

habitat. On February 5, 1956, I flushed a female from a small clump of grass almost beneath my feet in an opening near the edge of a bush in a savanna near Zanderij (about 50 kilometers south of Paramaribo). The nest was on the ground at the edge of the clump and was rather well concealed; it contained a single slightly-incubated egg. The outer layer of the nest was composed of dry, rather broad grass stems and the inner cup was lined with very fine grasses. The nest was 6 cm. wide and its depth was 5 cm.

The egg was chocolate brown at its broad end, and this color was spread in smaller spots and blotches to the narrow end, where the ground color was greyish. The shell was not glossy. The egg measured  $20.9 \times 14.9$  mm.—F. HAVERSCHMIDT, *P. O. Box 644, Paramaribo, Surinam, February 9, 1956.*



FIG. 1. Nest and egg of *Tachyphonus phoenicius*, Zanderij, Surinam, February 5, 1956.

**Notes on the nesting of the Wandering Tattler.**—The Wandering Tattler (*Heteroscelus incanus*) is a common nesting bird in Mount McKinley National Park, Alaska. During the course of my field work I have frequently encountered the birds along the smaller creeks, sometimes seeing downy young, and on three occasions finding nests. These nests are, so far as I know, the only ones found since the first one was discovered in 1923 (O. J. Murie, 1924. *Auk*, 41:231-237). This first nest was elaborate for a shore bird, but the other three were much simpler, two of them containing practically no nest material, and the fourth composed of barely enough stems to cover the bottom of the depression, and some loosely-laid stems and fine twigs which formed a token rim.

In the finding of the third nest on June 10, 1953, I learned that both birds share in

the incubation of the eggs. On that occasion, I heard a tattler call two or three times near me and saw it on the margin of a gravel apron. Soon it moved slowly, with many stops, out on the gravel, and when it had reached about the middle of the gravel area a second tattler stood up beside it, and shortly flew away. It had been sitting on a clutch of eggs. The first tattler at once settled on the nest.

A further sharing of family responsibilities was observed after the eggs hatched. On the morning of June 29, a cool and cloudy day, I saw one of the parents brooding the young in the nest. The eggs had hatched sometime after I checked the nest on the preceding day. I left the parent undisturbed, and in half an hour returned with a camera. During my absence the family had left the nest, and the young were being brooded on the gravel about 30 yards from it. In a few minutes the tiny chicks scampered forth, and on twinkling feet scattered over the bar, 20 or 30 yards, in various directions in their active search for food. While the young foraged, the parent called at intervals, the calls serving perhaps to circumscribe the wanderings of the babies. The chicks called too, but so faintly and softly that the calls were hardly audible. In about five minutes the parent's calls became a little louder. It was evident that it was summoning the chicks. After a few of these louder calls, the parent squatted on the rocks and called more softly and coaxingly. At least three distinctive, soft calls were given, one of which reminded me of the loud, rolling call one frequently hears along the creeks. The young responded to the calls by feeding toward the parent and finally disappearing underneath her.

About 4:00 p.m. on the day the young left the nest I stopped to watch the tattlers again. Soon the parent in charge of the young called loudly, and walked a few feet away from the young. In a few moments the mate came flying up from the creek bottom and alighted about 20 yards from the rest of the family. It squatted on the rocks and called softly to the young, which responded and were soon brooded. The relieved bird flew down the creek, apparently to feed. Two hours later I again observed a parent take over the brooding task from its mate. The parents did no feeding while in charge of the young.

In the evening the adult with the young moved them from the gravel bar where they were hatched, down a 15-foot embankment grown up in willow brush (*Salix*) to the bars along Igloo Creek, a distance of about 100 yards. In moving the young the parent called loudly for a time from the top of a willow and then from a little spruce tree (*Picea*) part way down the slope. Then it flew down to the bar and called softly, and soon the young arrived.

Two days later the young were foraging actively in the new area. Part of the time they waded in an expanse of shallow water, picking insects off the surface. One chick captured an insect too large to swallow, so carried it ashore to pick apart. While I watched, the young fed for half an hour without being brooded.

On June 12, 1953, three of us flushed a Wandering Tattler from a nest on a bar about 30 feet from a small stream coming down one of the canyons cutting far back into Cathedral Mountain. On June 28 when I visited the nest area I found that a flood a few days earlier had dug a deep channel in the bar where the nest had been. This nest would have been safe from ordinary high water, for it was four or five feet above the surface of the creek, but the rise in the stream on this occasion was unusually high and destructive.—ADOLPH MURIE, *National Park Service, Moose, Wyoming, March 12, 1956.*

**Ringed Kingfisher at Austin, Texas.**—On November 15, 1955, Eugene S. Tinnin showed me a bird at Barton Springs, Zilker Park, Austin, which I recognized immedi-