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Volume 40
Number 5

REMNANTS of the PAST

By Gerald E. Reckin, Ranger Naturalist

Hiking in Yosemite offers many rewards; the unrivaled beauty of the granite peaks and domes, the delicate flowers that grow in the meadows and forest, the graceful trees that make you feel microscopic in size, and the rush of water in the mountain streams and rivers. These experiences build in the hiker a feeling of self confidence as well as give an emotional cleansing that can come only from nature itself.

On rare occasions the hiker experiences the discovery of something which suddenly makes him realize he is not the first to cover this ground. One such fortunate hiker in the summer of 1961 found before him, weathered and worn by the ravages of nature, a remnant of the past.

A cabin caved-in and rotting was nestled in a meadow protected by the beautiful lodgepole pine which surrounded it. This could be the first discovery of the cabin since it was abandoned by its builder many years ago. Perhaps though some other hiker may have chanced upon it in the past and never reported his finding, recording

it only in his mind. In some instances history in Yosemite has been dimmed by the fleeting of time and such would be the case with this old site.

The cabin is a truly beautiful remnant. It is made of lodgepole pine and is in the immediate vicinity. Stumps are still standing about the cabin, cut about 2 feet from the level of the ground. The logs are approximately 12 inches in diameter and about 11 feet long making the cabin about 11 feet square.

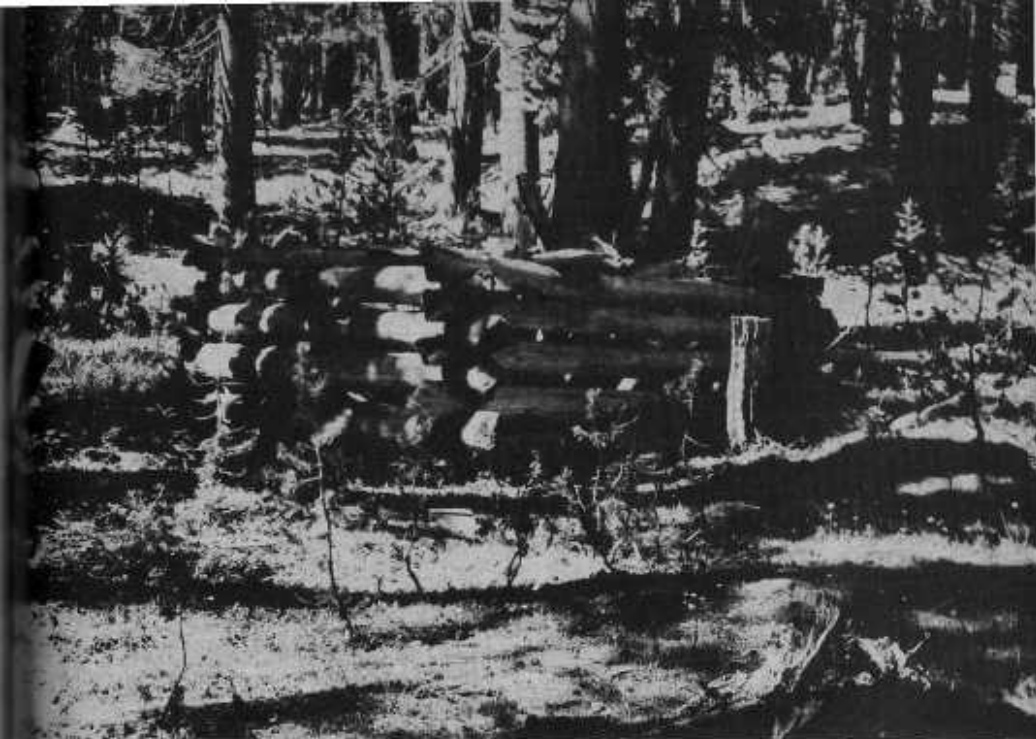
It has no floor and is built with notch corner construction and wedge chinking. The overall height of the cabin is about 5 or 6 feet and the slope

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Cabin — Nearly Concealed by Forest Gloom

of is connected to the center pole with hand forged square nails. A very interesting feature of the cabin is the lack of windows and doors.

The architecture of this Yosemite pioneer cabin is not a display of excellent craftsmanship, but it does reflect the hard-bitten qualities of the builders of that time. In many cases buildings were constructed hurriedly because of the nature of the activity in which the men were engaged.

Exact uses of this cabin are difficult to determine. It could have had any one of many uses. The cabin is in a close proximity to the old Tioga mining road and there might be a remote possibility that it was used as a storage building for construction equipment. If this were the case it would have been built about 1882 or 1883.

