

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

HUBERT WORK, SECRETARY

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

STEPHEN T. MATHEK, DIRECTOR



YOSEMITE NATURE NOTES

VOL. VII

September 1928

NO. 9



"LEARN TO READ THE TRAIL SIDE"

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, Calif. 1928

This is the official publication of the Educational Department of Yosemite National Park. It is published each month by the National Park Service with the co-operation of the Yosemite Natural History Association, and its purpose is to supply dependable information on the natural history and scientific features of Yosemite National Park. The articles published herein are not copyrighted as it is intended that they shall be freely used by the press. Communication should be addressed to C. P. Russell, Park Naturalist, Yosemite National Park, California.

E. P. LEAVITT

Acting Superintendent

YOSEMITE NATURE NOTES

THE PUBLICATION OF
THE YOSEMITE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
AND THE YOSEMITE NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

Published monthly

Volume VII

September 1928

Number 9

LITTLE YOSEMITE, THE BEAUTIFUL

By C. H. Oneal

Few of the thousands of visitors to Yosemite Valley ever behold the entrancing beauties of Little Yosemite, Lost Valley and the Gorge. The stupendous majesty and grandeur of the towering walls and the thundering waterfalls of the larger Yosemite are here reflected in the equally beautiful and none the less impressive cliffs and glistening, gliding cascades. The huge, vigorous booming masculinity of the lower valley is here replaced by more delicate, more refined and serene feminine beauty. Here quiet, peace and rest prevail.

Beyond Sunrise creek you penetrate this wonderland by a trail flanked on either side by lodge-pole pines. Merging suddenly upon a dry lake, you may be favored by a fleeting vision of a dozen or more deer that have come to satisfy their craving at the salt lick hole at the lower end of the lake.

A short distance farther you come upon a log cabin constructed by the pioneer Washburn brothers. Its moldy, decaying walls and sagging roof stimulate your imagination to scenes of privation, hunting, frontier strife, and possibly Indian warfare.

As you continue you pass domes and cliffs that rear their heads

heavenward as if striving to reach the unknown, while around about you great sugar pines are extending their arms in silent benediction. Ruby-crowned kinglets, canyon wrens, hermit thrushes and countless other singers regale you with their ethereal music.

Sierra creepers, nuthatches and chickadees bob about in the trees industriously searching for insects. Placid, cool pools of the river hold darting, dark shadows that would tempt any angler. Tumbling, silvery aprons of water glide along over long slides and finally lose themselves in clear, dimpling green depths. Narrow canyons with nearly perpendicular walls restrain the turbulent stream as it rushes pell-mell over boulders, filling the air with music. Here all nature seems tuned to heighten the delight of the sojourner.

The present trail extends several miles into this wonderland. Without great expense it could be continued along the granite cliffs to connect with Merced lake. This would shorten the present route by several miles, it would eliminate a thousand feet of useless climbing, and it would bring all this wonderful scenery before the admiring eyes of the wayfarer

AN EARLY MORNING BIRD REVUE

By George M. Wright

Water is a precious boon in the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees during the fall of the year. Each day scores of birds congregate at the spring above the Lodge for early morning refreshment. Such was the avian concourse we observed during the short half hour between 7:20 and 7:50 one clear day in early August.

About the cool spring is a damp bed of azaleas and creek dogwoods, the whole watched over by four sequoias, solemn sentinels of great grandeur. White firs, sugar pines and Douglas firs complete the cordon around this sanctuary. Ordinarily impressive, these other trees look dwarfed in the presence of those giants of an ancient race.

As we approached the sacred circle, a forked-horn buck and two yearling does moved off up the slope through alternating patches of shade and early morning sunlight. They were gracefully alert and uneasy, not quite so sure of themselves as the goat-like deer which beg at Yosemite back doors and cater to tourist chocolates.

From a ringside seat on the ashen gray trunk of a fallen sentinel of another day, we waited for the show. And, indeed, there were many acts to this avian circus, all taking place under the one big leafy tent.

