

them daily, and in many instances only ten or fifteen feet away. I have never observed any of the terns brooding, although I have kept a careful watch for this during the day time. Query: Do they brood at all? If so, are these birds here an exception, or do they depend upon the rays of the sun to hatch the eggs?

There is a low island above Clayton, N. Y., near the head of Grindstone Island that for fifty years or more has been called by the natives "Gull Island," and several smaller islands around there called "Little Gull Islands," and here the terns breed by the hundreds, but this year, 1926, scarcely a bird was hatched. I only found one young tern all summer, and this one on August 2, an extremely late date for this locality. I placed band No. 397970 on it. This year I arrived at my summer home at Thousand Islands on July 8, and the next day, in company with my captain, E. H. Halladay, visited all the breeding islands, intending to band a large number of young terns, but much to my surprise found none. I found a large number of eggs on all of the islands. I counted 137 eggs on a small part of Gull Island. We continued to visit this island twice a week, but never could we find any results, the eggs remaining the same, excepting the one young tern found on August 2. On August 18 Herring Gulls (*Larus argentatus*) suddenly appeared in large numbers, and the terns at once departed. On August 22 I broke open over twenty-five eggs, and all were spoiled. There must have been three hundred eggs still left unhatched on the different islands. Natives reported a very cold June, and I am of the belief that the eggs must have become chilled; but whatever the cause, one thing is sure—scarcely a young tern was hatched in that locality during the year 1926.

GARY, INDIANA.

A FIELD TRIP IN THE SIERRA

BY MRS. H. J. TAYLOR

In the Eldorado Forest Reserve near Echo Lake, California, the city of Berkeley maintains each summer, for nine or ten weeks, a Municipal Camp. It lies on an open flat of 7600 feet elevation, overlooking Lake Tahoe four miles distant. Echo Lake is half a mile or more west of the Camp. A flume carries water power from the lake to remote parts, running as a surface stream to the Camp then underground for a distance, again gushing forth soon to join the American River.

The banks of the flume are gorgeous with columbine, Indian paint brush, pink and yellow mimulus. The tall delphinium and quaint monk's hood peer from the shrubbery, the white blossoms of cow parsley and false hellebore, standing three or four feet tall, make the bank of flowers and shrubs a solid, unbroken mass—a secure place for the feeding and nesting of birds.

Beyond the thicket lie the little meadows, moist with bubbling springs. Rare ferneries are hidden in damp, sheltering coves. The tamarack pine, the stately red fir, the graceful hemlock lift their heads high in the air all through this region. It was here that on July 16, 1926, I took my field trip, going from the Camp along the flume for about half a mile, then returning to the Camp through the little meadows which lie ten or fifteen rods above the flume. The day was fair and grew warmer as the sun rose higher. From 5:00 A. M. to 7:30 A. M. I recorded the following species, the number of individuals being shown in parentheses:

- Cabanis's Woodpecker. *Dryobates villosus hyloscopus*. (1).
- Willow Woodpecker. *Dryobates pubescens turati*. (1).
- White-headed Woodpecker. *Xenopicus a. albolarvatus*. (2).
- Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker. *Picoides arcticus*. (2).
- Red-breasted Sapsucker. *Sphyrapicus r. ruber*. (2).
- Red-shafted Flicker. *Collaptes cafer collaris*. (1).
- Calliope Hummingbird. *Stellula calliope*. (1).
- Olive-sided Flycatcher. *Nuttallornis borealis*. (2).
- Western Wood Pewee. *Myiochanes r. richardsoni*. (10).
- Blue-fronted Jay. *Cyanocitta stelleri frontalis*. (6).
- Western Evening Grosbeak. *Hesperiphona vespertina montana*. (3).
- Cassin's Purple Finch. *Carpodacus cassini*. (3).
- Pine Siskin. *Spinus pinus*. (3).
- Thurber's Junco. *Junco hyemalis thurberi*. (25).
- Green-tailed Towhee. *Oberholseria chlorura*. (1).
- Western Warbling Vireo. *Vireosylva gilva swainsoni*. (15).
- Calaveras Warbler. *Vermivora ruficapilla gutturalis*. (2).
- Lutescent Warbler. *Vermivora celata lutescens*. (3).
- Audubon's Warbler. *Dendroica auduboni*. (3).
- Black-throated Gray Warbler. *Dendroica nigrescens*. (1).
- Hermit Warbler. *Dendroica occidentalis*. (3).
- Macgillivray's Warbler. *Oporornis tolmiei*. (2).
- Golden Pileolated Warbler. *Wilsonia pusilla chryseola*. (20).
- Sierra Creeper. *Certhia familiaris zelotes*. (1).
- Slender-billed Nuthatch. *Sitta carolinensis aculeata*. (2).
- Red-breasted Nuthatch. *Sitta canadensis*. (4).
- Mountain Chickadee. *Penthestes gambeli gambeli*. (3).
- Western Robin. *Planesticus migratorius propinquus*. (10).

The Thurber's or Sierra Junco is the most abundant species of this region. A year ago I located seventeen nests. One was in an old stump about five feet above the ground; all the others were in small depressions on the ground, hidden by the basal leaf of the mountain daisy, Queen Anne's lace, or false hellebore.

The Blue-fronted Jay is the most conspicuous bird. His voice compels attention. The beautiful iridescence of his blue coat as he sails, kite-like, through the air goes far to offset his raucous voice and bold manners. The young are a noisy lot.

The Western Tanager is the most brilliant in plumage. His short, cheery song of "pretty, pretty" is very true of his yellow-orange attire, set off by a red crown patch and black wings. He is unafraid, hopping about for food only a few feet away from one. As I sat in front of my tent a tanager alighted on my arm, looked about for a moment, then hopped to the ground for food.

The Robin is not abundant, but is seen daily about the Camp. The Western Evening Grosbeak is not uncommon. Twenty feet above ground, in a tree just back of one of the tents, a brood of lively young was reared.

The Olive-sided Flycatcher cannot be seen every day, but he can always be heard in the early morning and at twilight calling "where be-e-you?" The Red-breasted Nuthatch begins his "yank yank" about 3:30 A. M.

Two little fir trees stood ten or fifteen feet from the door of my tent. To these I fastened some suet. In less than two hours the Red-breasted Nuthatch was feeding. At 4:45 A. M. on the following day he was again at the suet. When the raucous jay found the suet, he guarded this forage beat. In his absence the Red-breasted Nuthatch, Western Tanager, and Willow Woodpecker helped themselves. The Calliope Hummingbird was a frequent guest, sipping nectar from the penstemon and columbine blossoms I had gathered. A Sierra Grouse and her four chicks came at early dawn almost daily, feeding at the edge of the Camp. A Mountain Quail with a flock of ten or twelve little ones was not far from the Camp.

The forage beat of many of these birds seemed to be very definitely defined. About half a mile from the Camp I found four or five Green-tailed Towhees feeding in the chaparral. These I saw daily for a week, in the same location.

Warblers were abundant, especially the Golden Pileolated. Often I saw twenty on a trip, and in about the same locality. I found two or three Lutescent Warblers in the same shrubbery on three successive mornings. A pair of Arctic Three-toed Woodpeckers spent several hours in a small group of trees. I found them in the same group on the following day. Three weeks in the Camp gave me a list of forty-two species.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.