



FROM FIELD AND STUDY

Western Red-tailed Hawk Catches Cooper Hawk.—In December, 1943, I was driving along a road on the south side of the Santa Clara Valley about four miles east of Fillmore, Ventura County, California, when a female Western Red-tailed Hawk (*Buteo jamaicensis calurus*) passed over me, traveling very fast. It flew into a rather open pine tree along the road, caught something and continued on down the road. She tried to alight in a rather scraggly eucalyptus tree a short distance ahead, missed her footing and fell to the ground. I arrived about that time and she flew away, leaving her prey on the ground under the tree. I stopped and got out to see what it was and was much surprised to find an adult male Cooper Hawk (*Accipiter cooperii*). It was still alive, but paralyzed from the wings back to the tail. I dropped it to the ground and was much surprised to see it take wing and fly for about fifty yards out into an orange orchard across the road. I went over and found it hanging by one claw to an orange branch, still alive and struggling. I carried it over to the road, killed it with a stick and placed it at the side of the road in plain view of the Red-tail which was perched on an electric pole near by. I passed there the next day and found no sign of the Cooper Hawk, so possibly the Red-tail had returned for her dinner.—SIDNEY B. PEYTON, *Fillmore, California, May 22, 1945.*

The Blue Goose in California.—While on a visit to Imperial County, California, on February 5 and 6, 1945, the writer was told of an "off-color" or "odd looking" goose seen with a large concentration of Lesser Snow Geese feeding on a recently planted barley field near the mouth of the Alamo River. This bird was reported by some observers as a Blue Goose and by others as possibly an Emperor Goose. The writer watched several thousand white geese feeding in the same area on the morning of February 6, without seeing any sign of the unidentified visitor.

On February 11, 1945, Gilbert H. Wardwell, while on regular work studying the movements and feeding habits of waterfowl, found and picked up a dead male Blue Goose in full adult plumage. The bird weighed 4 pounds, 12 ounces. It had not been dead very long before being found. Mr. Wardwell, who had previously seen the "off-color" goose, at once recognized his find as the bird previously noted, and, believing it to be a Blue Goose, preserved the skin as a "flat specimen" and sent it to me for verification. It proved to be a typical adult Blue Goose (*Chen caerulescens*) in fine plumage.—STANLEY G. JEWETT, *Portland, Oregon, April 14, 1945.*

Observation of the South American Condor.—It was my privilege to spend seven months in Ecuador in 1944, the major portion of the time in the field. While riding across the high, wind-swept páramos we often climbed to altitudes well above 13,000 feet and frequently saw South American Condors (*Vultur gryphus*) wheeling a thousand feet or more above us. On one field trip we crossed the extensive páramo between Atuntaqui and Piñan and camped the first night at 11,200 feet on the brink of the last canyon that afforded firewood before crossing the higher portion of the páramo. We had been on the lookout for condors during the latter part of the day, but none appeared until nearly sunset when two of the great birds swept rapidly across the valley.

The following day, June 21, we broke camp under an overcast sky, rode through a light rain for nearly three hours, and then, when we had given up hope of seeing condors, we sighted two of them on a sharp ridge about two hundred feet above the trail. They were sitting with their shoulders hunched up alongside their heads, looking almost as miserable as our Indian cargadores in the drizzle and swirling mists. We angled slowly upward toward them and they permitted us to approach within sixty or seventy feet before taking to the air.

They launched themselves by taking three or four clumsy hops along the knife-like ridge and by vigorously flapping their powerful wings. All awkwardness disappeared the instant they were fully air-borne! Their soaring appeared completely effortless. In a few seconds they were no longer visible to us, shut off by the scudding masses of mist that rolled over the adjacent ridges. Under the weather conditions at the time, the clouds swirling right to the top of the ridge, they soared within a few feet of the earth instead of climbing rapidly as soon as they got into the air.

Shortly after noon the weather began to break and in a few minutes the sky was swept nearly clean of mist. Soon we saw eight condors soaring slightly above the summit of a long, grass-grown ridge southeast of the trail. This was at an elevation of 12,800 feet. Then three more were seen, then another, and another, until we counted thirty-one in sight at one time. We were reasonably sure that we saw ten or fifteen more condors during the hour and a half that we watched them, but no more