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hole in ^{open tree.} ^{Eight} feet from the ground. The nest proper was placed at one side of the ^{covert} but entire chamber filled with twigs. Nest proper of small feathers and traces of horse hair. Bird paused at entrance for 10 seconds before leaving. It did not fuss much. Watched the pine siskin feeding on insects at the terminal of the conifer branches. Five turkey vultures flew by together. The mt. Chickadee and G. T. Towhee were also present. It was concerned about something. While sitting on the top of Eagle Cliff at the N. E. part of the Y mountain an eagle appeared from somewhere. It circled high and then trended toward windy ridge where it finally disappeared out of site. These observations occurred on top of the Y mountain east of Provo City. While on top of the mountain on the west brink of the top had an unusual experience with the turkey vulture. After having witnessed this experience I felt quite satisfied that I had finally got to the base of some of the natural habits of the turkey vulture, the birds that I had been watching with binoculars from my home in Provo. I have had thrills with finding their nesting sites, have seen them in large and small numbers, been around and handled their young, watched them hunt high in the mountains and down along the lake shores, but I felt the true spirit that these it was not until this experience that I felt the true nature and spirit that these birds portrayed. It was unequalled and may have seemed that way because I had purposely planned the trip in the interest of these birds, or it could have been because I was so thrilled at that time in finding the nest of the Golden eagle and its young that same morning in Eagle Cliffs on the N. E. part of the top of this mountain only a block or two from where these observations were made. Nevertheless I regard it as a very interesting occasion for one who thrills in merely seeing the bird. To begin with; east of Provo rises the first abrupt range of the Wasatch. The range probably represents a fault line, so one can readily conceive of the abruptness in which it rises from the lake valley below. On the north a large deep canyon is cut thru the front range. A more or less canyon filled space separates the front range from the back range. It is further isolated by a canyon on the south. It is on this flat top mountain that these birds seemed to have chosen as their retreat from enemies and winds. I first observed the vulture activity in Cook Canyon from the north brink of the mountain. After watching from that point for about 20 minutes I left and found a good observation point on the west side overlooking the valley below where the thrill began. The vultures were seen twice to fly back and forth across the front range just below the top. A few minutes later I was caught in plain site by 5 vultures directly overhead. The first and natural thing to do was to curl up and make myself less conspicuous, if possible, from the keen eyes of the birds. From then on was able to see and hear these birds from an advantage. Being in such an open situation of the edge of a cliff one would suppose that these birds would immediately leave to never return, but the situation was decidedly different. The five large