

Vermilion Flycatcher a Victim of the Dwarf Cowbird in California.—According to Herbert Friedmann, in his well known book, "The Cowbirds," our Vermilion Flycatcher (*Pyrocephalus rubinus mexicanus*) is seldom a victim of the Dwarf Cowbird (*Molothrus ater obscurus*). It is with considerable regret that I must report the following two nests as the first records for the State of California, these being in Coachella Valley, Riverside County.

A female flycatcher was flushed from a nest fifteen feet up in a screw-bean tree on April 27, 1935. At that time the nest contained one egg each of the flycatcher and the cowbird. Another visit to the nest was made on May 1, and the female flycatcher again flushed from the nest, which then contained one more egg of the cowbird. The egg of the flycatcher proved to be addled and the eggs of the cowbird showed slight incubation. The male flycatcher was especially active around this nest on each day.

On the same dates another nest was visited in a similar location about a hundred yards distant. This nest was discovered by seeing the beautiful male flycatcher trying to drive a female dwarf cowbird from the nest which then contained one egg of the rightful owner. On my next visit the female Vermilion Flycatcher flushed from the nest and I found that there was one more egg of the flycatcher as well as an egg of the cowbird.

It is of interest to record that the two cowbird eggs from the first mentioned nest were of different types and one of the eggs was much like the cowbird egg found in the second nest.—WILSON C. HANNA, Colton, California, March 20, 1936.

Notes on a Fight between Alaska Jays and a Weasel.—In early May, 1924, while residing on the upper regions of Lake Creek, a small stream which empties into Wild Lake in the Endicott Mountains (Arctic central Alaska), now renamed Brooks Range, I witnessed a fight between two Alaska Jays (*Perisoreus canadensis fumifrons*) and a full grown weasel (*Mustela* sp.).

One forenoon I started up the side of a hill to secure some firewood before the snow crust got soft. Much of the snow had already melted, especially around stumps of trees where fairly large spaces were entirely bare. The patches of snow between such places varied from a few feet to about twenty feet in diameter. These patches of snow were well crusted and glazed because of the warm sunshine during the days, and the nightly change to bitter cold. Here and there within a snow patch twigs and sticks protruded, making holes about the size of a silver dollar where the snow had melted to the ground. The snow under the crust was to a great extent "honey-combed," leaving spaces through which small animals such as mice and weasels could find easy passage.

From not far away I heard the shrieks of birds which seemed to be coming closer. I decided to wait. Soon I saw two Alaska Jays flying from tree to tree, diving frequently at something on the ground. I kept still in order to see what was the matter. Soon a weasel, evidently full grown and still in its white winter coat which, however, was soiled with blood, ran toward a patch of snow directly in front of me and disappeared under it. Both birds were close behind and they rested on a limb of a small tree under which I was standing. They were within an arm's length of my head and could not help but notice me. It became apparent that my presence gave them confidence.

The birds had lost sight of the weasel and seemed rather excited about this. First one, then the other, would fly out over the patch of snow under which the weasel had disappeared, always coming back to rest again on the same limb. This maneuver was executed several times until the bolder of the two flew to the patch of snow to rest. I could not see the weasel but evidently the bird on the patch located his whereabouts. The bird took wing; at the same time the bird on the tree did the same. Both flew excitedly over the patch of snow. They soon returned to the tree and to my astonishment ceased shrieking. All was quiet for possibly a minute or more when through one of the smaller holes in the snow there appeared the head and forepart of the weasel. The two birds became highly excited and again flew out over the patch.

They would swoop down over the weasel, first one, then the other, striking with its beak. The weasel seemed cowed and ducked low after each strike. There were blood spots on the snow and it seemed to me the birds were doing very effective work.

I now moved a little closer, but neither the birds nor the weasel seemed to notice me. I talked aloud and whistled but they paid no attention. At times one of the birds would fly out, almost stop over the weasel, using the wings to brake with, and try to see how close he could get to the weasel with his feet. Each time this was done the weasel would stretch out, sticking his head and front of the body into the air. However, he did not seem to snap at the birds. On the contrary, frequently the weasel's mouth was open and it seemed to be panting and fairly well worn out.

Again I wanted to see how close I could get to the weasel. I took a long step which brought me to within four feet of the scene. The two birds flew back to the tree. The weasel now seemed to smell the air. Evidently it did not see me but it did get hold of the strange scent, and went backward into the hole and disappeared. It stayed there for some time and I thought that it might have