

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH MAILLIARD

(WITH THREE PHOTOGRAPHS)

PROBABLY on account of my being one of the few of the comparatively early Californians who showed any interest in ornithology, editorial pressure has lately been exerted to induce me to write my autobiography—while yet alive, as it were. My objections to doing this were strong and well founded. Among them were the following: That there was only too little to write about; that what there was would not be of much interest to the current readers of *THE CONDOR*; that the pages of this magazine could be put to better use; and that I did not like writing autobiographies anyway. The sort of things that I should *like* to say are those which truth compels me to leave out; they'd mostly be imagination's play, because they've never yet been brought about!

However, persistent bombardment by the opposing force, and the considerable influence wrought upon me by the perusal of one or two recently published autobiographies, have caused a partial surrender.

In mentioning my birthplace, perhaps it will be excusable for me to quote a few lines from a letter written to the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club upon a certain occasion. They ran about as follows:

I selected the bank of the Delaware  
(Somewhat antedatal) for purposes natal,  
And my very first breath was its mellow air.  
'Twas here my first murre-murre grew rapidly firmer,  
Of which all the neighbors soon became well aware!

As a matter of fact, my first appearance occurred on December 30, 1857, in Bordentown, New Jersey, U. S. A., in a house just across the street from the one-time domain of Joseph Bonaparte. This house is still standing and has for many years been used as the main building of a well-known military school.

My paternal grandfather was the private secretary of Joseph Bonaparte, as was later my father also; and my mother was the granddaughter of Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island, whose name is mentioned in various annals of the American Revolution. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, probably most widely known as the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was a sister of my mother, as was also Mrs. Crawford, mother of Francis Marion Crawford, the late well-known novelist.

After the departure of the Bonapartes from the United States, my father took up agricultural pursuits and, as a "gentleman farmer," conducted a farm of some 700 acres, about a mile out of Bordentown. He used to shoot birds and rabbits on the farm and sometimes took me with him on such occasions.

At the age of seven commenced my first personal experience with gunpowder, this being an endeavor on my part to ascertain how this substance would act when not confined in a gun barrel. From my father's flask a handful of powder was abstracted and neatly piled up on the ground. I leaned over the little pile and applied a lighted match, at the same instant blowing gently upon the powder in a further effort to induce it to go off. It went. Instead, however, of going straight out in a streak, as it did out of the gun barrel, it went *up*, in *my* direction. Weeks afterwards, when my eyelids could again be opened, it was discovered that my eyesight was still intact. I learned something, at least.

About 1867 my father's health broke down and he was ordered to a milder climate. He had been in San Francisco, California, in 1850, at which time he had, conjointly with his brother-in-law, "Uncle Sam" Ward of New York, purchased the old brig *Niantic* and had it hauled ashore at the corner of Sansome and Clay streets, to be used as a warehouse. The next great fire destroyed the ship, but a hotel of the same name was soon after erected upon the spot and was for a long period one of the landmarks of San Francisco.

Having been strongly attracted by the climate of that part of California, my father decided to take his family there; so, on January 11, 1868, on the steamer *Henry Chauncey*, we left New York, via Panama, for San Francisco, which we reached on February 2.

Three days after we started, an attack of pneumonia laid me low, but the nature of the disease was not recognized until we reached the steamer *Montana*, on the Pacific side. Memory fails to bring back many details of this illness, but apparently it was not fatal, thanks to care and the kind services of the ship's surgeon, Dr. Vallejo, whose father was General Vallejo, a prominent figure in California history. One fellow-passenger was Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the well-known Shakespearean actor of the time, on his way to San Francisco to open the new California Theater; and one of my recollections is of Mr. Barrett reading to me in the afternoons as I lay in my berth recuperating. The lines were, I believe, rather over my head, but the memory of his kindness and of his beautifully modulated voice still remains.

My family settled in San Rafael, Marin County, and lived for several years in that village. Later, my father built a house on the Rancho San Geronimo, eight miles west of San Rafael, and we moved into the new dwelling on Thanksgiving Day, 1873.

Marin County was a paradise for young fellows in those days. Deer, bear, quail, wild pigeons, and trout, a horse for the catching, with such nuisances as fences and trespass signs almost unknown,—what more might one want? Even on our own place, not an hour's ride from the ranch house, we had a hunting camp where it was as wild as one might want and where another human being might not stray by for months at a time. That is, until "hiking" o'er the hills became fashionable. It was no uncommon thing to find on these hills, bleached-out shed horns of the Roosevelt Elk; and some of the houses and barns, more especially on the Point Reyes peninsula, had pairs of these horns, well preserved, nailed up in prominent places. Wood Ducks were frequently seen along the fresh water streams and the Fulvous Tree Duck occasionally drifted into the country.

My first start in the line of natural history was the one most common among boys—the collecting of birds' eggs. I must have been at about the age of 12 or 13 then, and carried on my collecting in the usual happy-go-lucky manner of youth.

In 1873, under the guardianship of the teacher from a private school I had been attending in San Rafael, I visited the Yosemite Valley. There were no roads into the valley in those days. We went in by a stage road which began at Merced and ended at Gentry's. At that time Merced was only a railroad town consisting of a large wooden hotel, "El Capitan," with the railroad platform in front of it, and a short street, mostly flanked by saloons, extending along the east side of the track. At Gentry's the trail commenced, and everything which did not walk or fly that reached the valley, went in on footback, muleback, horseback, or on burros. Hutchins' Hotel was practically the only place at which to put up, according to my recollections.

The thin partitions between the hotel bedrooms were less than eight feet high, all open to the roof above, and a whisper might be heard at night from one end of the long attic to the other—a fact of which many guests were sublimely unconscious, and which at times caused much merriment.

The main points of interest around the valley were about the same as at present, but there were fewer and much rougher trails than there are now. One of the exciting moments of my young life was the flushing one morning of a Townsend Solitaire (*Myadestes townsendi*) from its nest by the side of the narrow Glacier Point trail. In fact I got so excited that I nearly went over the edge, horse and all. Having nothing but my handkerchief in which to carry anything, only one egg was taken, but this was transported for the rest of the day without injury. This egg is probably among the earliest takes of this species on record.

My education was decidedly a meager one, although I must have commenced to read quite early. I had a decided preference for books of travel, and, according to family accounts, devoured at the age of seven, the works of Du Chaillu, Livingstone, Speke, and other explorers of African wilds, with Arctic explorations as the next course. My first instruction was received from the family governess; but at the age of 12, I was sent to a private school in San Rafael, just then established by an inefficient, cranky Englishman, whose method of teaching was by rote and by force. He deceived the parents of the pupils at first, but a fondness for strong waters and a very unpleasant personality were his undoing.

Three years later this school was taken over by a young graduate of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who managed to teach me enough to enable me to enter the University of California at the age of sixteen, an easy job in those days. It was easy to enter, but hard for me to keep up with my classes, owing to the poor preparation in my earlier school years. As a matter of fact, I entered with the class of '78, but took two college courses, mining and chemistry, and intended to graduate with the class of '79.

