

# Yosemite

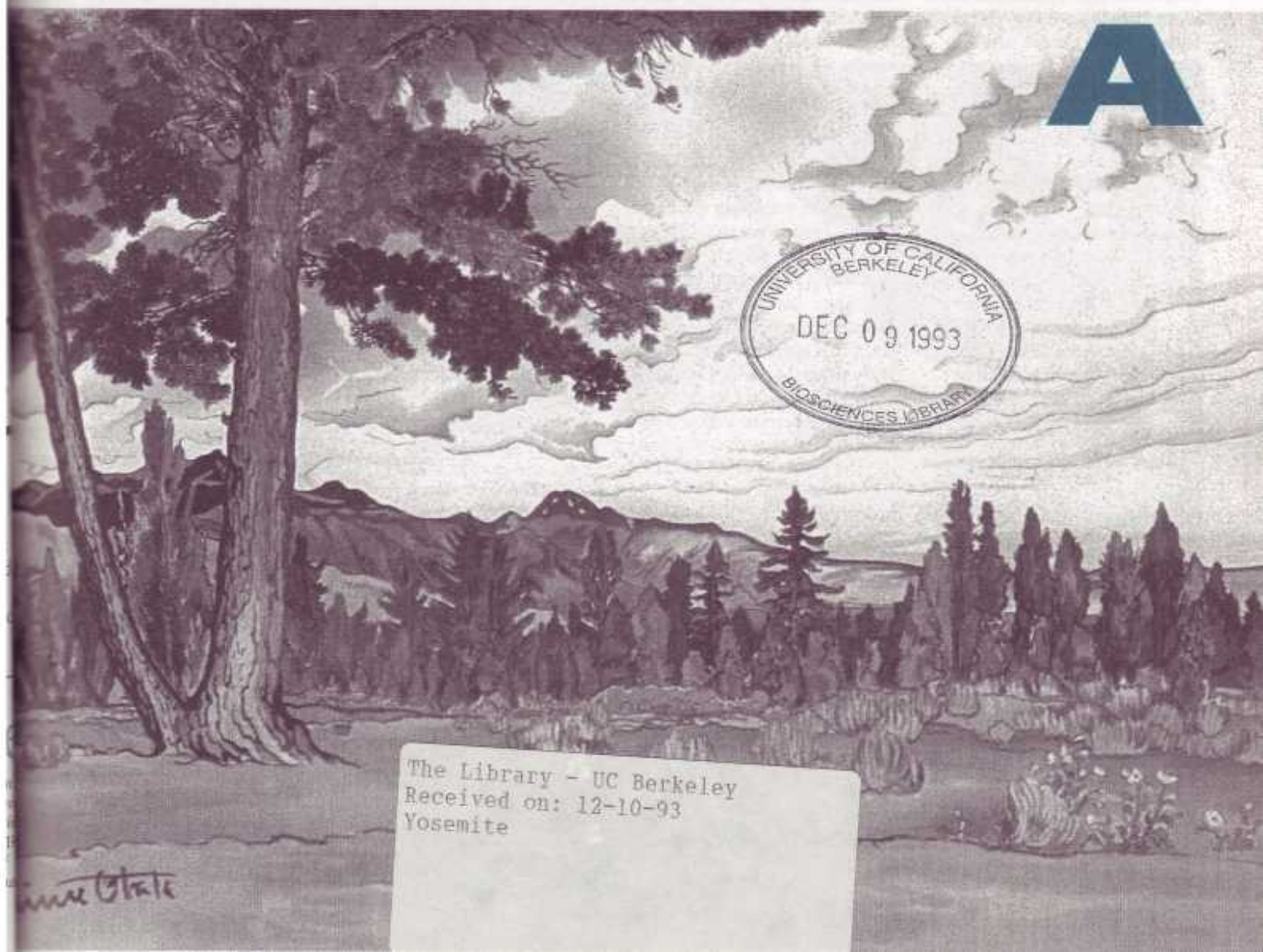
# O B A T A

Janice T. Driesbach

**Chiura Obata** (1885-1975), a Japanese-born artist who spent most of his adult life in the San Francisco Bay Area, is little-known for his Yosemite-inspired work. But Obata, who immigrated to California in 1903, produced a number of remarkable paintings, sketches and woodblock prints of the Yosemite region from the time of his first visit to the park in 1927 through the rest of his life. That initial visit, which lasted six weeks, had a profound im-

act on Obata as an artist and a lover of nature.

In Obata's words, that 1927 Yosemite trip "was the greatest harvest for my whole life and future in painting. The expression from Great Nature is immeasurable!" The classically-trained *sumi* artist appears to have arrived in the Sierra with a mission; he was determined to record the wondrous landscapes of Tuolumne Meadows, Mount Lyell, Mono Lake, and the rest of Yosemite's high country in pencil, sumi, and watercolor. The sculptor



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Yosemite

Chiura Obata

# Obata's Yosemite

Robert Boardman Howard, who accompanied Obata during a portion of the trip, observed, "Every pause for rest saw Chiura at work. That is almost the first impression he gives one, either working or on his way to work; never getting ready."<sup>2</sup>

Obata arrived in the Yosemite Sierra in June in the company of Worth Ryder, a painter and printmaker. Ryder had returned to California from Europe the previous January to join the art-department faculty at the University of California at Berkeley. A veteran mountaineer, Ryder brought considerable experience in the Yosemite area to their adventure. He had been introduced to the Sierra Nevada as a youth and "at every opportunity traveled this great range from the Mojave Desert to Mount Shasta. His particular love was the stretch from the Kings-Kern Divide to Yosemite, now well known as the John Muir Trail."<sup>3</sup>

Although it is unsure who suggested the camping trip, Ryder later spoke of his "presentation in 1927 of the Sierra to Obata and of Obata to the



Sierra."<sup>4</sup> The two artists, albeit united in their love of nature, made unlikely traveling companions. Obata recorded their experiences matter-of-factly in regular correspondence, while Ryder's single known letter from the journey reveals his strong romantic nature. To judge from surviving evidence and his own accounts, Obata was the more diligent artist, producing more than fifty paintings, as well as numerous botanical studies, genre scenes, and postcards. The two apparently shared a sense of humor. During the trip while descending into Yosemite Valley with two pack mules, they encountered a group of school teachers. At the sound of "Pack Train," the teachers scattered, like vultures, and as Obata, his head tied with a white cloth, strode past with samurai gait, the awestruck teachers whispered "Who is he? Who is he?" Ryder, drawing up the rear with the mules, answered, "He is an emissary from the Mikado looking for the most beautiful spot on earth."<sup>5</sup>

Ryder and Obata entered Yosemite National Park via the Tioga Road, their car laden with "two beds, fourteen boxes of food, painting materials, fishing gear, two suitcases, a tent, a large saw, a large axe, a big shovel, and a big bucket

of water in case of emergency."<sup>6</sup> The artists chose White Wolf as their base camp from the latter part of June through early July. There Obata could indulge his passion for fishing, an activity that he engaged in frequently during his stay. More significant, by 1927 Yosemite Valley was already considered crowded during the summer months. As a result, the high country was being promoted as an alternative tourist destination for those seeking a more secluded experience.<sup>7</sup> Obata's letter from 4 July noted that "in Yosemite [Valley] there are so many automobiles and people that when I looked down from a viewpoint I did not feel like leaving the quiet mountains."<sup>8</sup>

Around 5 July, Obata and Ryder packed up their camping gear and moved to Yosemite Creek, where they stayed about four days and were joined by Howard. The group subsequently traveled on to Tuolumne Meadows. Even though Obata planned to depart Tuolumne on 15 July, he chose to extend the trip, writing that "after knowing

Cover: *Morning at Mono Lake*, 1927. Color woodblock print, 11 x 15 in.  
*Buck Meadow*, June 17, 1927. Sumi on postcard, 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 in.  
*How Old Is the Moon?*, July 2, 1927. Sumi on postcard, 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.

this abundant, great nature, to leave here would mean losing great opportunity that comes only once in a thousand years. The artist had become enamored of the region, and he praised the terrain along the California-Nevada border, noting its distinctiveness from that of Yosemite Valley. In subsequent letters Obata described his ascent of Johnson Peak and his encounters with Mount Dana, Mount Gibbs, and Mount Lyell—all sites that served as subject of later paintings and prints.

On 26 July Obata reported his departure from Tuolumne Meadows, over Tioga Pass to campsite at Mono Mills, "behind Mono Lake."<sup>9</sup> From Mono Lake the group continued to Mammoth Lakes, Mary Lake, and Devil's Postpile, before returning to their "base camp at Lyell Fork in Tuolumne" around 29 July. In his final letter dated 3 July, Obata contemplated his impending departure planned for the following day, writing

*Editor's note: This essay is excerpted from the Yosemite Association's soon-to-be-published book, Obata's Yosemite - The Art and Letters of Chiura Obata from His Trip to the High Sierra in 1927. Obata was a gifted artist and teacher who served on the faculty of the art department at the University of California at Berkeley for many years. His love for Yosemite and the High Sierra is evident from his paintings and prints as well as his words. Please see the "Catalog" section of this journal for more information about the Obata book.*



After knowing this abundant, great nature, to leave Tuolumne Meadows would mean losing a great opportunity that comes only once in a thousand years.

