

largest number of species seen in one day occurred on October 2, a cold, cloudy day with a gale blowing in from the lake, when eleven species, totalling thirty-two or more individuals, were found. The close proximity of the Lake is the probable answer to the question of such unexpected luck at bird study in this place. In the spring migration, when so many birds were not seen, they probably start their flight across the Lake from a point inland from the city, and pass over the Square while they are still fresh and strong. The sparrows and other granivorous species should be able to find plenty of crumbs and scraps of food, but it is a question just how much food is available to insectivorous birds in this grimy, noisy spot, where only oriental plane trees and willows have been able to survive the smoke and other impurities of the air.—WILLIAM H. WATTERSON, *Cleveland, Ohio.*

Intimate Nestings of the Brown Thrasher.—While myself and family were living on a farm near Thornburg, Iowa, some years ago, we had a thriving rose bush standing directly in front of the kitchen window and close up; so close in fact that some of the foliage and roses touched the glass. One season the Brown Thrashers (*Toxostoma rufum*) made their home in this rose bush. Their nest was twenty inches from the window glass. Just inside the window stood a sofa upon which our little girl, about three years old, was playing and frolicking around a good share of the time. This did not disturb the birds in the least. And what glorious floods of melody, chanting, and advice the male bird used to give us from the top of a tree near by!

But, alas, during the time the birds were incubating a fearful wind and rain storm came and whipped the rose bush about so badly that the nest was blown out and the broken eggs scattered over the ground. Their next and successful attempt was in an Osage hedge fence forty feet from the front door.

More recently a pair of Brown Thrashers made their nest in some grape vines on top of the garden fence near our residence in the city. A public alley, frequented by autos and other vehicles as well as by pedestrians and dogs, passed one side of this fence. Near the other side was a private walk over which members of the family passed many times each day. Yet the birds successfully raised a brood of three young at this place.—E. D. NAUMAN, *Sigourney, Iowa.*

Canada Geese Review a Parade of Ducks.—Mrs. M. A. Hall has recently described to me the following interesting observation: "On January 26, 1929, I witnessed from my hunting blind a very remarkable performance, participated in by Canada Geese and several species of wild ducks. My blind is on the point at the east side of John's cove, on the Gulf of Mexico shore about a mile east of Wakulla Beach, Florida.

"It had been foggy all forenoon and I was waiting in the blind for the geese to come in to the marshes on the tide. About 3 P. M. the fog lifted and I saw directly opposite me across the little channel a single file of between 250 and 300 Canada Geese. These geese were all facing my way, heads up and not feeding. In a few minutes ducks began to come in on the tide between me and the geese. They were not feeding, merely swimming and drifting. There were several species of ducks—some 300 Mallards and Black Ducks, also Redheads, Canvasbacks, Baldpates, Blue-winged Teal, Scaups, and Mergansers. Besides these there were about a dozen ducks that I took to be Old Squaws.

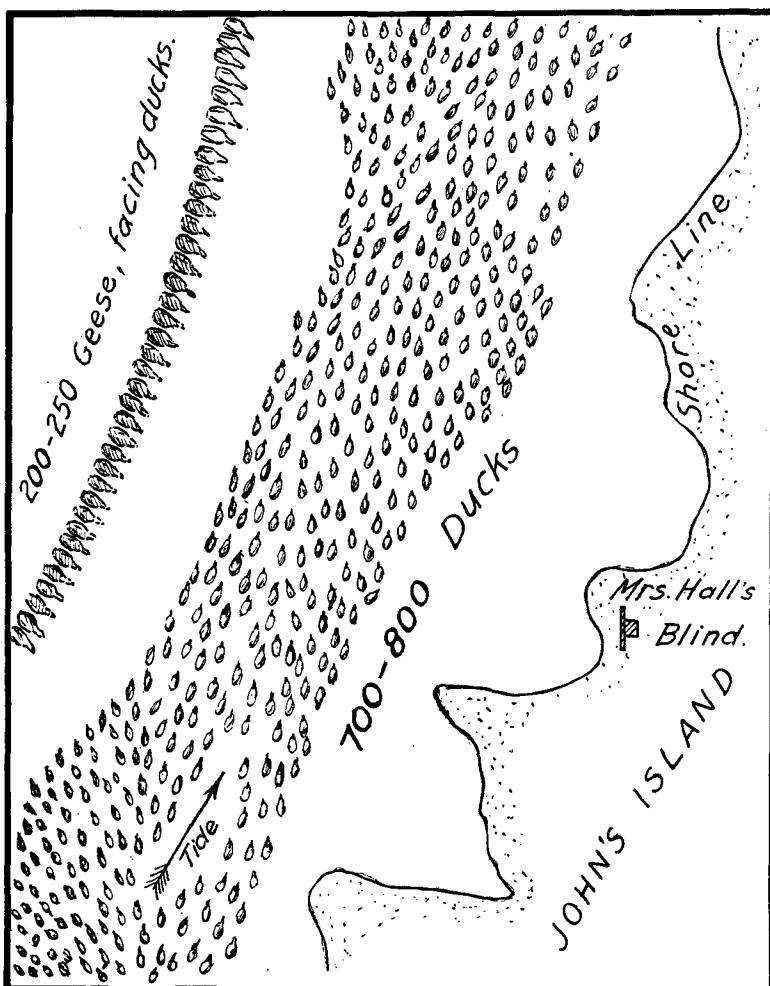


FIG. 10. Diagram of the "duck parade" as described in Mr. Fargo's note.

"Other ducks of these species would from time to time fly in from the Gulf and join the flock, until there were from 700 to 800 ducks assembled. No other ducks were in sight anywhere. The assembled flock of ducks continued to drift or swim along with the tide and none were feeding although this is their favorite feeding place. The ducks were in a great mass formation, the geese in a close single rank, heads up facing the ducks.

"For a time the geese passed slowly on the tide, but when the ducks had all passed by the geese turned about and swam upstream. The parade was over. The ducks went to feeding.

"I have watched and hunted wildfowl here for many years, but never before have I seen any performance like this one. Was it accidental or had it some significance?"—WILLIAM G. FARGO, *Jackson, Mich.*