A mother quail was ballyhooing to her family in the thicket, now warning, now encouraging, and ever and anon calling them all together as she led the march to water. For a brief moment the old bird came into view, scuttling over a swelling Big Tree root.

The plump form of a young white-headed woodpecker appeared on the trunk of a fir nearby. More than

anything else this bird was like a small child, whose attempts to appear grown up are the more ludicrous because of the exaggerated effort. We strongly suspected that his hunt for breakfast food was nearly all bluff and that all the while he was keeping watch out of the corner of his eye for the blessed dispensation of a parental larva. Presently, the rest of the family came sliding around the tree. Then the sleek, trim form of the parent bird, with its white nun-like hood, presented a strong contrast to the short-tailed bodies of the fluffy, mussy babies.

In the meantime, there was an invasion of the azaleas at our very feet. The inquisitive yellow faces of hermit warblers seemed to peer at us from out the bushes on every side. And wonder of wonders, one of them came so close as to brush against my trousers in its agitated flutterings. It was a breathless moment and one to be always memory treasured.

Just then the arrival of a golden-crowned kinglet added to the excitement. The golden orange crown with black bordering lines on an olive-green body, all set off against the drab background of mud, was like an intense pin point of glory.

Sparrow Spreads Fear

A lumbering fox sparrow invaded the sanctum, and the more timid small birds quickly faded away into the deeper shadows. All this while the quail were talking softly, while the jays eternally scolded one another and all the world, somewhere up in the dome of blue sky and lacy green branches. A female tanager came sedately and soberly through the branches, as though busily preoccupied with thoughts of

the fast-approaching day of departure. It is a long road to winter quarters in Central America.

The arrow-like flight of a robin down the long forest aisle directed our gaze towards a spot of flaming color. Perched erect and motionless on a downed log, the red-breasted sapsucker might well have passed for a snowplant of brilliant hue. And just then as always, when there is any likelihood of his being forgotten, a blue-fronted jay glided down from above and clung to the vertical trunk of a fir, right where a little circle of sunlight made a dramatic setting. The intense deep red of the sapsucker in the shade was a complement to the iridescent blue of the jaybird's coat.

A golden-mantled ground squirrel was scurrying up the hill as though late to work. This jogged our own consciences, and we would have left

but for the arrival of a new contingent headed by two small brown birds. They proved to be a pair of house wrens, unobtrusive and quiet like Cinderellas in this gay crowd. A business-like drink, and they were gone. One lone juco followed. Then a flip of his long tail dived back down into the bushes.

By this time a mountain chickadee family had dropped to the lowest branches of the tree nearest the spring and were excitedly considering the next move. Very evidently they felt that a journey to the ground and water was fraught with great danger and that it required a fine display of chickadee courage.

As we hurried away, the insistent, sad call of the wood pewees lamented our departure with exactly the same world-weary intonations that these birds use in commenting upon all of life's events.

A NATURE GUIDE PARTY CONQUERS MT. LYELL

By C. A. Harwell

I consider the Mount Lyell trip an excellent side trip from Boothe Lake. The mountain offers much to the lover of higher places. It is the highest peak in the park (13,090 feet), has the largest and most spectacular active glacier in our region, is difficult enough of ascent to challenge the mountain climbing ability of even the experienced, and yet is perfectly safe for the average hiker with a competent guide.

The distance from Boothe Lake is approximately ten miles; so should require more than one day. When at Boothe Lake, you are at 10,000 feet altitude. The route chosen to Lyell loses altitude in

only two places; one of 300 feet dropping down to Ireland Lake and the other of 250 feet dropping over a ridge into a cirque of Simmons Peak. Leaving Boothe Lake, you are soon above timber line so that your view is unobstructed and landmarks are easily seen. Trails are not so necessary at this altitude, because there is no brush to make going difficult. Rubber soled shoes are desirable to some hikers, because most of the work is on granite that is snow and water washed and ice polished.

I first made this climb with Dr. George Ruhle, nature guide, in 1926. Upon our return to Boothe Lake, I left a written description, which

has since directed several parties. In 1927 I took my high country hiking party of ten over this route to the 12,000-foot level on Lyell and then down the Lyell Fork to Tuolumne. This year I took an enthusiastic party of seven to the top of Lyell, returning to Boothe Lake. I will first outline the route followed, as there are no trails.