*Lake Basin in the High Sierra, 1930.*  
Color woodblock print, 11 x 15 1/2 in.

"I am full of gratitude as I bid farewell to these Sierra Mountains. From the deep impression of my experience there springs an emotion which others may not understand. I am looking forward with pleasure and hope as to how I will be able to express this precious experience on silk."<sup>11</sup>

Obata had a strong personal response to the remarkable landscape he encountered, and he used the Yosemite journey as an opportunity and a challenge to produce a significant body of work that would prove his

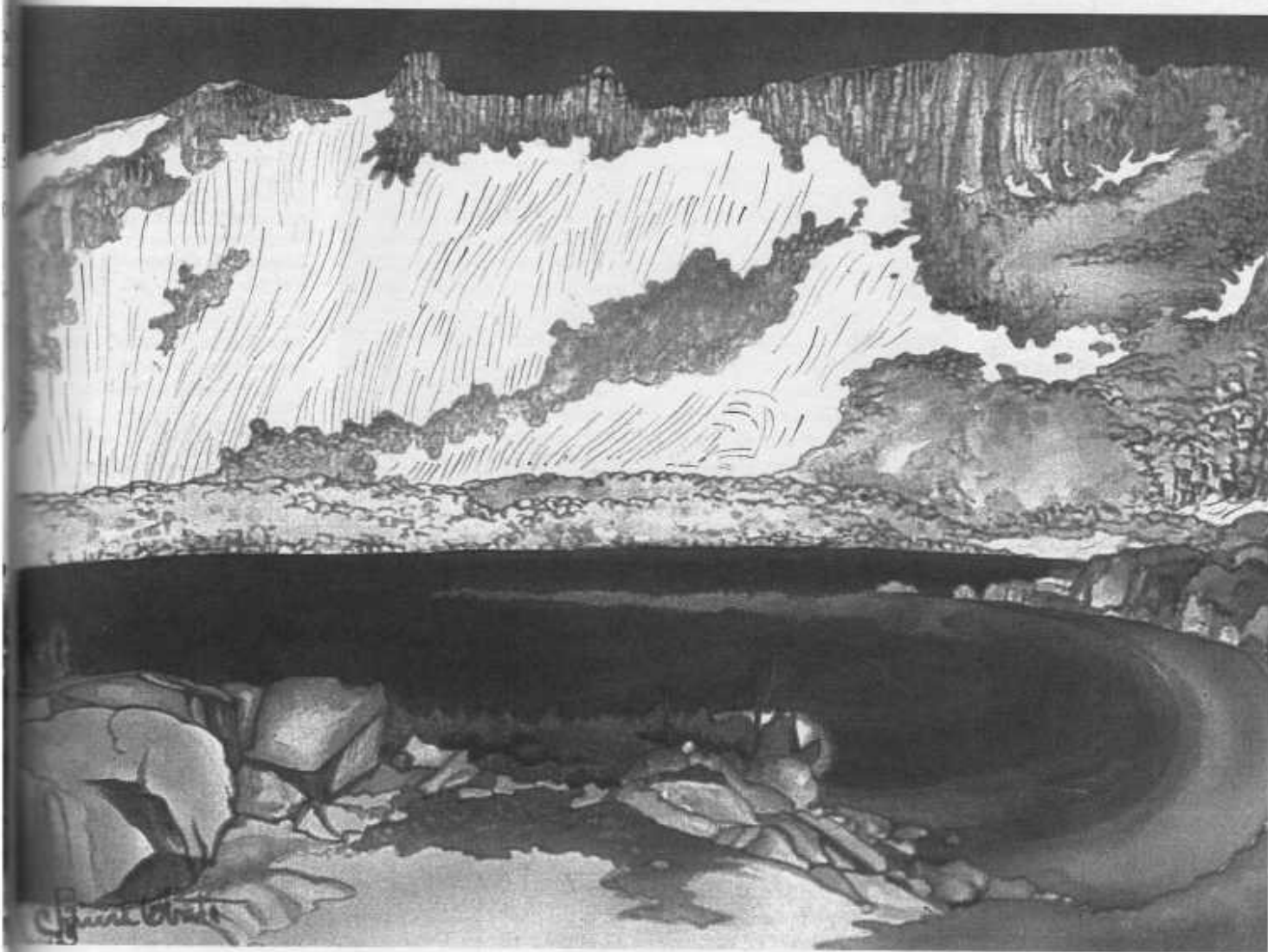
stature as an artist, both to himself and his friends in America and to his family in Japan. The paintings, sumi, and pencil drawings from the Yosemite trip constituted the majority of the artist's first one-person exhibition held in San Francisco the following spring. Further, the watercolors that Obata made in Yosemite in 1927 served as models for the greater part of an innovative portfolio of prints that he produced in Japan between 1928 and 1930.

Obata's *World Landscape Series* portfolio (as he titled it)

comprises thirty-five color woodblock prints. All but one show California scenes, and twenty-seven of them are views of Yosemite. While views of such titles as *Spring Rain, Berkeley, California*; *Setting Sun in the Sacramento Valley*; and *Foggy Morning, Van Ness Avenue* appear among the sheets, the dominant theme is established by such works as *Before Thunderstorm, Tuolumne Meadows*; *Sundown at Tioga, Tioga Peak*; *Clouds, Upper Lyell Trail, along Lyell Fork*; and *Evening Moon*.

In concept and execution,

the *World Landscape Series* was an ambitious and an unusual project. That the prints were well-received on Obata's return to the United States is demonstrated by their substantial exhibition record and significant press coverage. However, the prints were accorded scant attention in literature of the period. Whereas the accomplishments of American artists who made prints in Japan during the early twentieth century, such as Helen Hyde and Bertha Lum, and major figures in the Japanese *shin-hanga* print



*Along Mono Lake, 1927. Sumi and watercolor on paper, 11 x 15 1/2 in.*

## Obata's Yosemite: The Exhibition

The many art works produced by Chiura Obata during and following his 1927 Yosemite trip are the subject of an exhibition to be held at the Crocker Art Museum in Sacramento from August 27 through October 17, 1998. Also titled *Obata's Yosemite*, the exhibition features 80 watercolors, prints, sumi paintings, botanical studies, and genre scenes, as well as some of the artist's writings. One interesting aspect of the show is its comparisons of woodblock prints with the watercolors that served as models. A series of progressive proofs of a woodblock print in production documents the process used to create these remarkable pieces. See the membership section of this journal for information about a special YA members' showing of Obata's Yosemite.

movement, such as Hiroshi Yoshida and Hasui Kawase, have been the subject of study. Obata appears to have been overlooked. It is possible that this is due in part to his perception by others as a Japanese artist working in America and as an American in Japan.

Surprisingly, few leading artists looked to the Yosemite area for subject matter after about 1919. One exception was William Zorach, who produced fascinating abstracted watercolors during a visit in 1920. The artist most closely associated with Yosemite during this time was Gunnar Widforss, a native of Sweden who was close friends with the Director of the National Park Service, Stephen Mather. Mather encouraged Widforss to paint at Yosemite and the Grand Canyon, where the artist spent much of his time.

Widforss's Yosemite watercolors from the 1920s, most of which feature motifs from the valley, were prominently exhibited at the Ahwahnee Hotel and purchased by visitors to the park. Many of these compositions describe geographic or architectural features and are painted in a manner that would lend them to reproduction as woodblock prints. Obata probably saw examples by Widforss, although in his own watercolors he concentrated on representing high country motifs and the atmospheric conditions when he encountered them.

Other artists visited Yosemite, among them Otis Oldfield and Yung Gee, but apparently found the landscape unsuited to their formal concerns and produced little art work on their visits. Even the impressionist Theodore Wores, who was called a "famous artist" at the time of his visit in 1929, painted only a few views of

Yosemite during or following his initial trip. Other oil paintings of Yosemite are regularly described in press accounts during the 1920s but were by artists such as Maurice del Mue and Florence Alston Swift, whose work was infrequently reproduced and is largely unfamiliar to us today. And Ansel Adams, who was to create a modern visual vocabulary for Yosemite through his photography, was just beginning his work in the park, undertaking primarily commercial projects for the concessioner.

Thus Chiura Obata stands out as an artist who adopted Yosemite as a significant subject at a time when the park was receiving increasing public attention, but paradoxically decreasing artistic interest. His visit coincided with the opening of the Ahwahnee Ho-

tel on July 16, 1927, as well as with the inauguration of the High Sierra Camps, events that both responded to and encouraged Yosemite's higher profile as a tourist resort.

Obata is therefore distinguished as an artist who found this California landscape a compelling environment to experience, observe, record, and reflect not only in 1927, but again and again throughout the course of his life. His freedom to immerse himself in the Sierra during that summer inspired a remarkable record of Yosemite as well as an innovative print collection.

