

YOSEMITE NATURE NOTE



Volume V

August 31, 1926

Number 8

A WILD-LIFE CREED.

A conservationist's creed as to wild life administration is given by Dr. Joseph Grinnell, professor of zoology and director of the California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at the University of California, in a recent issue of "Science." In brief, the creed follows:

1. I believe that the fullest use should be made of our country's wild life resources from the standpoint of human benefit—for beauty, education, scientific study, fur, etc. All these possible uses should be considered in the administration of wild life, not any of them exclusively of the others.

2. I believe that that portion of our wild animal life known as "game" belongs no more to the sportsman than to other classes of people who do not pursue it with shotgun and rifle. More and more the notebook, the field-glass and the camera are being employed in the pursuit of game as well as other animals.

3. I believe it is unwise to attempt the absolute extermination of any native vertebrate species whatsoever. At the same time it is perfectly proper to reduce or destroy any species in a given neighborhood where sound investigation shows it to be positively hurtful to the majority of interests.

4. I believe it is wrong to permit the general public to shoot crows or any other presumably injurious animals during the breeding season of our desirable species.

5. I believe in the collecting of specimens of birds and vertebrates generally for educational and scientific purposes. A bird killed, but preserved as a study-specimen, is of service far longer than the bird that is shot just for sport or for food.

6. I believe that it is wrong and even dangerous to introduce (that is, turn loose in the wild) alien species of either game or non-game birds and mammals. There is sound reason for believing that such introduction, if "successful," jeopardizes the continued existence of the native species in our fauna, with which competition is bound to occur.

7. I believe that the very best known way to "conserve" animal life, in the interests of sportsman, scientist and nature-lover alike, is to preserve conditions as nearly as possible favorable to our own native species. This can be done by the establishment and maintenance of numerous wild-life refuges.

8. In the interests of game and wild life conservation generally, I believe in the wisdom of doing away with grazing by domestic stock, more especially sheep, on the greater part of our national forest territory.

9. I believe that the administration of our game and wild life resources should be kept as far as possible out of politics. The resources in question should be handled as a national asset, administered with the advice of scientifically trained experts.



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THE MUSINGS OF A GOLDEN-CUP OAK

By Raymond J. Dobbs

"WELL, ANOTHER day finds me still here, and I guess likely to so remain. My roots are too firmly anchored now in this talus slope, which, at least, in this beautiful Yosemite valley seems to be my favorite place of abode. Still I have many things to be thankful for. I'm glad to be a member of an illustrious family, and I'm proud of our family history and the part we have played in the world's activities. Yes, they say the Greeks and Romans and many others, in fact, used to regard us as almost sacred. Well, why shouldn't they? Didn't our acorns furnish them with food, and didn't our lumber provide them shelter? Why don't people so regard us now? How times have changed! The Druids liked us too, and often assembled in our groves during the most solemn occasions. And with what pomp and ceremony they used to gather the mistletoe which did then, and, I am sorry to say, still does cling so tenaciously to so many of us!

I've heard so many other interesting stories, one being that we attract lightning. Well, they say that Jupiter used to direct his arrows especially at us when displeased, because, being so strong, we were better able to withstand his attacks. They say this idea was carried to such an extreme that farmers used to plant certain of our kin to serve as lightning rods. And I am always so amused when I think of the time when sick people were thrust through the forks of our branches to be cured of disease, and that sleeping beneath our branches was a sure cure for paralysis!

The Oak's Part in Biblical History

Then the part we have played in biblical history is exceedingly interesting to me. Wasn't it under an oak that Jacob hid the strange gods and earrings which he collected? And didn't the angel that spoke to Gideon sit beneath the branches of one of our number? And wasn't it in the branches of a great oak that Absalom was caught by the head? For a long time these stories of the distant past just about consti-

tuted my chief fund of knowledge, and I had about given up all hope of really getting any first-hand information about myself, when one day a man came along who seemed to be the leader of quite a group of people. When quite close to me the party paused and the following few moments I really learned more about myself, and, in fact, more about our entire family than I had ever known before. After looking me all over, including a careful examination of my foliage, he said to the group, 'This is *Quercus chrysolepis*.' I thought that was a terrible name to call me, and really didn't like it a bit, but when he continued, 'or commonly called golden-cup oak,' I felt he was still my friend after all. He said that I belonged to a family of trees and shrubs called the beech family, and that there were about 219 others of us so close of kin that they might be called my sisters. He said the members of our family were widely scattered over the surface of the earth, but that most of us lived in the northern hemisphere. He

thought there were at least fifty or sixty of us here in North America. That I had some cousins such as the beech, the chestnut and the chinquapin.