How to Get There

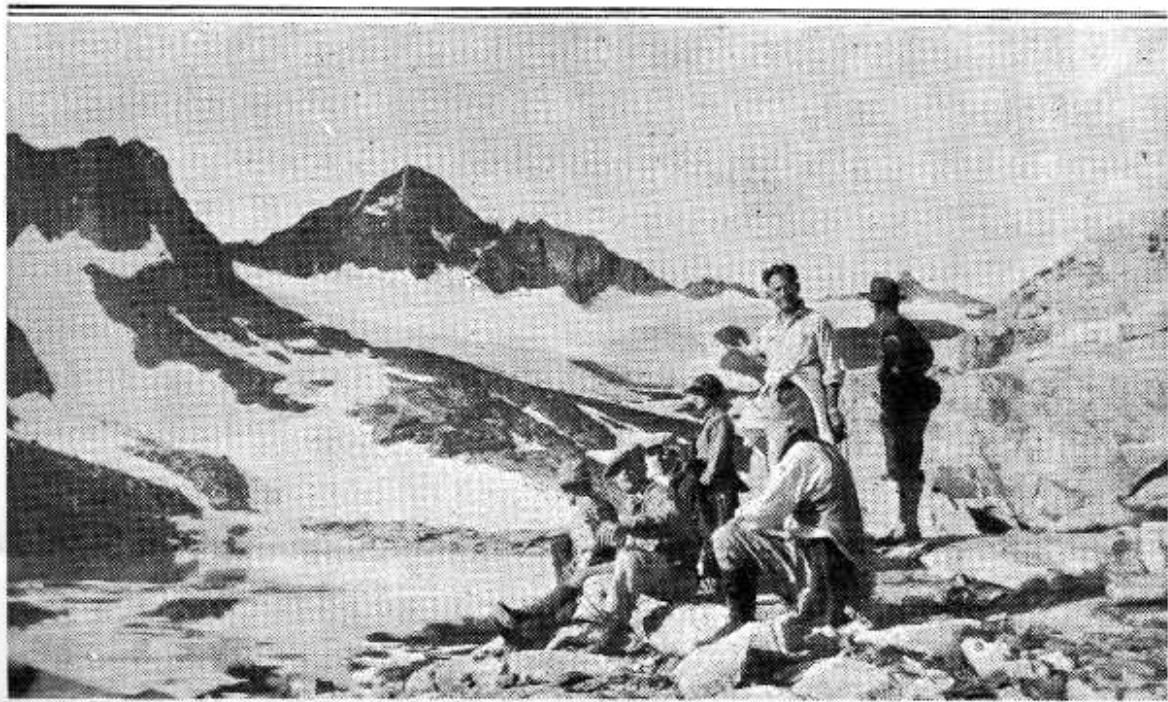
Climb from Boothe Lake to Fletcher and Townsley lakes, keeping them on your right. Above them you will see Parson Peak. Between you and Ireland Lake rises a ridge of granite. Keep to the left of the ridge and cross it at 10,800 feet elevation. Ireland Lake lies 300 feet below you, plainly seen on your right. Head straight for its outlet, cross Ireland creek, and, keeping the lake on your right, follow the natural "roadways" to a small creek that feeds the lake. Cross this and climb the granite which is in front of you and to the south. After this 100-foot climb you are on a fairly level plateau. Cross this, keeping Simmons Peak to your right. Ahead and to your left extends a long "knife-blade" of granite. Head for its lowest spot, where I have left a monument. From this point you look down into a cirque of Simmons Peak. This cirque is broadly U-shaped. Go down directly 250 feet and head for the opposite point of the U. Now from this point you obtain a grand view of Lyell and McClure with their glaciers spreading before you. McClure is to your right; Lyell to your left. There are three peaks bordering the Lyell glacier, and hikers may be confused as to which to climb. Lyell is the most westerly of the three. From this point note the chimney up which a long finger of snow extends towards the

very summit of Lyell. This is the former usual approach to the mountain. Parties work their way across the snow covered glacier, cross the bergschrund over the bridge of snow, and so up this finger of snow to the granite and thence to the top.

