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**FINAL  
ISSUE**

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# **LIBRARIANS!**

## **See Page 145**

**YOSEMITE** Volume 40, Number 6

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# The Final Issue

It is with a deep feeling of sadness that we announce the demise of *Yosemite* — a victim of rising costs, diminishing manpower, and the changing times.

For nearly 40 years *Yosemite* and *Yosemite Nature Notes* have served the park and the National Park Service interpretive program. From the first mimeographed news letter published July 10, 1922 by Ansel Hall, to the issue you are now holding, this little publication has been read in its various forms by millions of park devotees. In its more than 400 regular issues and 23 special issues will be found much of the story of Yosemite National Park — its human history, archeology, biology and geology.

The passing of *Yosemite* marks the end of an era. *Yosemite* was the last, and first, of its kind, outlasting similar publications produced in other National Parks.

A new era will begin in 1962. The Yosemite Natural History Association will begin a series of publications, "Occasional Papers of the Yosemite Museum," covering specific subjects of interest to visitors to Yosemite, including butterflies, insects, shrubs, the Pioneer Yosemite History Center and the Yosemite Valley Railroad.

Although no subscription lists will be maintained, these publications will be available by mail from the Yosemite Natural History Association. Notice of their publication will be made in conservation and National Park periodicals. No production schedule will be attempted but it is hoped that at least one occasional paper will be issued each year by the Yosemite Museum.

We thank you, reader, for your continued interest and support. We hope that the void created by the discontinuance of *Yosemite* will be fitted by personal visits to Yosemite and your other National Parks and Monuments.

The Editor

# FISHING

By Earl M. Corder, Ranger Naturalist



FISHING FOR FUN  
AREA-NEXT 3 MILES

Sign — On Tioga Road

"Ranger, where are some places to fish around here?"

This is a familiar question to any ranger or ranger naturalist. Any water course in the Park is fishable, but catching fish is easier said than done.

Fishing success increases as the distance from the road increases. Often the visitor comes into the Park with the idea that he can find a place along the road where the fish are just waiting for him to toss in a baited hook. Places like that are of the past. They are not likely to become more plentiful as time goes by either, unless drastic action is taken. Fish in the Merced River in Yosemite Valley are probably more expert in detecting baited hooks than the fishermen are at catching fish.

Anglers have different objectives when they set out to enjoy their pastime. Some have the overwhelming desire to catch their limit. To them this is the measure of success. There is something satisfying in being able to say, "Oh, I caught my limit."

Others want their limit and also big fish. They are the ones who tend to

stretch the six incher to a nine or ten incher.

A few are out to catch trophy fish. They usually either eat or release the smaller fish.

Lastly we have a group made up of a special kind of angler, the true sportsman. They fish for fun and not for meat, nor limit, nor size. Their aim is to have fun. All fish caught are released unharmed to provide more fun for others.

In California there are many good programs under the Department of Fish and Game by which more streams are being made fishable. Pollution control and debris clearance in various streams make more fishing water each year. The planting of catchable trout in both roadside and high country lakes and streams along with the opening of new waters make up a good program for the fisherman.

As civilization expands and more demands are made on fishing waters, fishing is going to get worse, not better, unless some action is taken. Limits have already been lowered in California, and lowering them still further might help, but probably not enough. It might be well to look to other states which have the same problems. We know that California is not the only state with an exploding population and we know that we have no more fish for our anglers, either.

As early as 1943 a possible solution was suggested in an article by Albert S. Hazzard called, "Fish



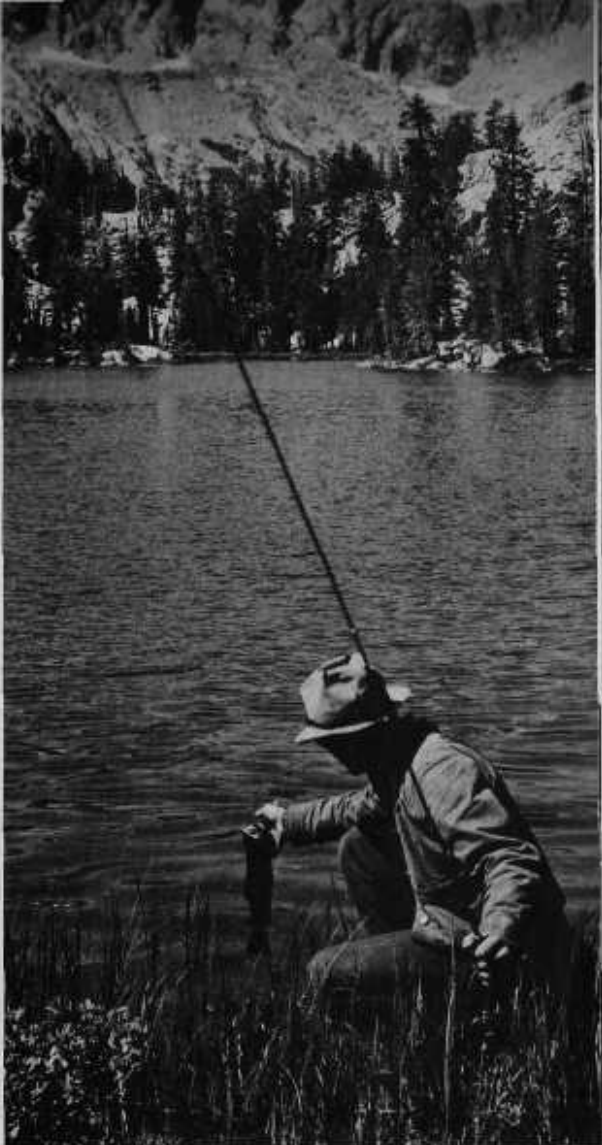
# FOR FUN!

— Not For Food" in the *Michigan Conservationist*. Then in 1952 the August issue of *Sports Afield* carried an article by the same author called, "Better Trout Fishing — And How." In this provocative article Dr. Hazzard again proposed the idea of fishing for fun when he suggested that states consider laws making it illegal to have trout in possession at any time.

The Hazzard plan, as it has become known, is simple in concept. Trout fishing the year 'round, but kill no trout. If the desire is for eating fish a local market is the easy and ecological source!

Dr. Hazzard admitted the extremity of the proposal, and expected the editorial lumps which were forthcoming. In addition to the lumps there was the enthusiasm and praise for his courage to go all the way when other conservationists feared publicly to advocate even a more moderate approach.

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service took the first step in 1954 in implementing the Hazzard Plan in cooperation with the National Park Service in two streams of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The program was not well received at first, as a few tried it and told others, its popularity grew by leaps and bounds. Bert E. Lennon and Phillip Parker attended the meeting of the Society of American Foresters in Washington, D. C. in November 1960 that fishing was never better. So much angler de-



mand was made that an additional stream was opened to fishing for fun in 1955. The trout grew larger and more plentiful after a three year period, and of course the angler was happier.

Pennsylvania tried the idea in 1958 as a research project. The Left Branch of Young Women's Creek was selected and set aside for fishing for fun only. The Right Branch of Young Women's

Creek was limited to fly fishing only and Hyner Run was open to all fishing. The Left Branch was easily accessible and close to the other streams for good comparison as to catch, fishing pressure and size of the trout. Dan Reinhold writing in the *Pennsylvania Angler*, 1959, relates that the idea here, too, was slow to catch on, but fishing pressure on the Left Branch, by the end of 1959, was more than twice that of Right Branch and Hyner Run had only one-half the use of the Right Branch. All this in spite of no stocking on the Left Branch, while the other two streams had been regularly stocked.

Another interesting turn of events is well worth mention. Since the Left Branch was limited to fishing for fun and also to fly fishing, it was expected that only the fly fishing purist would fish the area. What a surprise when dad, mom and the kids came along too. Not only did they come and fish, but they caught fish as well. Some reported that they had caught their first fish in the fishing for fun area.

The handicapped came too. The only reason being: "We have a chance to catch fish here and are not crowded out by inconsiderate anglers." It is evident that anglers fishing this stream are more courteous and friendly than the majority on open waters. This is presumed to stem from the fact that anglers are out for fun and not for fish in the creel.

What better way is there to teach children a true love of nature and a wholesome respect for conservation? In helping to provide for future generations they become less self centered and more thoughtful of others.

On the Left Branch fishing pressure was up, but how about the fishing? "No, fishing isn't too good today." Reported one angler. "I've been out since 7 A.M. and only released 26 fish." (It was near noon.) The opinion was expressed that this was a good catch. "No, last week I caught 160 trout in

one morning." Subsequently it was learned that he had fished this stream for 40 years and that it is better now than it ever was, even when this country was nearly inaccessible.

