970, officials decided that years of suppressing naturally caused fires had created an unnatural buildup of brush and trees throughout the Park. In 1972, they started to let some lightning fires burn their way through the wilderness. Fires in the valley or near structures, however, were quickly put out.

The 1988 Yellowstone fire prompted a return to suppressing wilderness fires under certain circumstances. In 1989, all fires in every national park were immediately extinguished.

Now, when fire danger is high and manpower is low because of fires already raging elsewhere, the National Park Service will immediately put out all fires, said Bill Clark, a fire management specialists.

## Computer Predicts Wildfire Paths

*Continued from page 18*

about what the computer said it would do. As projected, it died out when it reached granite rocks and ran out of fuel.

The accuracy of the computer to date has been "pretty amazing," said Mark Finney, a fire scientist who helped devise the program.

But despite its sophistication, the fire modeling computer program still has its limitations. While the computer can assume an average wind speed, it isn't able to adjust that average speed for higher velocities on ridge tops and lower velocities down below.

Then there is the matter of predicting the weather.

If the weather prediction is off, so is the projection of the path of the fire. "Garbage in, garbage out," Finney said.

*Reprinted with permission from The Sacramento Bee, 1995.*



**YOSEMITE  
ASSOCIATION**

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## Join the Yosemite Association

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

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

effort to make Yosemite an even better place?

### Member Benefits

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

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

★ A Yosemite Association decal; and

★ Special membership gifts as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

Membership dues are tax-deductible as provided by law.

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## Moving?

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

## YoseMite

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Dan Anderson