

**The Mockingbird in Wisconsin.**—On December 14, 1932, a Mockingbird appeared at my home at 2222 Van Hise Avenue, Madison. I immediately notified Messrs. John S. Main and A. W. Schorger, who verified the identification. When first seen the bird was feeding on the berries of a heavily-fruited bittersweet vine trained upon an elm tree pruned for the purpose of encouraging the vine. For the succeeding two months the Mockingbird visited this vine daily. The berries of Japanese love-vine also seemed to be eaten to some extent, but a heavily-laden mountain ash tree near by was apparently ignored as a source of food. So also was a chunk of suet maintained on the trunk of the elm, and a feeding platform supplied with corn and a mixture of ragweed and foxtail seed gathered the preceding fall from under a silage-cutter.

The weather throughout January was mild. On February 8, however, a severe blizzard set in. Snow, wind, and sub-zero temperatures prevailed for a week. The Mockingbird appeared the first day of the blizzard, but never again.

Will a straight diet of wild fruit, however abundant, sustain a bird in severe weather? The ornithological literature would seem to assume that wild fruit has material sustenance value for all birds which eat it. Paul L. Errington ("Quail Winter Food and Cover", *American Game*, pp. 7-8, November-December, 1931), however, has now disproved this assumption for Bob-Whites. Possibly this assumption should be re-examined, species by species, since there is no warrant for assuming that their respective digestive powers or physiological needs are all alike.—ALDO LEOPOLD, *Madison, Wis.*

**Boldness of Barred Owls when Danger Threatens Young.**—I had known for quite a while that a pair of Northern Barred Owls (*Strix varia varia*) had a nest in the woods across the big bottom from my place, for they always acted peculiarly when I happened to be in that vicinity, and every time I neared a certain part of the woods they, both male and female, gave vent to odd noises, a sort of a chortling cry, notes that I had never heard them make before. On May 4, 1932, I chanced to be in that locality and, as usual, the big birds showed themselves almost immediately; they followed me closely, and their cries, more odd than usual, had a note of viciousness in them. I had little time to look for a nest and did not attempt to do so, but you may guess that I was surprised when I happened upon a young Barred Owl sitting at the base of a red oak tree. The parent birds apparently knew the moment I spied him that he had been discovered, for they came still nearer, alighting in the trees very near me, hooting, and snapping their bills.

The young one could not fly well, though if given a start or if starting from an elevation he could fly a short distance. I carried him part way to the houses, the adults still following, hooting, and snapping their bills as before. After a bit I tossed the young one into the air and he sailed back about half way across the bottom where he alighted on a small red elm. One of the adults followed him closely while the other, perched in a beech not more than thirty feet away, kept its yellow eyes glued upon me until I quitted the vicinity.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Greensburg, Ind.*