

gulls have been attacking the cherries I do not know, nor do I have any definite information as to just how widespread the damage is."

It is reported that almost countless cherry stones can be seen near the nesting sites on the various islands of Great Salt Lake where the California Gull (*Larus californicus*) nests. A report from Davis County states that in addition to knocking the cherries to the ground, the gulls flop down in the tops of cherry trees, with outspread wings supporting their weight, and devour all fruit within reach.

This new food habit seems to have been developed largely as the result of an increased gull population and consequent greater competition for the limited food supply.—CLARENCE COTTAM, *U. S. Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., February 12, 1935.*

Another Winter Record of the Townsend Warbler in Portland, Oregon.—On January 11, 1935, a male Townsend Warbler (*Dendroica townsendi*) was found dead in a small park near Chapman School in Portland, Oregon, by Ruth Russell Du Bois. This constitutes the fourth winter record of this species for Oregon. The first bird, found on January 13, 1928, was recorded by Gabrielson and Jewett (*Pacific Coast Avifauna* no. 19, 1929, p. 40) and the second and third, January 12, 1931, and January 13, 1932, were reported by Jewett (*Condor*, 34, 1932, p. 190).

It is worthy of note that the birds were found on almost identical dates of the various years, that is, January 13, January 12, January 13, and January 11. A further item of interest is that the first, third, and fourth birds were found by Mrs. Du Bois under the same small grove of fir trees.—H. M. DU BOIS, *Portland, Oregon, January 24, 1935.*

Random Notes on Raptors at Florence Lake, California.—My limited acquaintance with the raptors may prove of interest to those who may be compiling economic data for or against these birds. Personally there is one of this family that visits Florence Lake, Fresno County, California, that I come as nearly hating as it is possible for me to despise any of Nature's children. That is the Sharp-shinned Hawk (*Accipiter velox*). And I am grateful for the fact that they come to plague me for a few days only, in September.

Sometimes a single one will turn our usually peaceful bird haven into utter chaos. More often, there are several of them together, as many as six sharp-shins having been here at the same time. While they remain it matters not what luckless bird shows itself on the feeding ground, the sharp-shin drops on it, grasps it out of mid-flight or eventually gets it when it seeks safety in a tree. From dawn until dark these bloodthirsty fellows snatch our pets. A few have paid the penalty, but more often they escape Mr. Lofberg's aim.

Chickadees, juncos, Brewer Blackbirds, Robins and Blue-fronted Jays are the birds that are here at the time, to be preyed upon. Whether the Clark Nutcrackers are wiser or their size intimidates this hawk, I do not know. Whatever the reason, the nutcrackers go about unmolested.

For several years we had chickens. In December or January of those years, a Western Goshawk (*Accipiter atricapillus striatulus*) would try to catch a chicken—and occasionally succeed. The hens would give their danger call and I would grab Mr. Lofberg's revolver and hurry out. I would merely shoot a hole in the air, the report frightening me quite as much as it did the goshawk, yet the bird would hasten away. Every eleven days, during the time the goshawk was in the vicinity, this comedy would be re-enacted. Over a period of six years we know the goshawk killed four of our chickens. Two of these I was able to retrieve for our own use, as I arrived at the kill. But the other two were partially eaten when I arrived on the scene. Even so, I hold no particular grudge against these birds. With the goshawk, creatures do have an even chance; but with the sharp-shin, they are doomed the moment the sharp-shin sees them. Or so it seems to me.

Apparently the goshawk did not prey on our birds. Jays and nutcrackers set up a clamor when this hawk was near and they would flock above it. The other birds sought cover. But I never saw it bothering any of them, and since we disposed of the chickens the goshawk no longer comes at all.

Two pairs of Golden Eagles (*Aquila chrysaetos*) spend a long summer season near Florence Lake. One pair apparently has a nest on the dikes two miles north of us, though I have been unable to locate their aerie. They hunt over Lower Jackass