When I went to college, my egg collection fell into the hands of my brother, John Ward Mailliard, and it was maintained and much improved by him. At the university I tried to do a little in the way of natural history, but had met with no response. There was a small nucleus of a museum, but what little there was had no permanent place of abode. It was in charge of an Englishman, J. J. Rivers by name, who was an enthusiast, but who received absolutely no encouragement from the powers that were, and was actually hampered in every way in what he endeavored to accomplish. This was a great mistake, as opportunity offered at that time to accumulate specimens that would today be of immense scientific value.

In those old Berkeley days things were very different from what they are now, and we often had some rather lively times. But let it suffice to say that my slate was clean for the final examinations of the senior year, when, a few weeks before the date set for them, a second attack of pneumonia gripped me by the heels, as it were, and, at graduating time, my earthly career was fast being brought to a close. Tender care from my family and a devoted physician, most unselfishly assisted by my associates of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude, staved off the evil day. A year of convalescence ensued,—nearer two years in fact,—during which time I was under strict orders to lead an outdoor life.

In the early fall of that year of illness (1879), even before I was strong enough to walk a block, my father put me in charge of the Rancho San Geronimo and departed for the eastern states and Europe on business. My brother stayed at home to help me, and we made a start somehow.

Not having sufficient strength for much work at this time, I again took up egg collecting, with my brother as an enthusiastic co-worker, and we also joined in exchanging eggs with eastern collectors. Among these collectors our favorite was Snowdon Howland, of Providence, R. I. His name will recall many pleasant memories to the old-time oologists of the Pacific Coast. Charles K. Worthen, of Warsaw, Illinois, was another with whom we made some important exchanges, and whom we found to be very "square" in his dealings with us. Still another was W. W. Worthington, whose warbler skins were the envy of my existence at that time.

In his autobiography published in *THE CONDOR* in 1919-20, Mr. H. W. Henshaw speaks of Volume IX of the Pacific Railroad Reports as being such a blessing to him in his ornithological work, which it certainly was to my brother and myself. In fact, that volume was about all that we had to start with, and at the time it seemed to be the acme of ornithological erudition, as far as the western part of the United States was concerned.



Fig. 9. JOSEPH MAILLIARD IN 1878, WHEN A JUNIOR STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

It was about this period that I commenced to skin a few birds myself. My brother, in 1874, had fallen in with Charles A. Allen, who was then living near the small village of Nicasio, Marin County, about four miles from our house; and, as my strength increased, the three of us went on many an excursion around the neighborhood. At that period Allen occupied, with his wife and first child, a cabin on the edge of a redwood forest from which most of the good timber had been taken, and he was making a living by collecting specimens of birds and small mammals to sell to collectors, in the Atlantic states mostly, and by mounting deer heads for hunters. Deer were plentiful in that vicinity then, and now that they are more or less protected are fairly numerous still, although this country is only 20 or 25 miles from San Francisco.

Allen could hardly be called an ornithologist and he had not had much opportunity for education. He was not a student, but an excellent collector who became well versed in the habits of the birds and other animals with which he came in contact. He certainly was a handy and interesting man to be with in camp, and a pleasant companion in the field.

The labels which Allen attached to his specimens are apt to be misleading as regards the exact locality in which the specimens were obtained, especially as anything taken in the township of that name was labeled "Nicasio" in the old days, although possibly collected in an entirely different valley from that in which the town is situated. Allen dried his bird skins in a paper cylinder, to make which he invariably heated up a pot of glue for pasting together the edges of the paper. On this cylinder were written merely the sex of the specimen and the day of the month, but no label was attached to the skin until it was sold. The disposition of it might be years after it was put away, so that the exact locality and the year of taking became only matters of memory on his part.

While Allen put up some skins for us in the early days, later on we always managed to prepare what we collected, without the need of assistance. In the early '80's Allen was given a cottage and about an acre of land on our place (Rancho San Geronimo) for a nominal rent, and, when we sold the whole ranch, the stipulation was made that he should not be disturbed, so there he still lives.

During the first half of the year 1880, as I was still far from strong, my brother remained with me on the San Geronimo ranch, and we passed many a pleasant evening together, occupied in our oological work. After that, however, circumstances drew us apart, and by 1882 my time was entirely taken up with family affairs of my own, and for many years thereafter my hands were full of matters pertaining to the bread and butter question—too full to allow the taking up of any sort of bird work. Sometimes there was no butter and sometimes even the line of communication with the source of bread supply was seriously threatened. However, when my brother married, in 1888, and established his home in San Francisco, he managed to keep up his interest in the collection, which he maintained in a small cabinet in his own home.

My first article submitted for publication was an account of the persistent nesting of a pair of Western Flycatchers (*Empidonax difficilis*) at San Geronimo, where they had built five successive nests in one season under the roof over the tanks which supplied our house with water. This appeared in the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, vol. vi, no. 2, 1881.

Old San Franciscans may remember a small, ramshackle building on the northwest corner of Kearny and California streets—a two-story building, in the upper story of which were first established the offices of an illustrated weekly entitled "The

Wasp." On this floor a taxidermist named Chapman had a little shop. My brother and I used to shoot birds in the country and take them in the flesh to Chapman, receiving in exchange for them birds which we otherwise would not have obtained. He was a pleasant, obliging old fellow, and it was he who first introduced me to W. Otto Emerson, of Hayward, California, taking me over to Emerson's place one Sunday, when the three of us went for a collecting tramp in the hills. This must have been in 1881. Not very long after this, business affairs took me away from the San Francisco Bay region and it was as late as the early '90's before I saw Emerson again, when the Cooper Ornithological Club brought us once more together.

It was not until about 1892 that I took up bird work in real earnest. At that time I was living alone on a portion of the Rancho San Geronimo and was in great need of something besides ranch matters with which to keep my mind constantly occupied. The ranch work afforded many opportunities to collect specimens, as it was part of my business to roam the hills, on foot or on horseback, looking after cattle, fences, pastures, etc., and it was no difficult task to carry a gun or collecting pistol at such times, while observation became a fixed habit. Specimens collected in the daytime were usually prepared at night, such work sometimes lasting into the wee, sma' hours of the mornings. During some years I collected and prepared over 1000 specimens between times.

Following in the footsteps of C. A. Allen, my specimens from our ranch and vicinity were all labeled "Nicasio," as that was our nearest post-office, although it was four miles away and in an entirely different valley of the same general drainage basin. Our mail at that time was left for us at the railroad station in the middle of the San Geronimo valley, the name of the station being then "Nicasio." This was afterwards changed to "San Geronimo," and a post-office was established there, so that thereafter our labels for that locality were correctly written.