Fortunately, the woodblock prints Obata commissioned in Japan have been kept intact in portfolios, and the watercolors, other paintings and drawings Obata produced in Yosemite at the time, progressive proofs made to show how selected prints evolved through successive states, and the artist's correspondence and diary are retained by his descendants. Rarely is such complete documentation of a series of art works available. This wealth of material allows a deeper understanding of the motivations, objectives and expectations that influenced and guided Chiura Obata, a uniquely

American artist, during his time in Yosemite.

*Janice T. Driesbach has been curator of art at the Crocker Art Museum since 1985. A graduate of Allegheny College, she received her M.A. degree in art history from the University of Iowa.*

### Notes

1. Chiura Obata, oral history, Japanese-American Research Project, University of California at Los Angeles, 1967.
2. "Obata Gets Spirit of California. His Prints: Sierra Trip with Obata Told by John [sic] Howard, Importer Local Artist," *Art and Artists* 2 (January 1931): 1.
3. Monica Haley, "Worth Ryder: Artist and Art Educator," unpublished manuscript, Bancroft Library, University of California at Berkeley, n.p.
4. Miriam Dungan Cross, "A Delightful Day With the Achenbach Foundation Donors," *Oakland Tribune*, 19 June 1955.
5. Cross, "A Delightful Day."
6. Chiura Obata, 20 July 1927, White Wolf.
7. Stanford E. Demars, *The Tourist in Yosemite, 1855-1985* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1991), 106-108, and Carl P. Russell, "Opening New Yosemite Wonders," *Yosemite Nature Notes*, 4 (April 1925): 25-26.
8. Chiura Obata, 4 July 1927, White Wolf.
9. Chiura Obata, 16 July 1927, Tuolumne Meadows.
10. Chiura Obata, 26 July 1927.
11. Chiura Obata, 30 July 1927, Tuolumne Meadows.



# A Perfect Camping Companion

## Robert Howard

Howard's note: This article was originally published in *Art and Artists* (January, 1934) under the title "Obata Gets Spirit of California in His Prints." Robert Howard also was an instructor at UC Berkeley's art department, and met up with Chiura Obata in Yosemite Valley during the summer of 1927. Howard was here to undertake a mural commission at the Ahwahnee Hotel.

During the summer of 1927 I received word from my friend North Ryder, "Don't fail to join us. We can pack you out from Yosemite." Obata is a perfect camping companion.

So on the day set, we met and started off up the trail beyond two sturdy donkeys. North leading the way, Chiura went with his picturesque Japanese head gear and rucksack bulging with brushes, paint and rice paper, myself going on the donkeys, bringing up the rear.

Every pause for rest saw Chiura at work. That is almost the first impression he gives one, either working or on his way to work; never getting ready, but somehow always ready, or at least a brief sketch.

Camping that night beyond the head of Yosemite Falls, we sat before the friendly campfire in the cool silence of the high Sierra, and Chiura told us he must paint one hundred pictures during this month of mountain wanderings. The first one would be of Yosemite Falls, but they had spoken to him in music that afternoon on the way up out of the Valley.

Next morning he disappeared down the trail we had come, and as the sun rose high, groups of hikers began passing, telling of an artist working like mad at the foot of the first falls. As the morning wore on, more



Chiura Obata, 1903 & 1948.

hikers passed, each with a word of wonder, till finally along came the artist himself, all fresh and smiling with a superb painting under his arm.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE OBATA FAMILY

*Merced River, Yosemite Valley, 1930.*  
Color woodblock print, 15 1/2 x 11 in.

That was a typical morning for Obata. A long hike, hours of work in the sun, the stiff hike back to camp with another fine painting, and ready to repeat it in the afternoon.

But later during the trip, there would be times when he would reach a temporary limit of producing paintings. Then he would dig out from his bag a bit of red stone or a piece of white quartz found near some deserted mine, gather a bit of moss, a willow twig or a tiny fern and plant a Japanese garden the size of one's palm. Or there were fish to catch. That was a sport near to his heart. And once a week we would have dinner prepared by his hand — chop sticks. Skiaki [sukiyaki] and rice, tasty fresh trout, strange dried fish from Japan, bean cakes, and hot saki [sake] would mysteriously appear — the perfect beverage for the mountains, with the smell of pine in one's nostrils.

Afterwards, before turning in for sleep, Obata would bring forth his philosophies of life, how to remain young, how to appreciate every minute of existence and time, how right it was to be happy and cheerful and productive, how wrong to shed tears, do nothing and waste time and strength. That to be an artist was best of all things.

No idle talk was this for him. Obata lives his beliefs and more. He influences those who know him to live deeply and well.

He stands for work, love and laughter; indefatigable work; a sensitive love of life, of mountains, of tiny plants and mighty trees, of fog and skies; and of laughter that comes from the heart, the joy of living and the knowing that all is right with the world because he has made it his.



# Tuolumne Tomboy



*Shirley Sargent*

**It didn't take long**, maybe half an hour, before I fell tow-head over tennis shoes in love with Tuolumne Meadows. I had grown up to the advanced age of nine with pine trees on the north rim of the Grand Canyon, pine trees on Mt. Charleston in Nevada, and scattered ponderosa conifers around the hadn't-quite-made-it resort of Long Barn, California, so it wasn't Tuolumne's forest of scaly-barked Lodgepole pines that seduced me. It was more, much more. Awe, soon diluted to love, was inspired by a combination of splendor. It was felt in the cool July breeze, seen in the expansive, river-cut meadows and domes thrusting boldly into the mountain blue sky; heard in the sound of rushing water, bird-cry and wind; and scented in the pine-needled magic of the Sierra.

My mother, Alice Sargent, five-year-old sister, Rosalie, and I had just arrived in a camp occupied by several families of Bureau of Public Roads engineers, including my dad, Bob Sargent. Friendly women welcomed Mother while children inspected us younger interlopers. "The elevation is 8,600 feet here," a woman told Mother, "You may want to have your girls rest a while to get used to it."

Simultaneously, but far more quietly, a teenage boy addressed me: "Wanta climb Lembert Dome? Come on." We sauntered off followed by Mother's, "Shirley, come back here," a call I was to hear repeatedly during the enchanted summers of 1936 and 1937, summers that merge into one memory.

Instead of resting on a cot in a tent, I acclimatized myself by scrambling up a steep trail and

climbing a granite ridge to the top of Lembert Dome, several hundred feet higher than the altitude of the meadows. My leader, Glendon, was offhand when I tried to articulate my wonder at the view, but he pointed out the singular grandeur of Cathedral and Unicorn Peaks to the west and Mounts Dana, Gibbs, and Mammoth to the east. My lifelong love affair with Tuolumne Meadows, indeed all of Yosemite National Park, had begun.

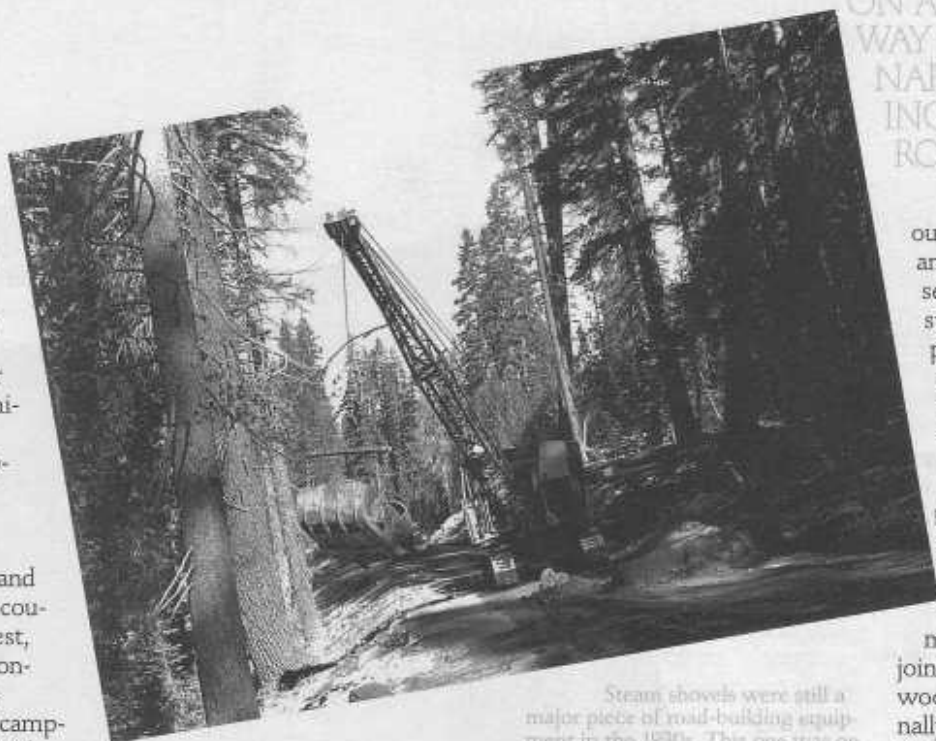
What is still remembered as the Great Depression and the U. S. Congressional efforts to put thousands of men back to work by allocating millions of dollars for highway and bridge construction in National Parks, Forests, and Monuments was responsible for our being in the high heaven. The Bureau of Public Roads (BPR) staff were present surveying and inspecting the construction progress

Tuolumne Meadows was a perfect setting for the explorations of a "tomboy" in 1936 and 1937. Cathedral Peak is at the left.

on a modern highway to replace the narrow, wandering pioneer Tioga Road. My handsome engineer Dad was participating in making Yosemite history at the same time as keeping his family in beans and bread.

