

**Robin Carrying Water to Young.**—On July 15, 1926, I noticed a Western Robin (*Planesticus migratorius propinquus*) standing on a water pan which was placed beneath a dripping faucet. The bird's mouth was held wide open, for the day was over 100 degrees in the shade. It took a few swallows of water, then suddenly dipped its beak in the water and flew up into an acacia tree nearby. There its nest was situated, containing young robins. It didn't pause in its flight but flew straight to the nest, and I believe that it was carrying water to its young. It made repeated trips from the nest to the water pan, always flying rapidly and straight to the nest. However, on returning to the water it flew more slowly.—JAMES L. ORTEGA, Yountville, California, July 17, 1926.

**Exhaustion of Migrating Sea Birds.**—The hazardous life to which pelagic birds are subjected in their great flights over the high seas has been brought forcibly to my attention in recent observations of Pacific Fulmars (*Fulmarus glacialis glupischa*) and Pacific Loons (*Gavia pacifica*). On a number of occasions last fall and winter, while collecting sea birds off Point Loma for the Natural History Museum, I saw fulmars scattered over the water sound asleep. They were so very sluggish and dull that I could run up alongside of them in the motor boat, and it was only after being disturbed several times that they would fly to any distance. My first thought was that the birds were gorged with food, but specimens of both light and dark color phases taken November 29, 1925, December 6, 1925, and January 1, 1926, proved to be exceedingly thin and emaciated. When skinned at the Museum, the usual layer of fat was found to be absent and the stomachs were absolutely empty. On March 22, 1926, two fulmars were observed ravenously attacking the body of a dead Rhinoceros Auklet (*Cerorhinca monocerata*) floating on the water. On the same day, to prove the closeness of approach that the birds would permit, two sleeping fulmars were captured alive in a dip net. They were very thin and eagerly ate some fragments of fish pressed from the crops of cormorants I had collected. These two birds were given to the San Diego Zoo, but they did not live.

Later in the season, a similar exhaustion was observed in the case of Pacific Loons on their northward migration. Specimens taken between April 22 and May 11 were altogether free of the fatness one ordinarily associates with sea birds. During this period Pacific Loons were more abundant in San Diego Harbor than I have ever seen them; they also entered Mission Bay in numbers. About the dock of the San Diego Yacht Club at Roseville, on April 25, some of the swimming loons were apparently without strength to hold up their heads. Their necks would droop forward until their bills were submerged, only to be feebly raised from time to time. Individuals that had died were floating on the water. For a distance of about three miles on the Coronado Strand, along which I walked on April 22, dead Pacific Loons were lying on the beach at intervals of only a few yards. Other loons were still alive at the edge of the surf, but were so feeble that they could be picked up in the hands.—JOSEPH W. SEFTON, JR., San Diego Society of Natural History, San Diego, California, June 21, 1926.

**Some Notes on the Cliff Swallow.**—On May 22 and 24, 1926, Mr. James A. Calder and myself banded a number of nestling Cliff Swallows (*Petrochelidon lunifrons lunifrons*) in a colony that had their nests about the top of an empty wooden silo on the Cady ranch west of Buena Park. Some of these birds were ready to leave the nest, and, when replaced after banding, would scramble out again and launch themselves into the air for their first flight. Their powers of flight are really remarkable; a little uncertain at first, they seemed to gain strength and confidence as they went, and, followed and encouraged by a small group of adults, they stayed in the air a long time before seeking rest on a barn roof or some other broad surface. On the 24th, when I returned home, I observed one of these young birds, still in the air, with flight that was scarcely to be distinguished from that of the adults that flew about it, although it was at least an hour since it had left the nest, and it was about half a mile away from the colony. The next morning early, one of these birds was on the ground in an open shed at my place, where it had evidently spent the night. When I approached, it flew up and away, apparently well able to take care of itself.

On May 27, I was banding nestlings in another colony, on the McNeil place about half a mile away from the Cady colony. I had banded four well grown young from one nest, and was about to put them back, when I saw that there was another one in