It was in 1892 that our interest in the Rancho Paicines, San Benito County, California, began, after my brother's appointment as business manager of the property there. This necessitated a good many trips to that region. I was always ready to assist him in both his work and his play there, and in that year we commenced collecting eggs during our visits to the ranch at Paicines, visits which lasted from a day or two to a week at a time. "Business" was always a good excuse for going down, and we certainly enjoyed many of our experiences. That ranch became one of our favorite collecting grounds and we grew familiar not only with its 10,000 acres but also with a good deal of the surrounding country. The eggs which we took at Paicines finally became a very important part of our oological collection, while we took in a goodly number of birds also.

It happens that Paicines is rather an interesting locality, geographically and climatically, being situated at the northern end of a long stretch of semi-arid territory, in the valley of the San Benito River, running north and south and lying between the coast belt and the great interior valley of the San Joaquin, but separated from the former by the Gavilan Range and from the latter by the Diablo Range. From the notes which we gathered during numerous visits at all seasons of the year, we were able to make up a very fair list of the landbirds of that vicinity, even after we experienced a sad loss in the theft of a suitcase containing some of our notebooks. This list was published in *THE CONDOR*, vol. III, September, 1901, and additions were made to it later. Our work here came to an end with the death of the owner, when the ranch passed into strange hands.

In our work at Paicines we were greatly assisted by Peter Kelly, one of the ranch hands, who not only took a vast interest in what we were doing, but also developed a great affection for my brother. Kelly was uneducated, but he was a shrewd observer and possessed a good memory, so that we gathered much dependable information from his verbal reports concerning the birds he had noted in his business of "riding fence" and looking after cattle. Later on he was made foreman of the ranch, but yet he kept his eyes open on our behalf so far as opportunity allowed, and our fine series of eggs from that locality was largely due to his efforts. His ability to find such nests as those of the Killdeer, for instance, was almost uncanny.

From the date of my going seriously into ornithological matters as an avocation, all my vacations from ranch business were either collecting or hunting trips, mostly the former. Even enforced holidays, caused by illness, were filled so far as possible with bird work of some sort.

One of these compulsory vacations was taken in the spring of 1896, when an especially heavy strain had been placed upon me, and the doctor's imperative orders were for me to go somewhere, anywhere, but *go*, and preferably by sea. The somewhere finally settled into a trip to Sitka, Alaska. My intention had been to keep on going as far as Cook's Inlet, at least; but the only accommodation for this further journey offered to me on my arrival at Sitka was the chance to spread my blankets on a dining saloon table of a small, overloaded steamer. As a restful, nerve-soothing proposition this did not appeal to me, so Sitka became the end of *that* trail.

During the month I passed in Sitka I made my first acquaintance with Joseph Grinnell, then a student at Throop Polytechnic Institute, of Pasadena,—an acquaintance that later ripened into a valued friendship. At that time Grinnell struck me as being a bright, intelligent, and enterprising "kid"—a bit "fresh" perhaps—with lots of energy and possibilities. The tendency to "freshness" soon fell away with maturing years, but time has proved the remainder of my diagnosis to have been correct, as all readers of *THE CONDOR*, and many others, know.

At Sitka, an introduction to Captain Webster, commandant of the U. S. Marines stationed at the post, gained me some very pleasant companionship, more convivial than economically useful perhaps, and it also brought me in touch with one of the marines who was of great assistance to me during my stay. As this was such an isolated post the marines were allowed a great deal of liberty, and this particular one, going by the name of M. A. Brace, did considerable taxidermal work for local people, fixing up skins and heads after a fashion. Brace insisted upon my sharing his little shop with him, and he also helped me to collect specimens. His name is brought into this paper only on account of its appearing upon some of the labels of specimens which he sent me from there.

Living a rather isolated life at San Geronimo in the early '90's, I did not keep very closely in touch with the young oologists and ornithologists of the San Francisco Bay region and Palo Alto, such as R. C. McGregor, Chester Barlow, W. H. Osgood, Walter K. Fisher, J. O. Snyder, W. O. Emerson, H. R. Taylor, R. E. Snodgrass, H. W. Carriger and others, many of whom have since made names for themselves in natural history circles. It was on account of this isolation that my own name is not among those of the founders of the Cooper Ornithological Club, much to my regret.

On February 2, 1895, soon after the organization of the club, I became a member, however, and attended such meetings as were held within my reach or as opportunity afforded. At first the club met in the homes of various members who

might live in Palo Alto, San Jose, etc. Somewhat later, when meetings were held in Oakland and San Francisco, and eventually at the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, Berkeley, as a regular thing, my interest in the club increased, and, since our magazine, *THE CONDOR*, was first started on uncertain wing, it has been my earnest endeavor to support the purposes and aims of the club and to steady the upward flight of our bird as far as has lain in my power. The reward for my small share in furthering the fortunes of the Cooper Club has been great—very great in proportion to the size of the share.

The knowledge gained, the pleasant friendships brought about by association with its members, and the friendly consideration ever accorded me at club meetings, would be reward enough for many times greater effort. Furthermore, taking into consideration the difficulties encountered during its career, and the duration of *THE CONDOR*'s flight, its standing in ornithological circles has been to me a source of genuine satisfaction, and has inspired admiration for those devoted members of the Cooper Club who have given so much of their time and energies to the maintenance and improvement of this, our official magazine. Long and high may the old bird fly, in circles that e'er grow wider; may her troubles cease and her weight increase with the food for thought inside her!

It might be mentioned that an honor conferred upon me by the Cooper Club was that of being elected to the dignified office of its "poet lariat." This was just after an especially strenuous effort of mine had been delivered at one of our club dinners. Incidentally I might say that if there still remains a possible pun upon the name of any bird in the A. O. U. Check-list, it would be a great surprise to me and probably cause me some sleepless nights.

In 1897 my membership in the California Academy of Sciences began, and not long after this a "Section of Ornithology" was inaugurated. Regular meetings of this section, at which papers were read and discussions took place, were held for a while; but as there were not enough Academy members sufficiently interested in this branch of natural history to maintain the section for any great length of time, it finally disbanded.

"Less of a naturalist a better farmer; less of a farmer a better naturalist," it seems might fittingly be incorporated in my obituary notice, if such a thing is ever written. Anyhow, as before remarked, about all of my spare time, and probably a good deal that should not have been spare, was devoted to increasing the Mailliard collection, as well as to the study of the habits and geographical distribution of our California birds. So matters drifted along in this way for some years, with nothing particular to chronicle.

