

May, 1922

FROM FIELD AND STUDY

final effort the Ouzel appeared stunned and dazed and too full to move. His inactivity, however, was very brief and he soon plunged into the turbulent river. His strange maneuvers with the fish might remind one of the antics of the Kingfisher when attempting to reduce his catch to an edible state.—CHAS. W. MICHAEL, *Yosemite, California, January 31, 1922.*

**Turkey Vulture Wintering at Chico, Butte County, California.**—On December 28, 1921, while riding through the Phelan Ranch near Chico, California, I saw a Turkey Vulture (*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*) circling overhead. On expressing my surprise at seeing the bird so far north at that time of year my companion, who is an old resident there, informed me that they wintered there "quite commonly". Later in the day another was seen in the same locality. Two days later, December 30, I saw two of the birds along the highway between Chico and Gridley, which seems to substantiate my companion's remark.—FRANK N. BASSETT, *Alameda, California, February 18, 1922.*

**Behavior of a Barn Owl in Captivity.**—On February 13, 1922, some boys captured alive a Barn Owl (*Aluco pratincola*), in the top of the high school building in Benicia. After passing through several different hands it was finally presented to me on the evening of the same day, and I promptly made from a box a good-sized cage for it with the intention of learning a little about the bird's habits.

As usual with owls this bird's activity was much restricted during the day. Especially on sunny days, or at night when brought into a room where there was an electric light, the bird became very drowsy and to all appearances was fast asleep. It would either stand listlessly or lie forward on its breast, as when incubating, with eyes closed and in a position to avoid the most light. Should someone approach the cage during the day after the bird had been left alone for some time, it would always arouse itself sufficiently to attempt to avoid capture, but, not succeeding, would soon settle down and doze off again and become indifferent to any amount of commotion. In fact, it could be taken from its cage, laid on its back, feet upwards, and in this position would remain motionless, its eyes closed, wings folded and claws drawn tightly together.

Towards evening and at night, and sometimes on cloudy days, it became more lively and would attempt to escape from its cage, several times succeeding. Then he had the larger liberty of the laundry, where his cage was kept; an open window covered by a wire screen kept him from getting out of doors. In the laundry he perched on one of the shelves or on a clothes-line, or else flew back and forth between the perches or towards the window, where he clutched the wire screen with his claws, held on awhile, and then flew back to a perch. When recapturing him I found it advisable to keep my hands away from his claws, as I at first got several bad scratches. If he succeeded in getting a good hold of my hand it was difficult to extract it, as he did not seem satisfied to puncture the flesh by only one tight grasp, but would loosen and tighten his grip intermittently, thus making various wounds. He never bit me, though he held his mandibles open when I was recapturing him as though threatening to seize my fingers.

One evening I brought the cage into the kitchen and placed it on the floor to observe the bird's actions. He was quiet and indifferent until a house cat came in through the back door. This immediately occasioned a display of vigorous activity on the part of the owl. As soon as he spied the cat he began snapping his bill, and let forth a series of long, shrill screams of some five seconds duration, with an intermission between each of about the same length. This was kept up for about half an hour, or until the cat left the room. During all this time, backed into one corner of the box, he kept his wings raised high above his head, his whole body swaying slowly from side to side, and eyes open to their full extent, following the cat as it moved about the room.

Much to my disappointment I had difficulty in feeding him. I placed sparrows, raw beef, liver and mice in his cage but he would not voluntarily eat any of these. I succeeded in forcing two house mice into his throat, the bones and fur of which he later expelled in pellets. He accepted a little raw beef which was also forcibly fed to him; liver he would not retain but promptly expelled it. His attitude towards food was one of indifference; he made no effort to avoid being fed and no effort to feed himself. A sparrow which I skinned and fed to him he kept down, but several others freshly killed and placed in his box he did not touch. I thought he would soon begin to eat of his own

accord, but much to my surprise and regret on the morning of the 20th, just a week after his capture, I found him dead in the bottom of his cage.

I am recording these notes in the belief that some observer who has had the opportunity of studying the Barn Owl in captivity would be interested in my experience with this individual. I have had Screech and Burrowing Owls in my possession for several days, but they all ate eagerly and voluntarily the food given them, and when released were in fine physical condition. I am wondering if the bird's behavior as reported above, especially as regards difficulty in feeding, was peculiar to this individual or characteristic of the species when kept in confinement.—EMERSON A. STONER, *Benicia, California, March 1, 1922.*

**Bird Drives in the Yukon Delta.**—In the spring of 1913, in company with Claud J. Roach, I made a trip by dog team from Bristol Bay, Alaska, to the Yukon River and back by way of the Kuskoquim River. The journey was made primarily to make certain investigations of the fur-bearing animals of the region for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, but an opportunity was afforded to make observations on other forms of life as well. Bethel, a town near the head of tidewater on the Kuskoquim, was made our headquarters for nearly two months. While there, we were greatly impressed by the vivid accounts we heard of the great bird drives which are held annually out on the Yukon delta. The stories came from so many sources, apparently reliable, and all so agreed in the essential details, that there seemed to be little doubt of the accuracy of the main features. Nevertheless, the drives seemed to be so unique that I had hoped to be able to check the statements by personal observation before making any report of them. But the likelihood of my being able again to visit the region is growing more and more remote, so it seems best to call the attention of others to the matter. Perhaps someone may be able to visit the place at the proper time to witness one of these events. Therefore, the account is repeated as it was given to us by numerous residents. I cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of the statements, but those who gave the information seemed entirely reliable.

The drives take place in the salt lagoons in the region south of Nelson Island. Apparently the borders of these are great breeding grounds for ducks and geese, and in August each year the young birds, almost grown but unable to fly, gather in large flocks in the quiet waters to await the maturing of the plumage before the southward flight. Their numbers are greatly increased by the adult birds, which at this season lose their wing feathers and are unable to fly. The cast-off feathers are so abundant that they form windrows on the shore lines.

The drive is made by the natives in their kyaks. Fifteen to twenty of these skin boats take part, one man to each. They beat the grassy banks and the water with their paddles and gradually drive the birds by thousands into some pocket or head where they are killed with sticks and spears with a great hurrah and much excitement. One drive in 1912 was said to have resulted in the capture of fourteen boat loads. Just how many birds this would represent is difficult to determine, but it would certainly be more than a thousand. I have seen a native take his wife, three children and several dogs, as well as his camp outfit, from beneath the hatch of one of these boats, and an estimate might roughly be made from this of the number of birds taken.

Some persons might be inclined to criticise the native for such wholesale slaughter, but they are advised to await an impartial investigation before doing so. Perhaps the people are entitled to them. The country is bleak and inhospitable; so much so that white men can scarcely get there at all. The inhabitants live much of the time upon raw food, chiefly the black fish of the interior delta lakes. Away from the coast they have no fuel whatsoever except a little seal oil which they take for their lamps. Yet they seem to be the healthiest, happiest, albeit the dirtiest, of all Alaska natives.—G. DALLAS HANNA, *California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, March 23, 1922.*

**Black and White Warbler in Southern California.**—I note that in THE CONDOR of September, 1921, in the Field and Study department, the "sixth occurrence of the Black and White Warbler" in California is recorded. It may be of interest to CONDOR readers to know that I saw a Black and White Warbler on the trunk of an old olive tree about fifteen feet from my window on October 14, 1908. Being an amateur at bird study I