The Family History

"I thought surely he couldn't say much more, but he kept right on and told about us as a family, how selective we were and that if some of us were forced to live away from our native habitat that we might wither and die. He called particular attention to the beauty of our foliage, stating that some of us were endowed by nature with the evergreen variety, while others possessed foliage which was deciduous. He said the acorns of some of our number matured the first autumn while with others this occurred the second autumn. That for these reasons, and many others, eastern people sometimes had difficulty recognizing some of us here on the Pacific Coast, but that our fruit was always the acorn, which distinguished us from all other trees. Then he told about our flowers. He said we possessed two quite different kinds, but that they were found on the same tree. The staminate or pollen-bearing ones, he said, were generally quite conspicuous as they usually hung from our branches in long, slender catkins, while the seed flowers, being at first so very small, were not generally noticed until they had developed into acorns of appreciable size.

The Oak's Economic Value

"Then, when he said he would say something about our great economic value, I think my heart-wood must have fluttered a little. Our lumber value he thought was too well known to dwell upon, but he said we were valuable in so many other ways. He said our acorns varied greatly as to food value, but that the Indians had long known which ones to select as a food and then he told how they prepared them by roasting, shelling and grinding them into a meal which in turn they made into a sort of bread. Then he told of a new use for acorns which he had just heard about and which was new and exceedingly interesting to me, too. He said one of the ethnologists of the Smithsonian Institution, while carrying on investigations among the

Southern California Indian tribes, learned from some of the oldest members of these tribes of a musical instrument made out of acorns. The acorns were strung on a cord and tuned according to size. The methods of playing, he said, was to hold the end of the string in the hand and as the acorns were in turn placed between the teeth and the string swung, the effect was said to compare with flute music.

"I was becoming more and more interested as he said that even the acorn cups and bark from some of our number were valuable sources of tannin used in the tanning of fine leathers. Then he told about the galls which so often infest us and with which I am all too familiar. That an insect punctures our leaves or twigs and deposits an egg, and, finally as a result the gall is formed. That the gall is in reality the home of the insect larvae or grub developed from this egg. That some of these galls become so large they are called "oak apples." Then he told of the value of some of these galls as also a source of tannin, and as the source of an acid used in photography. That many of them, especially those growing in foreign countries, had been used as an astringency in medicine from the most ancient times. That they were especially valuable in the making of fine inks and dyes, and the fact that this was known so long ago explains why the writing on many old documents is still so distinctly legible.

The Cork Oaks

"Then he told how the ordinary cork of commerce was obtained from one or sometimes two of the members of our family, called the cork oaks. That they were natives of Southern Europe and exceedingly valuable members of our family. He said he knew of only a few other trees the bark of which compared in economic value with the cork oaks, one being the Cinchona or Peruvian bark tree of South America and which is the source of our quinine supply.

"Just then the call of a bird attracted the attention of the party and they moved on. I was glad they happened along and, moreover, especially glad that at last the opportunity had been afforded me to serve such a useful purpose and help along such a worthy cause."

MOVING METHODS OF CALLOSPERMOPHILUS

By R. D. Harwood

A GOLDEN-MANTLED Ground Squirrel called shrilly from the top of the stone embankment in front of Glacier Point Hotel. Cautiously three little coppery heads peered forth from along the wall. The babes were half grown and seemed quite capable of an independent existence. There was a motive in all this agitation as soon as was discovered. More chattering ensued and finally one crawled out on the top of the wall. The mother took the little fellow, mauled him into a ball, grabbed him by the loose skin of the abdomen and away it was moving day.

The spectators waited patiently and soon back came the mother alone. In the meantime the two remaining babes had been down on to the wall up which they scrambled. Due to the nearness of two of the witness, the mother remained a short distance away but kept up a continuous chatter, strongly emphasized by flips of her tail and sudden twists of her body. At times she trilled in a most canary-like manner. As soon as the two people moved farther back she returned to the spot from which she started, but in spite of repeated calls, did not succeed in getting her offspring to the top, although they seemed to be really trying to get there. Her next move, then, was to go down along the wall and coax one youngster from his recess out to where she could grab him. She took him as a cat would a kitten and jumped to the ground. There the mauling process was repeated and off she scurried.