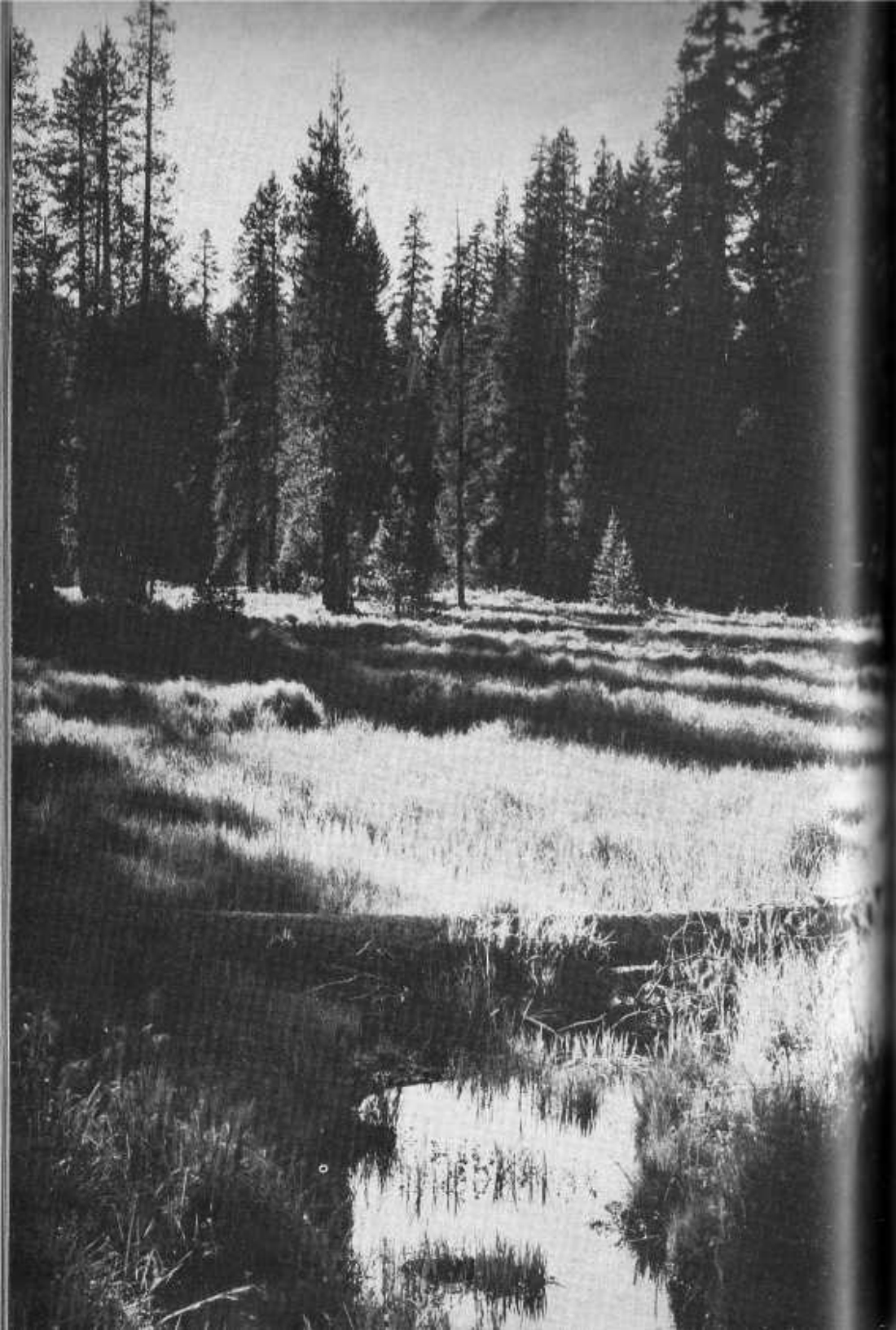
Another possibility, perhaps more likely, would be its association with the Tioga mining district. Many mining claims were staked in this area from 1879 to 1884 and these claims ran all

the way up to Dana Village on top of Tioga Hill, above the Gaylor Lakes.

There is also the possibility that this little cabin was used by the men who herded sheep in and around Tuolumne Meadows from the 1850's to the turn of the century.

Located near Tuolumne Meadows, the cabin may be found by driving east on the Tioga Road 2.3 miles from the Tuolumne Meadows campground ranger station and there turning left on a service road. After driving .6 miles on the service road, which is actually the old original Tioga mining road, you will find a place to park. From this point walk through the forest in a north westerly direction about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, or about 6 or 7 minutes.

It is a very difficult thing to determine the past of this little cabin and so we will leave it to the reader to decide. Use your imagination and the few facts presented here and your mind can paint a beautiful picture of this remnant of the past.



MEADOWS, MOSQUITOES AND MEN

by Will Neely, Ranger Naturalist

*believe in the forest, in the meadow, and in the night in which the corn grows.
The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild and what I have been preparing
to say is, that in wildness is the preservation of the world."*

—Thoreau

You expect endless forest in this Adirondack country; forests of red fir and lodgepole pine, open places, thickets, crisscross jack-straws of logs, gentle rises from the lodge-pole hollows where the cold air hangs and up into the noble, silent fir forest to mounds, gravelly and exposed where the Jeffrey pines reek in the warm sun, then down again into the shadowy forest. Here the meadows always come as a surprise; little flowery glades and meadows, the ghosts of ancient glacial moraines, or the result of heavy, sudden rains and forest drowning washes of topsoil and gravel to build a meadow.