Wiry, but never very robust, partly on account of having grown skyward much too rapidly to fill out properly, and partly on account of frequent recurrence of throat trouble, it has always been my great handicap to have an oversupply of ambition to do things, but an undersupply of physical strength with which to do them. This made it always hard to strike a proper balance, and, in 1902, another breakdown became imminent. Overexertion and difficulty in sleeping made it necessary for me to have change and rest. My physician and friend, Dr. Philip King Brown, sent me down to the Miradero Sanitarium, then being established by himself at Santa Barbara for the benefit of people in a condition similar to mine. Dr. Brown had sent me there under a mutual benefit agreement. My standing was to be that of a somewhat privileged patient, under observation, in return for which I was to assist in the superintendence of some construction work then going on, and, principally, to



make a collection of local birds for the purpose of arousing the interest of some of the patients, as the cultivation of healthy interests among the patients was one of the principles of the management. This small collection was arranged in a cabinet in the main building and was found to be very useful, not only to many of the patients, but also to a number of the bird lovers of Santa Barbara, who often used it for purposes of comparison and identification.

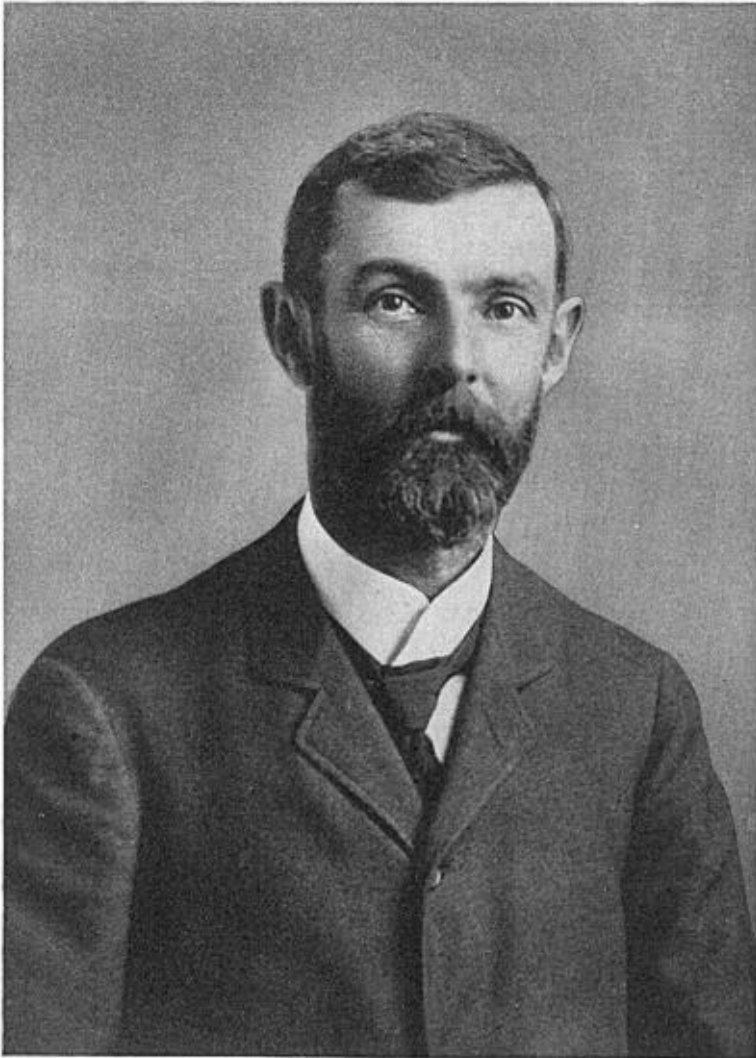


Fig. 10. JOSEPH MAILLIARD IN 1902.

At various times Miradero was visited by people of note in the realms of literature, art, etc., and some pleasant friendships were commenced there. But, in spite of every advantage offered by the sanitarium, the doctors found it necessary to order another and a longer sea voyage for me. This time advantage was taken of the

fact that a line of steamers was running through from San Francisco to Valparaiso, Chile, via Panama and wayports—a six-weeks' trip. Having some good and influential friends in Valparaiso, a warm reception awaited me, and also the assurance of introductions, permits, etc., in the matter of collecting specimens of the Chilean avifauna.

Six months were passed in Chile, and different parts of that attenuated country were visited under climatic and associational conditions which varied about as much as they do on our northern coast from, say, Santa Barbara, California, to Puget Sound. Several hundred specimens of birds, quite a few birds' eggs and some good insects were brought back to San Francisco, where they were deposited in the California Academy of Sciences. While it had not been my intention to offer this collection for sale, yet funds were raised to purchase it for presentation to the Academy, and, as the Mailliard Collection comprised only such species of birds as were included in that part of America lying north of the Mexican line, I finally consented to part with my South American specimens. They were, however, destroyed in the great fire of 1906.

One of the greatest surprises to me in Chile was the entire absence among the educated class, of men in the slightest degree interested in natural history. Even in the museums and educational institutions there were really no trained ornithologists or mammalogists, and the work done by those who claimed possession of some knowledge in those branches of natural history was not only a ghastly joke, but often of such a nature as to create perpetual trouble for present and future naturalists. For instance, new species were described from, and measurements given of, some abominably mounted and distorted immature birds of well-known species, and faithful reproductions of these mounted "types" accompanied the published descriptions. When the descriptions of these "types" came into my hands I easily recognized some of them as being perfect portrayals of mounted specimens which I had seen on the shelves of the museum at Santiago and had characterized as being a disgrace to any institution on account of their having been so inexcusably distorted. They were mere caricatures, stretched and twisted out of all shape, and yet their lengths as they stood mounted were solemnly given as measurements of the new species! This was scientific work with a vengeance.

Several interesting problems, connected with the life histories or the status of certain species of native birds, were met with in my Chilean wanderings, and the study of available literature there showed me that other ornithologists had come upon these same problems and had left them still unsolved. Probably later investigators have gone into that field and worked these things out by now, but, after the destruction of my Chilean collection, I delved no farther into these matters.

My return to California was made via New York, and one of my first acts in that city was to call upon Dr. J. A. Allen and Dr. (then Mr.) Frank M. Chapman, at the American Museum of Natural History. This was in April, 1903. I had never had the pleasure of meeting these gentlemen, and, on asking at the museum just where to find them, I was directed to Dr. Allen's room, with the warning that they were very busy and might not like to be disturbed. As I entered this room two men were earnestly conversing at the far end. One of them, who turned out to be Dr. Chapman, called out rather abruptly, "Well, sir, what do *you* want?" I meekly remarked that I had come to pay my respects to Dr. Allen and Mr. Chapman, and asked if they would not kindly direct me where to find them, adding that my name was Mailliard, from California. "What? Joseph Mailliard,

of San Geronimo, California? Why, you are just the man we want to see!" It turned out that these two were then confabulating together upon ways and means of holding a meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union in California, of which proposition no inkling had reached me on my travels. Naturally the appearance upon the scene of some one familiar with the very matters on which they needed special information was a great boon to them, and thus commenced a pleasant acquaintance, more especially with Dr. Chapman, whom I have met from time to time since then.