From your position at the cirque of Simmons, note the knife-blade of granite extending down the mountain between McClure and Lyell. You will keep to the left of this.

Wonderful Surroundings

Now without losing altitude, keep to your right, leaving the small lakes of the McClure Fork to your left and 600 feet below you in the meadow. In a hundred yards you will come to Bert Lake, named by Dr. Ruhle and me in 1926. Leaving Bert Lake, head left and climb a bit to cross the outlet of McClure Lake on its snow bridge. Crossing this, head for the lower edge of the knife blade of granite, which you reach at 12,000 feet. Now you see glacial lakes, moraines, the wonderful glacier of Lyell, and, of course, the mountain. I believe in rubber soles and so keep off the snow, keeping my rubber dry for the last and harder part of the climb. I keep to the right of the glacier, reaching the last pile of granite blocks composing the mountain top with comparatively dry shoes. To my way of thinking, it is better to climb from block to block of granite up the northwestern edge of the peak to the top than to break trails through snow and climb up the chimney with its loose and rolling rocks. In the beginning of the climb, keep as close to the snow covered glacier as possible. You, of course, will register in the splendid book provided by the California Alpine Club of San Fran-



Mt. Lyell is the highest peak in the Yosemite Section. It carries one of the most spectacular glaciers in the Sierra Nevada Range.

A NEW MAMMAL FOR YOSEMITE

By C. P. Russell

In this day of numerous nature lovers and interested observers within Yosemite National Park it is to be expected that many of Nature's secrets will be divulged. Some years ago a staff of field workers from the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, University of California, applied themselves to a serious study of the animal life of the park. The results of their several years of work was published in a splendid volume of 752 pages, "Animal Life in the Yosemite," by Joseph Grinnell and Tracy Storer, University of California Press, 1924. This reference is, of course, of utmost importance to all who are concerned with the comings and goings of the animals of Yosemite, and more than slight excitement results when it becomes apparent that worthwhile discoveries may be added to the comprehensive records contained in that book.

Not long ago rangers of Yosemite reported that they had seen river otter at some of the high country lakes within the park. Other employes maintained that they had witnessed river otters catching trout below the dam at Lake Eleanor. When these reports were presented at the Yosemite museum, they were received with skepticism, for no record of the animal was to be found in "Animal Life in the Yosemite" or any other dependable publication. Evidence of tangible form must be had before the presence of otter might be recorded for Yosemite.

A few days ago Ranger Billy Nelson reported that he had found a dead otter on the shores of Babcock lake. Because, to Billy Nelson, seeing is believing and because the carcass was disagreeably putrid, he left the "tangible evidence" where he found it. However, because the skull of this dead animal would comprise an important accession at the Yosemite museum, staff members and students of the Yosemite School of Field Natural History were urged to take advantage of any opportunity that might be presented, and search for the otter's remains.

On August 6 the class of Yosemite field school students was en route to Boothe lake and since the reported otter was but a short distance from the trail, one student, Miss Ruth Ashton, detoured and searched the shores of Babcock lake. She found the carcass and salvaged the head. The next day George Wright, assistant park naturalist, found himself in the same locality and he also located the dead body. He secured other parts of the remains and brought them to the museum.

The skull has been thoroughly cleaned and bleached and is now a part of the museum mammal collection. It proves to be *Lutra canadensis pacifica*, the Pacific river otter. The teeth are so greatly worn as to expose the pulp cavity, and it is reasonable to believe that this first authenticated otter from Yosemite National Park died of old age.

RESIN AS A WATER CONSERVER: A THEORY

By LOUIS J. Henrich

I was a bit discouraged the other day to note that the water which I poured from a bucket upon the ground in front of my tent did not hasten to the lower depths to offer itself as a bit of a drink to the *thirsty roots of nearby trees*, as I had intended, but instead, remained there as though it were in a greased pan. After a not inconsiderable time it slowly disappeared. And I began to wonder just why the soil did not allow the water to run in rapidly.