I emerge from the lodgepoles and see the shining expanse of grass and meadow with a shore of blueberry bushes. Knee-deep are yards of Queen Anne's Lace, knotweed, galaxies of shooting stars and a dark blue feast of grass . . . quamash, the Indians called it. Now I can agree with Thoreau: "One of the most uplifting places is in the depths of a bog or meadow."

I sit on a half-rotten log and smoke my pipe. Mosquitoes come immediately. To such beauty one must pay the

price of admission, and the toll takers are watchful and ready, patrolling, hovering, waiting. I would speak in defense of mosquitoes. They demand actually so little. They are so impartial, that I cannot help but grant them a transfusion, not for sickness sake, but out of greedy health. No blood types are reckoned, just the price of a swamp or meadow.

One must marvel at their earnestness in wanting to stay alive — the powerful will of all living creatures to stay alive. The mosquito does it for her children, a sort of tiger mother, for she needs protein and blood to mature her eggs and to make healthy, wiggly larvae. All this altruistically not for herself but for the powerful force to continue the species. The male, of course, lolls about in a life of sheer devotion to love. His feathery proboscis can neither bite nor feed.

I wonder at the little creature on my arm. The ancient Mayan priests used to draw blood as a sacrifice to Tlaloc. Whose messengers are the mosquitoes? I send away my sacrifice, gently brushing her off. On your way, little mother! . . . She wasn't very enthusiastic any-

how about my old pipe and didn't like my taste too well, a mixture of smoked ham and chili beans.

The meadow shimmers in quiet growth. In the shade of the log I found *Mitella brewerii*. The saxifrages are among the most delicate and mountainy of flowers. They seem to love bogs and cliffs and rock, like the heuchera or coral bells in the cracks of the granite, solid pads of flowers catching the slow cliff seepage.

Or the amazing "snow-flesh" plants such as the Tolmie saxifrage which grow above Slate Creek in the shadow of Mt. Conness as a tiny patch that sees the sun only a few short weeks when the snow melts, and in some years never at all. Why don't they grow where the snow melts sooner and more reliably? There is another patch of them on the saddle of Echo Peaks.

But the most refined and delicate of them all is *Mitella*. The petals are reduced to nerves like green snowflakes, pale, inconspicuous little flowers, austere as the music of Palestrina. Mitrewort they are sometimes called because of the resemblance of the petals to a bishop's mitre. What insect do they attract, I wonder? What insect converts come under the bishop's mitre of *Mitella*?

I delight equally in the greed of the mosquito and the gracious delicacy of *Mitella*. I delight in the voracious excesses of nature, in her glorious appetite; the appetites of bacteria, grubs and fungi destroying logs; the glutting of maggots in a dead deer; the lovable, eternally hungry bears and the ever-curious coyotes with their noses in every squirrel hole.

Nature has no room for politeness, no room for "after you" . . . to thine own self be true. The mosquito knew this before Shakespeare and we can-

not help but have compassion on such earnestness.

We must lose ourselves in nature before we can see clearly. We must forget, for a while, our botany and zoology. The worship of facts, neatly tabulated and compiled is a symptom of our distance and isolation from nature. The direct apprehension of nature is a gift mistrusted by us and used freely by coyotes and mosquitoes. We should not have to be fortified by facts to be aware.

What Northrup calls the "immediately apprehended esthetic continuum", and what the Chinese call Tao and what is sometimes called Zen is none other than the direct, immediate and possibly unconscious perception of nature without the side-dressings and shot-in-the-arm-effects of scientific facts.

Laotse said: "Banish Wisdom, discard Knowledge, and the people shall be benefited a hundred fold!" If you know, you know. If you do not know, you do not know. When we look at nature our heads and tongues and minds get in the way.

Are there any truly wild people left? Are there any with the courage to be nobly wild . . . any more Thoreaus, Whitmans, D. H. Lawrences, laughing Laotses or wild Muirs crying "come to the mountains!"? I delight in the men. They sang as wildly as a coyote. And I delight in the meadows and the earnestness of mosquitoes and the slow creep of fungi. And from all the bloody activity, this sucking and eating and growing and dying, the churning and ebbing and flowing, protoplasm in the meadow, from this there rises from the grass or sedge a great and profound peace.

I sit on a log, smoking, and feel I have paid my admission.

Emil

Ernst

By Carl P. Russell

On October 16 Emil Ernst suffered a fatal heart attack while on vacation with his wife, Christie. His funeral was arranged by his old friends in the Ivers and Alcorn firm of funeral directors, Merced, California. Burial was in the historic cemetery in Mariposa.

For more than thirty years Emil served the National Parks. With the exception of a recent assignment as Regional Chief of Lands, Region Five, Philadelphia, he lived and worked in Yosemite where he was first employed in 1929. From the beginning he held responsibilities in the many phases of park forestry and in land surveys, title search, negotiation of land purchases and land acquisition.

As a captain, under the Provost Marshal General, U. S. Army, 1943-1946, he was in Europe and Africa. During part of this service he was Forester for the Military Government, in the German state, Baden.