When the A. O. U. party finally did arrive in San Francisco, a few weeks after this encounter, the members thereof certainly received a warm reception, and their stay here was a great event for all of the bird students within reach of the city. Of the party it was my good fortune to have as guests at the old San Geronimo ranch house for several days at a time Dr. and Mrs. C. Hart Merriam, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Chapman, Drs. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and L. B. Bishop, and Mr. L. A. Fuertes. When Dr. and Mrs. Chapman, with Mr. L. A. Fuertes, were together with us at the ranch, the two men of the party would scour the hills in search of specimens in the morning, and, with Mrs. Chapman's assistance, would prepare the skins in the afternoon, all gathered around a table on the veranda. There seemed to be some subtle means of communication between the two men, for it was a rather startling thing, again and again, to hear them suddenly commence to whistle or hum the same air at the same instant. I finally remarked upon this and one of them told me they had often noticed that they did whistle or sing together in this way, but that they could never quite account for it. Unfortunately the commencement of what developed into the fatal illness of my only daughter prevented me from seeing as much of some of the other members of the A. O. U. party as desired, and the final result of this illness turned the year that had begun so pleasantly into one of great sorrow.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam was so impressed with the beauties of the Rancho San Geronimo that a little later on he decided to buy enough land for a comfortable summer home in "Lagunitas," a subdivision at the extreme western end of the ranch which we had just put on the market. The doctor's love for fine trees was the cause of great cerebral strain on my part, for he could not understand why every large bay tree in the neighborhood was not included within his territory, and he insisted upon the lot lines being moved, irrespective of surveys, roads, grades, etc., so as to take in every fine tree in the vicinity. For the sake of having him for a neighbor, some of the lines were changed to suit him. The whole property afterwards passed out of our hands, and how the new owners ever straightened out the mess that these changes must have made in the road grades, I do not yet know. We secured Dr. Merriam for a neighbor during a good part of the year, theoretically at least, but he was always so busy traveling around the state, digging up information about indians, etc., that we seldom saw him, much to our regret.

This first A. O. U. meeting held in San Francisco meant a vast deal to the bird enthusiasts of the Pacific Coast, and was held in conjunction with meetings of the Cooper Ornithological Club so as to give an opportunity for all who could do so to attend. The sessions took place in the lecture hall of the old California Academy of Sciences building on Market Street. The association with older and well-known ornithologists brought about by these meetings was a great encouragement to the struggling western bird students, and the memory of it leaves a bright spot upon the horizon of our recollections.

In company with Mr. (now Dr.) Joseph Grinnell the Christmas holidays of 1903 were passed at Palm Springs, California, on the northwestern edge of the Colorado Desert. We had an interesting time during our stay, which was duly chronicled by Grinnell. We had rooms in one of the cottages at the springs, doing our preparatory work under the shade of the veranda roof. One of my recollections of our sojourn is the presence of a Dotted Cañon Wren which had evidently been an occupant of my room for some time and which came and went through the open window. This bird was not much afraid of me, but would dodge under the bed or behind the bureau upon my entrance into the room. One morning, several days after our arrival, I was astonished to see the wren fly apparently through one of the window panes. Then I noticed for the first time that there was not a single pane of glass in the building! And it was winter. We were here joined by Mr. French Gilman, who gave us an exhibition of his manner of jumping from a moving wagon and giving chase to any LeConte Thrasher that hove in sight. It was lively exercise most certainly, but not always successful, and I met with equal success by "snooping" quietly through the sage brush. Another most interesting recollection is that of the racket made by hundreds of Western Bluebirds dropping the date palm seeds from the fruit on which they fed, upon the large, dried fronds lying on the ground below. We heard this sound at least a quarter of a mile away from the tree and were extremely puzzled by it until we discovered its origin.

The next Christmas holidays also were passed with Grinnell, but this time at Victorville, California, on the Mojave Desert. Here we made some new geographical records and had an interesting time generally. Dr. Walter P. Taylor was a member of the party, as was also Joseph Dixon, my acquaintance with these two now well-known zoologists commencing at this time. A joint paper, by Grinnell and myself, brought out the main results of this trip.

In 1904 my brother and I built homes on adjoining lots in San Francisco, and our collection of birds and eggs was installed in my brother's house, in a basement room especially arranged for the purpose. This was the first time since the collection had attained any size that it was all brought together under one roof. For many years thereafter, we two used to meet in this room in late afternoons, on half-holidays, and Sunday mornings, to classify, arrange, and work over our collection. We made a fairly good team for this work, as my brother liked the cataloguing and arranging of the specimens, and I took more interest in comparing, identifying species, diagnosing differences, etc.

In 1905 the Happy Hunting Grounds were again near for me. A third attack of pneumonia caused me to develop symptoms of budding wings, but either the time was not ripe or I wasn't, for the symptoms passed away and I didn't; but the result was a long-drawn-out convalescence in the Miradero Sanitarium at Santa Barbara, California, where many months were spent. As strength slowly returned, my interest in bird life renewed itself, and some opportunity developed for a little mild observation on the sanitarium grounds, which greatly helped to pass the time.

It was a very dry season and water was scarce in Santa Barbara. In the Miradero garden the turning of a faucet was immediately followed by a rustling in the bushes in every direction as the thirsty birds made their way toward the sound of falling water. There were several old mortars used in the garden as drinking fountains, near which I made some matting screens and took photographs of the birds as they drank. One morning I found a screen decorated with some rough, humorous sketches of birds, evidently done for my benefit by a fun-loving nurse.

This led to our getting up a small book of such sketches, some of which were quite clever, and presenting it to the institution for the benefit of the patients. Later on, this sketch book suggested to Dr. George Harker the matter for the book of similar character, which he published under the title "Square Beasts and Curved," and which had quite a vogue for a while.

In 1906 occurred the great earthquake in San Francisco, with the accompanying terrible conflagration. It happened that only the day before the 'quake I had gone to Santa Barbara for a fortnight's collecting trip into the mountains there, just for a little toning up after the pneumonia before getting back into harness; so it was my good fortune to miss all the commotion. The fire reached to the second block from our homes and they were ordered blown up, which would have meant the end of our labor of years. But luck was on our side, for the wind just then shifted, some water was obtained, and that part of the city saved. The poor old Academy of Sciences, however, went up in smoke and with it some irreplaceable collections.

In 1908 my brother and I became interested in some property ten miles southwest of Modesto, Stanislaus County, California, and just across the San Joaquin River from the one-time flourishing Grayson Landing. This town, named after Col. A. J. Grayson, the pioneer naturalist, was at one time the outfitting place for miners and a depot for supplies going into the mountains of Stanislaus County. The town is a thing of the past now, but a few of the old buildings remain. Our property was named Rancho Dos Rios, and lay in the angle between the San Joaquin and Tuolumne rivers. For some eight years it was my business to visit this ranch frequently, in the capacity of manager of the property. As there was a good deal of river bottom on the place, it seemed to give promise of much in the way of bird life; but, except for Red-winged Blackbirds and Song Sparrows, there were comparatively few birds to be found, which was very disappointing. Occasionally some rare species would appear for a while, such as American Egret, Wood Duck, etc.; and some White-tailed Kites and a pair or two of Red-bellied Hawks bred regularly on the ranch.

