

the Snow Bunting was a scarce species until spring thaws brought bare ground in view, and then they did not appear in usual numbers. That was not an open winter here in Luce County, Michigan, by any means.

Thus, through my several winters trapping of the Snow Bunting, I feel safe in saying that a larger number will remain through the winter if it is an open one than there will if it is severe. In the open winters (when there are no great snowfalls so that Nature's storehouses of weed seeds in the fields remain uncovered) conditions are such that larger numbers will remain. In this case, the number of birds wintering may exceed the supply of weeds in fields they frequent for the season. Then they come to farm yards and feeding stations if they remain in that vicinity. In the winters when the snow cuts the weed seed supply short by covering the weeds these birds are forced to come to farm yards and feeding stations. It may now be noted through my observations that the winter food supply will become scarce in either type of winter, and this may appear to many that there is no difference in reason for them remaining in larger numbers in one winter than in another. But here is a great factor in this case: the more open the winter, the less the feed in farm yards and at feeding stations becomes covered with snow; and the greater the snowfall, the more difficult it is to keep feed from being covered with snow. If feed were not available at these last resorts, they must then move to other regions.

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GENERAL NOTES

Unorthodox Banding Procedures.—Whereas the activities described below are not recommended as proper banding procedure, they were thought sufficiently interesting to warrant recording.

On the night of April 10, 1943, a group of us visited a barn over four miles from my home (Glen Mills, Penna.). We found a pair of Barn Owls (*Tyto alba praincola* Bp.), with the female incubating a single egg. Strategically locating ourselves, we eventually caught both birds. Having no bands with me, I decided to take them both back to the house. They were accordingly gently wrapped in burlap bags for the trip. At home, their legs were measured, they were weighed (♀ 20.5 oz., ♂ 16.5 oz.), and banded (♀ 41-721326, ♂ 41-721327). Again wrapped in the bags, they were returned to the barn and released, apparently none the worse for their experience.

My next trip to the barn was on June 6, at which time there were 2 little owls and three eggs, one of which was pipped. On June 26, the young ones were banded. Three live chicks were in the nest (40-673406 to 08), a dead one lay on the straw beneath, and no trace of the potential fifth could be found. So, the adults had not only survived their midnight experiences, but had successfully gone on to raise a family.

A similar experience was had with an American Kestrel (*Falco s. sparverius* Linn.). Five miles from my home I discovered an adult female incubating 5 eggs (April 25, 1943). Again having no bands with me, I decided to risk transportation, so wrapped her in my handkerchief and headed home. There she was banded (41-331509), again rolled in the handkerchief, and carried back to the nesting stub. As I climbed to replace her on the eggs, the male came in with a mouse in his talons, and was only a few feet away when he saw me. He swerved and flew off, still bearing the mouse. I very gently replaced the female and cautiously climbed down, retiring to a safe distance where I could watch what happened.

The female remained in the nest-cavity, and soon her mate was back with the mouse. His soft chattering brought her out immediately, she took the food from him and flew to a nearby tree. There she scolded for some minutes before eating, but eventually consumed the whole mouse. Then she very thoroughly went over her whole body, rearranging each feather that had been displaced during her trip. Finally she reentered the nest hole, and I departed.

I checked these little falcons as they were hatching, and when I thought of them again, they had grown up and flown, leaving ample evidence of a successful upbringing. One egg failed to hatch. Again, what to the parent must have been a rather frightening experience was forgotten in the more pressing duties of parenthood.—ROBERT M. STABLER, Department of Zoology, University of Pennsylvania.

Size 1B Bands Found Preferable.—The relatively new 1B bands were developed, I understand, to be used on Chimney Swifts (*Chaetura pelagica* (Linn.)). I have had occasion to use these bands on only two species of birds to date, but, in both instances, they have proved to be much more satisfactory than the too large 1A size. The Eastern Song Sparrow (*Melospiza m. melodia* Wils.) and the White-throated Sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis* (Gmel.)) are the two species for which I have found the 1B bands to be preferable.—G. HARGOOD PARKS, 99 Warrenton Ave., Hartford, Connecticut.

Unusual Behavior of Hairy Woodpecker.—The following behavior by a female Eastern Hairy Woodpecker (*Dryobates v. villosus* (Linn.)) was noted last spring after I had discovered the nest, on June 30, in the hollow trunk of a small apple tree in Millbridge, Maine.

The nest-opening was about shoulder high. From it came noises which indicated that the nestlings were well developed. Shortly after the discovery had been made the male parent entered the nest. He was captured, as he left, by means of a light landing net. He was banded and released. When the female entered the nest, several minutes later, I again covered the opening with the net, following the same procedure which had just taken her mate, as well as a whole family of Flickers (*Colaptes auratus luteus* Bangs) earlier that same morning. But she was not so readily captured. Instead of flying out into the net as the other birds had done, she merely perched in the nest-hole. Stretching to her limit she inspected the twine which constituted the mesh, frequently taking it in her bill and moving it as if to brush it aside. She also explored the wire frame of the net and attempted to force her bill and head between it and the trunk of the tree. After more than an hour of this behavior my available time gave out, so I approached the tree and tried to hasten her exit by tapping and slapping on the tree trunk. She only retreated into the nest. Finally she won out. I departed and took my net with me.

Next day, from hiding, I saw her again enter the nest. The net was placed over the entrance and I returned to my hiding-place to watch. The bird's bill, and then her head, pushed cautiously out of the hole and into the space enclosed by the mesh of the net. Then, just as slowly, she disappeared again inside the tree