He continued to explain that in the early days a few fishermen would fish until they couldn't carry any more fish. The result was that a few fished out a stream just as today's many anglers each taking a few fish can fish out a stream.

Since only artificial flies are allowed on the fishing for fun waters the trout are hooked in the lip or other superficial tissues and consequently can be released without being harmed. The actual losses have been calculated as between 3 percent and 6 percent when flies are used contrasted with over 30 percent loss when bait caught fish are released to the stream.

This year, 1961, Yosemite National Park has set aside a three mile section of the Dana Fork of the Tuolumne River as a fish for fun area. The Dana Fork has a mixed population of eastern brook, rainbow and brown trout. According to a creel survey last year there are 10 eastern brook to 5 rainbow to 1 brown trout. The vast majority were from 6-8 inches long with a few 8-10 inches and rarely a fish over 12 inches.

As in other areas the rules for the Dana Fork are simple. Only artificial flies may be used and all trout must be returned to the water unharmed. The objective of the program is to meet the ever increasing needs for more trout fishing without resorting to measures that would lower the quality of the fishing experience. *The emphasis is placed on the recreational enjoyment and not on the number of fish caught and retained.*

Dana Fork is a typical high mountain stream, close to open streams so that comparisons can be made of the size of trout and of angler success. The Tioga Road provides ready access to the fish for fun area.

The results of our experiment are not likely to be so dramatic as those experienced in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park or in Pennsylvania on the Left Branch of Young Women's Creek. The trout in the Dana Fork have a short growing season because of the high altitude. However, under the protection afforded by this program, the fish are expected to increase in size in a few years with the average going 8-10 inches and an occasional one going 12 inches. No great increase in population is expected.

Anglers are encouraged to fish this area and to report their reactions to the idea and also their success to the Park Superintendent. The few reports which have come in so far this year indicate that the plan has many friends and some have suggested that other streams be put under the plan.

Let's all get out those fly rods and go fishing on the Dana Fork, fishing for fun, that is.

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# A NEW FIRST FOR THE PARK

By Benjamin B. Slater, Ranger-Naturalist

During Mid-August, on a trip to climb the famed Half Dome, I had the good fortune to pass through the beautifully forested Little Yosemite Valley. That was a day of many new wonderful adventures as my wife and I became more and more acquainted with wonders of this, to us, new environment. The greatest thrill came at the end of the day, when, passing through the camp area at the base of Sunrise Creek, I glimpsed a small pond.

Since one of my obsessions is searching for the interesting carnivorous plant known as the bladderwort, as well as for the equally interesting fairy shrimps so often found in small waterholes, I at once headed for the pond to make my usual inspection for those two items. My hopes were considerably dashed when I noted that there were few plants other than a scattered number of water buckwheats. The area showed evidence of extreme usage by pack animals which were grazing in the area. In addition the pond was almost non-existent as the water table had become very low.

Imagine my surprise when I noted a small scattering of what appeared to be parrot feather, *Myriophyllum*, in several places. Closer surveillance showed these had a rather peculiar appearance. Obtaining a long stick, I picked out a plant to examine. Being quite covered by a layer of algae, the plant was rather hard to examine, but I could see what appeared to be some nodules upon certain leaves.

I picked out another fragment and examined it and, sure enough, there were very definite bladders on it. Using my hand lens I could see clearly the actual bladders by which the bladderwort may be distinguished. The type of bladderwort normally found is *Utricularia vulgaris*. This specimen was a leafy type and the bladders were not nearly as numerous as *Utricularia vulgaris*. For later identification I took notes of the appearance. A study of the few examples in the herbarium showed no plants like this one had ever been collected in the park. Study leads me to believe the plant was *Utricularia minor*, hitherto not listed among the flora of Yosemite.

The significance of this find, as far as the pond is concerned, is that it proves the presence of myriads of tiny protozoans, insects, and crustaceans, since these animals are necessary for the bladderworts existence. Each bladder will have 10 or 20 trapped denizens which the plant utilizes to gain nitrogen needed for the production of protein. Bladders have a valve-like door through which the animals are drawn by suction and a large plant may contain as many as 150,000 trapped individuals. I noted many of the bladders seemed to be almost empty. They may have had slim pickings as the pond subsided.

Reports of bladderwort are very limited in Yosemite at best and it would behoove an authorized collector to bring back this plant and make a firm identification.



The

# YOSEMITE MUSEUM WILDFLOWER GARDEN

by Enid M. Benson

*(Mrs. Benson, the continuing guardian and mainspring of the museum wildflower garden, has spent part of each summer since 1924 lovingly caring for the much visited garden to the rear of the museum in Yosemite Valley. Also, she has contributed numerous manuscripts to Yosemite Nature Notes, with more than 150 articles appearing under the byline, Enid Michael. Editor)*

The Yosemite wildflower garden began in the old village in the year of 1919. At this time Superintendent W. B. Lewis had his headquarters in an old building there. On the front porch Ansel Hall, a park ranger and later Yosemite's first park naturalist, maintained a little exhibit of trees and wildflowers.

My husband and I arrived in Yosemite at this time and I was interested in the exhibit and offered to help. To show his appreciation Mr. Hall built a specimen stand of metal with running water under the shelves for the display of wildflowers.

Before long Ansel established a little museum in the old Jorgensen studio and took the specimen stand along. In 1924, when the Yosemite Museum was completed, the wildflower garden was installed on the back porch of the new building.

One day Margery Montgomery and Grace Haskell visited the museum and went out onto the back porch to see the flower show. Grace noticed the sandy expanse back of the museum and said to her friend, Margery, you had in mind to make

Yosemite a gift, how about giving money to establish a wildflower garden out there," and she waved to the sandy area.

This suggestion pleased Margery and she gave four thousand dollars to the Superintendent toward creating a wildflower garden. In this way the building of a wildflower garden was begun. The following season Margery gave five hundred dollars more.

To start, the area was fenced and flagstones were laid along the paths. Then many loads of leaf mold were scattered over the area (a practice which continued each fall for many years.) Superintendent Thompson put me in charge of the development and told me that he wished a lush garden by next spring.

I was given a man to help me, and the first thing we did was to bring water into the area. A pool was established in the upper far corner in front of the water main which had been put there for garden use. The area sloped from there toward the museum so we built a mountain stream in that direction and toward the center arranged a little waterfall into a large pool. In

like manner we arranged other streams and pools and in the end the area was well watered.

Shade was needed, so we collected seedling alders and cottonwoods and planted them along the water courses. Across the back area we threw a scarf of native trees. It was our aim to have all the trees in the park represented.

In the fall of the year we drove into all sections of Yosemite to gather wildflower seed. Late in the year, when storms seemed eminent, we mixed the seed with sand and broadcast them over the area, then raked them lightly. The following day snow fell, softly tucking in the seeds.

The next season wildflowers bloomed. It seemed as though overnight the sandy desolate area had become a mountain meadow and the streams gave tinkling music. The Superintendent was much pleased, and so the garden was on its way.

On a certain day in June Dr. John C. Merriam, then president of the Carnegie Institution, came to see me.

He walked with me over the area and advised as to the arrangement of plantings. He suggested that the area be arranged in plant zones. That is, plants from each of the life zones should be planted together in as natural an association as possible. Then he suggested that one area should contain a family group of plants.

The largest section was devoted to the Transition Life Zone and it occupied the central portion of the area. As one stepped from the back door of the museum, at the left, would be a glowing bowl of godetias, bordered by red Indian pinks and white star flowers, whilst at the right in the shade of oak, bleeding heart, Solomon's seal and other shade loving plants. In light shade penny royal and collinsia gave lovely bloom.

Other Transition Life Zone plants carried on to about the center of the garden, where the Canadian Life Zone plants took over, followed by Hudsonian and Alpine Life Zone plantings. Shrubs and small trees found a place

**The Museum Garden — Before**





Museum Garden — After

these arrangements and helped  
and out the various plant communi-

On the border of the terminal pool  
andy area with low rocks was ar-  
ged to hold the alpine plants. In  
fall of the year it was my habit to  
nb Mt. Dana with my knapsack on  
back, to collect as many plants  
in the alpine community as I could  
ry away. These transplants did well,  
to my great delight, most of them  
omed.

At the extreme right of the garden,  
ler the great yellow pine, a section  
arranged to make a home for the  
ns of Yosemite. When this was  
dy I shouldered my knapsack once  
re and wandered over the park to  
lect ferns. Down in Bloody Canyon  
species of rare *Woodsia* were col-  
ted. A complete collection of ferns  
made and planted. In their new  
ne the ferns thrived and aroused  
at interest.

