

small lakes, ponds, and water almost everywhere, and large areas of tules and flags, with wild grass lands.

I was located at the southern end of the valley, and on my arrival was informed that thousands of large black-colored birds were passing through the marshes northward. So on the next morning, May 9, I went to the location mentioned, which was about two miles out in the marsh and there in full view some 300 yards distant were the Coots (*Fulica americana*) marching northward like an immense army, from six to twenty-five of them abreast. They followed the course of dry land wherever possible, and did not enter the water to swim across ponds and lakes, but followed the shore lines, in constant motion. They did not seem to be feeding. They would not rise to wing unless approached too close, and then would fly only a short distance, and continue their northward course.

The season of 1929 was a very late one. Generally at this time nests with full complements of eggs could be found. But in 1929 at this time they had just arrived from the south. The open ground where these birds could be seen extended about one-half of a mile in length, and the birds covered the entire length. I judge that not less than 5,000 birds passed this point the first morning of my visit.

Again the next morning I visited the place, and the procession was still in progress, with 3000 birds in sight. Again on the third morning of my visit the Coots were still walking northward, but in very much reduced numbers, now scattered in flocks of fifty to one hundred birds. The fourth morning the migration had been completed at this point. My estimate of 10,000 birds seen during the four-day observation I believe is far below the actual number.

Visiting the northern part of the marshes a few days later, I found the birds scattered in all directions, looking for their summer nesting locations. Not until about June 1 were any nests found, with eggs, and these with incomplete sets. The marshes and tules, however, were filled with new nests, and Coots were everywhere.

How many of these Coots remained for the season in Warner Valley, I am unable to say, but there was an abundance of room and food. In talking with the older resident of the valley, and some who live out on islands in the marshes, I found no one who had ever seen this before. My record set of Coot's eggs is seventeen, taken in 1925.—DR. A. G. PRILL, *Scio, Ore.*

**Five Little Migrant Shrikes.**—On May 25, 1927, five fluffy Migrant Shrike babies, with tails about an inch long, were sitting in two elm trees beside Snail Brook, west of Norman, Oklahoma. They were vociferous, and demonstrative with their wings, whenever their parents came to them, but quiet in between meals. The begging note was a harsh *ker ker ker ker*. Once when a parent left, the young said *too too*; when I came near, they remarked *krou krou krou*; sometimes they grunted as they sat waiting. They also preened themselves and pecked at leaves.

Interestingly enough, mother *Lanius ludovicianus migrans* went to an old nest forty feet up in a nearby elm, and from there flew with a twig to a new nest about a hundred feet to the north. This new nest was thirty feet from the ground, in an elm, and was composed of twigs and a small amount of cotton. She then returned to what had probably been her first home, tugged at a piece of grape vine and carried it also to her new dwelling, where she drove off two

English Sparrows that were in her way. She made one more visit to the new nest during the hour I watched.

Both parents gave battle to a passing Blue Jay, but a Nighthawk winged its way unheeded.

At one time all five babies were on the same branch, but they changed their positions frequently, sometimes flying to the place where a parent had mounted guard, sometimes hurrying over to beg frantically beside a lucky brother that had just received an insect. Between 6:00 and 7:00 A. M. the young were fed twenty-three times by both parents, one of whom worked much harder than the other.

Four days later I visited the same spot about 5:30 in the morning and found that the tails of the young shrikes were nearly as long as those of the parents. Mother was getting cotton and twine from the old nest for the new one. As she flew past she was fervently appealed to by a baby, but her mind was on other matters. One youngster begged from another, but, on seeing his mistake, tried to peck his brother. Two Mourning Doves were courting on the ground; a little shrike flew to them and they separated; he darted at one who retreated and then at the other. He hurried after a grasshopper but in vain.

A Mockingbird was driven by the parent shrikes from the elm in which their young had been perched on May 25, although none were there at this time.

Three babies congregated by the fence, hoping for a tidbit from father. They teased and teased whenever he was near. Two flew to the ground and experimented busily, picking up little bits of things and tweaking cotton stalks. One actually got something for himself, for he ate and ate. While they were foraging, one of them noted that father had darted to the ground. He hurried toward him and got his reward. Father fed eight times in fifteen minutes. All of the food given on both days that I was present consisted of insects.

The parent shrikes looked alike, but it seems probable that mother was the one moving house for the second brood and that father was taking most of the care of the fledglings.—MARGARET M. NICE, *Columbus, Ohio*.

**Some Notes on the Fall Migration of Shore Birds.**—"Practically nothing is known as yet of the manner in which single birds travel", says Wetmore, "since our observations to date have been restricted mainly to group identification." And again, "Definite data as to the rate at which birds travel south in autumn are lacking" (*Migration of Birds*, pp. 113-114). This being the case I thought that certain observations on shore birds made by me during the past autumn might be of interest.

On October 27 I saw a Black-bellied Plover on the shore of one of our Madison lakes. I was interested in it not only because these plovers are of uncommon occurrence here in the fall but also for the reason that this individual had but one good leg, the right one being severed about half way up. In spite of this mishap, however, the bird appeared to be in excellent condition and flew in an entirely normal manner. Up to and including November 4, I saw it at the same spot on five different days, so that its stay covered at least nine days. The weather during this period had been unseasonably warm, but on November 5, after an unusually cold night, the bird was gone.

On five occasions from October 21 to October 29, inclusive (another period of nine days), I saw a lone Pectoral Sandpiper on a neighboring pond. In this