Our BPR camp was already historic for the irregular rows of tent frames and such amenities as a bathhouse and grease rack that had been built and occupied by the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) boys earlier in the '30's and would later become summer home for entomologists and various range naturalists. The L-shaped cookhouse floor served as a dance floor on Saturday nights when my parents and other BPR couples danced to band music from car radios. Head-

THE BUREAU OF PUBLIC ROADS STAFF WERE PRESENT SURVEYING AND INSPECTING THE CONSTRUCTION PROGRESS ON A MODERN HIGHWAY TO REPLACE THE NARROW, WANDERING PIONEER TIOGA ROAD.



Steam shovels were still a major piece of road-building equipment in the 1930s. This one was on the new Tioga Road.

NPS PHOTO

lights supplied lighting. Camp kids — there were four or five of us besides the teenager — utilized the flooring for less romantic but eminently satisfactory pursuits such as hopping, jumping rope, and playing with toy cars.

Besides the camp and another larger one a couple of miles southwest, the CCC men had constructed the 300-site Tuolumne Meadow campground, which featured granite-rocked, shake-roofed restrooms with inside plumbing — grandeur in the wilds. Our camp had outhouses, about two-holers, but the elegant bathhouse with showers and laundry tubs gave great comfort to cleanliness-minded adults.

Seymour Coffman was resident engineer of the job. His wife soon allied with Mother and their little girl and my sister became inseparable. Glenison's parents were Georgie and Frank Swan. A childless couple named Jack and Pat Kiefer impressed me because they drove clear to Bishop for Sunday Mass. "Fibber" Kenny and his parents, Mary and Lee Storch, and the Ciceros were the people I remember. I'll never forget Carmen Cicero because her exuberant yodels resounded beautifully and echoingly through the camp.

But, instead of yodeling, she screamed in the shower when she found the missing and mourned diamond from Mrs. Kiefer's wedding ring. "All the women came running," Carmen recalls, "and Pat nearly fainted. When Jack came home, he was so thankful he drove the long, twisty miles to Lee Vining and

bought me a case of beer."

The public campground, constructed in anticipation of an increase in visitation once the new road was finished, had opened barely a month before we arrived. Campers were entertained at night by campfire programs put on by an ardent and popular young Ranger-Naturalist named Carl Sharsmith. It would be pleasant to say that, at nine, I fell under his influence, as I did years later, but not in 1936. However I had my first lessons in conservation that summer. My "teacher" was not a naturalist but a Park Ranger on the protective staff, then in charge of the Tuolumne Meadows District. His name was Duane Jacobs, and he epitomized the public image of a Ranger: tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, quiet-spoken, yet commanding.

I first saw him the morning after we moved into our tent when he advised Mom why we couldn't keep our cat at Tuolumne. Cats, he said politely, were disruptive if not fatal to wildlife. Our tail-swishing Persian was already on a leash, but Mom promised to cage and send her off via Greyhound bus as soon as

possible. My petless aunt and uncle in the desert town of Palmdale agreed to provide temporary refuge.

My next encounter with Ranger Jacobs was more personal. Dad had made me a slingshot, and I was off in the woods, ineffectually aiming pebbles at a chattering crested jay that, the ranger must have realized, was absolutely safe. Nevertheless Jacobs introduced me to the fragility of birds and squirrels, for we were being scolded also by what I knew as a Picket Pin, but he identified as a Belding ground squirrel.

"Wouldn't it be a shame," he concluded, "if you hurt or killed that pretty bird?"

Not once had he raised his voice or suggested confiscating my weapon, but he left me afire with a protective zeal that sent me flying up the trail onto the granite backbone of Lambert Dome. There, winded but still purposeful, I flung my slingshot off into space and was immediately sorry. Nevertheless, a childish grasp of preservation, expanded later, was implanted in my tomboy self.

Our camp was on a sloping mountain-side between but

out-of-sight of both the old and new Tioga Roads. Dad set off to work soon after sunlight slanted through the pines, and Mom spent the days cooking on our two-burner Coleman stove, washing dishes or performing myriad mundane tasks. Mom and Dad's double bed, classy bunk beds (mine was the top one), a makeshift closet, and pieces of "Hercules mahogany" furnished the adjoining sleeping tent. Strong wooden "powder boxes," originally used for storing dynamite sticks by the Hercules Blasting Company, were prized because they could be transformed into cupboards, chests, stools, and even chairs.

At night Dad hoisted our cooler, or bear baffle, high in the air to keep food away from bears. Actually, these animals were rarely in our camp. "You and Rosalie used to go with us," Carmen wrote to me, "to see the bears at the garbage dump. Some of them were huge. We had a small bear climb a tree in back of the bathhouse once. But our biggest worry was the mice. The minute we extinguished the gas lantern at night, they were scampering all over!"

Our screen-sided, canvas-covered "front" room contained a sink with running water, the Coleman stove, a wood-devouring airtight stove, a wood box that I was supposed to help fill, a picnic table, and more pieces of Hercules mahogany. Rosalie was content with playing dolls inside, but I was happier out of its confines and away from Mother's admonitions that the wood box needed filling or the broom needed wielding. So, after breakfast, I would escape to the outhouse and from there

SINCE ELECTRIFICATION WAS FAR IN THE FUTURE, THE ONLY ITEM ON ICE IN OUR CAMP WAS BEER. BOTTLES WERE KEPT IN A SNOW-FILLED WASHTUB, REPLENISHED A COUPLE OF TIMES A WEEK FROM SLOW-MELTING DRIFTS NEAR TIOGA PASS.

take off for hours of freedom. Carmen remembers me as "... always on the go, looking for new places to explore?"

Often I perched on top of a steep triangular-sided boulder just off the shoulder of the new road, carefully writing down the numbers affixed to dump trucks, motor graders, and steam shovels. No doubt amused at my industry, drivers would wave. Further delight was supplied by the times my sister found me but could not climb up to join me.

Since electrification was far in the future, the only item on ice in our camp was beer. Bottles were kept in a snow-filled washtub, replenished a couple of times a week from slow-melting drifts near Tioga Pass. The inviting tub was kept in the shade of pines on the slope above our tent. Anticipating a clandestine tasting session, Dad gave me a bottle to try. A hearty swallow instantly forestalled youthful addiction.

Another recreational feature of our camp life was a horseshoe pit near our tent. The clunk and thud of horseshoes were accompanied by masculine shouts of "Anybody can see that's a leaner!" Such comments and spirited arguments coincided with the squeals of whichever delighted youngster was being pushed high in the tire swing by a man waiting his turn at horseshoes.

On weekdays, at least two of the women, Mom being one, drove down to the meadow, where radio reception was clear enough to hear *Stella Dallas* and *Mary Marlin*. Rosalie still took naps, so she curled up on the back seat. I was supposed to stay in camp, but more likely I was out in the woods or along the Dana Fork of the Tuolumne River, forbidden territory that Mom

warned, "you could drown in." That was possible, but there were many safe places to wade or cross to the other side. Often I was followed by Fibber Kenny, a six-year-old who loved to both fish and prevaricate.

One time he tagged along and witnessed my tumble into the water. I remember disrobing except for my underpants, leaving my clothes on a boulder to dry, and wandering off with Kenny's "Wait for me" plaint his sole reaction.

The grass was greener and thicker on the other side of the river. Furthermore there were few observers, a rare fisherman or so, whereas there were cars, drivers, and admonitory adults on the camp side. Once while I was lacing my shoes after a crossing back with them held in my hands, one fell in the river and was swept away. Catastrophe! Not only would Mother know I had disobeyed her, but I had only one other pair of shoes, school shoes. The word "Depression" meant little to me except that we couldn't afford anything extra. That had been brought forcibly home to me after I had carelessly dropped our sole flashlight down an outhouse hole. If flashlights were essential and expensive, shoes, I realized, must be even more so.

After work Dad and I hunted for the missing tennis shoe, which, fortunately he found waterlogged. My parents were neither tyrannical or penurious,



One of the spectacular views from the summit of Mount Dana is of the Mono Craters to the southeast.

just scraping by on about \$100 a month. "You girls," Carmen Cicero says, "and your mother often went to Lee Vining with us to buy groceries. We *tried* to get by on a dollar a day for food."