From time to time my distinguished  
friend, Dr. John C. Merriam visited  
the garden. He expressed pleasure  
in the development and when the fern  
community was complete, he was ex-  
tremely delighted.

In working with wild plants I gained  
an insight into their nature and my  
aim was to make them happy. They  
were planted, so far as possible, in  
situations similar to the one from  
which they had come. In other words,  
I took note of their habit, whether dry  
or moist, shady or sunny, and, as to  
soil, whether they grew in sand or leaf  
mold. Plants from exposed areas of  
very high altitude when set in the  
garden did best in light shade.

Year by year, as the plants became  
habituated to the garden and the  
streams took on a natural aspect, the  
area grew truly lovely. The streams  
and all had a natural look as though  
they really belonged and had always  
been there.

# THE BREATHING OF THE WINDS

by David Essel, Ranger Naturalist

Early morning. Bright, windless skies over Tuolumne Meadows. Yesterday's thunderstorm, punctuated by Thor's Thunderbolts and mighty Wagnerian chords of echoing sound, has died away.

The crackling, raucous tone of the ranger radio breaks the quietness — "510 from 715". The ranger answers, "715 this is 510, over". "510, there's a fire on the hillside above Echo Creek, a lot of smoke visible".

So it begins. Lightning struck, a snag has fallen to the ground and started a ground fire through manzanita and chinquapin. Fire danger in Yosemite? — Extreme! Humidity? — low, after a long rainless, hot summer. The brush should burn rapidly.

A decision is made: send the men in by helicopter! A lovely scenic 15 minute ride over the Cathedral Range (4 hours by trail), and the copter sets down on a tiny knoll near the smoking hillside.

Then work! — exhausting, hot, smoky work! Clear a fire lane 5 feet wide — take advantage of every boulder and bare patch of ground you can. Scrape the forest humus away and get down to gravelly soil so fire can't creep across! Seven men on a 20 man fire! You brought your camera, took some pictures as you circled the fire to survey the situation. Now, no time for that; later, after the fire is dead, then some shots of the wasteland of charred chinquapin—not *now!*

It's 2 PM and the winds are blowing up the mountain, fanning the flames into fresh patches of undergrowth. From now to 4 PM the up-canyon winds will be strongest, the toughest time to fight a fire. And so you begin to learn about the winds; slowly a new

chapter in nature's textbook, is opening.

Up-canyon winds? — easy — the sun heats the bare granite mountain tops, causing a column of hot air to rise from the peak. The colder air from the shadowed forest and meadow close valley is sucked up, causing the winds that blow uphill.

Beginning about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, these winds reach their greatest strength from 2 to 4 PM, then gradually diminish as the valleys heat up. By 6 or 7 PM there is a hushed, windless quietness on the mountain. The fire settles down to a localized burning (it is not large enough in size to generate a wind with its own column of rising hot air). Then weary fire fighters breathe more easily, knock off for supper of K rations or box lunch.

There is no wind now. The sun having set, the mountain tops are beginning to cool off. Now the valleys are warmer, and so gradually a breeze begins to blow off the mountain, downhill into the valley below. Cool, it is at first pleasant, but becoming stronger and colder it is uncomfortable and one must keep active to keep warm.

All night long the fire lane grows and the chill wind blows. Then, finally as dawn arrives, there is again the pause, as the sun hits the peaks; again that hesitant turn in the everlasting breathing of the winds.

The fire is stopped, the constant vigil repaid by more than merely fire extinguished; repaid in the coin of an understanding of one of the simplest natural events that so easily escape the eye of the casual observer; repaid even more in the growing awareness and ability to read one of the greatest of all books — The Wilderness.





Harry Parker Leading An Early Morning Bird Walk — Yosemite, 1946

## HARRY PARKER 1906-1961

By Carl P. Russell

News of the sudden death of Harry Parker, August 9, 1961, came as a shock to Harry's many friends, east and west. Since 1936, when he attended the Yosemite School of Field Natural History, Harry Parker has been identified with national parks.

His boyhood and college years were spent largely in Arkansas, with brief periods in Ohio and Oklahoma. He obtained his AB (Zoology) at Kansas University in 1930, and a Masters degree (Geography) at Clark University, 1938. Beginning in 1930, and continuing for ten years, he was Director, Museum of Natural History, Worcester, Mass. — an experience which, later, quite naturally caused him to follow special interests and abilities in meeting park museum problems.

In 1940, Harry was a park ranger in Olympic National Park where he engaged in part-time naturalist activities. His ability as a lecturer was evident at once, and the beginnings of interpretive work in that park are credited to him. He was transferred to a naturalist position in Yosemite in the fall of 1940, and before his first year in the park elapsed, he married Katharine D. Johnson, a geographer in her own right, and a graduate of the Yosemite School of Field Natural History, Class of 1941. The marriage took place in the presence of close friends, new and old, under the ancient oaks at the base of El Capitan, October 17, 1942.

The great call to arms took Harry away from his bride, and away from

the Park Service in November, 1942. In the Army, he attained commissioned rank and served in the Aleutians. Not until the summer of 1946 did he leave the military and return to his Yosemite job.

It was my privilege to become well acquainted with Harry and Kit Parker during Harry's last tour of duty in Yosemite. He created for himself something of a monument in the minds of the field-schoolers during his years of management and instruction, 1948-1952, and he left an everlasting favorable impression upon all readers of *Yosemite Nature Notes*, because of his meticulous attention to content, format, and general worth of the magazine. As manager of the publications and sales business of the Yosemite Natural History Association he maintained for it a sound financial structure which is still reflected in the affairs of the successful organization.

Harry's contributions to the Yosemite publications program were not limited to editorial and managerial work; on occasion he appeared in *Yosemite Nature Notes* as author. Among his substantial pieces are "Has Protection Worked Destruction?", July, 1949, pp. 93-96; and "Mammals of Yosemite", June, 1952, pp. 53-105. The first-mentioned article is a review, pro and con, of the recommendations made by park planners for vista clearing, and other management practices affecting the forest on the floor of Yosemite Valley. In it, Harry concludes that Nature should be allowed to take her course. The profusely illustrated "Mammals" article has become the standard popular reference on the subject. Sales of the item, a "Special Number", have contributed notably to the scientific output and to the favorable financial standing of the Yosemite Natural History Association.

In June, 1952, the Parkers were transferred to Crater Lake where Harry, as Park Naturalist, took charge

of the over-all interpretive program. His assignment came at a time of planning activity, and Harry participated in this work both in the park and in the San Francisco offices of the National Park Service.

His capacity to *originate* was a factor in determining his appointment to the Grand Teton park naturalist position on December 11, 1955. In 1955-1956 important museum plans were projected for Colter Bay, Jenny Lake, and Moose. Harry applied himself in the planning, as well as in administering the going interpretive program. It was at this time that peremptory warning of heart trouble dictated that he move to lower altitude.

Late in 1956 Harry became Museum Specialist in the NPS Branch of Museums, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Regarding Harry Parker's contributions there his chief, Ralph Lewis, writes:

"He brought to his work a combination of knowledge and experience which can not be duplicated. He had a thorough grasp of the practical and theoretical sides of museum work. He knew intimately from personal experience the practical problems of the men who operate park museums in the field. His work with the Yosemite School of Field Natural History, the part he had played in training seasonal naturalists, and his supervisory work in the Army, made him our strongest support in the training aspects of the work here. His expert knowledge in taxonomic biology and ecology had numerous applications in exhibit planning and production. With all this Harry had a strong devotion to the National Park Service. He understood its history and policies. He believed firmly in high standards for all aspects of park work, but particularly in interpretation. With these attributes Harry served the museum program in many ways. His greatest contribution, probably, was in the application of his

knowledge and judgment of field conditions, and the requirements to be met in planning. He had fine organizing ability and used it to set up effective procedures here for handling plans and programming. He did much of the organizational work for the annual museums methods training course, and served as a principal instructor. His greatest major accomplishment was the writing of the wayside exhibit section of the new *Sign and Wayside Exhibit Handbook* a tool which stands as a lasting reminder of his good works. Harry was active in the American Association of Museums. He was chairman of the National and States Park Section at the meeting in Boston last year, and did his usual fine job."