Eager to see the whole of the story, her unasked audience followed her around the north end of the hotel between it and the Mountain House. Around the corner she ran and to a point about midway in the wall on the sunrise side of the hotel. She had to pause occasionally to roll her tummy ball more tightly. The little fellow's head lay close between his mother's chin and his own fat stomach. His hind legs were almost around his mother's

neck. She dropped her little burden, and the one first moved appeared. At a note from the mother they both disappeared and she ran off for the remaining baby. However, by this time her behavior had attracted the attention of a good many people and an unexpected canniness was displayed, without appearing definitely aware of her audience, she ran around the south end of the hotel and had grabbed her third youngster before the crowd had gotten around in front. Then she started around as before, but when she saw the people there, she appeared undecided for a moment and then ran back as she had come. Thus was her small family moved within half an hour.

Now as to her motives. She may have decided that the aesthetic side of her offspring needed development and so would initiate them into the beauty of the Sierra with their overwhelming dawns, soft sunset glows and mellowing moonbeams. But I fancy her motives were more primitive. The new location was so much nearer the base of supplies, namely the cafeteria porch, and her children were big enough to do a little food-getting of their own.

As a sort of anti-climax, and as though collecting an admission fee, this mother, or one just like her, came onto the dining porch at dinner time and begged food from the guests. 1

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE CHIPPING SPARROW

By Joaquin I Thompson

ON THE twenty-fourth of June a party of twenty nature students gathered around a little Incense Cedar about five feet high to watch a Western Chipping Sparrow on her nest, which was built among the branches about four feet above the ground. There she sat until someone parted the twigs. Then she flitted downward through the tree and up into a Black Oak when she lit and preened herself, chipping all the time. She was joined then by her mate and watched until all were gone from the nesting tree.

The outside layer of the nest was made of plant stems, roots and dry flowers. The inner layer was composed of grasses and string. Within the hair-lined cavity were four greenish-blue eggs with small dark brown or brownish black spots principally at the larger end.

I visited the nest several times within the next eight days before the eggs were hatched. Sometimes the male was in the nearby oak when I came, but if he were not the chipping of his mate after she left her nest was sure to bring him. She was never off the nest more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time but she left it at least twice a day to supply herself with food. The male always came back with her to the oak tree when she was returning to the nest.

The Morning After

The Eggs Hatched

The first morning after the eggs were hatched the mother spent part of the time in the oak tree. Neither of the birds were feeding the young. I had come near and parted the branches once while she was sitting on the eggs without her leaving the nest, but when I did the same thing when the young ones were in the nest she slipped away to a low limb of another small cedar and perched there without uttering a note.

When the parents began feeding their young it looked as if the four little fellows could not get enough. But the old ones rested during the middle of the day. I saw the male sitting around scarcely giving a note while the female sat chipping in another tree for a whole hour with a grasshopper in her bill. Then she gave the morsel to a noisy fellow in the nest. As the afternoon advanced the intervals between feedings grew less and less until evening, when the time was shortened to two or three minutes. The

male had joined in the housekeeping duties but made only about half as many trips to the nest as the female. Judging by his actions in comparison to the female, he was just as awkward at feeding babies as any young father. And he shirked house-cleaning too, which had to be done once for about every three feedings of a young one.

Each parent had its own route of approaching the nest and each had a different route of leaving the nest. They often had a chat on the same twig but each had another twig for the starting point of the flight to the nest. However, toward the close of the day, I have seen each one fly directly from the ground to the nest with food.

The Birdlets Leave the Nest

In twelve days from the time of hatching the young left the nest and occupied the upper branches of a clump of coffee berry bushes that grew around the base of two or three tall incense cedars. From there they soon went to the lower branches of the trees. The young birds are hard to locate in these branches because of the feather coloration and food calls which create a kind of confusion chorus. Whenever I came close both birds flew down close to me in an excited manner. When one of the young birds flew from its perch to the ground both parents followed it, but when the baby appeared to be in real danger from my approach the male deserted it but the mother continued in her efforts to decoy me. Finally the young one flew from the ground to the clump of bushes and there I left them with reluctance. The last view showed the mother with a grasshopper in her bill and the male sitting near like an interested spectator.