Of the Red-winged Blackbirds, there was at times a great abundance, and to spare, when grain or Egyptian corn was ripening, for instance. They did considerable damage at those periods, but it appeared as if they did enough good at others to balance the account, and they certainly offered a fine opportunity for study, the results of which were duly published.

For two full-fledged surprises I am indebted to the American Ornithologists' Union. One of these was in 1901 and the other in 1914. The first was a notification of my having been promoted from associate membership to the enviable position of Member, and the second was like unto it, only more so, for it was further promotion to Fellowship. The second surprise still jumps up and hits me now and again, but I may outgrow this feeling in time.

In 1914 the members of the C. O. C., and of the A. O. U. on the Pacific Coast, sent east an urgent invitation to have the 1915 A. O. U. meeting held in San Francisco, during our beautiful Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Greatly to our joy the invitation was accepted. While the war and resulting unsettled conditions kept back a good many of the A. O. U. people who would have otherwise attended, enough came to make the meeting a memorable one for the western members. We were a good deal handicapped by the dearth of wealth among our resident members, and could not raise as great a sum as we would have liked for the purpose of giving our visitors a right royal reception, but we tried to make up in spirit what we lacked in purse.

The Cooper Ornithological Club had again done me the honor to make me its president (I had served previously in 1905 and 1906), in this our "Exposition Year," and one of the greatest scares that ever came over me in public was at the very last afternoon session of the A. O. U. meeting here, when the president, Dr. A. K. Fisher, calmly announced that "The president of the Cooper Ornithological Club will now take the chair," and, by George, I had to! However, I got through the session somehow, but did a lot of thinking about how to get even with Dr. Fisher for his little joke. I got even with him afterwards, all right. He has been a good friend to me and loves a joke. In fact, a good many practical jokes have traveled between the Pacific Coast and Washington, some of which were fairly good!

My acquaintance with Dr. A. K. Fisher commenced many years ago, through knowing his son, Mr. (now Dr.) Walter K. Fisher, at present Director of Hopkins Marine Laboratory at Pacific Grove, in the early Cooper Club days; and this friendship with the Fisher family, with occasional interchange of visits, has been and is, one of the pleasant features of my life.

It was my good fortune to be able to attend the 1916 A. O. U. meeting in Philadelphia, with side visits to New York and Washington, where those with whom we had had such pleasant times the year before more than repaid the simple courtesies it had lain in our power to show them when they were on the Pacific Coast. A paper, illustrated by lantern slides, that I took east, was most kindly received, which, of course, was very gratifying. I was asked to deliver this paper at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, but the boxes of slides had played such havoc in my trunk on the way east that they had been promptly shipped home after their use in Philadelphia.

A while previous to the Philadelphia meeting a birthday memorial had been presented to Mr. John H. Sage, our veteran secretary of 25 years standing. This memorial consisted of a book made up of leaflets, one from each Fellow of the A. O. U., on every one of which was a verse, drawing, or an original something, done or inscribed by the donor of the leaf. I was anxious to see this book, but learned only on the last morning of our stay that Mr. Sage had it with him. We were breakfasting together, and had just arranged to go up to Mr. Sage's room before train time to look over the book, when Dr. T. S. Palmer breezed in and said that he had a car waiting outside to take us to see the tomb of the first American ornithologist, Alexander Wilson. Before I could get out the statement that the people whose graves I should really enjoy visiting were not yet occupying them, Mr. Sage had accepted the invitation, so I did not see the book—and probably never shall. I don't care much for visiting buried ornithologists anyway: the interviews are too one-sided.

At this time acquaintance was renewed with Drs. Chapman and Dwight, Mr. Ruthven Deane and others, and a most enjoyable fortnight was passed in New York, largely in the company of one or more of these members of the A. O. U.

As before remarked, one of Dr. A. K. Fisher's characteristics is his love for a joke, and a good deal of time and thought used to be given by my brother and myself to the matter of trying to get up something good on the Doctor. To judge by results, he must have devoted some of his energies to the same business. We had a lot of amusement over some of these efforts until the solemnity occasioned by the conditions during the recent terrible war took most of this propensity out of him. It can do no harm now to relate an incident that took place in Washington

during my visit there. On the chance of being able to use it to collect a few eastern birds as souvenirs, I had taken with me on my travels a small collecting pistol; and while attending a memorable picnic at the justly celebrated Plummer's Island, refuge of Washington bird lovers, I had an opportunity to use it in that vicinity—but not on the island itself. That same evening Drs. A. K. Fisher and E. W. Nelson came to my room in the Cosmos Club and most kindly insisted upon helping me in the preparation of the specimens secured.

This was before the days of prohibition and we had a very pleasant evening together. My good friends skinned the specimens while I stuffed and finished them up. Quite a pile of the usual debris accumulated, and I was on the point of ringing for a bell boy to bring another round—I mean to take away the remains—when Dr. Fisher said that he would take care of it. Out of curiosity I asked him next day what he had done with it. He said, "Oh, I just carried the remains along the street until I saw a fine, empty limousine, and popped 'em in that." I have been wondering ever since what happened next; and have sincerely hoped that no stray label had gotten into that parcel!

On the journey home, via New Orleans, from the 1916 A. O. U. meeting, a particularly malicious type of streptococcus got a strangle hold upon me, finally getting me down—and nearly out. In fact, on one or two occasions those in charge of my near remains reported my departure in search of birds of paradise. This later proved to have been an error in judgment as to my coming back propensities, but an illness of several months ensued, which resulted in a decided and permanent diminution in my speed, steaming radius, and horsepower.

In the late summer and early fall of 1917, having recovered enough strength to be able to get about a bit, it occurred to me that it might be a good plan to go to Yosemite and loaf around the valley for a while, to see what was doing in the bird line. Six weeks were passed in camp there, in the company of an old school-mate, Mr. F. C. Holman, a member of the Cooper Ornithological Club and a lover of birds, who assisted me greatly in many ways.

Mr. Holman was accustomed to pass his summers in the valley and was a well-known aestival feature there. He had charge at that time of the LeConte Lodge, and when the evenings became chilly we used to pass them in front of a fine blaze in the big fireplace inside. Another inmate of the lodge was a genial wood rat, which lived under the floor and took advantage of rather faulty carpentering to make his appearance among us whenever we brought in apples or something with an attractive fragrance. This rat became quite tame and very friendly, in spite of the fire and electric lights, and would come within three or four feet of us if a piece of apple were placed for him, when he would sit and nibble at it. When given a whole apple he would try his best to get it down one of the numerous cracks in the paneling, and, if the apple were not too large, he would usually find some corner where he could get it through. Before we left the valley, however, on October 1, the rat disappeared, and we did not see him again, much to our regret, for he was genuinely amusing.