This is not an altogether new problem for me. I was first impressed with the oily character of soil beneath eucalyptus trees about three years ago when I brought some dark, porous soil to my Berkeley garden and then later discovered that it would not "water."

Why does a farmer disk and harrow his soil as the dry season approaches? Is it not to break up the top surface into fine particles in order that the soil will not crack and thus expose more surface to the drying influences of the sun and wind? A dust blanket prevents evaporation. And the dusty soil of our forests is a reality. While on duty here at Glacier Point there have been days when I have had to polish my shoes five times in order to be presentable in the hotel lobby.

Why is it undesirable to park an automobile for any length of time beneath a tree? Is it not said that the falling resin spots the car and may even ruin a new surface by

"eating" into the polish? The tiny falling particles may easily be seen if one stands in a dark spot in a forest and looks in the direction of the sun where the glint upon the resin will make the drops look like falling diamonds. If the drops were honey dew the soil would not be so oily early in the spring, as it is, for honey dew is soluble in water.

May I then formulate a tentative theory about falling resin? Not satisfied with such water-conserving devices as erect leaves, blue-green chlorophyll, glossy stems and surfaces, etc., etc., the xerophytic plant coats the soil with resin as an extra help in water conservation. Resin falling upon the ground results in a solid colloidal solution, a recombination of soil particles and resin that forms a natural mulch. This mulch has the additional advantage, to the tree, of being more impervious to escaping water. This is in contrast to the ordinary non-colloided soil mulch of the farmer.

These questions seem pertinent: 1—Do all trees and shrubs secrete resin? 2—Is it secreted from the leaves or the stems? 3—Do xerophytic plants secrete more resin than others? 4—Is a true colloidal solution formed as result of the combination of resin with the soil? 5—Are there physical characters that bear on the soil character problem? 6—Is resin secreted at all times of the year? 7—What physiological processes of the plant enter into this problem?

GLEANINGS ALONG THE TRAILS IN 1928

STRANGE FEEDING HABITS OF WHITE-THROATED SWIFTS

When passing near the company stables in the Yosemite Valley on the morning of July 30 a swarm of fast flying birds attracted our attention. They were flying in wide circles so directed that at one point in the arc they passed close to the trunk of a yellow pine. Investigation disclosed the fact that the birds were white-throated swifts. We walked to within twenty-five feet of the birds and sat down. This did not change their action. Not a sound was uttered by the birds, but we could hear the whirr of their wings. The trunk of the tree was glistening in the sunshine; it was the shimmer of myriad wings. A swarm of large

winged ants hung to the tree in a dense cluster, and, as they took to the air, the swifts scooped them in. The flying swifts came from every direction and always skimmed close to the trunk of the tree. There were at least fifty birds. Ants would flutter out, a swift would pass, the ants would disappear. The flight of the insects lasted about twenty minutes, and the swifts kept swinging past the tree trunk till the last ant was gone. Suddenly, then they disappeared, and not a swift was to be seen in the sky. How did these birds of the air discover this rich harvest? Seldom, in the past, have we seen them flying so close to the earth.—
Enid Michael.

MORE NOTES ON MOVING CHICKAREES

The inquisitive nature of the blue-fronted jay and its habit of shouting when excited, make of a noisy jay congregation an excellent guide to interesting events in the tree tops. Recent investigation by a nature guide party of such an outcry was rewarded by the sight of a Douglas squirrel, or Sierra chickaree, in the act of moving its family.

Its first appearance was that of a squirrel carrying a meadow mouse to its nest, but closer scrutiny showed the "mouse" to be a young squirrel. The baby was held in the mouth much as a cat might carry some small captured mammal, and it was this fact which led to our first false interpretation. The adult squirrel was watched while it moved

three babies from a cedar tree at the rear of the Le Conte ruins to a Kellogg oak rising just above Mrs. Curry's cottage. Small boys informed us that at least one additional baby was moved before our arrival. In moving each of her babies, the mother chose almost exactly the same route, although this involved climbing over two or three rock piles, which might easily have been avoided and, in one instance, almost meant collision with the foot of an interested bystander.

