

of downy young birds was collected August 9 at Wainwright by Hendee, and I observed several adults at Demarcation Point on August 14 and at Humphrey Point two days later.

Red-throated Loons were common at Wainwright in August and the first half of September. Hundreds were seen migrating offshore at Icy Cape September 7 and 8—great strings of them wending their way southward, some flying high, others skimming the water. After the middle of the month loons became scarce, for the lagoons were frozen over, and the few records made were along Wainwright Inlet, or at sea. Several fully grown young were taken September 23 and 24. They were diving for fish close to the beach.

The Red-throated Loons proved abundant the following season; the first arrivals appeared at Wainwright early in June. A nest containing two eggs was found at a small pond not far from the beach on July 3. Several other sets were discovered during that week. One nest was in a depression at the edge of a tundra lake; the others were built of mud and grass to raise them above the level of the water. The birds were noted commonly all summer and were the most abundant of the loons at Cape Prince of Wales; the first was seen in that section on May 28. From that date on, a few were seen daily; on June 16 great numbers were on their northward journey. They were abundant along Lopp Lagoon during the first two weeks in July and we took several sets of eggs. I found that this species differs from the Pacific Loon in its choice of nesting place; as a rule, the Pacific Loon preferred a rather large lake, while the Red-throated builds in marshy, reed-grown places on the tundra, in inconspicuous little spots which are hardly noticeable.

Denver, Colorado, December 2, 1924.

WHITE PELICANS IN NEVADA

WITH ONE PHOTO

By LAURA MILLS

CIRCLING high in the bright blue of Nevada's sunny summer skies, flying single file above the river course, or fishing in some pond or shallow stream, the White Pelicans capture our attention. From the time of their arrival in April, until their departure in October, they sail gracefully about, always silent, save for the beating of their wings; never, apparently, in an undignified hurry.

Their fishing habits vary with the depth of the water. In the shallow river, they alight and quickly forming in a widening circle, beat the water with great wing-flappings, and scoop at the fleeing fishes with their large pouched bills. Those at the rear, perhaps, turn sedately back, and then swim to the fore of the fishing fleet, which moves steadily along.

If the flock is a large one, two hundred or more, it frequently works both ways. When some of the pelicans get too far in the rear, they fly ahead of the main party and continue fishing. We have seen them "fish out" a quarter of a mile stretch of river at a time. One day, frightened by someone's sudden appearance, the flock rose and flew over the brow of the high river bank. One unfortunate bird, heavily loaded, flew against the post of a pole-vaulting standard, and unloaded his still flopping four-and-a-half pound carp. (We weighed the fish.)

Where the water is deep, as above Diversion Dam and on Lahonton Lake, the pelican pursues a different method of catching his fish. Sometimes he is not at all

particular about his meal. With four or five companions, he glides majestically about, not far from the fishermen scattered along the dam and shore. When a fisherman catches an unwelcome carp, he hurls it with all his might across the water, and as it passes, one of the pelicans, with no apparent hurry or effort, seizes and swallows it.

One evening while the gate to the power-house penstock was being closed, hundreds of little dead rock bass, from two to six inches in length, were thrown out from the surplus water, whereupon two pelicans sailed up to the foot of the tower and feasted solemnly.

At other times the great white birds swim leisurely back and forth across the river, or up or down stream, scooping up fish when opportunity offers. Sometimes after a meal part of them scramble up on a huge old log at the edge of the channel, when with one on guard they can safely tuck their heads in their feathers and go to sleep. After a comfortable nap, one or more may hop off, and float gently away to fish.

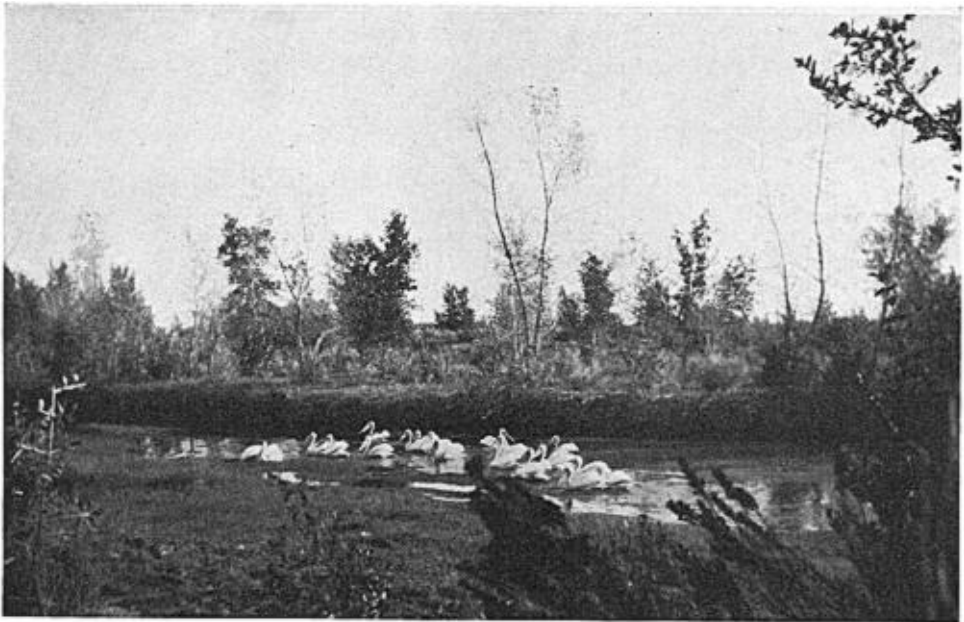


Fig. 14. A FLOCK OF WHITE PELICANS FISHING IN A LITTLE RIVER THAT RUNS THROUGH A NEVADA RANCH, CATCHING REAL FISH, TOO, THOUGH MOSTLY CARP AND SUCKERS, SCOOPING THEM UP IN THE BIG POUCHES UNDER THEIR BILLS.

High overhead many glints of white catch an observer's eye. "Pelicans," he reports. You watch. Another speck glistens white in the sun; shows dark against it. The great flock wheels and wheels, sails on a short distance, and wheels and wheels again. At times there may be a dozen flocks visible at once, one maneuvering band possibly on a plane above another. Often one flock will drill in approximately the same place for hours, always moving, never hurrying, always in proper formation. After most of the members have volplaned down to the water, the sentinels swing about in gradually narrowing circles, alighting one at a time.

But the most impressive sight is of a great white band high against the blue. Do you wonder that the natives call them "Nevada Angels"?

Fallon, Nevada, October 23, 1924.