

which ran out of a covering for 10 feet and then flew. They were feeding by a pond where the ground was free of snow.

2-15-30

I heard first R.S. Flecker call of the season at home in Provo.

2-21-30

Thirty Western Evening Grosbeaks were eating seeds of a boxelder tree near home. Their feeding was a common every daily occurrence.

2-22-30 (see page 19 for photo)

Watched 40 mallards in a small bay just south of the entrance of Hubble Creek into Mud Lake. Watched them resting and feeding at a distance of 100 feet from my concealed position. Near here observed about 10 thousand ducks. Practically every place I looked there were ducks. Being concealed along a creek channel had the opportunity of feeling the wind from the low flying ducks which passed just over my head! Their speed is terrific and would be curtains if they were ever to strike me in the head. Two geese were feeding in a small bay to the right. I attempted to stalk them and got within 60' of them before they took alarm. I was out of site at the time of their alarm being in the mud and water as if I were a water snake. They did not fly but instead commenced to walk over to me, lanking as they proceeded. Their first alarm was indicated by a 'lank'. Each step they took they slid 3 inches in the mud. They continued toward me until they got within full view of me and then they were off. They circled overhead, still curious as to just what was in the mud and rushes. At one time they came within 15' of me just overhead. They soon left and finally settled down in a pond about a block to the south. They probably heard my approach but did not see me. I'm satisfied that they left without their curiosity being satisfied completely. In the

(see picture 1-2-22-30 after 6-8-30)

Springville Pastures near mouth of Hubble Creek made a few other general observations. The wind was blowing hard so I took shelter under an old black willow tree that had fallen over and supported a good covering of dead branches. It resisted the northern winds very well. As I entered the long-eared owl departed and watched me for a minute in surprise because the wind was blowing so hard he failed to hear my entrance. I then looked down upon the ground and saw some droppings which caused me to raise my eyes and just above me, not over 3 feet away was another owl sitting on a limb under the horizontal trunk of the fallen willow. It did not look like the owl that flew out from here a moment ago but had a body five times as long as it was wide. It looked at me in a fearful way with its eyes extending above a limb for about a minute and then left as did the other one. As it flew it changed back again to its normal size and proportions. It looked, while sitting quietly, like an old piece of limb