My next misadventure in the Dana Fork involved a rock cutting a bare toe. I howled loudly enough so that Carmen alerted Mother: "Alice, I think Shirley is drowning." My mom's unflappable reply, repeated to me later, was "She wouldn't be making that much noise if she was drowning." Retribution for that episode was worse than a spanking, for Mom cleaned out the wound with a liberal application of smelly, stinging iodine. Iodine, castor oil, and, it seemed to me, spankings were Mom's remedies for any and all physical and behavioral problems.

Fortunately, praise and hugs were also given freely.

Thunder, lightning, and pelting rain were a frequent afternoon diversion. Our tent leaked, and Mom developed a rating system for the storm's severity. A two- or three-pain storm with the accompanying sound of plunks and drips was easily controllable, but an eight- and once even a ten-pain rain over-taxed her supply of utensils. I enjoyed dumping pans into a bucket and was exhilarated by the fast-moving storms and warmed by the airtight stove and mugs of cocoa.

One memorable day, I was caught out in the woods and quickly soaked. Frantically, I sought shelter and found a small cave somewhere in the general area of Puppy Dome. While I shivered, teeth chattering, I glanced around in the gloom and discerned rude but

MRS. PHEO



IN THE ARRAY OF BEAUTY AND MIGHT AMID SURROUNDINGS OF UNIMAGINABLE NATURAL GRANDEUR, I FELT ENRICHED AND HUMBLE. IN MANY WAYS, THAT CLIMB TO DANA WAS THE HIGH POINT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

colorful stick figures — Indian pictographs. I was awed and planned to bring my family to see them but could never relocate the place.

Being sent on an errand to the store down the old road was always a joy. As Puppy Come was just across a meadow from the large, long tent that housed food, camping equipment, fishing supplies, and some clothes, a quick climb and a few moments to savor the view from the top prefaced my trip. After buying whatever Mother needed, I was magnetized by a tantalizing display of rubber and leather boots shelved at the back of the store. I had studied them frequently and decided on a pair of ankle high, laced leather boots as essential to my well-being. No other boots either in the store or the indispensable Wishbooks — "Sears 'n Sawbucks" and "Monkey Wards" catalogs — could possibly carry me up a mountaintop more comfortably and speedily than they.

Of course, my parents were acutely aware of my obsession, but when the big day came that I really was to climb a mountain, I wore my badly worn tennis shoes. New ones had been ordered but had not arrived. Glendon, my father, Dad, and I drove to a parking lot near Tioga Pass, then took off across the flowery, somewhat boggy meadow toward Mount Dana towering above us, red and rocky, at 13,053 feet. The fact that the elevation of Tioga Pass, our starting point, was 9,045 feet did not diminish my exul-

tation: I was going to climb a 13,000 foot peak!

Dad had warned me that I was not to complain, and, though frequently winded and panting, I didn't. Near the top, however, rocks cut through the sole on one shoe, and I asked him to carry me. "No way" was not a common expression then, but his response was negative. He and the others left me behind. It was so quiet that I could hear water from melting snow gurgling under the jumble of rocks. Slowly, gingerly, I limped after them, trying to keep the torn shoe from touching the sharpest rocks.

By the time I reached the top, the tear and the discomfort had enlarged considerably

but were instantly dismissed in wonder at the vistas.

Above, the azure sky formed a dazzling arc, encircling me as infinity and below was color, in green meadows, and the blue glints of ponds, and expanses of lakes. Dad pointed out Mono Lake on the east, beyond which, he told me, was high desert and Nevada. He swiveled to point out the familiar dominant peaks to the west: Cathedral, Unicorn, Cockscomb. Lember I identified, but its stature, hitherto so impressive to me, seemed reduced.

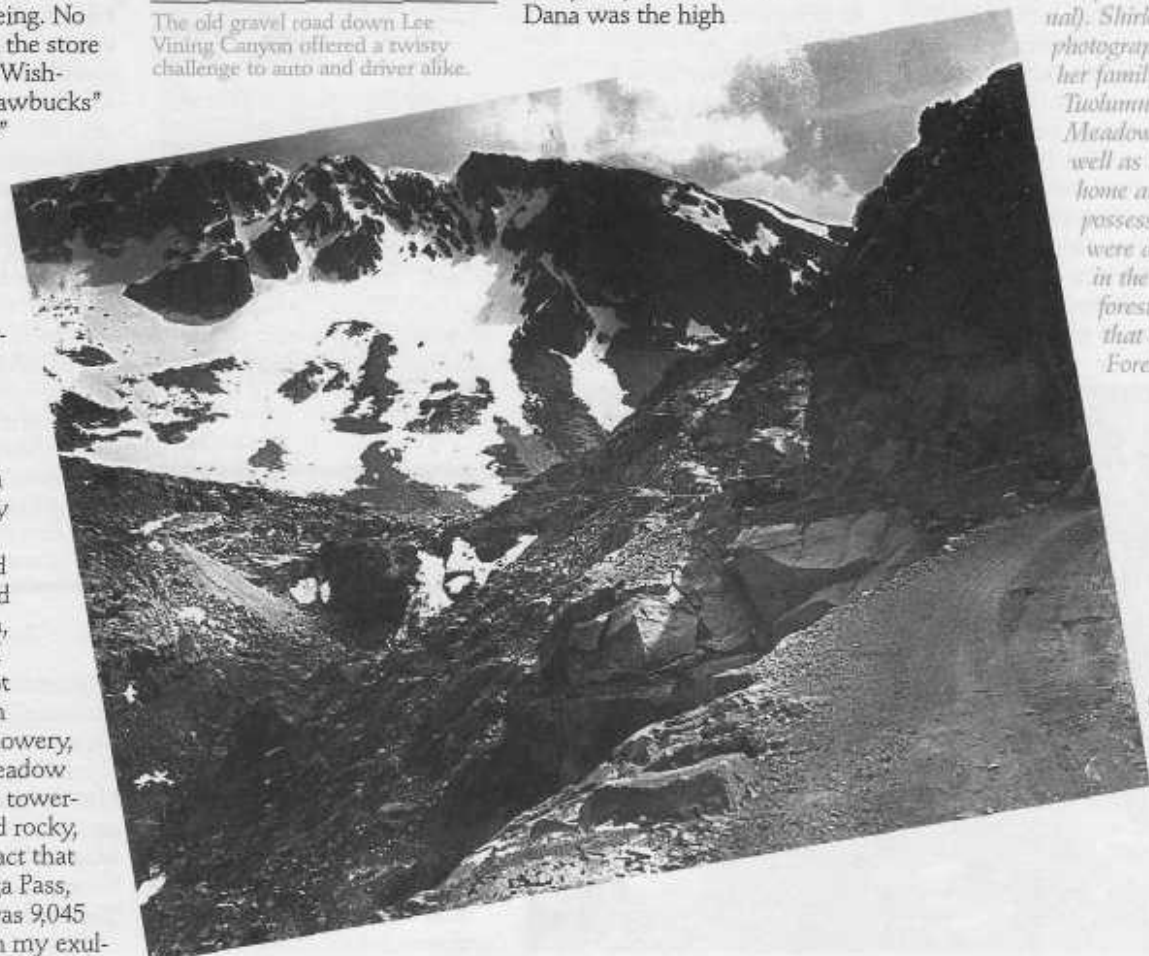
In the array of beauty and might amid surroundings of unimaginable natural grandeur, I felt enriched and humble. In many ways, that climb to Dana was the high

point of my childhood.

When we arrived back at the camp I was limping, both shoe soles flapping and a stocking cut through, but still exhilarated and inspired. Dad said proudly, "Here's a hiker that deserves a pair of boots." Mom's response was less positive, "Maybe for Christmas, but just look what came in today's mail." New tennis shoes that looked, and felt, wonderful.

*Shirley Sargent is an accomplished Yosemite historian and author who has published over 30 books. This article is included in her most recent work, Enchanted Childhoods: Growing Up in Yosemite, 1864-1945 (see the "Catalog" section at the end of this journal). Shirley's photographs of her family in Tuolumne Meadows (as well as her home and other possessions) were destroyed in the 1990 forest fire that burned Foresta.*

The old gravel road down Lee Vining Canyon offered a twisty challenge to auto and driver alike.



MRS. PHOTO

# George Frampton to Speak at Members' Meeting

**George T. Frampton, Jr.**, newly confirmed Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, will address Yosemite Association members at the annual meeting to be held in Tuolumne Meadows on Saturday, September 11, 1993. Frampton is well-known to many as the former President of The Wilderness Society, a post he held for the past eight years. Under his leadership, the non-profit membership organization increased dramatically in size and influence. Educated at Yale, the London School of Economics, and Harvard Law School, he had a wide ranging legal career both as an independent and as a partner in a Washington law firm before his term at the Society. He served as a law clerk to a US Supreme Court Justice, was an Assistant Special Prosecutor in the Watergate investigation, and directed the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's inquiry of the accident at Three Mile Island. Now, along with Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt, Frampton will be one of the key environmental

officials in the new administration. He will undoubtedly have a valuable perspective to share with YA members.

