

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