During recent weeks, a number of Harry's former associates in Olympic, Yosemite, Crater Lake, Grand Teton and Washington have written in fullness of the heart expressing a common sorrow. Says one who was formerly a ranger and is now a senior member among the NPS interpreters: "In the fall of 1947, Harry urged that I try my abilities as an interpreter, and he arranged my appearances as speaker at Yosemite Lodge and the Ahwahnee Hotel. In January I was placed on loan to Interpretation with Harry Parker as my supervisor, and thereafter I did not escape the kindly but firm tutelage of a really great park naturalist. What little I know, or have been able to accomplish in the interpretive field, I owe to the inspiration and guidance given by Harry Parker. He was a man so dedicated to the Service that he would have no stone unturned in his zeal to get the best for the NPS, and to maintain the standards established by the founders. Harry was truly a great man and a meticulous interpreter. He need-

led people, and he was critical. He wanted the men around him to use their full abilities. He could be caustic, yet behind it was kindness. He was a wonderful friend and a superb teacher".

Another writes: "Only those of us who have sat with Harry around many a campfire on glacier surveys, field school pack trips, and in old Camp 19, can understand fully his dynamic personality, or the depth of his soul . . . His warmth of feeling for the Indian, his staunch support of Chief Le-me and the Indian interpretive work done in the Museum Garden, his independence in appraising park plans and planners, his strength as a lecturer, and his dedication to the cause of Conservation — all were characteristics which cause us to say that the Service gained much because of him, and that we as individuals benefited in knowing him".

Harry Parker was a vestryman and chairman of the Christian Education Committee within the St. Lukes Episcopal Church of Alexandria, Va. On August 9 a host of friends of the Parker family gathered for the funeral services at that church. Burial was at Arlington among big trees on an attractive slope overlooking the Potomac, and just below the Custis — Lee Mansion. A guard of honor fired the final salute.

Kit Parker informs that her plans for the future have not crystallized, but she, Harry Mac, and Betsy will remain in their residence at Fort Hunt until the end of the school year. Young Harry is a sophomore at St. Andrew's School in Delaware. Betsy is attending St. Agnes. To these well-loved members of Harry's family goes the heartfelt sympathy of the entire NPS.

# CERAMIC GLAZES FROM YOSEMITE ROCKS

by Will Neely, Ranger Naturalist

In December 1960 I set out to make a series of glaze experiments using Yosemite rocks. That a glaze made from native rock would resemble the original rock is doubtful since most of the Yosemite granites are crystalline and the result of very slow cooling. Still, the temperature range of a modern stoneware kiln makes it possible to melt most kinds of Yosemite rocks, if they can be ground finely enough.

A useful stoneware glaze for pottery consists of a flux, alumina and silica. The higher the amount of flux the glossier the glaze and the lower its melting temperature. The most common flux in stoneware is feldspar and/or various wood ashes.

Feldspar is abundant in Yosemite granites, sometimes forming large crystals, such as in the Cathedral Peak granite of the Tuolumne region. Furthermore, feldspar contains sufficient alumina for a glaze. Finally, since our granites contain large amounts of silica, all the glaze requirements are met . . . if the rock can be ground finely enough. There is the problem.

My thanks go to Mary V. Hood, who is an incurable collector. She presented me with a jar of "granite dust" which she collected under the rock-crusher by the new Tioga Road. "Here is some ground-up Tioga Road. See what you can do with it!" she commanded.

Very high temperatures are needed to melt granite — about 2400 degrees F. The first tests looked like glue and sand. To bring the melting point of the rock down I used wood ash, a traditional Japanese and Chinese technique, now being used by potters in America for unusual and subtle effects.



**The Mug**

Of course, to keep within the boundaries of the Park, I used lodgepole pine ash, scraped up after a Naturalist campfire program at Tuolumne Meadows. Any kind of campfire ash would have done, but the campfire programs at Tuolumne Meadows are traditionally of such high quality that I was sure this particular ash was the most appropriate.

One part lodgepole pine ash to five parts Tioga Road granite at 2200 degrees F made a waxy matte granite glaze, smooth to the touch, like glass polish. At 2300 degrees it turned to a glossy transparent glaze with black speckles.

The most successful glaze came from the Kuna Glacier. In 1958 I conducted a naturalist hike there. The glacier lies in a cirque of dark metamorphic and igneous rocks just below Kuna Peak, and the whole area has a gloomy, somber aspect. Much of the rock, especially on the western edge



is cirque, is of amphibole, containing a variety of metallic minerals, especially iron. On the cliffs are green streaks of malachite which contain copper.

The glacier is a tremendous mill, grinding the rocks from the cliff and sides of the cirque to a fine powder. Below the terminal moraine of the Kuna Glacier are shallow ponds or tarns of arctic aspect and we found them thickly deposited with this finely ground glacial flour. It is so fine, that in glacial regions it gives a milky color to the streams and lakes. After a poetic description of the glazes that might result, the hikers waxed enthusiastic, and some of them were easily persuaded to yield their lunch bags and carry down amounts of the rock flour.

Under a normal oxidizing fire the first glaze trials in the kiln were disappointing, looking like brown old mustard. But under reducing conditions, that is, firing with a minimum of air, the yellow smoky flames were starved for oxygen and attacked the chemically combined oxygen in the glazes and reduced the oxides to metallic forms.

Here the glazes came out as an unexpected surprise. The ferric irons reduced to a ferrous state and produced what the Chinese call a "chiin" glaze, dark greenish black with pale blue mottled streaks. The happy presence of impurities of metal produced surprising effects never to be seen in commercial glazes.

I made some pots on which to use the glazes. Since there is no clay in Yosemite, I used the nearest available, a sand-stone-buff fire-clay from the little Mother Lode mining town of Murphys. This clay holds up to the high temperatures needed and fires to a pleasing orange yellow with magnetic iron impurities coming out as black specks bleeding through into the glaze.

I made a series of six coffee mugs, glazed them, and though they were somewhat overfired and warped, they represent a bit of Yosemite — some Tioga Road, some campfire ash, some Kuna Peak.

(One of the mugs is now in the Yosemite Museum collections. —Ed.)

Kuna Crest — From Dana Meadow



# STAGECOACH DAYS

and

## HOLDUPS

by John Goodwin, Ranger Naturalist

Eddie Gordon and I were swelling the wheels of the old stage in preparation for its daily run around the Pioneer Yosemite History Center and over the century old covered bridge. While work is to be accomplished there is little conversation, but when all has been done and only time itself can complete the job then one can lean back against a yellow pine and exchange thoughts.

Glancing at Eddie (who is 75 years of age and one of the two old time Yosemite stage drivers living today, 82 year old Eddie Webb of Sonora being the other) I observed him looking wistfully at the stage. If ever one is going to get an old timer to recall his past you've got to time it so as to make the question coincide with the mood. Especially is this true of Eddie Gordon!

"How was it here in the old days, Eddie?" I asked. "What was it like as you drove up to the steps of the Wawona Hotel in that stage?"

"Well now, I'll tell you," he replied in his slow measured drawl "I'd whip the horses up and go roaring over that old bridge to pull up in front of the Hotel in a cloud of dust. The thundering sound of the horses hoofs on the deck of the bridge caused everyone to dash out to see who was arriving and to greet old friends from past seasons. Yes sir, that was when Wawona really lived!!"

There followed a long silence in

which Eddie was once more holding the reins of his team. Our conversation was at an end. For the rest of my unanswered questions I must turn to J. M. Hutching's book, *In the Heart of the Sierras*.<sup>(1)</sup>

"Wawona, formerly called 'Clark's', is the great central stage station where the Berenda, Madera, and Mariposa routes all come together; and which also forms the starting-point for the Mariposa Big Tree Groves. The very instant the bridge is crossed, on the way to the hotel, the whole place seems bristling with business, and business energy. Conveyances of all kinds, from a sulky to whole rows of passenger coaches, capable of carrying from one to eighteen or twenty persons each at a load, come into sight. From some the horses are just being taken out while others are being hitched up. Hay and grain wagons; freight teams coming and going; horses with or without harnesses; stables for a hundred animals; blacksmiths' shops, carriage and paint shops, laundries and other buildings, look at us from as many different stand-points. That cozy-looking structure on our left is Mr. Thos. Hill's studio; but that which now most claims our attention, and invites our sympathies, is the commodious and cheery, yet stately edifice in front known as the Wawona Hotel."

This, I think, must have been the picture Eddie was seeing in his mind.

also is the picture of the past which is being recaptured at the Pioneer Center.

Another approach to Wawona was via the Mariposa Road over which the Raymond - Wawona - Yosemite stages passed. It was along this route that most of the stage holdups occurred. John C. Shay, in his book: *Twenty Years in the Backwoods of California*,<sup>(2)</sup> tells us of three stage holdups. The masked bandit usually chose a point on the road where he could conceal himself until the selected moment and a spot which also gave him a good view up and down the road.

