

THOMAS HOOPEES JACKSON,<sup>1</sup> Associate, died in his 74th year at West Chester, Pa., February 27, 1922.

ENOS ABIJAH MILLS, Associate, aged 52, died at Longs Peak, Colo., September 21, 1922.

JAMES STIRTON WALLACE, Associate, aged 54, died at Smith Falls, Ontario, July 24, 1922.

CHARLES HENRY WEEKES, Associate, died at Harwich, Mass., November 14, 1921.

FRANK ERNEST WOODWARD,<sup>2</sup> Associate, aged 66, died at Brookline, Mass., August 5, 1921.

ROY CHURCH WOODWORTH,<sup>3</sup> Associate, died in his 45th year at Kansas City, Mo., June 29, 1922.

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### GENERAL NOTES

**Notes on the Diving of Loons.**—Mr. Edward Howe Forbush's recent interesting report entitled 'Some Underwater Activities of Certain Wild-fowl' (Bulletin 8, Massachusetts Department of Agriculture), and the conclusive evidence therein offered, that a Loon may or may not use its wings when swimming under water, brings to mind two absolutely contrary experiences of mine.

Once when I was fly-fishing just outside a shallow, muddy backwater above the upper dam on Lake Mooselukmaguntic in Maine, my guide and I managed to corner a Loon, and I have never forgotten my surprise when I saw it apparently fly under water, as it escaped just beneath our boat which we had placed across the outlet. It certainly was using its wings, but whether or not it was using its feet I am unable to say.

On June 10, 1920, I found a Loon sitting on a nest on an island in Upper Sisladobsis Lake, Maine. The nest was built among some sweet gale bushes at the top of a rather steep bank, and perhaps four feet from the edge of the water. A well-worn runway led from it down to a small, shallow pool, several feet across, and with an outlet perhaps a foot wide between two boulders leading to deeper water.

At one side of this pool lay the stub of a large dead tree extending out to a huge boulder ten or fifteen feet beyond, and we ran the bow of our canoe up on the other side, placing it in such a position that the bird when escaping would have to go under it.

Then leaving my guide in the stern of the canoe I stepped slowly and carefully from boulder to boulder until I had approached within perhaps three feet of the nest, and reaching down, actually pulled some small dead brush from in front of it, so that my guide could better see the bird.

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<sup>1</sup> For obituary notice see *Auk*, Vol. XXXIX, pp. 299-300.

<sup>2</sup> " " " " " " XXXIX, pp. 453-454.

<sup>3</sup> " " " " " " XXXIX, pp. 592-593.

Quoting from my notes, made immediately afterwards, "I again reached down closer to her to pull some of the growing bushes aside, and could almost have stroked her beautiful head, had I dared. She made a few hesitating movements with her wings, as if trying to make up her mind whether to 'beat it' or not, and then when I put my hand a trifle too close to her, let out a blood curdling yell and a second or two afterwards cannon-balled by my legs, down the bank, over two boulders, and into the pool beyond. First she tried to jump the dead tree that lay there, but finally went out through the narrow outlet, and dove under the rear end of our canoe.

"In the meantime I had run along the tree and clambered onto a large boulder and was in a position immediately above her, where I could see her every movement in the clear water beneath.

"She used her wings when above the water, but upon diving, swam out into the lake, beneath the water and in plain sight for fifty feet or more, using only her feet as a means of propulsion, her wings being held close to her side."

I have given the above details at length, in order to show that that bird certainly was frightened, and supposedly would have used every possible means, including her wings, to accelerate her escape.—FREDERIC H. KENNARD, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

**King Eider in Maine.**—I find on looking over my notes, an unrecorded occurrence of the King Eider (*Somateria spectabilis*), in Maine.

On June 13, 1918, while paddling across Duck Lake in Penobscot County, I saw four ducks, apparently a male and three females, swimming ahead of me, which without glasses, and in poor light, I was unable to identify. I kept watch on the ducks, while my guide made a hurried trip to a farmhouse about a half mile away, and borrowed a gun, with which I was able to collect one of them. It proved to be an immature male of the year before. The three females stayed about the lake during the afternoon but were lost track of at supper time. The next day we saw one lone female swimming about. Duck Lake is perhaps seventy miles from the seacoast.—FREDERIC H. KENNARD, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

**"The Replete Angler."**—On June 13, 1922, at high water mark, on Wingersheek beach just north of Gloucester, Mass., I found partly imbedded in the sand, a very much inflated and badly decomposed body of an Angler or Goose Fish (*Lophius piscatorius*). Investigation discovered the fact that an adult female White-winged Scoter (*Oidemia deglandi*) had fallen a victim to the fish's voracious appetite. The bird was intact and fully feathered but decomposition had advanced too far to ascertain whether it had been shot previously to being swallowed. As no bones appeared to be broken I am inclined to think that it had been swallowed alive and furthermore a flock of these ducks had been observed feeding off the shore for a fortnight before I found the fish. Aside from the Angler's head, which is wholly disproportionate to the size of its body, the duck and the fish compare favorably in weight and size.