AFIELD WITH THE NATURE GUIDES

A YOSEMITE JUG-BUILDER

M. Fabre has most interestingly described the habits of a European jug-builder of the genus *Eumenes* and now a similar form has been found at Camp No. 14 in Yosemite.

The jug of this species is nearly round and about three-eighths of an inch in diameter with the opening narrowed to a quarter of an inch. It is made of mud and so thin that it seems as though it would crumble at the slightest touch. The nest found was tightly cemented on a dead twig of a lodge pole pine whose dull grey color it closely matched.

While the maker of this particular jug is unknown and its habits have not been studied, similar jug-builders have been studied both in this country and in Europe. Fabre devised an interesting method of study by making a tiny window in the side of the jug and thus was able to observe certain peculiarities which might otherwise have remained unknown. He found that the female wasp after completing the nest and depositing a parasitized caterpillar for food, lays a single egg on a stalk suspended from the ceiling. At first the young larva stays on the egg shell only reaching down for the bits of food which he requires. Soon, however, he becomes stronger and bolder and does not return to his aerial habitation. The jug remains his home until grown and his food is only that so considerably provided by the mother.

The adult *Eumenes* which have been studied in the United States are slender waisted wasps, whose diet is not wholly carnivorous.

How gratifying it is in this age of vast commercialism to come upon a being, even if only an unobtrusive insect who so diligently and beautifully provides for its young. An interesting story awaits the one with the patience to live with these potters of the insect world for a little while.

E. D. HARWOOD.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL MALE PINE GROSBEAK ON THE M'GEE LAKE TRAIL.

On the McGee lake trail between Glen Aulin and Lake Tenaya a beautiful rose colored male Pine Grosbeak hopped from a dead log by the trail to a small lodgepole pine and gave a fine exhibition of his brilliant plumage. He talked to us in low, soft tones and turned this way and that on the branch in order to get a better look at us.

Finally he flew off up through the lodgepoles and hemlocks ahead. We saw him again but only for a moment.

About a half mile farther on I saw a female and three young setting near the top of a small hem-

lock tree very close to the trail.

These seldom seen beauties always seem to be found near or in the hemlocks at fairly high altitudes.—D. D. McLean.

* * *

BOOKS FOR THE MUSEUM LIBRARY

Dr. G. T. Clark, director of the Stanford Universities libraries, has recently presented the Yosemite Museum with an extremely valuable collection of seventy-eight books. Such rare volumes as ten of the "Reports of Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route to the Pacific," 1853; "Geological Survey of California," 1860, J. D. Whitney; numerous "North American Fauna" from the biological survey, and "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," 1872, Clarence King, make the set especially useful to museum staff members and the thousands who ask information and relaxation in the Yosemite Museum library.

A. F. Hall, chief naturalist, has also obtained eighty-four splendid books for our use. This set contains scores of texts and references on entomology, geology, physiography, chemistry, physics, history, mineralogy and anthropology and is of great use to students of the Yosemite School of Field Natural History as well as to staff members and visitors.

The Sierra Club presented a copy of F. P. Farquhar's "Place Names of the High Sierra." Dr. A. E. Pewman gave a copy of "Path Breakers From River to Ocean." Mrs. Lucy Foster Sexton, who recently published the extremely interesting 48'er diaries of her forbears, gave a copy of the book so produced, known as "The Foster Family." Herbert Mejer presented a copy of Hiestand's "See America First."

Thus our library grows. The National Park Service makes no appropriations for books and it must be through such generous co-operation of individuals and organizations that the Yosemite Nature Library shelves are filled—C. P. Russell.

* * *

WHAT DO PLANTS EAT?

Far up Tenaya gorge on a rocky shelf high above the rushing waters of the stream, grows *Drosera*, a plant that devours insects. Watered by a trickle from a crack in the granite, it thrives in its mossy bed and sends up its straight, slender flower stalks, budded now in the latter part of July.

The little round leaves come up with the two sensitive sides closely folded together, and bowed as if for further protection. As they leave their shelter, the leaflet straightens, the two sides spread

apart, and the fine red-tipped hairs expand, those in the center standing erect and the outer ones forming a delicate fringe border for the leaf.

