

The Blue-Gray Gnatcatcher in Indiana.—I noticed in the WILSON BULLETIN for September, 1931, p. 230, that Margaret L. Weir of Hawarden, Iowa, says concerning the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher (*Polioptila caerulea caerulea*) that she found its nest hanging in the fork of a branch some twenty-six feet over the sidewalk. I have had some experience with this interesting bird, but it had a very different nest from the one she described. I did not know the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher ever built anything except the one kind of nest, and that one similar to but larger than the nest of the Ruby-throated Hummingbird. A nest that we found this summer was on top of a dead limb of a tree, where the branch forked with one above the other, and this nest was built upon the lower branch so that the other fork was a sort of a protection over the nest.

When we first noticed the bird it was fighting two Hairy Woodpeckers which were in the same tree. Then it flew immediately to the nest with an insect or worm for the young, making it easy to see the nest. We watched for some time, noting how suitably the nest was placed and how well it was built. It was about twenty feet from the ground near the river in Mounds State Park, which is about three miles from this place. A few days later we returned to the place to find the three young birds out in the tree, begging for food and following the parents about to be fed. Later we went to try to get the nest and found that it had disappeared. We hunted for it on the ground but it was gone. It was perfectly made and about four inches deep, covered with lichens. Several pairs of these tiny birds were in the same park during the summer, indicating they were nesting thereabouts.—MRS. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*

Unusual Nesting Site of Chimney Swifts.—April 1, 1930, found me badly in need of some Senega Snakeroot (*Polygala senega*) plants, a plant bearing a root that is much used in medicine, so early that morning I set forth with a companion in quest of some. We finally found some on a southern hillside overlooking the rocky, winding stream of Bullfork, a small creek northeast of my home. But we did not work long, for a sudden rain forced us to seek shelter. About a quarter of a mile from us on the opposite side of the hill was an old unused log house, and my companion and I hastened to reach it before we became wet, but as the rain gained steadily in volume we were forced to give up the idea of collecting more plants.

We ate our lunch, and, becoming tired of inactivity, began to explore the old house. The ceiling was little higher than the height of an average man, and the attic was reached through a square hole cut in one corner of the ceiling. I climbed through this, and after becoming accustomed to the poor light, the first thing I noted was a row of seven nests of the Chimney Swift (*Chaetura pelagica*) plastered to the southern wall, about three feet beneath the comb. The three middle nests were built complete to the last stick, but two nests on either side of the completed three were but half finished. The nests were straight in line, spaced almost alike. I should say that they averaged about eight inches apart. Cracks in the walls of the attic allowed about half light to enter, but the only way that the swifts could have entered was through one eight-inch tile set in the roof, a tile that had once served as a "collar" for a stove pipe that had come from a stove in the lower room through a hole in the attic floor, and then through the tile in the roof to the outside.

I wondered if one pair of swifts had built the seven nests, and went back later in the spring to see if I could learn, but some one had partly demolished the