After the war he returned to Yosemite as a representative of the Region Four, NPS, forestry staff, a status which he held until 1954, when he was made Park Forester on the Park Superintendent's staff. In 1957 Mr. Ernst became Regional Chief of Lands, NPS, Region Five, which position he held until retirement from the National Park Service in 1959.

After retirement he returned to California and was employed as a right



of way agent for Fresno County, a job which again brought into play his many skills in land appraisal and acquisition.

It was my great privilege and personal pleasure to work closely with Emil during the period, 1947-1952. His capacity to do original work, not only in forestry and land studies, but also in field zoology and human history, was not excelled. We had many interests in common, and I am forever beholden to him for many special chores and bigger services performed by him to advance my own undertakings. His willingness to "help" continued after both of us were retired from our official relationships.

Since hearing of his untimely death, I have turned to files of certain journals to refresh my recollection of his published materials. *Yosemite Nature Notes*, for example, contains 23 of Emil's articles, the first of which appeared in 1934. They pertain to history and biography, climatology, systematic zoology, plant distribution, pest control, and ecology with investigations of related habitat responses. I

understand that one book-length manuscript, a biography of the Yosemite Pioneer, J. M. Hutchings, is ready for a publisher. These works are constructive contributions which live on, to their author's everlasting credit.

Emil Ernst was born in New York City where he completed high school. His training in forestry was obtained at the University of Montana where he graduated with the BSF degree in June, 1929. He was active with the

Mariposa County Historical Society with E. Clampus Vitus, and was member of the Commonwealth Club.

His widow, Christie, and two sons, Emil F. Ernst, Jr., and Lee Ernst, survive him. Both boys are in college. Emil, Jr., at Fresno State, and Tim, at San Jose Junior College. To the bereaved family, and to Emil's brother - Otto, in New York City, and Eugene, in San Diego, goes the deep sympathy of the entire National Park Service.

Papers by Emil F. Ernst Published in *Yosemite Nature Notes*

July	1934	Insect Control in Yosemite	March	1949	Fastidious Beavers
Feb.	1936	Occurrence of Single-leaf Pine in Yosemite	Feb.	1949	A New Rabbit for Yosemite National Park
Apr.	1939	Siamese Twins in Western Yellow Pine	March	1950	Beetle Signatures of Responsibility
Aug.	1941	A New Snake (Sharp-tailed Snake) for Yosemite		1950	Collaborated with Robt. Uhte on pioneer land titles (See "Yosemite Pioneer Cabins", Sept., Oct., Reprinted from <i>Sierra Club Bulletin</i> , May, 1951).
Aug.	1941	Long Life of Sugar Pines	Sept.	1952	Decline of Showy Flowers in Yosemite Valley
Feb.	1942	A New Location for Knobcone Pine, (See also Apr. 1939)	May	1952	John M. Miller, 1882-1952
May	1947	The First Postmaster (in Yosemite)	March	1952	The Floods of Yosemite Valley
June	1947	White Pine Blister Rust Control in Yosemite National Park	Oct.	1954	The Historic Anderson Cabin
Sept.	1948	More About the First Post Office	June	1955	Yosemite's First Tourists
Oct.	1948	The Klamath Weed	May	1955	A Sucker Born Every Minute
May	1949	Vanishing Meadows in Yosemite Valley	July	1956	He Brought Yosemite To The World (J. M. Hutchings)
Apr.	1949	An Overlooked Facet of Yosemite History			

THE FOREST APARTMENT - A CHILDREN'S STORY

by Lloyd Brubaker, Ranger Naturalist

Have you ever seen a large apartment house in a big city? It may be many stories high, with many many rooms. Did you know that a forest is also a great big apartment house, also with many many rooms? Of course in an apartment house in the city people live in the apartment rooms, but in a forest apartment the rooms are filled with animals and plants.

The rooms in a forest apartment are different from the rooms in a city apartment. Some of the rooms in a forest are a stream, a rocky hillside, the trunk of a tree, or perhaps they may even be holes or caves under the ground.

The animals living in these forest apartments move about in their rooms but they seldom change rooms like people sometimes do. There are many reasons why animals stay in their rooms in the forest apartment. One reason is because they often are built to live in any other room.

You would be very surprised to see a woodpecker swimming under water like a fish. A woodpecker cannot breathe under water because he has lungs to breathe air, not gills to breathe water. Also his feathers cannot help him in swimming as can the scales of a fish. A woodpecker isn't built to live in the water, even though there

ects in the water that the wood-cker can eat.

Another reason why an animal can- change rooms is because often re isn't the right kind of food for in other rooms. A beaver will not in a stream a long way from the est because he eats the tender bark certain trees. Even if the stream is ge and deep the beaver will move to ere there are trees for dam building d for food.

A third reason why an animal will move out of his room in the forest artment is because there may be emies in the other rooms from which cannot escape. A mole will not live

on the surface of the ground, even though food is there and he can move about. Above ground there are foxes, weasles, and hawks that can easily catch him. A tree squirrel will scamper up a tree when a fox attacks because he is safe there.