No apparent cause for the moving could be found. The extreme interest of the jays renders it possible, however, that their role may have been somewhat more direct than merely to act as publicity chorus.—
Elph Teal.

GIANT RED FIR FELLED

The attention of a nature guide party from Sentinel Dome, at Glacier Point, was attracted to the felling of a giant red fir located on the camp grounds near the bear pits.

Last winter the top was broken off by lightning and lodged upside down firmly planted in the ground. Here is seemed to flourish temporarily with ends reversed. The diameter of the broken-off portion was about fifteen inches and showed infection with decay and fungi.

The wood cutter at Glacier Point stated that red fir trees so topped and infected last only about a year, owing to the great amount of moisture contained, causing souring and decay. Such trees were reported as being a menace to campers, as they may fall at any moment.

As the saw entered the heartwood there was a steady flow of sap from the lower end of the blade. When the tree fell, the un-

sawed, ragged depressions were almost instantly filled with great quantities of the liquid.

While we watched the sawing and heard the crackling preceding the final lunge, we felt as if we were witnessing the execution of a dear friend. The tall, majestic trunk wavered, stood still, and with a last wrenching groan plunged forward with a thud. This noble monarch, the culmination of nearly three centuries of sunshine and rain, had passed.

This tree is one of the largest of its kind I have ever seen. The mean diameter to the outside of the bark is over 7 feet; the total height 186 feet. Because of a favored life, it was larger than its 260 years indicated. The rapidity of growth varied greatly. The first hundred years it grew to a diameter of 55 inches, while in the last 60 years it increased but $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.—C. H. ONeal.

BLADDERWORT, A CARNIVOROUS PLANT

One of the most interesting aquatic plants found in the stagnant pools of the Yosemite valley is the Bladderwort or *Utricularia*. The leaves of the Bladderwort have many hair-like divisions upon which are born small bladders. These have two functions, floating the plant at time of flowering, and acting as a trap for small microscopic forms of animal life upon which the plant feeds. The bladders are provided with a valve opening inward, so that the small aquatic animals having entered are unable to escape.

It has been claimed that the *Utricularia* can trap extremely small fishes, but this is very improbable. It is undoubtedly true,

however, that the plant does take living food which would be useful to young fishes. On the other hand, the matted thread-like masses of the plant afford good hiding places for the fry.

The name *Utricularia* has an interesting origin. It comes from the Latin word "*utriculus*," which means a "little skin or leathern bottle."

The fact that the Bladderwort is one of the very few carnivorous plants in existence, while most animals are herbivorous, makes it seem as though this plant, at least, is turning the tables on the animal kingdom.—Ruth Hearl.

HAS PILEATED WOODPECKER FOUND NEW MATE?

For many years Yosemite has boasted of that largest of American woodpeckers, the pileated woodpecker. The birds have stirred the keen interest of visitors and have furnished nature guides with a prize exhibit when in the field. Four years ago, one bird of a pair was sacrificed on the altar of science and became a mounted bird in the Yosemite Museum. Thereafter, a lone pileated woodpecker appeared to follow regular beats on the valley floor. There was much speculation as to whether this bird would find a mate or die in widowhood. Now comes word that during the second week in August, two pileated woodpeckers appeared in Camp 8, where the Boy Scout Conservation Training Camp was located. The whole camp turned out to view the birds. Whether the old-timer has found a companion or whether there has been an invasion of two strangers is yet to be determined, but there is a strong suspicion that the former explanation is correct.—H. C. Bryant.

YOUNG TROUT EAT THEIR WEAKER BROTHERS

Cannibalism in trout has long been known. It is not at all unusual for the fisherman to remove partly digested remains of young trout from some of his day's catch. Even the casual observer occasionally sees trout fry darting for the safety of shallow water when the larger trout approach. mouth of a larger brother. None of the trout exceeded fourteen weeks in age or two and a half inches in length. Two weeks later five other "cannibals" were observed in the same tank.

