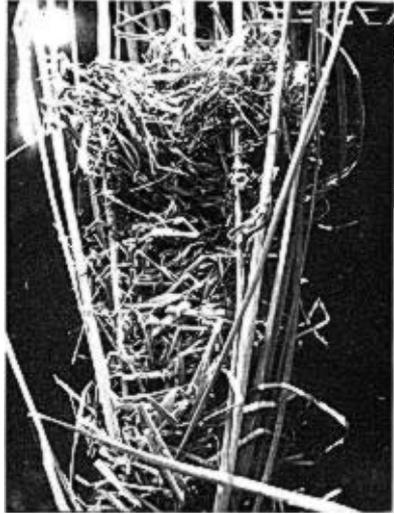


Double and Triple Nests of the Red-winged Blackbird.—This prairie town has no water near except the artificial lake for the city water supply. On the banks of this lake I find colonies of the Red-winged Blackbird. The first of these nests I find very low, and band the young about the first of May, but 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

other enemies of my birds. Chipmunks have been added to the black list now.

I righted the nest of the Cardinals and replaced the injured young one, but it did not live. However, the parent birds did not desert the sole survivor of the tragedy. A few mornings later they had induced him to try his wings, and I saw the solitary youngster, shortly after sunup, sitting on a post beside the path that leads into the hollow.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Greensburg, Ind.*

The Great Blue Heron Flops on Its Prey.—Late one afternoon we sat in an automobile south of Lake George, New York, and had an excellent opportunity of watching the fishing movements of a Great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias herodias*) in a small stream about sixty feet away. The heron walked very stealthily in the water beside some reeds, and was in full view. The water was about three inches deep there. As each foot was raised from the water the toes hung vertically and limp; then were flattened out before touching the surface in the forward step. The heron held its head quietly, except with a forward swing with each step, and with the bill at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Suddenly it seemed to drop upon its prey. In this act it bent its knees and ankles together to bring the force of its weight into the thrust. Its action was not entirely a neck motion, with the body revolving or tilting on the fulcrum of the hip joint, but was a whole dropping of the body. Its entire head was immersed. When it came up it had a fish at least six inches long. It appeared to have thrust its bill, or one blade at least, through the fish. The heron carried the struggling fish to shallower water and appeared to stab it two or three times. Then juggling it into the right position, it was swallowed head first, and the bird resumed its fishing. The lump in the throat was seen to go down. A few minutes later the Heron caught a minnow in the same manner.—HAROLD B. WOOD, *Harrisburg, Pa.*

The Blue-gray Gnatcatcher Moves Its Nest.—Much has been published lately in the WILSON BULLETIN in regard to the nesting of the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher (*Poliophtila caerulea caerulea*). On May 15, 1932, I observed the nest of a Blue-gray Gnatcatcher in a small elm tree twenty-two feet from the ground. The male and female were both seen. The same day, and about 200 yards from the gnatcatcher's nest, I found the nest of a Green Heron (*Butorides virescens virescens*) the female being on the nest.

One week later, on May 22, 1932, I again visited this locality. The Green Heron's nest was gone, having been robbed and the nest thrown to the ground. These birds then built another nest in the same tree that contained the gnatcatcher's nest and about twelve feet from it. While looking for the latter nest, one of the gnatcatchers suddenly appeared and flew to the spot where the nest originally had been. Gathering a piece of nesting material in its bill it flew away, but in a short time returned. The nest at this time was almost gone, only the bottom part of it remaining.

That they do remove their nests to other situations is almost certain, as in this case the Green Heron having built close to the gnatcatcher's nest, made them change their location. Another thing I have observed about these birds, is that they generally build their nests from ten days to two weeks before laying their eggs. This I think is due to the fact that they nest early (in this locality) and do not deposit eggs until the trees are well leafed out.—C. K. LLOYD, *Oxford, Ohio.*