An old-fashioned forty-four Winchester repeating rifle was often the weapon used. This was swung over the shoulder by means of a piece of bailing wire thus suspending the gun about hip high and in a handy position for quick use with the right hand. With his free left hand he would hold out his hat and request that all passengers drop their money and valuables into it. When this had been accomplished the driver was told to move on. Few protests, apparently, were voiced by the passen-

gers and few stage drivers themselves were relieved of their cash. The driver was expected to behave himself and keep the horses under control during the episode.

According to Mr. Shay, the most famous of the stage holdups took place near Grubgulch (about seven miles west of Oakhurst as the crow flies). The lone bandit selected a level sandy flat surrounded by brush. From this point he could see quite a distance up and down the road. In Mr. Shay's account of the affair this is what happened:<sup>(3)</sup>

"... Three stages had left the depot that morning, all well filled with tourists. Five freight wagons, with from four to six horses, had also left several hours before the stages. There was also a company of one hundred and fifty soldiers on horses, en route to take up their summer abode at the National Park, as guards for the season.

"This whole collection arrived in caravan style, and following the first stage, as it was now being held in detention by the bandit, at the point of

Three In A Row" — On the Old Wawona Road



his gun. After the occupants of the three stages had been ordered to get out and line up in a close line, the freighters began to arrive. The driver of each was told to keep his seat and attend strictly to his own affairs. As on other occasions, with hat in one hand and the swinging rifle in the other, the passengers of the stages were compelled to drop their donations into the hat. About the time this was completed, the company of soldiers rode up on the scene. This did not cause the bandit to lose his nerve, for he swung his gun on a line with them, and ordered them to halt, and keep their hands off their guns. "I'll get you if you don't," he yelled. This last display of nerve was no doubt backed up by the knowledge that all ammunition was removed from their guns, and also taken from the men before they started on their journey for the park.

"Drinking and personal brawls had taken place on other occasions of this kind, so as a matter of precaution no shells were allowed to be carried until the regular camp and discipline were re-established, though each man carried his regular arms. . . ."

When the bandit was through the entire crowd was ordered to move on. It is said that the soldiers obtained some ammunition a few hours later and returned to look for the man but could find no trace of him.

Another odd holdup on the road from Raymond to Wawona is told by Eddie Webb, the other of the two remaining old time stage drivers mentioned previously. Eddie now lives on Shaw's Flat near Sonora, Calif. He comes to visit us now and then in the old Wagon Shop at the History Center.

On one such occasion Eddie informed us that we had the wrong date on a robbery which had actually been photographed by a participant with the consent of the bandit himself. Our data claims the action took place in August of 1907 and was photographed by one of the lady passengers; Eddie

claims that the driver of the Yosemite stage that day, Walter Farnsworth (Walt died just recently), told him that there were three women and five men aboard. In a bend in the road between Ahwahnee and Wawona, a highwayman wearing a woman's dress and with his face hidden by a flour sack in which eye holes had been cut, held up the stage.

After getting what he wanted from the passengers and before the group was ordered to drive on, one of the men requested permission to take a picture of the event. This person was supposedly on his way to Yosemite to take pictures of the great granite canyon for his magazine and had his equipment along.

According to Eddie (as told to him by driver Farnsworth) the photographer received permission but was so scared that he could not hold still enough to take the picture and another man actually operated the camera which recorded the affair. Incidentally, the Fresno Bee (Fresno, Cal.) printed an entirely different version of the same robbery in its Sunday paper of August 29, 1954. According to the Bee article the cameraman wanted to tackle the bandit instead of being afraid of him. At any rate, if you visit the Wagon Shop you will see the much discussed picture depicting the whole action almost as though it had been posed on some Hollywood set.

One of the last holdups took place on July 10, 1906 involving Eddie Gordon and is detailed in Carl P. Russell's book, *One Hundred Years in Yosemite*.<sup>(4)</sup> The location was on the side of Chowchilla mountain some six miles from Ahwahnee. Eddie told me that five stages were involved one after the other. The holdup man used a .44 Winchester and one by one as the stages arrived he made the passengers get out and line up. Eddie was the

(\*For a description of the last holdup (1920) see *Yosemite Nature Notes* Vol. 24 No. 12, page 121.)



driver of the fifth stage upon which was the payroll for the Sugar Pine Mills. Sharp eyed Eddie saw the lineup in time to hide the money bag under the cushion of his seat and thus save the \$500.

In none of these robberies was the culprit captured; however, there are those among the old timers here in Wawona who claim to know who at least two of them were — but they refuse to tell you more.

As I leaned back against the yellow pine that day and silently watched Eddie I couldn't help but wonder what thoughts were going through his mind as he fondly stared at that old stage coach. Maybe he was wondering about Black Bart, or whether he'd be in on the next gold strike along the Mother Lode just a few miles away, or maybe he was reveling in memories of the days when Wawona was the gayest place in all Yosemite.

## SOURCES

1. J. M. Hutchings, *In the Heart of the Sierras* Pac. Press Publishing House, Oakland, Cal. 1888, pages 253-254 plus pic. on 255.
2. John C. Shay, *Twenty Years in the Backwoods of Calif.* Roxburgh Pub. Co., Inc., Boston, Mass., Chapter six, 1923.
3. *Ibid.*, pages 71 to 73.
4. Carl P. Russell, *One Hundred Years in Yosemite* U.C. Press, Berkeley, 1947.
5. Personal interviews with Eddie Gordon and Eddie Webb.

## A Water-Striding *Microtus*

By W. G. Bullinger, Ranger Naturalist

It is not too unusual to hear or read a report of the northern water shrew (*Sorex palustris*) having been seen running across the surface of water for some distance or even accounts of this shrew pursuing quarry beneath the surface of the water. This is what I at first thought I saw as I sat beside a small stream running through the campgrounds at Porcupine Flat.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning and I was quietly watching some caddisfly larvae as they slowly moved about the bottom of a little pool. A small, dark, furry animal left a row of dimples and small splashes as it scurried across the pool, around a boulder at one end of the pool, and out of the water onto a patch of gravel under a rock protruding from the bank. The action took place so rapidly that I did not get a clear view of the animal as it flashed by. The ripples in the water covered a span of some five or six feet.

A second or two after this water striding animal disappeared under the rock, a small dark head appeared, its black beady eyes surveying the area. The blunt nose was not that of a

shrew and the eyes confirmed the fact that this was indeed not a shrew.

Another couple of seconds and the little meadow mouse (*Microtus sp.*) ventured out in full view on the patch of gravel, all the while alert to any movement from above. I sat very still and had a good view of our *Microtus* friend as he retreated under the overhanging rock several times before scampering the few remaining feet along the water's edge to a hole in the bank of the stream.

Meadow mice often live near water and are known to swim, but this little fellow was not swimming as he crossed the pool. He had crossed the pool more rapidly perhaps than he would have crossed the same distance in his grass tunnels. He definitely left no swimming wake but kept his body out of the water and touched the surface with only his feet, and perhaps his short tail.

Although weighing six times as much as the water shrew and not possessing the special stiff hairs which the shrew has along the sides of its hind feet, yet this meadow mouse ran over the surface of the water with ease.



On the High Trail to Adventure

## **AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-ONE DAYS**

by **Woody Smith, Ranger Naturalist**

There is no way of accurately computing the mileage stepped off by Yosemite hikers during the month of July 1961 since there are no counting devices along the 700 miles of trails to record how many of the 271,504 visitors during the month escaped in this way to the by-ways and wilderness.

However, an accurate count is kept of travelers driving into and out of the Park at the four entrance stations, and the naturalist division keeps records of the numbers of visitors who join the ranger-naturalists on walks and hikes organized by the interpretive service. Naturalist-led hikes of this type exceeded 22,000 miles for the month,

when computed by totaling mileage of all participants, or nearly the circumference of the earth.

Distance totals for scheduled walks and hikes in the Tuolumne Meadows accounted for a good share of the monthly figure. Two thousand "high country" hikers participated in walks and hikes that averaged a total of 60 miles per week. Half-day, all-day, and some overnight trips brought at least a three miles-per-person average for these "mountaineers."

The daily walks and Monday-Wednesday-Friday all-day hikes around the Yosemite Valley brought the next highest total of 4,000 miles for the

200 participants. The hikes featured limbs to the top of Nevada Fall, Yosemite Falls, and Glacier Point. Robbers' Roost and El Capitan hikes were added later in the season. Walks circled the valley floor, rotating daily from starting points at Happy Isles, Mirror Lake, Yosemite Museum, the Village Chapel, and Bridalveil Fall.

During the month over 500 visitors to both Bridalveil Creek and White Wolf campgrounds accompanied the ranger-naturalists on walks and hikes along ridge, meadow, and rim areas. Mariposa Grove and the Wawona campground activities included 1,500 visitors. Glacier Point, recording the shortest distance per visitor for the naturalist walks around the Glacier Point footpath, made up for the short distance (approximately  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile) by attracting the largest number of visitors to a single area, over 4,000.

