

The surprise and curiosity of the resident birds was aroused by the advent of the strangers. A number of them gathered around the vicinity and ogled the visitors, you might say almost impudently. This was particularly true of some California Woodpeckers, which followed the grosbeaks around like boys chasing a band wagon. I fully expected that the woodpeckers would attack the visitors, but beyond an exhibition of excessive curiosity they were not uncivil to them.

The grosbeaks were not seen by me again, but a lady residing in the Club grounds told me, two days after, of having a "flock of the most beautiful birds" she had ever seen, in her front yard. She gave a fair description of them, from which I gathered that the birds she saw were the grosbeaks that so kindly "called on me" the few days before.—FRANK A. LEACH, *Diablo, California, January 6, 1925.*

The Black Swift in Oregon.—On September 22, 1924, Mr. E. A. Collier sent us for identification a Northern Black Swift (*Cypseloides niger borealis*) which had been found dead at Albany, Oregon, on September 20. Because of the deteriorated condition the sex was not determined, but a skin was made by Mr. W. D. Courtney and is now in the bird collection of the Department of Zoology and Physiology at the Oregon Agricultural College.

The Annotated List of "The Birds of Oregon" by A. R. Woodcock, 1902, reports six swifts seen at Cape Foulweather, September, 1898, which were taken for Black Swifts. Eliot in "The Birds of the Pacific Coast" lists the Black Swift as found in Oregon, and Dawson gives its breeding range as from southern Alaska to central Mexico. This, however, is the first instance of which the writer is aware, of a Northern Black Swift taken in Oregon.—FLORENCE HAGUE, *Corvallis, Oregon, January 6, 1925.*

A Combative Crane.—An episode in connection with the killing of a Sand-hill Crane (*Grus mexicana*) for the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, may be of some general interest. With one companion, Sam Lamme, I was duck shooting in a blind in Butte Creek Basin, Sacramento Valley. There was no wind and the dead ducks were floating among and outside of the decoys. The crane was a long, high shot. I was lucky in breaking his wing and he came tumbling down, striking outside of the decoys with a tremendous splash. He promptly righted himself and looked up. We both thought that seeing us, for we were in plain sight, he would hurry away to the opposite side of the pond, and Sam was getting ready to go after him in the boat when I called him back. The crane plainly saw us, but nearer to him and in our direction was a dead duck. He walked up to it and began stabbing it furiously with his bill. Leaving that behind him he did the same to another and then, apparently catching sight of the decoys for the first time, he stalked swiftly toward them with the apparent design of wreaking vengeance upon them as the source of his trouble. He was utterly indifferent to our presence, a curious combination of reckless ferocity and poor judgment. He thus came forward toward the decoys until he was in easy range.—F. W. HENSHAW, *San Francisco, California, December 17, 1924.*

Harlequin Ducks in Madera County, California.—On August 4, 1924, while fishing at Lake Ediza, 9300 feet altitude, under Mount Ritter, Madera County, California, I noticed a pair of ducks and six little ones at some distance from me. I was uncertain what kind of ducks they were, so I asked a prospector, who lived near-by, what he thought they were. He informed me that they were "black wood ducks" and that he had spent his summers at Lake Ediza for thirty years and that they (one or two pairs) had been there every summer since he first visited the region. He said that there was a fine for killing them and that he would have anyone arrested who molested them.

I spent six days at the lake and watched these ducks at every opportunity. There was one, looking black at a distance, that I thought was a male, and two female birds; also one flock of five, and one of six small young.

Only once did I see the male bird with the others; the rest of the time he kept by himself. The young birds were about a week old and every noon would come out on the rocks around the lake to sun themselves. One morning I found a mother bird and five young up a small, swift stream which entered the lake. I tried to head them off and raced with them toward the lake. The mother bird reached the lake and the