During my stay in the valley observations were daily made upon the bird life there, and a list made out of the species noted. A short paper based upon these observations was published later in THE CONDOR.

In some of my published observations reference is made to the Bohemian Grove, in Sonoma County, California, and a few words about this world-known playground of the Bohemian Club may be of interest.

The grove proper is only a comparatively small remnant of what was once a splendid redwood forest touching the Russian River, some 10 or 12 miles above its mouth. On several occasions the Bohemian Club had used this grove for its summer

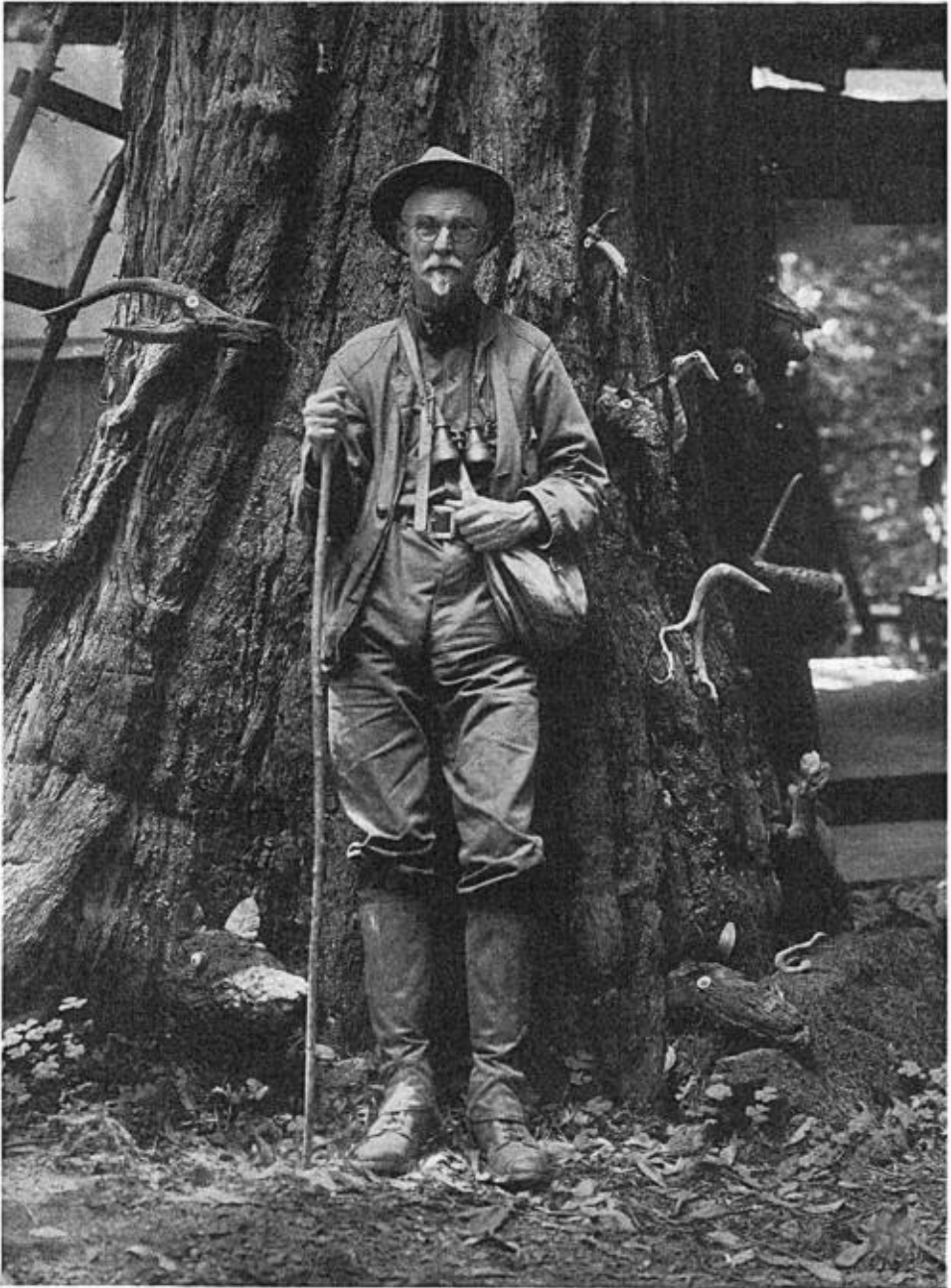


Fig. 11. JOSEPH MAILLIARD AT HIS CAMP IN BOHEMIAN GROVE IN THE SUMMER OF 1921.



encampment and "jinks," and, finally, just as it was on the point of being lumbered off, it was purchased by the club for permanent use. The original purchase has been added to, until the club owns over 800 acres, the greater part of which is brush land and second-growth forest.

Many members of the club have their own camps there, and the outdoor dining room is open from late in May to some time in August each year, while the "official encampment" (upon the last Saturday of which the much heralded grove play is given) extends through a fortnight at the end of July and the beginning of August.

While the camp is very full of people during the latter part of the official encampment, there are but few there at other times except occasionally at week ends. It is in this period of small attendance that the grove is most attractive to me.

My own modest camp is far from the center of population, and many a night have I been the sole human occupant of the side cañon in which it is situated. Deer are often to be heard moving about in the night, the jays, flickers, and woodpeckers do their best to keep me from over-sleeping in the early morning, and the gray squirrels, chickarees, and chipmunks play around in the daytime.

Directly over my head Dusky Horned Owls take much pleasure in trying out loud and various vocal themes. These birds have a much larger vocabulary of notes and combinations of notes than is commonly supposed. The whistling note, with rising inflection, that is used in communications between the parents and the young, when the latter are first flying about, is often repeated for hours at a time during the night, or even in the daytime when the young happen to be in a nearby tree and no strangers are in the vicinity.

As many of the club members go to bed about the time the birds are getting up, and but few of them are early risers, it is an easy matter to find plenty of solitude in the fresh morning hours along our many trails, and for a bird observer to carry on his work undisturbed. My vacations in the grove are largely spent in trapping rodents and in wandering over our territory, with field glasses and note book, before my fellow members are astir.

One of my occupations in the grove has been that of looking for bits of roots, charred wood, etc., that will lend themselves to a little addition of eyes cut from some colored leaf or something of the sort, in such a way as to resemble a fanciful animal or bird. It is difficult to find suitable bits for this work, but in the course of years these treasures have accumulated and have been mounted around my camp until now "the bird man's camp" is one of the show places of the grove.

Unfortunately this part of the state has not a very large bird population, as the country consists principally of steep, brushy, or timbered hills, not attractive to many species of birds. I have, however, gotten up a fairly complete account of its summer birds, and while this list is hardly of sufficient importance to publish, a typewritten copy of it is included in a bound volume of some of the unpublished literary activities of club members.