The return of ranger-naturalist guided seven-day walking trips around the High Sierra Loop during the 1961 summer season was a welcome addition to the interpretive program. Five circuit trips, including the new Sunrise Camp on alternate weeks, approximated 65 miles per person. Side trips to climb Mt. Hoffmann, Vogelsang Peak, and the eastern slope of Mt. Clark were extracurricular additions by the majority of the enthusiastic hikers. Dr. Carl Sharsmith, a veteran naturalist of 30 Sierra seasons, easily topped all his associates by posting well over 350 miles by the end of the month.

By now the reader can judge that the estimates of hiking mileage,

though rough and approximate, are sufficient to delight shoe manufacturers and repair men. But it is also noteworthy that the 10,000 hikers represent only a small fraction of the total visitor count of 271,504 for the month. If one turns back the pages of Yosemite Nature Notes to an article written in June 1935 by Ranger-Naturalist James E. Cole, it becomes immediately apparent that our modern mileage is nothing to boast about. Ranger-Naturalist Cole estimated, in an article entitled "Walking Nature Rovers", that hikers covered 70,000 miles during the summer season of 1934. At this writing the August figures for 1961 are not available, but to assume that it would be sufficient to bring this year's seasonal total up to the 1934 estimate would be overliberal.

We must certainly give the edge to 1934 for "trail-mindedness" when we consider the proportion of visitors participating in trail use. Park visitors for the entire 1934 season totaled less than a third of today's million-plus who come to Yosemite National Park each year. Increased all-year use of Yosemite in modern times could be called into account to soften the blow of our poor comparison, perhaps, and the possible but unprovable assumption that more people are going out on trails on their own *could* make the comparison look better. Nevertheless, the data suggests that to keep up with the hardy generation of thirty years ago, we should be accumulating mileage that would extend around the world three times, instead of just once.

# Where's "ELMER"?

by

**Lewis G. Karcher, Ranger-Naturalist**

Those of us who are of World War II vintage can well remember the pathetic, but elusive "Kilroy" who, regardless of our speed or the remoteness of the area, always seemed to have arrived there first, leaving his well-known calling card, "Kilroy Was Here". The origin of "Kilroy" is unknown and the reason for the perpetuation of this mysterious personage lies somewhere deep in the psychology of man.

No less elusive is "Elmer", whose name, if not his person, has been plaguing Yosemite campers for many a year. Who among us has not settled back to relax at an evening campfire program, to enjoy community singing around the glowing embers, to listen to an illustrated talk on some aspect of our natural history, perhaps to watch the spectacle of the Firefall from Glacier Point accompanied by the noble strains of "*America The Beautiful*", only to be jolted from our reverie by a youthful cry of "E-L-L-M-E-R—R—R", (the last syllable being held approximately twice the time of the others)?

This call is apparently a triggering mechanism because almost immediately the floor of the valley echoes and re-echoes with the call for "Elmer". Camper reaction to "Elmer" varies from amusement through mild annoyance or bewilderment to outright anger. Many feel that it is good for youth to have a chance to run, to fill their lungs with air and shout, and what better place than a National

Park, an area set aside for the relaxation and enjoyment of all people?

Others feel that youth should exercise some moderation in the camping areas, particularly during the evening hours, traditionally a quiet time. That it does distract from the evening program conducted by park personnel there can be no doubt. Frequent questions from visitors after the campfire talks revolve around "Elmer": "Who is he?", "Have you found him?", "How did the call start?"

The origin of "Elmer" remains somewhat of a mystery. There are a number of theories current which attempt to explain his genesis. One of the more popular explanations is that one time a little boy named Elmer became separated from his parents. During the search for the boy, the Rangers, moving through the valley, constantly called his name. This call was picked up by small children in the valley who perpetuated it themselves or taught it to future generations who continue the



all. There is no evidence to support his theory.

Another well-known story related that a certain bear, who more or less remained in the valley, became known as Elmer to the children who began to call for it. Again, this story seems unlikely.

The story which seems to be the most credulous, at least to this writer, involves the comedian, Joe E. Brown. This writer has talked to a number of long-time National Park, Yosemite Park and Curry Co., and Degnan's employees. They generally agree that they cannot remember "Elmer" previous to the early 1930's at which time Joe E. Brown starred in a movie entitled "Elmer The Great". In this movie a great deal of calling for "Elmer" was apparent. This call struck the fancy of the youngsters of that day who transplanted the call to Yosemite.

Whatever the origin, it is interesting to speculate on the reasons for the perpetuation of the call. Fads come and go, but this one threatens to run forever. Children generally tire rather quickly of a toy or activity and it is probable that if each child were here in Yosemite Valley any length of time they would weary of the game. Certainly the children of the permanent employees, living here season in and season out, do not find amusement in this way. Children returning to the valley for a second season's camping are quickly reminded of the sport of the previous season and soon take up the call. In the meantime, children who have not visited Yosemite previously immediately learn of the sport and so it is perpetuated. Most of the children have no idea about what they are saying, only that it is fun to join in the shouting.

Another interesting fact is that calling for "Elmer" begins at or near the time for the Firefall, previous to which the traditional calls are exchanged between Camp Curry and Glacier Point. Apparently this calling



"Elmer"?

in some way stimulates the call for "Elmer". It does, however, frequently make it difficult for the visitor to hear the traditional calls for which he is listening.

Another sidelight to the story is that whatever the origin and reasons for the spreading of the ailment, conditions apparently are not suitable for "Elmer" in other parts of the park. Very few reports have been heard of "him" at Glacier Point, Wawona or Tuolumne Meadows. "Elmer" then remains a mystery, perhaps to join the many other unfathomable activities of Man in Yosemite National Park. How bewildering we must be to the natural residents of this community; the deer, the bear and the Steller's jay!

In the meantime, if any visitor finds "him", they are urgently requested to get in touch with the nearest Ranger Station so that we may call off this long-continuing man-hunt for "Elmer".

# BIBLIOGRAPHY OF YOSEMITE NATURE NOTES AND YOSEMITE

Year	Vol.	Issues	Number of Pages	Special Issues (13) Number	Subject	Year	Vol.	Issues	Number of Pages	Special Issues (13) Number	Subject
1922	1	8 (1)	23 (2)	—	—	1958	37	12	171	3	Mariposa Grove
1923	2	16 (3)	57 (2)	—	—					5	Nature Trail
1924	3	22 (4)	93 (2)	—	—					6	Inspiration
1925	4	21 (5)	120 (6)	21 (7)	Game Conserv. in N.P.s(15)					7	Point Nature Trail
1926	5	12 (8)	96 (9)	— (10)	—					8	Wildflowers
1927	6	12	96	12	Bodie(15)	1959	38	12	171	5	the Sierra Pioneer Cemetery
1928	7	12	108	—	—					6	First Photograph(15)
1929	8	12	116	4	Sequoias	1960	39	12	267	4	Ferns
1930	9	12	114	6	Birds					7	Nature Guide Svc. (15)
1931	10	12	104	6	Mariposa Grove					8	Tuolumne
1932	11	12	96 (11)	—	—					10	Meadow Trail Junior Ranger (15)
1933	12	12	114	5	Birds	1961	40	6	151 (16)	3	Tioga Road
1934	13	12	96	—	—					4	Wawona (Some Duplicates)
1935	14	12	100	—	—	Totals	40	493	4,974	43	
1936	15	12	96	— (12)	—						
1937	16	12	96	1	Birds (3rd ed.)						
1938	17	12	160	4	John Muir (15)						
				6	101 Wildflowers						
1939	18	12	128	5	Cone-Bearing Trees (14)						
1940	19	12	96	—	—						
1941	20	12	112	7	Indians						
1942	21	12	104	1	Auto Tour (Valley)						
1943	22	12	104	1	Bears						
1944	23	12	108	4	Geology						
1945	24	12	120	1	Fishes						
1946	25	12	140	1	Waterfalls						
1947	26	12	128	1	Reptiles and Amphibians						
1948	27	12	144	1	Broad-Leaved Trees						
				6	Mother Lode						
1949	28	12	150	12	Concessions(15)						
1950	29	12	121	6	Native Fish(15)						
				—	Sequoias(New)						
1951	30	12	120	3	Centennial(15)						
1952	31	12	169	6	Mammals						
				10	Devils Postpile						
1953	32	12	121	—	—						
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1955	34	12	153	1	Places Names (Valley)						
				6	First Tourists (15)						
1956	35	12	177	6	Auto Tour (Park)						
				7	Hutchings (15)						
				9-10	Pioneer Cabins (15)						
1957	36	12	141	12	Happy Isles						

1. Weekly, July - Sept.
2. Mimeographed
3. Weekly, June - Aug.; Monthly, Sept. - Dec.
4. Monthly, except June - Aug.; June - Aug. weekly
5. Monthly, except July - Sept., July - Sept. weekly
6. Printed from 1925 on.
7. Also issued, but not included in volume: "Bulletin No. 1, Hikers Camps of Yosemite Nat'l. Park."
8. Monthly (may have been irregularly issued) from 1926 on.
9. Does not include covers.
10. Also issued, but not included in volume: "Bulletin No. 2, Distributional List of Yosemite Birds."
11. Not numbered consecutively.
12. Birds (Vol. 12 #5) revised, reissued and given new pagination. The first of a series of proposals on the Yosemite School of Field Natural History was issued this year. These were issued annually for a number of years; some are dated, some are not.
13. Whole issue on one subject.
14. From 1939 on, revisions of special issues do not appear as part of a year's issue. See individual special issues for current revision.
15. Probably not sold over the counter as a special issue.
16. Title changed from *Yosemite Nature Notes* to *Yosemite Nature Notes* had been dropped from the title page for a number of years.