The day's official events will begin with a lunch at noon served outside the Tuolumne Lodge. In the morning, naturalist walks are scheduled, and members can check in at registration anytime between 10:30 a.m. and noon. At 1:30 p.m., the actual Members' Meeting occurs in the same location. Since seating is mostly on the ground, lawn chairs or blankets are useful. It's also wise to bring rain gear at that time of year. After the meeting, there will be a wine and cheese hour along with a raffle and an auction of Yosemite memorabilia.

The accommodations at Tuolumne Lodge for the weekend were assigned to members by lottery. As of press time, there were tent cabins still available for Friday night,



*Pack Mules, n.d. Sumi on postcard, 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.*

although all were filled for Saturday night. There are additional accommodations elsewhere, both inside and outside the Park. If you have any questions about the event, please call Holly or Connie at the YA office, 209-379-2317.

## Members' Special Evening with Obata

**Yosemite Association** Members and their guests are invited to a private showing of the exhibition *Obata's Yosemite* at the Crocker Art Museum in Sacramento on Friday evening, October 15, 1993 from 5:30 to 8 p.m. The exhibition features Chiura Obata's drawings, watercolors and woodblock prints from

the artist's stay in Yosemite in 1927. After a chance to view the exhibit and have wine and hors d'oeuvres, members will gather in the auditorium for an inspiring slide show and talk by Kimi Kodas Hill on her grandfather's life and work.

This evening will be this year's outside-the-Park members' event held in Northern California. Invitations to surrounding communities will be sent out in August. If you have questions concerning the Crocker event, please call the YA office (209)379-2317.

## Reservations

**For the Annual Meeting** in Wawona scheduled for the weekend of September 9 and 10, 1994, the Association will only have half as many rooms on reservation as compared with previous years. This will make the lottery for rooms even more competitive. However, members can make their own reservations for Wawona Hotel rooms one year and a day in advance of the date(s) desired by calling the Yosemite Park & Curry Co. at (209) 251-4848. Members may also make their own room reservations for the Spring Forum.

## Association Dates

**September 11, 1993:** Annual Meeting, Tuolumne Meadows  
**October 3-9, 1993:** Member Work Trip, Yosemite Valley  
**December 1, 1993:** Grant deadline  
**March 26, 1994:** Spring Forum, Yosemite Valley  
**September 10, 1994:** Annual Meeting, Wawona



# Mono Lake Rising Again

Bob Schlichting and John Cain

In early December, officials fearfully predicted California was heading into its seventh year of drought. By late February, after heavy storms had created havoc in many parts of the state, Governor Pete Wilson declared the drought was officially over.

The storms brought good news to Mono Lake. For the first time in years, heavy snow accumulated along the lake-shore. More importantly, in the Sierra Nevada high above the Mono Basin, the snowpack was reportedly 152 percent of average for April 1, the traditional beginning of the spring runoff season.

Based on those estimates of snow in the mountains, scientists predict that Mono Lake should rise two to three feet this year.

Before this winter's big storms, Mono Lake had fallen 6373.4 feet above sea level. By mid March, it rose to 6374.5 feet.

Back in 1991, a California court had prohibited diversions from Mono's streams if the lake's level fell below 6377 feet. Based on current estimates, Mono Lake should approach but not reach that maximum level this year. That means that for the fourth year in a row, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power will not take water from the Mono Basin.

## The Sierra Reservoir

Most of California's precipitation falls between the months of November and April. As a result, from May to October, most residents of the state rely on reservoirs of one sort or another to supply their water.

For many people living in both Northern and Southern California, snowpack in the



LARRY ULBERT, CALIFORNIA'S EASTERN SIERRA

Sierra Nevada is their most important reservoir. Snow that collects during the winter months stays frozen into early summer, until warm temperatures gradually melt it into cascading streams and raging rivers. The City of San Francisco captures the runoff behind the Hetch Hetchy Dam on the western side of the Sierra; Los Angeles gathers water along the eastern side and transports it hundreds of miles through its aqueduct along the Owens Valley.

Mono Lake, too, depends on Sierran snow melt for its existence. The Mono Basin lies in a rain shadow, caused when the towering mountains to the west squeeze most of the moisture from storms sweeping in from the Pacific. As a result, the floor of the basin only receives an average of 10 inches of precipitation a year. Meanwhile, roughly 45 inches of water evaporate from Mono's surface annually. Clearly, without a healthy infusion of water from mountain streams, the lake would die.

## Level Estimates

Since the early part of this century, surveyors have journeyed into the Sierra Nevada

each spring to measure the water content of the accumulated snow. Based on these figures, they can then predict for agricultural producers, urban water suppliers, power companies and natural resource managers how much run-off will be available.

Such snow surveys can also help to project the level of Mono Lake. Using these and other records, Peter Vorster, a consulting hydrologist for the Mono Lake Committee, has developed a computer model that can forecast the impact of water diversions on the lake's elevation.

In 1941, Mono Lake stood at 6417 feet. Using his computer model, Vorster estimates that today, if the water diverted to Los Angeles had instead gone into Mono Lake, its elevation would be 6423 feet above sea level. Even after six years of drought, Mono's level would be higher than it was when diversions began over 50 years ago.

Due to the efforts of the Mono Lake Committee and its allies, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power has been prevented from diverting Mono's streams since 1989. Vorster's figures indicate that, if

such diversion had continued, Mono Lake would stand today at about 6366 feet — a little less than eight feet lower than its elevation in early 1993. At that level, another eight square miles of alkali lakebed would have been exposed to the sun and wind.

*Bob Schlichting is former Publications Editor and John Cain is Science Associate with the Mono Lake Committee in Lee Vining. This article first appeared in the Spring, 1993, issue of the Mono Lake Newsletter. It is used with permission.*

## Did You Know Clyde?

Bob Pavlik is working on a biography of Norman Clyde, the fabled Sierra mountaineer. He would love to hear from anyone who knew Mr. Clyde and who would be willing to share any reminiscences about the man. Any photographs of Clyde would be particularly appreciated. Call Pavlik evenings at (805) 237-0209, or write him at 255 San Augustin Drive, Paso Robles, CA 93446.

# Guides to the Eastern Sierra

## Book Notes

Robert Pavlik

During the snow-free summer months, visitors to Yosemite will often access or exit the park via its steep eastern approach, crossing the crest of the Sierra Nevada at Tioga Pass. For those individuals intent on exploring that portion of California that sits in the rain-shadow of the Range of Light, two notable books provide insights into the natural and human history as well as the geological wonders of the region. Both books are well-written and profusely illustrated with photographs and maps, are sturdy enough to ride along on the car dashboard, and yet can function as handsome "mini-coffee-table" books.

Mark Schlenz's *Exploring the Eastern Sierra: California and Nevada* (Companion Press, 1990) is large in format (nine by twelve inches) and slim in pages (48), but it covers a large geographical region making it a good volume for first time visitors. As the attractive map on the frontispiece shows, Schlenz covers the distance from Red Rock Canyon State Park to Reno, then travels east to Death Valley and Great Basin National Parks. He follows Highway 395 north as it parallels the Sierra, and offers vignettes of the towns and major features along the way, including Mt. Whitney, Manzanar, Mary Austin's home, and the Laws Railroad Museum. Beyond Bishop the author briefly explores the Mammoth Lakes-June Lake region, Lake Tahoe, Carson City and Virginia City.

For repeat visitors to the



LARRY ULRICH, CALIFORNIA'S EASTERN SIERRA

Owens Valley, Sue Irwin's book, *California's Eastern Sierra: A Visitor's Guide* (Cachuma Press, 1991), is recommended. Irwin devotes the first two chapters to the region's natural and human history, and these treatments are both scholarly and accessible. They provide

in-depth information in narrative form as well as in charts, tables and photos. The following chapters give detailed treatment of the area which is divided into six geographic regions. They begin with Lone Pine in the south and extend to the Mono Lake/Bridgeport

area in the north. Each region is delineated with a map, and the text includes descriptions of mileage, road conditions and other pertinent data. In addition, there are numerous informative sidebars written by resident experts on topics as diverse as wildflowers, golden trout, Tule elk and big-horn sheep. A "Guide to Visitor Resources in the Eastern Sierra," along with a bibliography and index round out this very fine volume.

Robert Pavlik is an Associate Environmental Planner with the California Department of Transportation in San Luis Obispo. He is a regular contributor to Yosemite.

## Tioga Road Open to Stay on June 7

Thanks to a heavy winter's snowfall, Yosemite's Tioga Road did not open this year until the relatively late date of June 7. The road initially was cleared for public use on

June 3, but a day later, an early summer snow-storm closed it again for two additional days.

The latest opening on record was in 1983 on June 2 (such dates have only been kept since 1957). Other late opening years include 1958 (6/22), 1967 (6/17) and 1969 (6/7). The earliest opening date, without later closings, was April 21 in 1961.



NPS PHOTO BY JAMES SHERIDAN

# A National Biological Survey

On April 21, President Clinton officially announced plans to form the National Biological Survey (NBS), the new bureau to be established as a non-advisory, biological science arm of the Department of the Interior. Creation of the survey comes with a \$24 million increase in the Department's research budget for fiscal year 1994.

Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt said the primary mission of the NBS will be to conduct biological studies to support land and resource managers within the Department. NBS will also serve, on a reimbursable basis, the needs of other government agencies and some private sector organizations. The agency's three main functions will be: a) biological research, b) the development of biological inventories and monitoring systems, and c) transferring information to resource managers and other scientists.

The NBS will be established through an internal reorganization within the Department's 1994 budget. It combines substantial biological research and survey activities currently contained in three Departmental bureaus—the Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS), National Park Service (NPS), and the Bureau of Land Management (BLM)—as well as smaller elements of the Bureau of Reclamation, the Minerals Management Service, Office of Surface Mining, U.S. Geological Survey, and the Bureau of Mines. Organizationally, the NBS will report to the Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks.

NBS will include programs such as the National Wetland Inventory program, Gap Analysis Project, the Biomonitoring of the Environmental Status and Trends (BEST)



NBS PHOTO BY JAMES SHULL

The functions of the new National Biological Survey will include research, the development of inventories and transferring information

program and the Breeding Bird Survey.

How the reorganization will affect the divisions of research and resource management at Yosemite National Park is not yet known, but in light of the goals of the new agency to reduce overlap and duplication of functions, to increase efficiency and economy, and to improve quality and productivity with the Department's overall biological science efforts, there may be some changes.

## McKenzie Accepts New Position

**Yosemite's long-time** Chief Park Interpreter, Len McKenzie, recently was named Assistant Superintendent at Golden Gate National Recreation Area in San Francisco. McKenzie, who began his reign as head of Yosemite's naturalist division in 1974, has been a strong Y.A. supporter over the years, serving as Director of the Yosemite Natural History Association (as it was then known) for many years, then as Association Coordinator and NPS Representative to the Board of Trustees.

During McKenzie's twenty-year tenure, both the naturalist program and the Yosemite Association benefitted from his innovative approach and his broad outlook. Among his accomplishments are an expanded and effective Public Information Office, the re-conversion of space within the Yosemite Museum to an Indian cultural exhibit and a fine arts gallery, expansion of the museum collection, and a number of other interpretive programs.

Through the Yosemite Association, McKenzie instituted Yosemite Theater, the first such program in the national park system, the Art Activity Center which offers free art lessons to visitors, and a much-enlarged field seminar program. He was also closely involved in the birth of the Yosemite Fund, the fundraising program that has become independent of the Association.

Since 1974 and with McKenzie's guidance and support, Y.A.'s annual revenues have grown from \$123,000 to \$2,257,000, membership has in-



creased from 602 to over 7,000, and Y.A.'s yearly donation to the NPS has skyrocketed from \$9,472 to \$339,000 in 1992.

McKenzie's experiences in  
*continued on page 18*

# Nature Explorations with a Hand Lens

Editor's note: Grab a magnifying glass and invite a child to try looking at some of the local, neighborhood insects (or check them out yourself). These pages are reprinted from the new book by Michael Elsohn Ross entitled *The World of Small - Nature Explorations with a Hand Lens*, that is packaged with its own lens. Children of all ages are encouraged to use the device to investigate the miniature aspect of the natural features around them. Representative topics include crystals, hair, plants, feathers, water, dirt, and "yucky" things.



## Treasures from the Car Grill

Most people think that cars were devised to transport people from place to place, but scientists know that cars were designed to collect bugs. Unfortunately, many insects meet their end on car grills. But if you're hoping to observe an assortment of insect parts, there's no better place than the front of your favorite automobile.

*Peruse your car grill on a buggy day and check out the bounty with your lens. You might find...*

### Antennae

Insects use sensing devices called **antennae** to feel, smell and sometimes even hear what is going on in the world around them. Antennae help insects locate food and homes, and are used to detect enemies. Too bad for the bugs on your car grill that their antennae didn't help them avoid crashing into your car!

Moths have long beaded radio-like antennae or dramatic curved combs. The antennae of some male moths are so sensitive that they can detect a female from miles away.



Beetles possess simple clubbed or many-fingered antennae attached like side view mirrors. Weevil antennae have elbows.



Flies wear brushy or stubby antennae, while those of fast flying flies are aerodynamic. One fine hair is attached to a streamlined base.



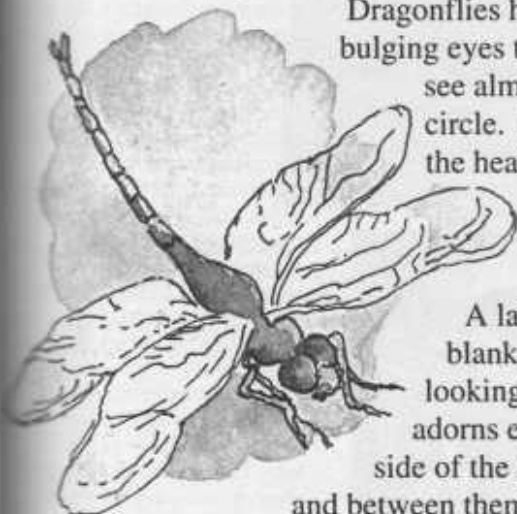


## Eyes

The eyes of movie stars can be captivating, but they are boring compared to horsefly eyes. After all, horseflies have wrap-around rainbow eyes.

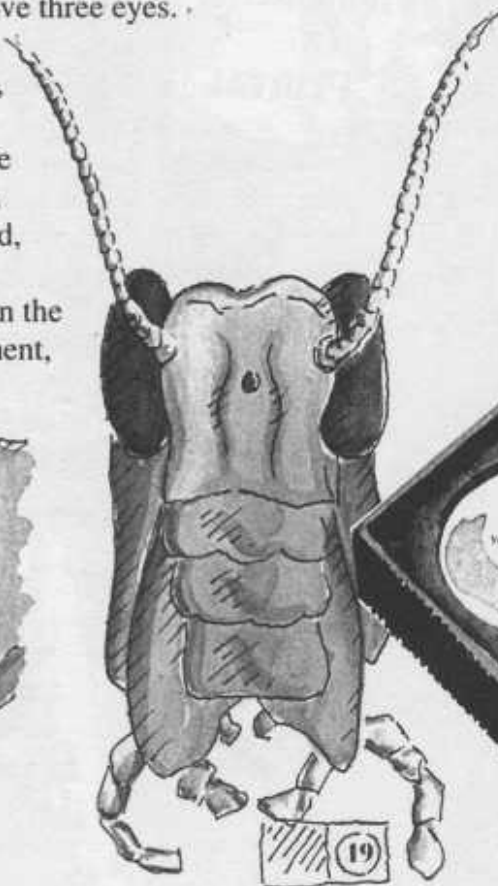
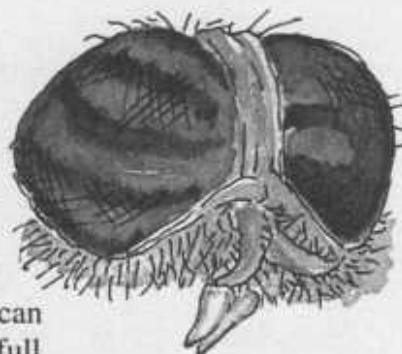
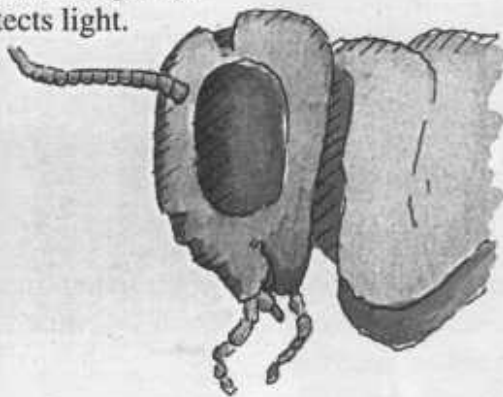
Dragonflies have bulging eyes that can see almost full circle.

Bee and wasp eyes look like the headlights on sports cars. Grasshoppers, like many insects, have three eyes.

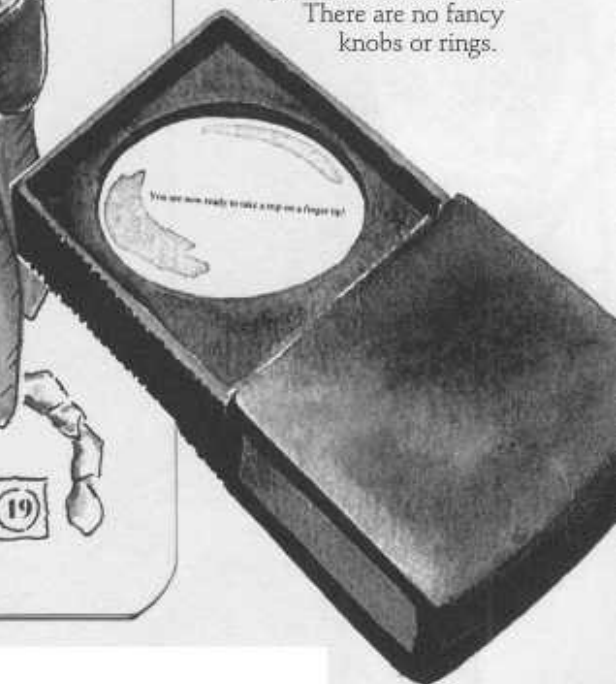


A large, blank-looking eye adorns each side of the head, and between them, a

single, simple eye rests like a ruby on the forehead. The large eyes sense movement, and the simple eye detects light.



