

affected about the 27th of February.

3-4-31

Preston Carter stated that the health condition of the mallard was exceptionally good this year regardless of the unusually extreme cold weather this winter. He caught a mallard in his muskrat trap. The leg was broken and was cut off and released. He stated that it was as fat as a duck could be - Provo.

3-4-31

A Bull was observed flying against a strong north wind along the lake shore at mouth of Provo river. It made 8 feet in 10 seconds. This wind had piled up considerable ice on the lake shore line - Utah Lake. First bluebirds observed in Provo. this year. A large flock of ducks 1 1/2 blocks n. e. of Old Lake Resort. They winged their way in from all directions. Those arriving with the north wind came in with an astonishing speed while those from the south arrived very slowly and their flight labored. The ducks seemed to be in continual movement rather than resting or feeding. This pond is distinct from the lake proper.

3-5-31

Could hear the weird song of the robin during the early morning when the lights were just sufficient to see the mountains east of Provo.

3-6-31

Sharp-shin Hawk flying over home and causing disturbance among bird by its cries. The keen eye of the robin caught sight of the hawk which was to my eye a sailing speck in the sky. The cries of the robin first attracted my attention.

3-6-31

A male Cinnamon teal was caught in a trap, set of muskrats by Preston Carter lying S.W. of Provo. Its leg was badly swollen from the broken leg. After examining it he released the bird which flew a couple of blocks and lit in a pond.

3-7-31

Spent the day along the south shore line of Mud Lake observing the waterfowl. Wind blowing hard and many forms were found on this section of the lake. Ducks like the fall hunters dream, haunted the flooded weed shore lines on this south side of the lake. The thousands of ducks consisted practically all of the Pintail species. The weeded edges of the long bay were blackened with ducks. The noise made by these ducks represented the continual hum of the bee with blending harsh sounds. Large flocks came down the west shore from the south while those coming with the north wind glided in with fast speed. As I made my appearance, a dark cloud of ducks rose filling the sky with a dark mass. Concealed myself and watched with binoculars the many ducks winging in from all directions. The long white necks of the feeding pintail among the short weeds, would, upon alarmed protrude above the weeds and presenting a new beach like a seashell scattered shore-line. The thousands of ducks completely changed the appearance of the lake edge. Found one sick pintail on the windward side of an island but found no signs of injury, so placed it on the leeward side away from the driving winds. A number of Baldpate were associated with pintails.