Recent observations at the Yosemite fish hatchery, however, indicate that such tendencies are not confined to mature or underfed trout. In a trough containing about twenty thousand young steelhead, the tail of an unfortunate youngster was seen protruding from the Several days of observation gave no evidence of attack on each other by perfectly healthy trout, regardless of respective size. Sick or dead fish were often attacked by both larger and smaller brethren. It seems reasonable, therefore, to assume that under the conditions of observation the apparent cannibalism is a part of nature's method of eliminating the unwell and unfit.—Ralph Teal.

WOODPECKERS USE MUSEUM FOR STOREHOUSE

A striking example of adaptation is shown by several California woodpeckers who have made a storehouse of the museum walls. On the north side of the building these woodpeckers use the shingles that overlap the lower ones as depositories for acorns. In the late summer and autumn their ravenous calls attract visitors to their activities. They are enabled to hold on by grasping the edges of the shingles as the surface of these shingles does not furnish the necessary toe holds. The pergola timbers on the same side of the museum have many weather cracks that afford excellent opportunity to store the seeds from the cedars. These are deposited while the timbers are still dry. During the rains, these timbers swell until it is almost impossible to remove the seeds, while in the drying out process during the spring they fall out in large numbers.—C. H. Oneal.

A NATURE GUIDE PARTY CONQUERS MT. LYELL

(Continued from page 76)

cisco.

The return trip is down the chimney, over the snow to the granite, and so back to Ireland Lake and Boothe Lake.

It is well to start from Boothe Lake at 3 or 4 in the afternoon and hike four miles to Ireland Lake, where camp should be made for the night. Wood is available here. Take food and blankets from Boothe Lake. We started from Ire-

land Lake this year at 4:30 a. m. and reached the top of Lyell at 10:45 a. m. Leaving the top at 12:20 p. m., we were at Boothe Lake at 6:30 p. m.

Next morning we walked to Tuolumne Meadows for hot lunch, after which five of us climbed Mount Dana, 13,050 feet altitude; so you can see Lyell is a good and reasonable side trip from Boothe Lake. I hope to make it many times.

RECENT MUSEUM ACCESSIONS

By C. P. Russell

A copy of Manly's "Death Valley in '49" was received by the Yosemite Museum recently from J. B. Agnew.

Bret Harte's 1869 edition of the "Luck of Roaring Camp" was obtained as a loan from E. Bastheim.

Mrs. Sophie F. Baylor presented the four beautiful volumes of the Santa Barbara edition, De Luxe, Copy 30, of Dawson's "Birds of California." This gift constitutes the most valuable accession in the museum library.

"A Bibliography of Museums and Museum Work," 1928; "Annik-a-del," by C. Hart Merriam; "Photography of Colored Objects"; "Yosemite Trails," by J. S. Chase; "An Artist's Tour," by B. Kroupa, 1890; "Birds of Massachusetts," by Ferbush and "California, a Book for Travelers and Settlers," by C. Nordhoff, 1873, were purchased by the Yosemite Natural History Association during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie presented a most interesting old painting of Yosemite Falls by an early artist.

Through the co-operation of Ranger Otto Brown the following

valuable ethnological objects were obtained as a loan from Mrs. Birdie Earl of Ceres, Calif; String of Dentalia beads and abalone ornaments, two salmon spear points of bone, bone awl, bone pipe for kinkinek, pigment for war-paint, 114 "Bird Points" of flint, obsidian, etc.; one iron arrow point, one small drill, two spear points, or knives, five large fragments of flint from arrow point cache, string of trade beads, string of trade beads with sections of dentalia, string of Indian-made shell beads, hammer stone.

These articles were found in Walla-Walla county, Oregon, and were buried by the Nez Perce when they were at war with the whites.

During the month of August the Yosemite Natural History Association purchased the following volumes for the museum library: "Crest of the Continent," Ingersoll, 1885; "Atlantis Arisen," Victor, 1891; "Making of the Great West," Drake, 1916; "Westward by Rail," Rae, 1871; "California and Its Wonders," Todd; "Beyond the Rockies," Stoddard, 1894; "Native Races of

the Pacific States," Bancroft, 1874, five volumes; "Picturesque America," Bryant, 1872, two volumes.