In the spring of 1918, my strength had returned sufficiently for me to accept an invitation to accompany (more as a spectator than anything else) Dr. Barton Warren Evermann and Dr. John Van Denburgh upon a short trip to some of the Santa Barbara Islands, on the State Fish and Game Commission's power boat *Albacore*, for the purpose of conducting observations upon the insular bird life and securing specimens. The report on the results obtained on this expedition appeared in print in due course.

Before returning north after this island trip, a week was passed in camp at Palm Springs, Riverside County, California, with Mr. and Mrs. J. Eugene Law, a most enjoyable week, of which the only painful remembrances are those of its brevity and of a choice bunch of cholla cactus spines in one of my knees.

Toward the end of that summer (1918), I had gained enough strength to admit of my taking up some sort of volunteer war work, and the desire to get in and help, if even in a small way, was too great to be subdued any longer. After looking about a little I accepted an invitation to become an "operator" in the American Protective League, on half time. This soon developed, however, into almost day and night work, and rapid promotion made me the head of the department of passports for the San Francisco branch of this country-wide organization, until it was disbanded some two months after the close of the war.

It was about this time that the question arose between my brother and myself as to what we should do with our collection of birds and eggs. My brother has three sons and I, one, but none of the boys take any active interest in natural history, although all four are fond of hunting and of being out in the woods. We did not want to sell the collection, but, after having it in our own hands so long as we might desire, wished to be assured of its having a worthy haven of rest when we were forced to assume the role, so interesting to Dr. Palmer, of buried ornithologists.

After some discussion of this matter of arranging for a final disposition of our collection as a whole, my brother and I discovered that we were both very willing that it should be donated to some institution—provided that it did not have to pass out of our hands as long as we wished to retain control of it.

I should have preferred to place it in possession of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, University of California. Dr. Grinnell had kindly offered me a desk there and an honorary curatorship, which appealed to me greatly on account of the association with a group of live workers along lines especially interesting to me. But commuting to Berkeley was not altogether alluring, so that this idea was abandoned.

One day, late in 1918, while walking along the street with Dr. Barton Warren Evermann, Director of the Museum, California Academy of Sciences, just after having viewed one of the patriotic processions then so numerous, this matter of the disposal of the Mailliard Collection came up. In a very frank way I explained our position and feelings concerning it, and, after some consideration, Dr. Evermann remarked that he thought that the details could be managed as we desired, if we cared to donate the collection to the Academy. The outcome of this conversation was that the Academy's lawyers found a way to arrange the affair so as to coincide with our ideas, and the collection was thus given over, with the proviso that we were to have the privilege of retaining it in our own hands so long as we desired, but with ownership residing in the Academy from the date of signing the papers.

The Mailliard Collection consists of about 10,000 bird skins, a somewhat larger number of birds' eggs, and several hundred mounted nests, nearly all of the material having been taken on the Pacific Coast. The greater part of the ornithological collection was actually taken by ourselves, or obtained in exchange for material so collected, but several small lots of bird skins were either purchased by, or donated to, us. One of these was the Kaeding collection, of about 500 specimens, collected by Henry Barroilhet Kaeding and his brothers, Charles and George, which Henry sold to us as he was making hasty preparations to get away to Korea, where he went to take charge of a mine.

Henry did not find time in which to pack up his collection to turn over to us, but left this work for someone else to do. When we went to get it, we found the specimens had been thrown, higgledy-piggledy, into boxes and barrels without the slightest pretention of care—cormorants and kingbirds, turkey buzzards and titmouses, with no protection whatever—and the results were not at all pleasant to contemplate. It was the work of all my spare time for months afterwards to soften up and make over these skins.

We also took over the W. Otto Emerson collection of some 7000 birds' eggs, from which we augmented our own collection and improved our series of local species.

Some time before the matter of the disposition of our collection came up, a proposition had been made to me that I should become the curator of the Department of Ornithology, of the California Academy of Sciences; but at that moment my strength had not returned sufficiently for me to think of attempting anything like steady work. Later on, when nature and a pious life had greatly overcome this difficulty, the chief obstacle to my acceptance of this offer was that of absolute lack of proper training for such a position, and a minor one, the donation of our collection to the Academy possibly having the appearance of being a bid for the place, and the matter was dropped for the time.

After the Mailliard Collection was safely the property of the Academy, early in 1919, such new pressure was brought to bear upon me that it seemed best to surrender, and I became the Honorary Curator of the department. This, however, has gradually developed into my being a quite active curator of the departments of Ornithology and Mammalogy, as well as having an eye on the Department of Exhibits. So time does not hang very heavily on my hands at present.

In any station of life there are apt to be duties that one does not especially fancy, but, as things go in this world, it would be hard for me to find a more satisfactory occupation than my present one. This is all the more true on account of the harmonious relations existing among the members of the Academy staff and of the resulting cheerful co-operation among the several departments.

The field work being carried on by my department is especially attractive to me, as my life has been passed mostly in the open, and indoor work is more or less irksome to me. This field work consists largely in the making of observations upon the habits, migration, and geographical distribution of birds and mammals, together with the securing of such specimens as may be needed for comparison and for our museum and school loan collections. Some two months in the spring and a month or so in the fall are annually devoted to these field operations, with an occasional extra trip now and then. The territory selected for such work is usually some portion of California in which little or nothing in this line has as yet been done, and for this reason the northern part of this state has been the scene of most of my field activities since joining the Academy staff. Sad to say, it is not a very prolific field for bird observation and a good deal of my work has been rewarded by negative results. Such results, however, have their uses, and reports on what I have succeeded in accomplishing appear from time to time in the Academy's published proceedings.

Before bringing this long paper to a close, I would like to say a few words concerning my friendly associations with the members of the staff of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, at the University of California. This association has been of the pleasantest sort. All the members of the museum staff have ever been in readiness to offer aid and suggestions when approached upon some of the problems which

constantly arise for solution. Dr. Joseph Grinnell, the museum director, Messrs. H. S. Swarth, Joseph Dixon, Tracy I. Storer, and others connected with the institution have always been, and ever are, ready to extend to me a helping hand in a spirit that has been greatly appreciated, and everything in the museum has been at my disposal for the asking. While it would be a most satisfactory thing to be able to reciprocate in degree for all the assistance given to me, I fear that it will never lie within my power to strike a balance, and that the debtor side will always be mine!

I wasted time, as others have, in early youth,  
N'er pond'ring deep on what one easily might do;  
Nor knew the joy one finds in seeking for the truth  
And delving into Nature's problems, old or new.

Now, as my span of life is drawing to a close,  
I'd like to make each moment count for something done.  
At least, I'd like to feel I had a place 'midst those  
Who've helped the world—e'en be the place a modest one.

*Joseph Mailliard*

*San Francisco, August 23, 1923.*