

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-

ately as a Ringed Kingfisher (*Megaceryle torquata*). I had recently seen this species, as well as all other North and Middle American kingfishers, except *Chloroceryle inda*, numerous times in tropical Mexico and in museum study collections.

At frequent intervals from November 16 through December 11 others familiar with the species in life—William S. Jennings of the Texas Game and Fish Commission, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Webster, Jr., and Armand Yramategui—also viewed the bird through binoculars and a 30× telescope at distances ranging from 30 feet to 80 yards.

I asked each person who studied the kingfisher to make his own notes and drawings of it without referring to illustrations or descriptions for aid. Mr. and Mrs. William D. Anderson, Frances J. Gillotti, Emma L. Purcell, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Webster, Jr. complied. A summary of their extensive notes follows. The bird somewhat resembled nearby Belted Kingfishers (*Megaceryle alcyon*) but was larger and had a much heavier bill. Upperparts and chest were blue-gray; the tail was crossed by a number of white bars. Throat, collar, and a narrow band marking the lower border of the chest were white. The remainder of the underparts, including the crissum, was rufous. Webster described the call note as a "rusty *cla-ack* or *wa-ak*." Emma L. Purcell once watched the bird "dive into the water in the same manner as a Belted Kingfisher."

In addition to the fact that fish-eating kingfishers are seldom kept in captivity, the Austin individual showed no signs of having been caged.

The bird seen at Austin appears to be the northernmost Ringed Kingfisher on record. The next most northerly seems to have been one George B. Benners collected on the Río Grande about one mile downstream from Laredo, Texas, June 2, 1888 (Witmer Stone, 1894. *Auk*, 11:177). Laredo is 219 airline miles southwest of Austin. I find only two other published reports of *Megaceryle torquata* in the United States. At the San Benito Resaca, Texas, 286 miles south of Austin, Luther C. Goldman discovered an individual on March 15, 1953. With C. E. Hudson he saw the bird again on March 19, 1953. *Audubon Field Notes*, 7:224). Lawrence Tabony watched another at Brownsville, Texas, 303 miles south of Austin, on August 29, 1952 (1952. *Audubon Field Notes*, 6:290).

Three of the four Ringed Kingfishers mentioned above were in female plumage; the sex of the individual seen at Brownsville is not stated. Perhaps females wander more often than males. Future observers of extralimital members of the species should note sex differences. Individuals with the rufous of the underparts extending over the chest and with the crissum white, are in adult male plumage.—EDGAR B. KINCAID, JR., 702 Park Place, Austin 5, Texas, March 14, 1956.

**Sandhill Cranes killed by flying into power line.**—On March 22, 1954, I was watching Sandhill Cranes (*Grus canadensis*) on the North Platte River, four miles northeast of Hershey, Lincoln County, Nebraska. On the previous day we had counted and estimated 24,038 cranes roosting on a shallow, sandy stretch of river in this area. Most of them left the roost at daylight or shortly afterwards, flying to old cornfields to the south, southeast and southwest. In the evenings, just prior to dark, they flew back to the river, roosting on sand bars or in shallow water.

The morning of March 22 was clear with no fog. At 8:45 a.m. as I drove along an east-west road about one mile south of and parallel to the river where the cranes roosted, I came upon five Sandhill Cranes, all but one dead, lying in and at the south edge of the road. The fifth bird died during the day. A two-wire power line ran east and west 20 feet north of the highway. The wires, both on the same plane, were about 30 feet from the ground. Apparently before it was entirely light, these low-flying cranes