The Shepard Book Company, Salt Lake City, gave copies of "The First Baby in Camp," by Bennett, 1893, and "The Sky Sifter," by Bennett, 1892.

"An-nik-a-del," by C. Hart Merriam, 1928, was presented by Stephen T. Mather.

L. Gelber gave "Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California," by J. M. Hutchings, 1870.

A 6x12-inch oil painting, "Pohono Lake," by Thomas Hill, was received from Mrs. H. E. Perry of the Yosemite School of Field Natural History.

Mrs. Virginia Darby gave a photo of her father, Andrew D. Firebaugh, a member of the Yosemite Discovery Party of 1851.

Helen Lukens Gant gave a set of six hand-colored photos of John Muir, framed; a John Muir letter written to Mr. Lukens, 1906; a photographic copy of Muir's drawing of his noted "Student's Desk"; and the tin cup carried by Muir on many of his Sierra trips.

The Yosemite Natural History Association purchased an express messenger's sawed-off shotgun used on the Bodie-Aurora stage, and an 1873 Winchester rifle, .44 calibre, that was used in the Mono region.

While in Bodie the park naturalist was presented with the following books and articles by Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Cain; "Cosmos," Von Humboldt, 1850, volume 1; "Class-book of Botany," Wood, 1854; "Annual Report of Regents of University of New York," 1850; "One Summer at Lundy," Hatkef, 1903; "The George Catlin Indian Gallery in United States National Museum," Donaldson, 1885; certificate,

100 shares, Jupiter Mining Company, Bodie district, 1878; certificate, 100 shares, Goodshaw Mining Company, Bodie district, 1884; certificate, 40 shares, Concordia Mining Company, Bodie district, 1881; certificate, 2000 shares, Addenda Mining Company, Bodie district, 1880; certificate, 100 shares, Aurora Tunnel and Mining Company, Bodie district, 1878; certificate, 50 shares, Booker Consolidated, Bodie district, 1887; certificate, 100 shares, Queen Bee Mining Company, Bodie district, 1881; certificate, 40 shares, Tioga Mining Company, Bodie district, 1878; certificate, 35 shares, Tioga Mining Company, Bodie district, 1884; certificate, 100 shares, Summers Consolidated Mining Company, Patterson district, 1884.

A Mr. Joergers of Aurora gave three blank stock certificates of the Live Yankee Gold and Silver Mining Company of Aurora, incorporated September 7, 1862.

Judge Rule of Mono Lake gave incomplete files of the "Homer Miners' Index," old newspaper of Lundy.

Miss Sophie F. Baylor has given a remarkable large Bierstadt painting, in the name of the Estate of Charlotte Bowditch of Boston and Santa Barbara. This painting was made in the Merced canyon, near Yosemite valley, in 1864. It represents a camp scene by moonlight and is typical of this old artist's masterpieces.

Twenty colored lantern slides of sequoias were presented by F. S. McGinnis of the Southern Pacific Company.

R. P. Hill gave a small Watkins' photo of Yosemite valley from the Mariposa trail and a stereopticon view of the pioneer Lamon at his Yosemite cabin.

YOSEMITE NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK
CALIFORNIA

YOSEMITE MUSEUM

Dear Friend:

Here are three good reasons why you should become a member of the Yosemite Natural History Association:

1. It will keep you in touch with Yosemite through "Yosemite Nature Notes".
2. It offers you opportunity to secure NATURE MAGAZINE, AMERICAN FORESTS AND FOREST LIFE, or both, at an unprecedented low price.
3. You materially aid a non-profitting Government educational activity (The Yosemite Museum and its attendant nature guide service) when you remit your membership fee.

Please read a sample of "Yosemite Nature Notes", consider our purposes, and don't overlook the benefits of the combination offers with the American Nature Association and the American Forestry Association. Remit by check or money order.

Cordially yours,

C. P. Russell
Park Naturalist



Digitized by
Yosemite Online Library

<http://www.yosemite.ca.us/library/>

Dan Anderson