Copies of most issues are available. Prices of single copies and sets upon request.  
(Above compiled by K. A. Trexler)

# THE MOUNTAIN'S GLAD TIDINGS

By Ray Draper, Ranger Naturalist

As autumn approaches, heralding the end of a summer in the High Sierra, the thought of leaving such a beautiful, inspiring place brings a sort of pleasant ache which makes one wish the summer would never end.

In a real sense it never will, for many of the sights and experiences of the summer will be retained as indelible memories to be relived and enjoyed again and again during many winters to come. Experiences which, though individually not earthshaking, collectively add up to a richness and fulness of living that can be well understood only by those who know and love the mountains.

How pleasant the memory of aching, complaining, flabby muscles and straining lungs as the first mountain summit is climbed. What a thrill to look down on the world when the summit is finally reached. After a relaxing rest, absorbing as much of the superb scenery as possible and the descent begun, what exhilaration and sheer joy can come from a rapid 1,000 foot slide down a giant snow-packed fissure.

What a fine experience it is to sit quietly on a rock above a beautiful mountain lake and watch a tiny alpine chipmunk, with body scarcely three inches long and bushy tail, busily harvesting seeds from sedges fully a foot and a half in height. To reach the seeds he stands on his hind feet, grasps a stalk of the sedge and bends it to the ground. Quickly he works up the stalk to the heads, examines the seeds carefully to determine whether they are ready. If not, he releases the stalk, which springs back into the sunshine

to ripen further, and goes on to another.

Finding some seed heads suitable to his taste, he quickly gnaws the stalk through below the heads, picks up the prize in his mouth, and scampers to the top of a convenient rock and feasts upon the seeds, his tail bobbing up and down nervously the whole time. This procedure is repeated over and over until his apparently ravenous appetite is appeased or until he is interrupted by a human or other large animal. In this event he gives forth a burst of a few well-chosen scolding chirps and scurries under a large rock, where he stays until the danger has passed.

Most people find it exciting so see a wild bear, even if it is busy eating garbage, or stealing bacon, butter, and fish from the camp ice chest. How much more thrilling it is to meet one face to face when walking alone through prime forest. Such a bear may well stand fully three feet high at the shoulders and weigh 300 to 400 pounds. But it will seem to be at least twice as large! It is indeed a tense moment as you stand looking at him and he at you, while you both wonder what the other is going to do. What a relief when he finally turns and slowly lumbers away to go on about his business!

Who could help but thrill to the sight of a newly born fawn as it stands alone in the forest and looks up with frightened brown eyes, too large for the delicate head, that seem to say, "What are you going to do to me?" A lovely, pitiful sight that once seen is not easily forgotten.

The first sight of the sky pilot (Polemonium), or the white columbine, is a memorable occasion, and an experience which comes only to those who climb our fabled mountains. These are species not seen by the camp bound nor by the explorer of meadows and roads, for these are hardy, beautiful plants which grow only on the upper, rocky slopes of our highest peaks. So lovely and colorful are they that seeing them is alone enough to make a strenuous climb worth the while.

There are few things that can match the beauty of the lovely meadow lupine after a summer rain. This beautiful plant with its long finger-like leaves and delicate flowers is always a striking sight, but during a shower each outstretched leaflet gathers a row of glistening water droplets which sparkle in the sunlight like rows of diamonds. Once again one must marvel at nature's ability to create profound beauty from the commonest of natural materials.

The climbing and savoring of a fine mountain such as Mount Conness is a most fitting climax to a summer in the mountains. Conness offers the experienced hiker a challenging climb, replete with a maximum of thrills, yet with a minimum of actual danger. As one climbs toward the summit, almost 12,600 feet above sea level, how good is the feeling of strength in muscles made hard by a summer of hiking. How fresh and clean is the bite of the icy August wind that brings refreshment after the long, hard pull to the summit; so cold one must seek shelter from it after only a few moments, yet at the same time invigorating and

cleansing, making the superb view the more worth-while.

Yet even this is not all, for on the return route what wonderful luck to discover the entrance to a labyrinth of ice caves under a massive ice field nestled in the protective shaded side of the rugged mountain. What an experience to crawl under the ice and find chambers with beautifully arched roofs of ice.

Some of the chambers, as large as 12 feet in height, 8 feet wide, and 20 feet long, extend between and around massive blocks of granite that have been broken from the mountain by weathering. By carefully working one's way through narrow ice-rock corridors connecting the chambers, more than 100 feet can be traversed under the ice along the edge of the ice field, with glimpses of the blue sky through small windows and doorways of ice and rock. The cool, dark dampness of the ice chamber and the echo of our voices made this a truly unforgettable adventure.

Experiences such as these are so numerous in the mountains that one can easily accumulate enough in a single summer to last through the long winter months. Each new adventure added to those already enjoyed further strengthens one's love and fascination for the mountains, and with them also comes a much keener understanding of what John Muir meant when he wrote, "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you, as sunshine flows into trees—the winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."



# YOSEMITE'S 1961 CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT

By W. J. and Erma Fitzpatrick

The Christmas Bird Count taken annually in and adjacent to Yosemite National Park, California was conducted on December 26, 1961. The area covered included Yosemite Valley west to El Portal, California and the upper rims of the Valley south to Tempo Dome, east to Peregoy Meadow, and north to Big Meadow and Crane Flat. Elevations ranged from 2,000 feet at El Portal to 8,200 feet at Tempo Dome. Weather conditions were altogether favorable, with clear skies, relatively mild temperatures and a complete lack of wind. Snow and ice were encountered only above 4,000 feet.

Sixteen observers, working in four parties, recorded 53 species and 1,381 individuals. This was slightly more in both species and numbers of individuals than were counted last year, but was below the twelve year average in both categories. The outstanding observations were those of a Great Horned Owl and a pair of Williamson's Sapsuckers at Big Meadow.

The participants were: Robert Barbee, Katharine Coakley, Erma Fitzpatrick, Michael Fitzpatrick, W. J. Fitzpatrick, Carl Haglund, Isabel Haglund, D. H. Hubbard, D. H. Hubbard, Jr., Dorothy Johnson, James Johnson, Vergena Koller, P. R. F. Marshall,

Mary Curry Tresidder, Keith Trexler, and Robert Upton.

The detailed count follows: Cooper's Hawk, 1; Red-Tailed Hawk, 4; Golden Eagle, 2; Sparrow Hawk, 2; California Quail, 23; Mourning Dove, 12; Pygmy Owl, 3; Great Horned Owl, 1; Anna's Hummingbird, 2; Belted Kingfisher, 4; Red-shafted Flicker, 18; Acorn Woodpecker, 51; Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, 5; Williamson's Sapsucker, 2; Hairy Woodpecker, 1; Downy Woodpecker, 1; Nuttall's Woodpecker, 5; White-headed Woodpecker, 3; Black Phoebe, 1; Steller's Jay, 175; Scrub Jay, 68; Mountain Chickadee, 67; Plain Titmouse, 44; Common Bushtit, 22; White-breasted Nuthatch, 16; Red-breasted Nuthatch, 6; Brown Creeper, 14; Wrentit, 10; Dipper, 6; Winter Wren, 2; Bewick's Wren, 1; Canyon Wren, 11; Robin, 31; Varied Thrush, 3; Hermit Thrush, 6; Western Bluebird, 65; Townsend's Solitaire, 6; Golden-crowned Kinglet, 82; Ruby-crowned Kinglet, 17; Audubon's Warbler, 1; House Sparrow, 27; Purple Finch, 2; Cassin's Finch, 2; Pine Siskin, 25; Lesser Goldfinch, 7; Rufous-sided Towhee, 72; Brown Towhee, 83; Slate-colored Junco, 2; Oregon Junco, 226; White-crowned Sparrow, 1; Golden-crowned Sparrow, 135; Fox Sparrow, 4; Song Sparrow 1.

