

The migration of hawks has been seen in the city of Milwaukee along the bluffs that form the water front. In flights over the city it has been observed that the raptors travel at a great height (800 to 1,500 feet I should judge). The direction of flight south from the city has not been ascertained by observation.

Abundance of hawks in migration seems directly related to the movement of passerine birds. When there is a concentrated migration of warblers and sparrows, it is a corollary that a fine flight of raptors may be expected.—CLARENCE S. JUNG, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

The Louisiana Paroquet in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana.—Recently, Mr. Charles C. Deam of Bluffton, Indiana, loaned the writer a copy of a very rare publication by David Thomas entitled, "Travels through the Western Country in the Summer of 1816". This book was published in 1819 by David Rumsey, Auburn, New York, and is the diary of a journey through the western parts of New York and Pennsylvania, the northern projection of Virginia (now West Virginia), the southern part of Ohio, the northern part of Kentucky, and the interior and western parts of Indiana. It is carefully and authoritatively written, and the broad interests and training of the author are shown by the space devoted to the botany, zoology, geography, geology, industry, and agriculture of the regions visited. Many bird species are mentioned, especially the now extinct Louisiana Paroquet (which of course was then known as the Carolina Paroquet). As these references are not readily accessible and have apparently been lost to the ornithological world, the most important notes are quoted below.

Thomas speaks of seeing wild "parroquets" in Kentucky shortly after leaving Cincinnati. He writes: "These birds, which are about the size of wild pigeons, are also sometimes seen on the Miami." A footnote adds, "Drake says on the Scioto." (Both of these streams are in Ohio). On the banks of Indian Creek, Kentucky, he writes: "On the approach of any large bird the Parroquets immediately commence flying round and round in flocks, screaming most hideously. In this way they escape the hawks."

Forty miles west of Louisville, in the state of Indiana, Thomas writes: "The paroquet commits depredations on the wheat in harvest, but it is a bird of uncommon beauty. The head is red, the neck yellow, and the body a light green." Again at French Lick, Indiana, he writes: "This place is the favorite residence of the paroquet, flocks of which are continually flying around. These birds seem to delight in screaming."

North of Vincennes, Indiana, Thomas mentions paroquets eating boring insects of cottonwood trees, "To procure this food, the paroquets have been busily employed, at times, through the day; but though they have become so familiar; and though they excel all the birds of this country in beauty of plumage, their scream is so discordant, and their fierceness of disposition so apparent, as to preclude every sensation of attachment. These birds build their nests in hollow trees. The strength of their necks is remarkable; and we are assured that when both wings and feet are tied, they can climb trees by striking their bills into the bark."

A quotation is also given from an old "Topographical Description of the State of Ohio", as follows: "The green paroquet with a yellow crown, a species of parrot, is very common. It has a harsh, unpleasant note, and although easily tamed, it cannot be taught to imitate the human voice. The habits of these birds in some respects are singular. They are always seen in flocks, which retire at

night in hollow trees, where they suspend themselves by their bills. These birds also retreat to hollow trees in winter. There have been found, after a severe winter, prodigious numbers in a large tree, filling the whole cavity, where they had perished by the severity of the cold."—LAWRENCE E. HICKS, *Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio*.

Notes on a Hand-reared Flicker.—What bird lover does not revel in the joy of close contact with his feathered friends, when a bond of sympathy is developed between them, so that the bird will perch on his finger or shoulder? An even greater joy comes to him who has had the privilege of being a foster parent to some baby bird, watching it from day to day, growing from helpless babyhood to adult proportions and plumage, to have that bird's affection for him become so firmly fixed that when adult it continues to return to him as its foster parent for food, drink, and attention.

We have had this joy this summer (1934) with a Northern Flicker, which we called Chee-Chee. In years past we have raised many nestlings and fledglings of such birds as Eastern Robins, sparrows, and pheasants, such being merely a matter of patience and the selecting of the proper food. But when one considers that the mother flicker eats her food, digests it, and then regurgitates the same to feed her babies, the hand raising of a young flicker is an entirely different matter. So when this unfortunate orphan came into our possession we were at our wit's end as to the proper method of procedure. Shredded wheat softened in boiling milk was added to the yolk of a hard-boiled egg; this was triturated and then dried ant's eggs and insects, in conjunction with cod liver oil, were added. The mixture might have been said to be about like pie dough in consistency. Pellets of this were pushed down the baby's throat, followed by seedless grapes or raspberries as dessert. I greatly feared rickets, or some other disease, due to malnutrition, but to our great surprise and delight the baby flicker grew and developed beautifully.

His first home was a box, in which he nestled in tissue paper and soft cloths. It was amusing to see him peep out from under the cloth, as he would raise himself on his weak and wobbly legs, and complacently watch us moving about the room, or the dogs on the floor. After a few days he would slip from under the cloth, climb to the edge of the box, and balance himself there. Shortly after this, he would climb up the curtain and perch on the curtain rod above the window. A perch was made for him, of old branches fastened to a base, on which he could climb about. In a few weeks the porch afforded abundant place to practice climbing. On rainy days lace curtains indoors served the same purpose; or if he had flown to the floor, anybody convenient served as a tree, and up he would come in a hurry. When the drumming instinct first manifested itself, our heads, ears, and spectacles were used indiscriminately. This is a sensation which cannot adequately be described.

The dogs he never minded, when on the floor, allowing them to come right up to him, and sniff at him as much as they wished, with no resentment on his part. But Chee-Chee did not like the parrot, which would fly down at him when he was on the floor. This invariably precipitated a fight. The belligerents were separated at once, and so no harm was really inflicted. It was after one of these impromptu battles that I felt Chee-Chee would probably prefer having his freedom, for he was absolutely fearless and seemed able to give a good account of himself. So I took him out into the garden, set him on the edge of a bird bath,