

tered reports of Snowy Owls. During the middle of December, 1929, one of this species was killed at Marshall, in southwestern Minnesota, and another was shot by a school teacher near Meadow, in northwestern South Dakota. A third bird was taken at Mission Hill, in southeastern South Dakota, on December 12, 1929. In January, 1930, a rancher at Redelm, in northwestern South Dakota, killed a large Snowy Owl, which had been taking some of his chickens. On January 8, 1931, a Snowy Owl was captured alive at Wagner, in southeastern South Dakota. The last bird reported was one from Flandreau, in eastern South Dakota, on February 9, 1931.—WILLIAM YOUNGWORTH, *Sioux City, Iowa*.

**Some Hoosier Bird Notes.**—I was called to two places in one day this past summer (1932) to see Ruby-throated Hummingbird nests. In one nest there were two eggs. One of these eggs had the shell broken, and I was sure the lining of the shell was left about a dead bird. The mother came and went several times while I was there. The nest was eight feet up on a small hanging branch of an apple tree, about forty feet back of the house. In a few days a call came that there was one young bird about the size of a honey bee in the nest. It was glossy black, as if it had had a "shine", and naked except for a small tuft of down on the back. I did not get out to see it right away, so it disappeared when very young.

The second Ruby-throated Hummingbird's nest was several miles away, near Pendleton, Indiana. It was on a horizontal branch of a tree about fifteen feet from the house. In a bird box near by a House Wren was nesting. When I visited the place, something had happened to the hummingbird's nest. The two white eggs had been pierced by some sharp instrument (we thought by the wren, as he is such a fighter), and the eggs had been thrown to the ground. Later the nest was dislodged, and a big part of it disappeared, with a small part left on the ground and some remains yet saddled upon the branch of the tree. It is not known just what happened, but the woman living at the place said she felt sure the wren had destroyed the eggs. Perhaps the hummingbirds then destroyed the the nest, or the wren may have done so.

My aunt, Mrs. J. A. Armstrong of Hollywood, California, was here this summer. She told me of her experience with a hummingbird which built in the hammock-hook on her front porch. She had the privilege of seeing the eggs, the young, and noted the whole process of incubation from first to last, which was most interesting at close range.

As to birds tearing up their own nests, that is true; but a Blue Jay tried to destroy the nest and young birds of a Cardinal here this summer, and I have yet to see another such battle. The nest was turned on the side in the mulberry tree, and the young birds were ready to topple out. The Cardinals won, and the Blue Jays, thoroughly routed, flew up into a nearby tree to straighten their ruffled plumage, which the brave Cardinals had much disarranged. I then got a tall step ladder and stood on top, in order to reach the nest, as it was about ten feet up, the highest I had ever seen a Cardinal's nest. I fastened the up-turned nest back with sprouts growing near it, by folding them back and forth and securing the ends firmly beneath. Meanwhile, the Cardinals sat in the tree above me and watched the proceedings without a whimper. I am sure they recognized me as their friend, for they were not afraid at all, and when I climbed from my perch, they went at once to the nest. I never saw the jays bother them again. I have never known a Cardinal to put up such a fight as that. The

jays had a surprise they did not soon forget. The young birds grew up and have been about the bird bath and feeding station ever since.

Recently a teacher called that she had a strange bird which the children had picked up at a country school when the grackles had fought it almost to the finish. They did not know the species, so brought it to me for identification, but it died enroute. It was a young Ovenbird. It did not try to escape when the children rescued it.

Recently a woman called that she had a strange little bird which they had picked up in the yard. It did not try to get away, so she decided it must be injured, and she brought it to me. It was a male Golden-crowned Kinglet, well and lively. We can pick it up anywhere and it will sit on one's shoulder or head as tamely as a canary. We weighed it on the postal scales and it does not even weigh one-fourth of an ounce!

We had the surprise of the season in September when we found a real Whip-poor-will in the back yard. I have never known of but one bird of this species about this part of the state, and have never known of any being in the city. We live four blocks from the busiest corner in the city.—MRS. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*

#### An Early Arrival Date of the Great Blue Heron at McMillan, Michigan.

—Between one and two hours before sunset on March 29, 1932, I saw a Great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias herodias*). It was flying rather low over field and cut-over land, and going southward. This arrival date was seven days earlier than my earliest previous record of April 5, 1929, for this locality. The following are my migration records of the Great Blue Heron for McMillan:

First Seen	Number Seen	Next Seen	When Common	Last Seen	Year
April 17					1922
April 19					1923
April 30				September 24	1924
April 6	1	April 7			1925
September 20					1927
May 9	1	May 12	May 9	September 8	1928
April 5	1	May 25	May 25	August 27	1929
May 27	1	May 30	May 27	September 21	1930
May 12	2	May 22	May 12	August 20	1931

The missing seasons—the fall of 1925 to and including the spring of 1927—were spent at Three Rivers, St. Joseph County, Michigan. These are as follows:

First Seen	Number Seen	Next Seen	When Common	Last Seen	Year
April 2	1	April 5	April 9	October 31	1926
April 5	1	April 6	April 6	November 7	1925
					1927

This is the first time that the Great Blue Heron came on my yearly list before the Robins and others of the "first comers" in spring. I am unable to account for this unusually early date. While the weather during December, January, and February this winter was unusually warm—there being very few days of zero weather—the month of March has been stormy and with very few thaws, although some streams are open in places. Snow has fallen on nearly every day this month. The weather on the date of this observation was partly cloudy, temperature ten degrees to forty-three degrees F., and a moderately strong southeast wind.—OSCAR MCKINLEY BRYENS, *McMillan, Luce County, Mich.*