When some luckless gnat pauses for an instant, the hairs close about him and hold him fast, while the plant absorbs the juices of its victim. In the plant examined, we found two or three tiny insect remains at the centers of the leaves. Description of such a plant leads one to believe that it is large, but the stems of the leaves average about 15 millimeters in length, while the leaves measured from four to eight millimeters in breadth. The bud-stalk was about ninety millimeters tall and carried five buds on a spike.

This grows Drosera, the little sundew plant, on the walls of Tenaya canyon.—Laura E. Mills, Yosemite School of Field Natural History.

*** SIERRA NEVADA ROSEY FINCHES AT BOOTHE AND IRELAND LAKES

Early on the morning of July 17, while walking along the shore of Bothe lake at 10,000 feet above the sea, on the head of Fletcher creek I heard a familiar note and was rewarded by four Sierra Nevada Rosey Finches dropping to the lake for a morning bath and a drink. I watched them for the few minutes they remained, drink and wading about in the three-quarters of an inch of water on the sand bar. They splashed about a little but for the most part seemed content to simply wade about.

The group was apparently made up of an adult, presumably the male and three young birds.

As we passed over Tuolumne pass and started down toward Ireland lake the air seemed full of Rosey Finch calls.

Numerous birds were seen flitting about from one place to another. Most of them were feeding about a great pile of boulders on an ancient moraine. Occasionally one would come or go apparently from or to some distant peak.

So confiding and gentle were they that one could walk close to them. Far more heard than seen, however.

Rosey Finches stay at such high elevation the year around that few people ever have the good fortune of viewing their deep brown, black, rose pink and gray plumage, so pleasing to the eye.—D. D. McLean.

At Shippey Meadows near the head of Bridal Veil creek at 8000 feet, Mr. Rett and I heard the familiar call of a Western Gnatcatcher coming from a group of lodgepole pines.

Naturally we investigated and discovered a male bird vigorously singing while a female scouted about through the tree tops.

Suddenly the female flew into

the open and disclosed a large bill full of nesting material. She flew directly to the nest about forty feet in a lodgepole pine.

Further investigation later on this nest.—D. D. McLean.

*** RATTLESNAKE SWALLOWING A GOLDEN-MANTELED GROUND SQUIRREL

Just above Sunrise Creek on the trail to Merced Lake from Little Yosemite we stopped to rest on the second day of the first high country trip. As one of the party proceeded to sit down we were startled by the unmistakable buzz of a rattlesnake. On investigation the snake was found to be in the midst of swallowing an adult Golden-manteled ground squirrel and only the hind legs and tail protruded from the mouth of the snake.

We gathered around and watched him for some time and took several snaps. I poked him with a small stick and he gave three great convulsions and disgorged the squirrel. The lower jaw still remained unhinged and seemed useless for several minutes. It was unhinged apparently at three points. Both rear hinges had dislocated and the forward tip also had become separated leaving the lower jaw in two parts.

Gradually they came together and the snake started for cover, whereupon I made away with it.

D. D. McLEAN.

*** A POHONO FLOWER COUNT

Pohono Trail seems always to suggest wild flowers both clustered in the delightful mountain meadows and scattered so unexpectedly along the trail side. In coming down the trail on July 18 one hundred and four species of flowers were counted between Glacier Point road and Fort Monroe. As the count was not begun at the start several known to occur along the first part of the trail were not counted because they were not seen on that trip. Only flowers actually at a stage where fertilization might be accomplished were considered. Then no attempt was made to explore the meadows off the trail. No flowers were picked.

If one wishes to really enjoy a trail and to have the miles tick off like minutes, just let him count the species of wild flowers or of birds along the trail. I defy any one to make an accurate count of both.

R. D. HARWOOD.

A NOVEL CELEBRATION

Someone, perhaps it was a little bird, must have told that the students of the Yosemite Nature School planned to spend their Fourth of July on the trail to Ten Lakes, because it seemed as if a special celebration had been planned for our enjoyment. Usually in a parade, the spectators stand on either side of the street and watch the performers march down the center, but in this case the spectators marched down the center while the entertainers were ranged on each side.

All along the trail were sta-

tioned the little Sierra Juncos, who seemed to act as sentinels. Their calls, which resemble tiny electric bells, sounded continually as if to show us the way and also to send the word on that we were coming, so that all would be in readiness. The mountain chickadees, too, did their part by flying from tree to tree and calling out words of cheer.