The rooms in a Yosemite forest are nearly all filled with animals who find food and protection, and are built to live there. The next time you look into the leaves of a tree remember you are looking into a room in the forest apart-ment. That particular room will contain insects, birds, mammals, and even different kinds of plants that will live there, but nowhere else.

WIND DANGER

Allan Shields, Ranger Naturalist

Winds, like electricity, are known are by their effects than sight. Milder ms yield unusual pleasure.

The misty, damp, cold gusts on the ill by Vernal and Nevada falls, the t, momentary blasts on the sun- posed slopes of the Yosemite Falls ail; the gentle, cool downdrafts in e Valley after a warm, summer day; e steady surge of the pollen-laden eezes in the higher forests during air annual dropping of pollens; the dden drop in temperature as a cold ont from a summer storm approach- or the hot upthrust from the Fire ill over Glacier Point: all these we unt as pleasurable experiences.

In more than ten years in Tuolumne ave never had reason to fear wind, til last season. Whoever has exper- enced the hurricane velocities of orth-breeze may know the hazards in e higher elevations during times of ind storm. Though "hurricane" car- es the more foreboding quality of ud-strewn, rain-swept skies, the type ind storm I speak of comes out of

a perfectly clear sky and sparkling, clean air.

Near the end of the 1960 summer season of the naturalist program, there was scheduled a hike to the May Lundy Divide. A fairly agitated wind storm of the previous day reduced the number of hikers somewhat, but 23 people showed up for the event. The wind-storm had, I thought, dispelled itself.

But the morning of our hike found the breeze blowing with fair strength. By the time we had reached the May Lundy Divide we found ourselves sitting in a wind approaching forty miles an hour. Even in our sheltered lunching spots we had to protect ourselves by putting hats under rocks, in our packs, or pulling them down over our ears so as not to lose them down the Divide. Two people were so impressed by the ferocity of even this wind that they decided to leave our party to return by the old miner's trail to join us down in a meadow below.

Having previously explored a new route over the metamorphic ridge into

an isolated huge basin of unvisited territory, I determined to take the party back in that direction, even though it meant almost constant exposure to this wind. As we came up from the lee side of the ridge to approach the top, the winds had increased in the half-hour interval to a speed of about fifty miles an hour.

Along the eastern slope of the ridge the whitebark pines have grown to fair stature, protected from the prevailing winter winds from the west by the height of the ridge, the towering shoulder of Tioga Peak, and the ridge above Saddlebag Lake, but, as is common in the region, the closer we came to the top of the ridge the smaller the whitebark pines became, until, at the very top, they were appressed to some of the shortest that occur, not more than eighteen or twenty inches above the surface of the rock. We were soon to find out why this was so.

After we had gone over the top of the ridge, though the wind was still strong, there was no apparent reason for alarm. We did have to lean into it, even going down a fairly steep slope. When we had reached the part of the descent where the metamorphic talus becomes unduly steep, I stopped the group to let the stragglers catch up and to warn them about traversing, so as to protect each other from falling rock.

Just as the group was finally assembled and I had started to speak there was an absolute cessation of wind with an uncommonly dramatic silence that lasted for two or three seconds, and then there followed a blast of wind such as I have never experienced, but which must be what the "human cannonball" feels as he is ejected. Other members of the group testified to my estimate that it must have been over a hundred miles an hour!

What made it dramatic was its sudden arrival. When, before the blast, I was turned and speaking to the group standing on the slope, immediately after it hit, only one person was left

partially standing. The rest had been thrown prone on the rocks and each other.

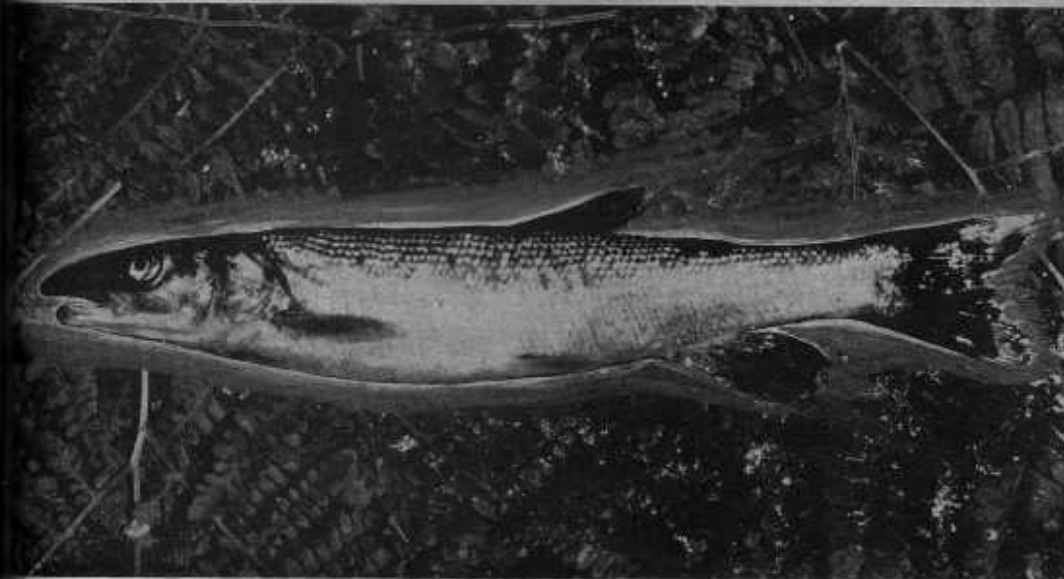
Fortunately, no one was hurt in the least but all were in a state of temporary shock, or at least greatly startled. No one had the least desire for repetition.