## A Review

By Keith A. Trexler, Park Naturalist

**FRANCOIS MATTHES AND THE MARKS OF TIME:** Yosemite and the High Sierra, by Fritiof Fryxell. Published by the Sierra Club, San Francisco, February 1962. 192 pages (no index), illustrated, \$7.50.

"It was the unique gift of Francois Matthes to make geology a living subject. A detective of the high-mountain wilderness and an artist in the way he presents his story, he gives nothing away prematurely, but asks the reader and himself questions: Could the range have formed because the mountain lifted or because the valley dropped? If the valley dropped, then should we not find two or three kinds of evidence? Let's go out and look.

"After a certain amount of suspense, we find the evidence, and he lets us discover it for ourselves—again and again, on field trips through these pages with Matthes. The man who is not a geologist to begin with ends the trip with the makings of a geologist in him — and he will love the transformation and his new appreciation of the old mountains he thought he knew."

If ever a book jacket description were accurate, this one is. *Francois Matthes and the Marks of Time* once more allows each reader the unforgettable opportunity to journey with Matthes into the valleys and on to the peaks of Muir's Range of Light. With map in hand, the lucid, vigorous, and artistic prose transports us to the hidden floor of the Incomparable Valley, thence upward, over domes and crests to the little lost valley of Shepherd's Crest, and finally, to our journey's end on the heights of Mount Whitney more than 14,000 feet above the sea. It is difficult to descend the heights, to return to earth, as it were. Such is the effect of Matthes' writings.

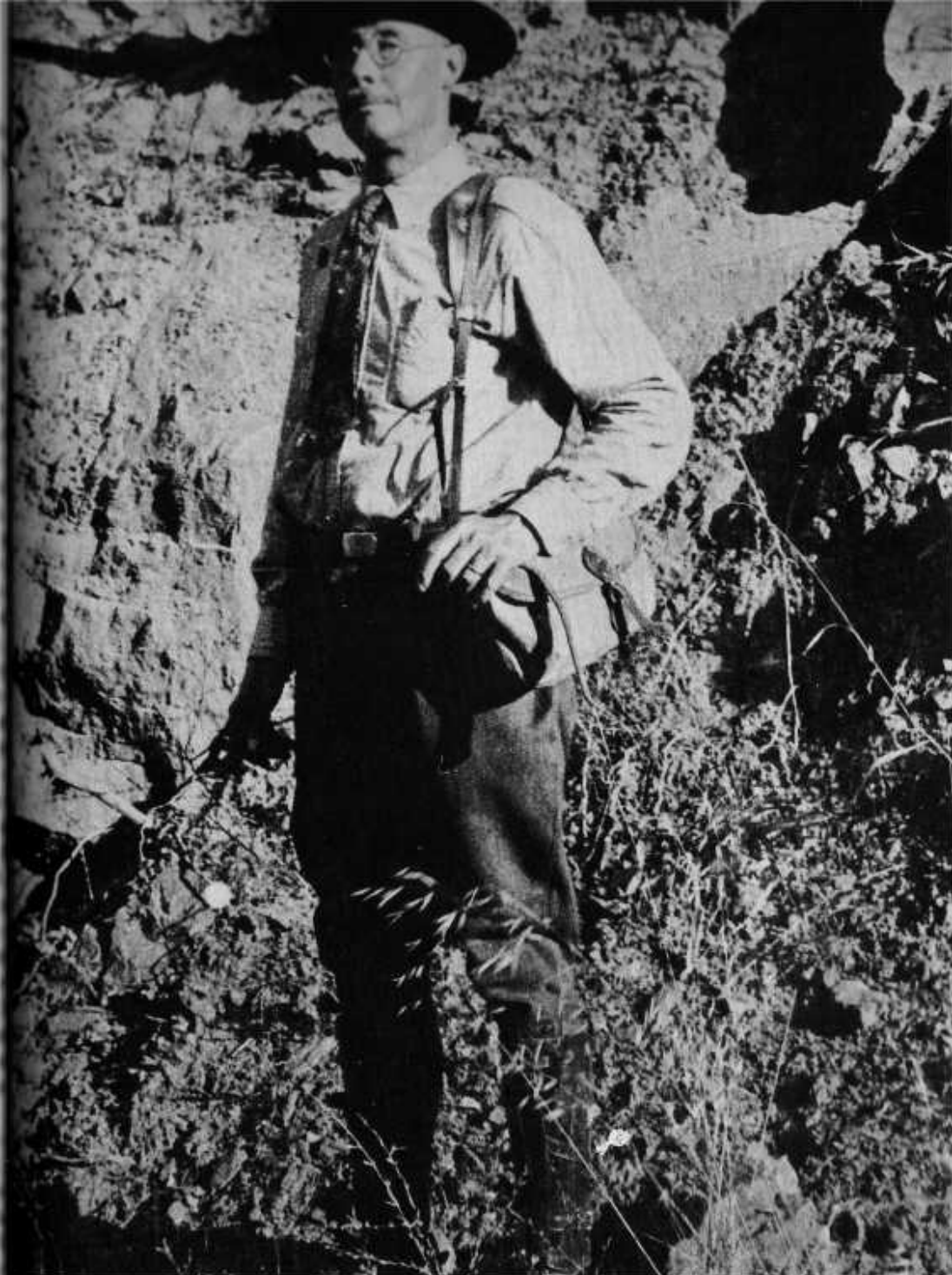
This volume, handsomely produced by the Sierra Club, is edited by Fritiof Fryxell, Matthes' long time friend and co-worker. Ansel Adams' pictures cre-

ate the mood while Matthes' own drawings, diagrams and maps (the end plates reproduce his Yosemite Valley topographic sheet) compliment the text and make even the most complex subjects clear and easily understood.

Of the 16 essays presented, 4, dealing with parts of Yosemite National Park, are published for the first time. In these Matthes describes Meraine Dome, Tuolumne Meadows and vicinity, Tenaya and Merced Lakes. The remaining articles cover aspects of the winds of Yosemite Valley, formations in Yosemite and Little Yosemite valleys as well as Devils Postpile and portions of Sequoia National Park.

Matthes' essays are preceded by a most human and sympathetic biography written by Fryxell. In it we see the many facets of Matthes' genius. He was not only a fine topographer, geologist and glaciologist, but a humanitarian and democratic gentleman as well. His work with Boy Scouts earned him that organization's highest award. In 1937 the University of California presented him with the honorary degree of L.L.D. for his "artistry in the delineation of land forms and your clear, scientific descriptions, (which) have interpreted the beauty of the Western American Landscape to the mind as well as the eyes of all who love the mountains."

Having read most of Matthes' published works, we must agree with Mr. Fryxell that Matthes "is one of the relatively few whose writings rank on both science and literature." We feel this modest volume will undoubtedly find a place on the bookshelves and in the hearts of those who know and love the Sierra.



Francois Matthes — in Yosemite, 1927.

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# WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAIDS?

By David Essel, Ranger Naturalist

*(Penned upon meeting a Girl Scout troop on a wilderness cleanup trip.)*

"Where are you going my pretty maids?"

—"We're off to pick cans from the depths of the glades;  
To seek out the haunts of the litterbug free  
And to put a quick stop to his perverted glee!"

"Why do you choose such a task unrefined?"

—"To restore to our mountains, so lofty and pined,  
The vestige of majesty they naturally had,  
And remove the debris which makes the vista so bad;

To pick up the cans, so carelessly tossed,  
On a virgin green bank, so moist and so mossed;  
To remove the papers and pick up the foil  
That litters the bushes and covers the soil.

It would be so easy for travelers and campers  
To save us our time and all of our scampers  
If they'd burn their paper and carry home all their tin;  
To leave it just lying there seems such a sin—

A crime to the wilderness, and also to man,  
Who loses the magic at the sight of a can;  
The magic of forests, primeval and green  
Where no man has trod, which no one has seen."

"And what are you paid to do this great task?"

(They looked at me strangely—as if odd that I ask)

—"If we have to explain our motives to you  
Then no doubt, potentially, you're a litterbug too!"

*DE*  
And so—My pretty maids, "Teenagers,"—THANKS!  
We salute you! and more—!  
We'll help you!





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Dan Anderson