To my ears, the finest entertainment that we experienced was the concert given by the Sierra Hermit Thrushes. It was most awe-inspiring, this lovely music coming from far back in the deep woods from an unseen source. Nothing else appeared to me quite as this did.

Occasionally along the trail a Clarke Crow cut in with a bit of jax and one impudent fellow stationed himself above our heads and seemed to be trying to pelt us with bits of bark as we passed. This was the only unfriendly act noticed by anyone and doubtless it was done only in a spirit of fun.

Some of the members insisted that they were specially honored by a green-tailed Towhee, who entertained them with a remarkable exhibition of song and acting, lasting fully fifteen minutes. Then later, as a decided mark of esteem, they were invited to the home of a slender-billed Nuthatch and introduced to the family.

I wish I had time to tell of the wonderful exhibition put on by the humming birds who performed mostly in the air, going into nose dives and tail spins with perfect ease, throwing out flashes of flame from their gorgets original Fourth of July fireworks indeed, all the time keeping up their fierce and weird little squeals and squeakings. When I saw, not far away, the "57 varieties" of bright-colored blossoms, I did not marvel that these little birds had gone mad with joy.

At the foot of the last steep climb a white-crowned sparrow was placed to urge us on, and near the summit was another one with words of praise for our courage and perseverance, but when we reached the top our entertainers, with a true sense of the fitting, withdrew and we were left alone. In a most profound and impressive silence we witnessed the grandeur of the wonderful scene laid out before us.

The parade was ended.—Caroline Wells, of the Yosemite School Field Natural History.



Among the Feathered Debutantes

The month of July is as full of debutantes as a Christmas pudding is of plums. Of this week's gay affairs, that of Miss Tanager was undoubtedly the most brilliant. Nearly everyone was there, including your humble reporter (who, although uninvited, was nevertheless welcome, due, no doubt, to the personal egotism of the host and hostess, who are as fond of appearing in Nature Notes headlines as of occupying the

center of attention in the museum. The entire Grosbeak tribe, relations and near relations, were there in gay plumage, also Mr. and Mrs. Junco (though where they procured their invitation to so aristocratic an affair I know not) and, naturally, the Stellar Jays. They are like some people who so frequently demand entrance that at last they are always included as a matter of course.

I confess to my surprise in noting that most of the attention was centered upon Mr. and Mrs. Tanager, who flew about from tree to tree in their coniferous estate in great excitement, a bit noisy, I thought, for birds of their breeding. At any rate, everyone present followed them about and partook of their excitement, whereas the little debutante, dressed in an exquisite olive green creation of fluffy down, was left quite alone on the ground below her parents. In fact, she hopped off entirely to herself, whether from fright at the gay commotion, or in a huff from the lack of attention to herself, personally, must always remain a matter of conjecture. It may be, too, that it was out of consideration for Miss Tanager's frail constitution that her parents called the attention of the guests to other matters.

Other debutantes of the week were the two Misses Yellow Warbler and the three Misses Junco. The Warbler debut was exclusively a family affair. Miss Warbler was accompanied by her father and mother as she stepped daintily and somewhat tremulously from the nest. She was dressed in fluffiest yellow, and appeared shy and frightened. Nevertheless, she advanced steadily by a series of hops and flutters from twig to twig. Once, indeed, she turned a complete somersault around a slender branch, recovering herself with remarkable agility for one so young. After some twenty minutes had elapsed, she fell to the ground amid the approving chirps and excited flutterings of her parents, who both now advanced to offer her refreshments.

The second Miss Warbler left the nest an hour later, attended only by her mother. Indeed, her father was so busy waiting on his elder daughter that he did not even take time to offer congratulations to his younger. It was a matter of note which called for some philosophic reflection, that the first and most daring of the two daughters received most of the attention and caused all the excitement, although the other made as pretty an entrance into the great world of willow and advanced even more rapidly than had her sister.

It was characteristic of the plumbian Junco family that the young Juncos did not wait for a fitting and ceremonious entrance into the social world, but raced out of their nest one morning, and across the road, one after another, as fast as their legs would carry them. The mother was busy about her culinary

duties at the time and quite surprised to find what had happened. Mr. Junco was away, but when I saw him four hours later, he was making a great to-do and appeared to be scolding everyone in general and his family in particular for the unceremonious performance. — Estelle D. Lake, Yosemite School of Field Natural History.