We made a hasty retreat down slope to the protection of some larger trees below. After a brief rest the winds were still strong, but we had experienced what we thought would be the worst that could happen. With this rationalization the group became exuberant over the quality of the descent and from there on we turned our attention to the *enjoyment* of the wind itself out in this wild section.

We sought to enjoy in a heightened form the agitated undulation of the grasses in the meadowland. We studied the varieties of sound made by different kinds of trees as the wind pushed through them. The whitebark pine was compared and contrasted with the lodgepole pine, and these in turn were held in memory while we sought out juniper to see what kind of music it played during this wind instrument occasion.

On the way back down Warm Creek we went out of our way a quarter of a mile or more through wet lowlands to immerse ourselves physically in the center of one of the tallest willow thickets we could find for the simple pleasure of hearing the sound of the wind through the willows. With slight breezes the silver willow turns its leaves to their silvery side, thus earning its name. During this time the whole slope appeared bright silver under the late afternoon sun.

As I say, never before have I had occasion to fear the wind, even while climbing up the sharp edges of ridges or standing on the topmost rock of a mountain summit, or while moving along the edge of a stream or river. This experience proved to be 24 of that the wind in the High Sierra has its own special hazards and idiosyncrasies.



Sacramento Squawfish — *Ptychocheilus grandis*

A SACRAMENTO SQUAWFISH

By Jack Pell, Ranger Naturalist

Duty at the Happy Isles Nature Center in Yosemite National Park has many interesting and varying aspects. One day proved to be *most* interesting when Mr. Albert Kerr, a visitor to the park, brought in a fish for identification. Thus, the search for information began.

Vertebrate Animals of the United States by H. S. Pratt was used to key out the fish. It was found to be a Sacramento squawfish (*Ptychocheilus grandis*) belonging to the minnow family (Cyprinidae). The Cyprinidae inhabit fresh waters of North America, and the squawfish is one of the largest members of this large group. It attains a maximum length of two to four feet, a size indicating that minnows are not necessarily small fish.

Jordan and Everman in their book, *American Food and Game Fishes* note that certain species of the squawfish were prized by the Indians. In some Indian tribes women did the food gathering, hence the common name. Other names by which it is known are Sacramento

pike, chub, big-mouth, box-head, and chappaul.

Mr. Kerr said that the squawfish was caught on salmon eggs near the foot-bridge over the Merced River in Sentinel Meadow. He also stated that the fish put up a very good fight, and that he was very surprised to see the large minnow instead of a trout. The 10 inch squawfish was caught about 10:00 a.m., July 19, 1961 and was brought to the Nature Center about 20 minutes later.

As far as is known this is only the third squawfish taken within the boundary of Yosemite National Park. O. L. Wallis in his *Yosemite Trout Investigations of 1951-52* refers to two others. On August 18, 1933 a speci-

AN INCENSE- CEDAR AT 4,000 FEET

By Ray Draper,
Ranger Naturalist

men was caught in the Merced River above El Portal and 0.2 miles inside the park by a fish survey team. On July 31, 1948 Carl Hubbs and Wallis found a half-grown squawfish on the bank near the park boundary where it apparently had been discarded by a disgusted trout angler.

This fish is endemic to the lower stretches of the Merced River below Arch Rock entrance station. How then did this individual find its way 13 miles above Arch Rock and into Yosemite Valley?

Perhaps the past three years of low river levels forced the fish higher and closer to the source of the Merced. A water spillway, just above the Arch Rock Ranger Station, would, however, probably prevent any fish from entering the river's upper waters especially when the water in the river is low.

Another possibility is that the squawfish was brought into the Valley as live bait, a practice which is illegal.

It has been reported that squawfish compete with trout for food and "living room" and probably also prey on young trout.

It will be interesting to see if this minnow will establish itself in Yosemite streams in any great numbers. The visitor - angler should report sightings or catches of squawfish within the Park to a Park Ranger or Naturalist.

For Further Reading

- Hubbs, Carl L. and Orthello L. Wallis, 1948. The native fish fauna of Yosemite National Park and its preservation. *Yosemite Nature Notes* Vol. 27, No. 12 (Dec) pp 132-144.
- Wallis, Orthello L., 1951-52. *Yosemite Trout Investigations*, Yosemite Nat'l. Park.
- D. A. Jordan and B. W. Everman, 1911. *American Food And Game Fishes*, Vol. 8, Doubleday, Page & Co.
- Pratt, H. S. 1913. *Vertebrate Animals of the United States* Blakistons & Son & Co.

