

attacks upon the smaller animal life that perchance would be feeding there unaware. Several juncos (shufeldti)? responded to the presence of the hawk by flying from the ground into the protection of the Hackberry trees and maple trees, offering their alarm call. Two magpies flew across canyon, but at a higher level and continued to fly from canyon to canyon. Recorded several magpies on trip but feel that these birds follow one or rather precede one from canyon to canyon either as a warning to other birds and animals, from curiosity, from an instinct to hunt together or even from a desire for companionship. At 2:20 P.M. made surprise attack on two woodhouse Jays in bottom of one of the canyons. One was sitting on the uppermost limb of a hackberry tree while the other was among the lower limbs. The bird perched upon the top of the tree was daydreaming but snapped out of it on sensing my presence. They left without a sound down canyon but returned in about two minutes (could have been two other birds) and lit in trees in same area and progressively made way up canyon by flying from tree to rock to ledge to ground and back to tree again. Saw first *Eutamias d. utahensis* while sitting with glasses focused on the flooded pastures south of Provo near the Bullock Fur Farm. Did not notice it until I was rising from my position whereupon I was greeted with a vigorous warning call not over 30' away. It was about as much frightened as I was upon our meeting. It paused for a second on top of rock and then scrambled down hillside to hole under rock about 40' away. At 3:00 met a *Citellus variegatus utah* not over 25' in head of me. It ran up hill to its den about 15' away. Previous to this incident I had stationed myself at the ridge top looking down into where this squirrel was feeding or sunning himself and failed to see it, nor was he evidently conscious of my position up to the time he left for his den. My general policy ~~was~~ ^{is} to quietly approach the ridge and cautiously peer over top down into next canyon. From a vantage point one can control the entire lay of the land and if ^{and natural} one proceeds properly can frequently get a glimpse of the normal activity of the birds and mammals in such natural moods as sunning, daydreaming, hunting etc. If after a few minutes I find no signs of activity, I hurriedly cross canyon to next ridge top to inspect the canyon bottom beyond. 3:10 P.M. Canyon Wren crossed path and flew up mt to cliffs, offering as it flew its interesting call. The white throat & upper breast in contrast with the