

a modest cabin was rented and the proprietor was told we would be back later.

In order to save time for our next day's reconnaissance, we had decided to drive 29 miles south to a canyon south of Kanosh where was a formerly determined golden eagle nesting site. The car was parked on the old road some distance from the modern highway. Making our way through inky cedars and thick infested sage areas, we proceeded toward the draw in which the nest had occurred previous years. At night strange mountain areas look the more strange and to describe our advance as 'feeling our way' would be stating it mildly. A few old landmarks such as an outcrop here, a juniper covered knoll there, a sage flat, an old trail which we thought we remembered to be about the same distance from the road, determined us to be in the right gulch.

After groping to find the less brushy trails and protect our limbs against the 'nasty' abrupt little gullies, we rounded a turn in the gulch which brought us within sight of the eagles nesting cliff, faintly outlined against the sky. On reaching the cliff, J. D. and I brushed up its side to the resting shelf (see former notes for a description of this nest). When within four feet of the cup I observed the form of the eagle silhouetted against the ledge. She stood up, hesitated for a moment then glided into the dark of the night. Reeps told of a family. J. D. held the two downy young in the dim light that I might see them. We hurried away to give the mother an opportunity to hasten back to cover and protect her children from the chill of the night (10:15 P.M.).

On our return to Fillmore, conversation lagged as the already lengthy day became longer. Coffee and a snack was suggested to minimize the clamminess of the cabin in which we were to spend the remaining few hours of the night. Enough is enough - not for an oologist. A decision was made to go to the home of Mel Hatton and if lighted to intrude for the purpose of establishing our shortest route to Sugar Loaf, our first objective of the morning. After various trails and errors we finally parked at his gate. Lights were burning. We had scarcely entered when his good wife proceeded to cut a luscious