In the Yosemite region the incense cedar, *Libocedrus decurrens*, reaches its maximum development in moist valleys at elevations of about 4,000 feet where it grows in association with yellow pine, black oak, sugar pine, and other species indicative of the Transition Life Zone.

It ranges quite abundantly up to an elevation of over 6,000 feet on the slopes above Yosemite Valley, yet on the southeastern face of a small, wind swept dome approximately 1½ miles southwest of Tenaya Lake a young vigorous incense-cedar is locked in life-and-death struggle for survival.

This specimen is growing at an elevation of approximately 8,400 feet in the Canadian Life Zone where western white pine, sierra juniper and lodgepole pine occur. Only a few yards away, on the lee side of the dome is a small group of mountain hemlock typical of the Hudsonian Life Zone.

Here, more than 4,000 feet above its optimum elevation and some 1,500 to 2,000 feet above its usual maximum vertical range in Yosemite, a solitary young incense-cedar, approximately 3½ feet tall and with a maximum stem diameter of about 4 inches, has found a somewhat sheltered niche in an otherwise harsh environment.

The tree's age, while not definitely determined, is perhaps 25 to 30 years. The rich color and profusion of its foliage indicate it is healthy and growing vigorously. Since it is so obviously out of its habitat, the inquisitive min-

to ponder how it came to be, and, more important, why it has been able to survive. Questions such as these are seldom directly answerable, but careful thought and observation can lead to probable interpretations.

It seems likely that the seed was introduced inadvertently by some animal — perhaps a bird or a large mammal such as a deer or bear — which swallowed the seed and later dropped it, digested, as a part of its fecal waste. This type of seed dispersal is not uncommon.

It is also conceivable, though less likely, that it was deposited by some other means. The tree is located only a few feet from an old trail leading to Yosemite Valley, and it is possible a person carrying a cone specimen or a seed-bearing branch accidentally could have sown the seed.

Whatever means the seed was dispersed, it chanced to land in a location, rare at such altitude, where an unusual set of conditions provided a favorable environment for its germina-

tion and growth. A small amount of decomposed granite soil had accumulated in a fissure between the slabs of granite of which the dome is composed, and a warm southeast exposure provided ample temperature.

These factors are likely enhanced by the flat granite rock directly behind the tree which acts as a heat reflector.

Protection from the fierce up-canyon winds is afforded by a granite ridge 10 to 12 feet high with an old, prostrate juniper tree growing horizontally along the top of it. Some protection from the less-severe down-canyon winds is given by mature conifers nearby and by large shrubs of huckleberry oak which surround the tree.

All of these factors have combined to make it possible for this incense-cedar to survive in a location so foreign to its normal habitat. It will be interesting to note in future years whether it will be able to continue its development or whether the ravages of climate will cause its death as it grows toward maturity.

"T. R." IN YOSEMITE

by William E. Colby

The two letters printed below clear up a matter long disputed by Yosemite historians. Mr. Colby is one of the last men alive who knew John Muir personally, and at 85 years of age is an amazingly astute and accurate observer of the Yosemite scene. Editor)

August 15, 1954

The uncertainty surrounding President Theodore Roosevelt's Wawona trip visit is I think definitely resolved. And the following in Dr. Bade's *Life & Letters of John Muir*, Vol. 11 p. 409: "By arrangement Muir joined the President at Raymond on Friday, the fifteenth of August, and at the Mariposa Big Trees camp the two inexorably separated themselves from the company and disap-

peared in the woods until the following Monday."

This bears out my recollection of what Muir told me of the trip except that Muir was on the special train and met the President in his private car before the special train had reached Raymond, May 15. (Bade was unaware of this)

This gives the sequence as follows: 1903, May 15, Friday night — spent

together in the Mariposa grove. May 16, Saturday night, in the forest on Bridalveil Creek; May 17, Sunday night, camp on the floor of the Valley at Bridalveil; May 18, Monday, by stage on the return trip with the probability of lunch at the Wawona Hotel. This was when the President signed the hotel register on May 18 and had his photo taken leaving the Hill Studio at Wawona. Dr. Bade states that Roosevelt, after returning to his special train at Raymond, went to Sacramento evidently as guest of Gov. Pardee who had also been on the special train.

Evidently I was in error in my account in stating that Roosevelt, the evening before (May 14), had addressed the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco. In writing to the Club I have been advised by Stuart Ward its Executive Secretary that the address I had in mind was made March 27, 1911, after Theodore Roosevelt's return from his African trip. Where he spoke on the eve of July 14 in San Francisco, I will have to look up in the newspaper files.

The Commonwealth Club was organized in 1903 and it is doubtful that it was sufficiently along to have been host to the President. I will advise you what I find out.

That reference of mine to the Commonwealth Club ought to be corrected for the sake of history and I apologize for confusing that date with Roosevelt's later address in 1911. After 50 years have passed at the age of 84 such slips of memory are perhaps forgivable.

