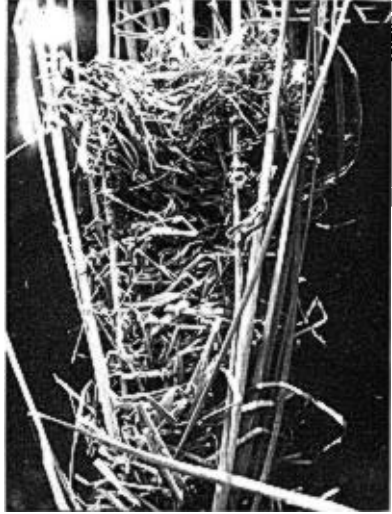


**Double and Triple Nests of the Red-winged Blackbird.**—This prairie town has no water near except the artificial lake for the city water supply. On the banks of this lake I find colonies of the Red-winged Blackbird. The first of these nests I find very low, and band the young about the first of May, but as the season advances I find the nests higher, several of them placed in willows or mesquite at a height of eight or ten feet. The last banding this season (1931) was on July 12. In the cattails I found several two-story nests and one of three stories (see illustration). Each nest was perfect, and I banded nestlings from the last two.—  
MRS. JACK HAGAR, *Corsicana, Tex.*



**The Chipmunk as an Enemy of Birds.**—We all know that birds have many enemies. However, I thought that I was aware of most of them, and liking birds on the whole better than I do their persecutors, I have always aided the birds as much as possible. But I was a bit surprised on May 8, 1929, when I was forced to catalog a new enemy of bird life, a creature that until that time I had considered free of guilt as far as taking the life of a bird was concerned.

My patch of Cumberland raspberries is situated less than a stone's throw east of the house, and being properly pruned each season, the bushes afforded several species of bramble-loving birds splendid nesting sites each spring. Some time prior to the date mentioned, a pair of Cardinals (*Richmondia cardinalis*) had selected a clump of raspberries that suited them, and had built a nest in it.

I watched the nest closely from the beginning, knew when the first egg was laid, saw them through the period of incubation, and, at last, saw the nest filled almost to overflowing with three hungry young Cardinals. They were large, so heavy that the insecurely fastened nest tilted to one side, when the tragedy occurred, early in the morning. I heard the clamor of the parent birds and rushed down. The nest still contained one bird, another on the ground was injured, but living, and the whereabouts of the third was shown me by the actions of the female Cardinal. A fence with one-inch mesh surrounded the raspberry patch, and I saw her, fluttering and crying frantically, apparently trying to rush through the fence head foremost. She flew away when I arrived but mother love asserted itself shortly, and she was back, hovering near me, crying piteously as I extricated from the mesh of the fence all that remained of the lifeless young Cardinal. But I had seen the culprit! That black-striped back gave him away as he, noting my approach, ceased struggling in the attempt to pull a too large young Cardinal through the fence, and hurried back to his old home in the brush pile below the path. The enemy was a Chipmunk, a fellow that I had considered neutral, if I did not call him a friend. Nature had taught me something more. His home was destroyed and later he went the way of many