

I have not been able to find any reference to this habit in bird literature, but Thomas Nuttall, on page 267 in Vol. 1 of his "Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada" (1832) states that the adult Kingbird regurgitates the indigestible portions of the insects it has eaten. I would like to know if others have observed regurgitation by young Kingbirds and the swallowing of the pellets by the parents.—C. S. BAUMAN, *St. Louis, Mo.*

**Erratic Movements of the Red-headed Woodpecker.**—The Red-headed Woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) is a fairly common bird, in the summer time, in and about Sigourney and Keokuk County, Iowa, where it may usually be seen most anywhere—by the roadside, on telephone poles, on fences, or in the deep forests—but is rare in the winter time. It is as a rule most common and conspicuous during September, October, and November. However, in September of 1929 it completely disappeared from this vicinity. A trip of about sixty miles to Iowa City and back, during the latter part of the month, revealed only a single individual, which was clinging to a telephone pole as we passed.

Although I traveled considerably on the public roads and in the woods and fields, and was always on the alert looking for birds of any species, I did not see a Red-head until April 30, 1930, when I saw one. This was late for the spring arrival of the species, as the migrants usually begin to appear during the latter part of March or the first part of April. In a few days, however, they were here again in their normal numbers. Mr. J. B. Slate informed me that two of these birds had passed the winter in an oak grove near South English. These were the only ones I learned of as being in this county during a period of about eight months.

During the fall of 1930 they remained here, in their usual numbers, and during the winter of 1930-31 they are present in more than their normal numbers. Aside from the fact that this winter, up to the latter part of January, has not been so cold as winters here usually are, the weather and food supply, for the period of time covered by this report, have been, as far as I am aware, about normal.—E. D. NAUMAN, *Sigourney, Iowa.*

**Pugnacious Dispositions of Blue Jays in the Defense of Their Young.**—As bird lovers know, the Blue Jay (*Cyanocitta cristata cristata*) ordinarily is shy in the presence of man; but this summer (1930) I observed a very pugnacious disposition on their part when defending their young.

On July 20, while going through a pasture adjoining our farm, I noticed two objects clinging to the base of the trunk of a large beech, and, as I had not noticed such objects on this tree before, I investigated and found that they were young Blue Jays that had but recently left the nest, since they could not fly very well. They did not move until I picked them up, when they began to call for help as loudly as they could. Until then there had been no adult jays in sight, but the minute the young started calling, both parents were in the trees above my head, screaming with all their might and flying about from tree to tree. The young then stopped their calling and sat on my fingers, as tame as a couple of little chicks.

But the adult jays became furious, and came darting at my head from the nearby trees, finally actually striking me on the top of the head. They took turns flying at me and striking me, and continued this for some time, screaming all the while. Then one young bird jumped from my fingers to the ground, and

went hopping and fluttering along. One of the adults flew to its side and fluttered about, then flew back at my head, while the other adult continued to dart at me. The other young bird then flew away also. I caught both of the young and placed them on a branch of a beech. But as I walked away the adult birds still waged war upon me.—RAYMOND O. MARSHALL, *Leetonia, Ohio*.

**Some Accommodating Bird Tenants.**—The elements of weather had hollowed out the center of an old fence post. This opening afforded a Bluebird the desired protection for a home in which to rear her family. Early in May she located this spot, and had built a nest at the bottom of a vertical hole that descended for about a dozen inches. There she brooded over her complement of four pale, greenish-blue eggs. The eggs hatched and the youngsters developed rapidly, as the mother did more than her share in bringing food for her babies. This continued for a couple of weeks, then one morning the home was deserted.

Scarcely a fortnight after the Bluebird family had departed, a pair of wrens decided that the same fence post would suit them for a summer home. It was necessary to make a few improvements, so the pair brought in quantities of sticks and twigs and soon the bottom of the hollow cavity was filled with sparse material. The door that had been cut in the side of the post by the writer admitted too much light, and this was closed with a bunch of sticks. Some soft material lined the interior of the nest and there a Bluebird's feather, left by the previous tenant, could be seen. While watching the scene of this happy home one afternoon, the last of the family clambered to the top of the post. There he sat for a time but a passing wagon frightened him and he dropped into the tall grass. In a few minutes he escaped from view and the home in the old post was again vacant.

A few years later another pair of wrens chose a more conspicuous place in which to build. They gathered sticks and a small amount of feathers and down, which they fashioned into a nest of the usual type placing it in the transom of a doorway in a busy section of a little town; a rather unusual place for wrens to start housekeeping. They reared their family and seemed little concerned about their proximity to man's dwelling. Their nervous chattering, during the brief time they occupied the transom home, lent a pleasing note to the long day. They slipped away one day before we hardly knew they were gone. Later during the same summer a Robin saddled her nest upon the top of the wren's nest, probably thinking that it was no more than a convenient foundation for her home. After a period of careful attention, during which the mother braved her conspicuous position above the door, the young developed until the nest was running over with flesh and feathers. The nest was no longer large enough to hold them and they were forced to leave their home.

While Robins, Bluebirds, and wrens often return to their former nesting places, we wonder whether such tenants would accommodate each other again as they had done in "The Old Post Home" and in "The Transom Home."—S. W. FROST, *Arendtsville, Pa.*

**A Land Migration of Coots.**—One of the most interesting sights in bird migration which I have ever seen, occurred in the Warner Valley region of Lake County, Oregon, in May of 1929. This area is an immense marsh and lake region, some thirty-six miles long and from five to seven miles wide. Large and