September 9, 1954

I had the Theodore Roosevelt record of his 1903 trip to the coast

looked up in the file of S. P. papers, the Bancroft Library and in order to correct the record, if you agree, it can be noted that my article in the July 1959 issue where I stated that the President addressed the "Commonwealth Club" the night he took the train for Raymond on the way to Yosemite should be corrected, for it was the Pacific Union Club where he made the address and not the Commonwealth Club.

It may be of interest to note that the State Yosemite Park Commission had made elaborate preparations to entertain the President by a sumptuous repast at Wawona and in Yosemite where all the politicians who flock there to join the President's party had expected to meet him. The President did not attend either dinner but spent the nights at the Wawona Big Tree and at Bridalveil with John Muir instead, to the great disappointment of those who had made the preparations.

Another rather amusing incident which misfired was a plan to entertain the President by having a searchlight play colored lights on Yosemite Falls at night. The searchlight was sent to Glacier Point for the purpose but the transformer or means of getting the searchlight to work could be found even if at that great distance the effect would have been appreciable.

It is a good thing that this project was never put into effect because the President had learned of it, and would have had a classic example of his colorful language expressing his demnation of such attempts to improve on nature.

TUOLUMNE MEADOWS HIKERS, WHERE DO THEY GO?

by Jim Fox, Ranger Naturalist

The use of Tuolumne Meadows as a hiker center has long been recognized. In many years have passed since the first venturesome visitors traveled the old, dusty mining road leading to this spot of superb natural beauty.

Over the years the visitor has noted many physical changes. The old, first improved, has now been replaced by a new, modern, park road; the original series of Indian trails and sheep herding routes has been replaced by an excellent set of trails radiating in all directions; the Lodge has been modernized; and the campgrounds have been modernized.

But once away from this shoe-string road, the present day hiker experiences essentially the same conditions as the early day visitor. He is able to find for himself the same solitude and tranquility which the remote high country still has to offer. Where do the present day hikers go to go? A survey of the fire permits issued at the Tuolumne Meadows information center gives some interesting indications of favored areas.

The Vogelsang-Merced Lake area is the area to which most of the backcountry permits were issued. Its high use is probably partly due to the area's appeal to fishermen, and partly because the main trail from Yosemite Valley to Tuolumne Meadows runs through the area.

The area of next highest use is the beautiful North Country, centering at

Glen Aulin, but including vast and nearly undisturbed areas — Cold Canyon, Virginia Canyon, Matterhorn Canyon and extending down the Tuolumne River into Pate Valley.

The John Muir Trail attracts almost as many visitors to the Park's southeast section near Mt. Lyell. Many of these visitors are interested in exploring that area of the park with its glaciers and high peaks, while others are on their way over Donohoe Pass to the Thousand Island Lakes, Red's Meadows and points south along the 211 miles of the trail.

Among the areas that are closer to the Tuolumne Meadows center, the Young Lakes area is perhaps the most highly visited by backpackers. The beginning backpacker seems to show a decided preference for Young Lakes, probably the result of a pleasant combination of distance, natural attraction of the high country lakes, and nearness to beautiful peaks that can be scaled in a day from the campsite — Mt. Conness and Ragged Peaks.

Monthly records indicate that during the 1961 summer season (June-August) 3829 visitors spent a total of 15,073 visiting days in the backcountry surrounding Tuolumne Meadows, but it should be remembered that some visitors to the area obtained their fire permits from sources other than the Tuolumne Meadows information center and are not included in this tabulation. It must also be remembered that this tabulation only includes overnight

visitors. There are many hikers who stay in the Tuolumne Meadows or in Yosemite Valley and who concentrate on one day hikes, thus relieving themselves of pack and camp duties.

For information on such related uses of the back country, other sources must be considered. At Tuolumne Meadows Naturalist Campfire programs the audience has often been asked for a show of hands concerning the number of years that the participants have been returning to Tuolumne. Typically, approximately fifty percent of the visitors at these programs are relatively new to the area, being there for the first or second time. It is anticipated that many of these visitors will become backpackers in future years, swelling the ranks of those who have become addicted to the beauty and serenity of the back country.

The Naturalist program at Tuol-

umne also does its share to encourage backpacking by conducting an aggressive hiking program. The hiking program ranges from short nature walks through the meadow to back pack trips of two days duration.

The 1961 season offered three of these overnight trips, to Budd Lake and vicinity in July, to Mono Pass and Sardine Lakes in early August, and to Young Lakes in late August. The primary purpose of the overnight hikes is to initiate the fledgling hiker in the intricacies of backpacking under conditions where he may observe others, ask questions and decide for himself the equipment he finds necessary. Families have shown great interest in these trips, and it is anticipated that many of the family groups participating in these hikes will become independent back packers during future seasons.

There is for every scenic unit dependent upon its character, size and ecology, a definite point of human saturation beyond which its values of spaciousness and beauty are lost, both temporarily when the crowd is present and permanently because maintenance cannot repair the damage.—Dr. Laurie B. Cox.



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