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Yosemite is a wonderful place to study birds. Field trips taken Wednesday mornings from the Sentinel Hotel usually net a list of from twenty-five to thirty different kinds. The nature guides are often asked how many different kinds of birds can be found on the floor of the valley. One lady who has consistently followed nature guides during the past summer secured a list of sixty-three birds in a little over a month's time. This is a very fair list where operations are limited to the floor of Yosemite valley. This list of over sixty birds could have been increased by frequent trips to the high country or by trips down the canyon to El Portal, where many Upper Sonoran birds can be found.

Believing that it might be of interest to see the list in the serial order in which these birds were encountered, it is appended herewith. These birds were recorded between May 24 and June 28. Nests located are indicated by a star.

1. Blue Fronted Stellar Jay.*
2. Western Robin.*
3. Pacific Black-Headed Grosbeak.*
4. Sierra Creeper.*
5. Western Tanager.*
6. White-Throated Swift.
7. Western Warbling Vireo.*
8. Western Wood Pewee.*
9. Western Chipping Sparrow.*
10. Hermit Warbler.
11. California Yellow Warbler.*
12. Cassin Vireo.*
13. Sierra Hermit Thrush.*
14. Sierra Junco.*
15. Tolmie MacGillivray Warbler.
16. Audubon Warbler.
17. Modoc Hairy Woodpecker.
18. Northern White-Headed Woodpecker.*
19. Water Ouzel.*
20. Russet-Backed Thrush.
21. Red-Shafted Flicker.
22. Band-Tailed Pigeon.
23. Violet-Green Swallow.
24. Traill Flycatcher.*
25. Pine Siskin.
26. Spurred Towhee.*
27. Spotted Sandpiper.
28. Sierra Crossbill.
29. California Woodpecker.*
30. Calliope Hummingbird.
31. Northeastern Lincoln Song Sparrow.
32. Brewer Blackbird.
34. Willow Downy Woodpecker.
35. California Evening Grosbeak.*
36. Black Swift.
37. Mallard Duck.
38. Cassin Purple Finch.
39. Dotted Canyon Wren.
40. Mariposa Fox Sparrow.
41. Calaveras Warbler.
42. Western Golden-Crowned Kinglet.
43. Western Ruby-Crowned Kinglet.
44. Sierra Grouse.
45. Short-Tailed Mountain Chickadee.
46. California Purple Finch.
47. Lazuli Bunting.
48. Western Belted Kingfisher.*
49. Golden Eagle.
50. Northern Flickered Woodpecker.
51. Black-Throated Gray Warbler.
52. Pallid Wren-tit.
53. Sierra Red-Breasted Sapsucker.
54. American Sparrow Hawk.
55. Western Kingbird.
56. Western Meadowlark.
57. Red-Breasted Nuthatch.
58. Anna Hummingbird.
59. Pacific Horned Owl.
60. Tree Swallow.*
61. Western Flycatcher.
62. Rufous Hummingbird.
63. Green-Backed Goldfinch.

—H. C. Bryant.

THE YOSEMITE NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION ITS PURPOSES

1. To gather and disseminate information on the wild-life of the Sierras.
2. To develop and enlarge the Yosemite Museum (in co-operation with the National Park Service) and to establish subsidiary units, such as the Glacier Point lookout and branches of similar nature.
3. To promote the educational work of the Yosemite Nature Guide Service.
4. To publish (in co-operation with the U. S. National Park Service) "Yosemite Nature Notes".
5. To study living conditions, past and present, of the Indians of the Yosemite region.
6. To maintain in Yosemite Valley a library of historical, scientific, and popular interest.
7. To further scientific investigation along lines of greatest popular interest and to publish, from time to time, bulletins of non-technical nature.
8. To strictly limit the activities of the association to purposes which shall be scientific and educational, in order that the organization shall not be operated for profit.

FROM THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON OUT-DOOR RECREATION

Called by PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

"THAT THE CONFERENCE ENDORSE NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS AND THE EXTENSION OF THE NATURE STUDY IDEA TO EVERY AMERICAN SCHOOL AND FAMILY; THAT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MUSEUMS OF NATURAL HISTORY IN NATIONAL PARKS WILL INCREASE THE EDUCATIONAL RECREATIONAL VALUE OF THE PARKS".—*Resolution of the Conference.*



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Dan Anderson