Stand in the light. Hold your lens up to your eye again and place the forefinger from your other hand in front of the lens. Slowly move it back and forth until you find a position where it is in focus. This is how you focus a hand lens. There are no fancy knobs or rings.



# Yosemite

## CATALOG



### 01400 /001401 Obata's Yosemite -The Art and Letters of Chiura Obata from his Trip to the High Sierra in 1927

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

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

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

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

156 pages, clothbound, \$44.95; paperbound, \$24.95.

### 23240 Memories of El Portal

by James Law. This is fascinating local history for those with an interest in Yosemite's gateway community known as El Portal. The author has resided for almost 90 years in the Merced River Canyon and shares his recollections of the Yosemite Valley Railroad days, logging and mining in the area, and the various personalities and families that have peopled El Portal in recent times. Included are over 250 photographs which add life to the author's personal reminiscences. 8 1/2" x 11" with black and white photos. Mariposa Heritage Press, 1993.

123 pages, paper, \$19.95.

### 17135 Enchanted Childhoods; Growing Up In Yosemite, 1864-1945

by Shirley Sargent. The thirty-first book published by the author, this is a unique history of Yosemite incorporating many firsthand accounts of people who grew up in the park. Their perceptions of almost a century of human development in Yosemite provide unusual zest, humor, and drama. Illustrated with many intriguing, previously unpublished photographs from private collections, the book presents a number of personal interpretations of Yosemite as home. 8 1/2" by 11" with numerous black and white photos. Flying Spur Press, 1993.

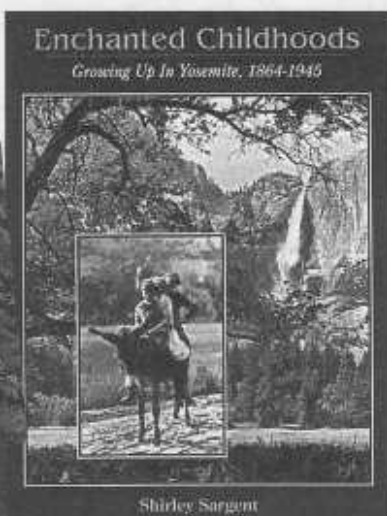
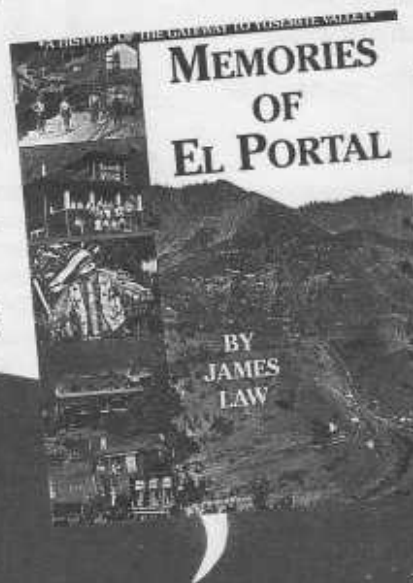
114 pages, paper, \$14.95.

### 02300 The World - Small - Natural Explorations with a Hand Lens

by Michael Elsohn. Recently illustrated by Cary M. Trout, this new book from the Yosemite Association is for curious readers age 7 years and older. Comes packaged with a high-quality hand lens with which you are invited to observe insects, body parts, dirt, plants, even slime and other yucky things, like you've never seen them before — magnified to times their normal size. The numerous activities inside this colorful handbook are eye-opening, enlightening, and entertaining. Alongside whimsical, full-color illustrations here are easy-to-read paragraphs that explain scientific concepts and everyday phenomena. Portions of the text appear in italics and provide instructions for a range of hand lens activities to involve children (and others) in the natural environment.

The lens was manufactured by Bausch & Lomb, makers of fine optical equipment. It features five power magnification and a durable, impact resistant case which snaps shut to provide protection from scratches. The lens comes packaged in a clear plastic box which doubles as a collecting and viewing container. Yosemite Association, 1993.

64 pages, wire-bound, with hand lens, \$15.95.



OBATA'S  
YOSEMITE





## 07800 Yosemite Enamel Pin.

Designed especially for the Association, our enameled metal pin is a work of art. Each of the 10 different glazes is hand placed and separately fired. The result, from William Spear Design, is an eye-catching and colorful piece. The metal enamel pins are relief engraved in a  $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 2" size.

\$11.95.



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 1/2 inches.

\$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)

## 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.



## 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

## 07505 Yosemite Association Baseball-Style Cap.

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

\$9.95 (please specify color).

## Len McKenzie

continued from page 13



Growth of aid to NPS.

Yosemite should serve him well at Golden Gate, the most heavily visited national park in the country. In his new job, he will supervise all park divisions, including ranger activities, resource management and planning, maintenance, interpretation, administration, and business management.

All of his friends at the Yosemite Association will miss Len McKenzie and his wife Linda, but we congratulate Len on his advancement and wish him and Linda the best of luck in their new endeavors. The Yosemite Association and Yosemite National Park will long reflect Len's many contributions and be better for them.

## Membership

continued from page 19

Susanne Weil, Holly & David Wolff, Alexis Woods

### Sustaining Members

Mrs Sharon Z Barry, Pat Hasson & Susan Bergmans, Veda L Brink, Margaret Buchanan, Linda & Randy Charles, Arthur & Judith Fink, Marc & Patti Frey, Mr & Mrs Marion Heath, Dr & Mrs David Jewell, Chris Kurasch, Ann Lockett, Megan More, Dan & Kathy Nicolai, Eve & Bernie Notas, Mr & Mrs W Robt Ramsdell, Jeff Rausch, Earl B Reed, Rajnee Rousku, Stacey Savin, Dale & Carol Ward, Lee Weldon, Edward P Wobber

### Contributing Members

Bonnie G Alexander, Sibyl Hayes & Kam Bansal, Wally & Liz Borland, Valerie Buller, Eugene & Evelyn Cochrane, Amy A Duling, Twila El-

liott, Anthony & Teresa Freital, Dominic A Gomez, Nancy Graff, Shawn & Susan P Halversen, Ron & Karen Hodge, Richard James, Barb J Karg, Richard Lyon, David & Ma Martin, Don McClelland, Clarence Joan Miguel, Robin Miyahara, Cam & Dan Rickhoff, Fred & Joyce Ron Ron Skoller, Gene F Stone, Dayton Street, C David Stringfield, Mark Thoresen, D Hopkins & P Valente, Kathe Vasquez, Margaret Velure, Richard Watson, Libby F Wilson, C Hager & M Wingerath, Dr Irwin D Zim, Glenys M Zimrick

### Life Members

Ron & Leanne Anderson, Judy Bus & Ann Inouye, Jim Klostergaard, & Mrs Philip Morrissey, Suzanne Schockley, Alister Taylor, Donald Zucker

### Participating Life Members

Tom & Mary Carney, Richard & Mary Clift, John Owen Homme, Michael, John & Eric Poelzl, Robert & Alexandra Ramsdell

### International Members

Kjerstin Hedin, Sweden; Philomena Martino, France; Catriona Mulligan, Great Britain; Mitsutaka Okazaki, Japan; Mike Rundle, Canada; Mr & Mrs Hans Georg Staud, Germany; Markus Stanger, Germany; Norihiko Tokuda, Japan; Hioki Yoshiyuki, Japan

## Recent Donations to YA

American Indian Art Magazine, Ansel Adams Gallery, Craig Bates & Martha Lee, Climbing Magazine, Gary Colliver, Cultural Media Services, Inc., Frank Durham, Gerhard Georgi, Holly Gibson, Chris Kurasch, Richard & Judy Pelouze, James H Schwabacher, Jr., Dr. & Mrs. Elliot Shubin, Patricia F Winter

In Honor of NPS Ranger Dave Balow, C. David Stringfield

In Memory of Michele Teresa Brooker, Dan & Kathy Nicolai

In Memory of Robert L Doty: Charles Pepping

In Memory of Thomas Gammill, Sr: Virginia Hopfenbeck

In Memory of Mary Jardine Grant: Eleanor Jardine

In Memory of Ana Nelson: Michelle Clyde Simpson, Christie Camarillo

In Memory of Thomas B Nelson: Kathleen Maghee-Brown, Coulton Brown, Mr & Mrs Charles Maghee

In Memory of Helen Netzley: Bob & Muriel Higgins

In Memory of Tony Wix: Beth Kirker



## New Members

We would like to welcome to the Permite Association the following new members who became members during the past three months. Your support is greatly appreciated.

### Regular Members

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## YoseMit

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