

YOSEMITE

Yosemite National Park is 1,200 square miles of the Sierra Nevada range. Driving time from San Francisco is about five hours; a little longer from Los Angeles. From the Bay Area, take Interstate 580, then Interstate 5 to the Gustine off-ramp and State Highway 140 to Yosemite Valley. From the south, Highway 41 from Fresno enters the Park near Wawona and sweeps down to the Valley. This entrance takes you near the Mariposa Grove of giant Sequoias. The Tioga Pass Road from Lee Vining (on Highway 395), open from late May till the first snows, is an easy drive through a panorama of granite peaks. Another interesting route, though slower, is over the Big Oak Flat Road (Highway 120) from Manteca.

Buses of the Yosemite Transportation System operate all year between the Park and Merced, connecting with rail, air and bus lines. During the summer, service is offered from Fresno and Lake Tahoe as well. Motor coach sightseeing trips to all parts of the Park; cars with driver-guides for hire. All-expense tours are available the year round.

Reservations are a necessity in summer; advised in other seasons. They may be made through the Yosemite Park and Curry Co. (authorized concessioner of the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior, to serve the public in the Park) or through your travel agent. A deposit is required. Children under 3 are lodged free; and from 3 to 9 are charged half rate when occupying a room with an adult. Pets on leashes are permitted in the Park; not allowed in rooms, they may be kept in cars or boarded at kennels in Yosemite Valley.

Call or write: Yosemite Park and Curry Co., Yosemite National Park, California 95389 (209) 372-4671. Or phone the Glen W. Fawcett Division of John A. Tetley Co., Inc.: San Francisco (415) 434-0660; Los Angeles (213) 626-7581; Seattle (206) 682-1981; Dallas (214) 741-6814. Or your travel agent.





“things frail and fleeting and types of endurance meeting here and blending in countless forms, as if into this one mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures...”

The Yosemite, John Muir, 1912®



Spring comes softly to Yosemite, almost before anyone notices. One day a gentle sun climbs from behind the bold contour of Half Dome and pauses a little longer on the far Sierra snowfields. A drop of snow melts, and then another. Finally the silence gives way to a thunderous roar as the water spills into the Valley 2,400 feet below and shatters the great winter ice cone at the foot of Yosemite Falls into a fan of streams.

For Yosemite in these months is a wondrous place of rushing white waters and new-born colors of spring. Dogwood opens its fragile, creamy leaves along the tumbling Merced; ferns uncurl slowly in your path; and tiny white flower bells dot a glade so shyly that you may miss them altogether if you don't look down in time. The floor of the Valley is lush with thick grasses; a family of deer turns out to graze and gives the passing photographer only a quizzical glance. Unexpected patches of bright blue lupine nestle beside sturdy boulders... wild strawberries blossom along the road. All around you are the amazing granite cliffs, chiseled by glaciers a million years ago.

Across the way Bridalveil pours out of the creek above and casts a rainbow in the late afternoon sun. A hundred snow-fed falls trace powdery chalk patterns down the steel gray walls. High above, on Glacier Point, a momentary spring storm moves in layers across the canyons, scattering forks of lightning and thunderbolts in its path. In the distance, the last of the snow still sparkles white against a blue sky. And off in the forest of Big Trees, a noble Sequoia, veteran of four thousand springs, shadows a shy red snow plant.

A mother bear strolls with her fresh twin cubs. The days are warm enough to sun; there's still a hint of winter in the nights. You have the Park almost to yourself. This is spring in Yosemite.





Summer in Yosemite is a mountain for a man to climb, and plenty of pebbles for a boy to throw into a crystal stream. There are sandy beaches to be lazy on... deep, icy mountain lakes to fish... and quiet stretches of river to drift on a red rubber float.

Summer is high country time in Yosemite for the rugged campers, and even for the not so daring. Trails lead to an untrammelled wilderness of glistening lakes; ageless expanses of granite and hidden meadows of wildflowers, for spring comes late in the Sierra. Far in the back country are unexpected tarns left by the glacier, just big enough to bathe in after a hike. You may explore at your leisure, and camp in the stillness... or spend your nights at one of the ring of high country camps where hot showers and good food will be waiting.

Down in the Valley, there are horses to ride; bicycles for exploring; swimming; golf; tennis; plus all the special Yosemite things to do. The Park Naturalists introduce you to the remarkable variety of natural wonders around you. You may join a guided walk, or ask a question on your own. We have an excellent rock climbing school and an uncannily successful fishing guide.

For the children, burro rides and picnics... classes in nature study... a fine museum and history center... even planned playtime with an attendant for the nursery set.

But Yosemite is a quiet kind of place, even in the bustle of summer. A place to share your time with an inquiring blue jay. A place to wonder in. Days are pleasantly warm... and the evenings balmy, as an alpenglow casts a pink haze over the Park.

There are slides and movies and music. Or perhaps a friendly campfire is Yosemite at best in the summer.





Some time in September a cool wind sweeps across the Sierra and leaves the heady scent and misty colors of autumn in the Park.

The granite walls are brushed with brilliant yellows and tawny browns. The dogwood drops patches of carmine into the trickling Merced... while a dipper bird searches out lunch. Gray squirrels play tag with each other in the dry meadows, and deer move back down into the Valley. A morning shower splashes across fresh green moss and gaunt, timeless rocks.

Golden maple leaves drift gently to the ground, overlapping one by one, till they fill the paths ankle deep. It is a time for walking and watching in Yosemite. Wispy clouds float across a muted sky, and the days take on a mellow, dreamy air. And if you listen carefully at dusk, you may almost hear the Indians come back to their great grassy valley, ready to spend the winter there.

Then, one morning late in November, a blanket of snow frosts the firs and black oaks, and the branches hang low with fresh whiteness.

Up in the Badger Pass ski country, the slopes fill with red and blue jacketed buffs and novices. A snowman appears wherever there's a small boy. The only tracks across the whiteness may be your own. And it's warm enough for a picnic lunch on the ski lodge porch. In the Valley, there is a rink for skating... a roaring fire to sit by afterwards... a group of singers with a guitar.

A stark white moon rises above Half Dome. The Sierra peaks have disappeared under the great snow cover. And the waterfalls murmur with only a promise.

The best time to come to Yosemite is probably whenever you come. And each time is as quieting, and as gladdening as the first.

