

casions in the vicinity of Albany, particularly at Watervleit reservoir and at Niskayuna on the Mohawk.—SHERMAN C. BISHOP, *New York State Museum, Albany, N. Y.*

Diagnosis of a new genus of Buteonine Hawks (*Coryornis*, gen. nov).—Small, round-winged Buteones (wing about 230–255 mm.), resembling *Rupornis* Kaup, but with young conspicuously different in color from the adults; middle toe less than half as long as tarsus (the latter half as long as tail) and with acrotarsium feathered on upper third; loreal region densely bristled; outer toe decidedly longer than inner toe; adults barred or transversely spotted below with gray or cinnamon-rufous and upper parts grayish brown (much as in *Rupornis*), but young with under parts striped with brown and upper parts more or less variegated with buff.

Type, *Rupornis ridgwayi* Cory (*Coryornis ridgwayi*). Named in honor of the late Charles B. Cory.—ROBERT RIDGWAY, *Olney, Ill.*

Kingfisher and Cooper's Hawk.—About three years ago I witnessed a little incident which seems worthy of a brief note. It was the case of a Kingfisher pursued by a Hawk, and the escape of the Kingfisher by sudden dives into the water. Doubtless similar performances have been observed by others, but I do not recall having seen any published account of such an instance.

The present incident occurred on August 26, 1922, in the wilds of north-eastern Minnesota. The morning of that day was still and foggy, and my wife and I were in our canoe on an expansion of the river on the banks of which our camp was situated, quietly engaged in an attempt to hook a mess of fish for our breakfast. Suddenly the loud and excited rattle of a Kingfisher broke the stillness, and in an instant the bird itself shot past within a few yards of us, in desperate flight, followed by a Cooper's Hawk. It was apparent at a glance that this was no playful act, but that the Hawk was in deadly earnest and the Kingfisher well aware of the fact. We sat motionless and watched.

The birds were flying low over the water, perhaps within five or six feet of the surface. The Kingfisher clearly was doing its best, but the Hawk gained rapidly. The next moment, just as the Hawk appeared about to strike, the Kingfisher executed a sudden dive into the water which it hit with a loud splash. Before the baffled Hawk could check its own headlong flight the Kingfisher rose and with a challenging rattle flew away in the opposite direction.

But the Hawk was not thus easily to be defeated in its purpose. Again it took up the pursuit and in a few moments again was close upon the clumsy bird it had marked for its prey. But the same thing happened as before. When the swift-winged Hawk was about to strike, the Kingfisher, as if with instinctive judgment of the right moment, made a sudden nose dive, sending the spray flying. The Hawk by its momentum was carried some yards beyond.

As we sat perfectly still in the canoe, both participants in this little wilderness drama seemed entirely unaware, or at least unmindful of, our presence. Five or six times the Hawk renewed its attempts at a meal on the Kingfisher, and each time was skilfully foiled. So long as there was water below, the Kingfisher evidently was master of the situation. What finally discouraged the Hawk I cannot say. Perhaps it became suspicious of the canoe with its occupants. At any rate, after the last fruitless attempt it rose and disappeared in the fog, while the Kingfisher, alighting on a perch at the water's edge, with bristling crest and many a hitch and jerk, as if to reassure itself of its own personal solidarity, burst forth in a rattle loud and ringing with triumph if not actually vibrant with inexpressible scorn.—CHARLES EUGENE JOHNSON, *State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N. Y.*

[Just as this note goes to press, a precisely similar experience was related to me by Mr. Francis J. Stokes, of Philadelphia, who observed the birds on a river in the northern part of New Brunswick in August, 1925. He was not sure of the species of Hawk. The Kingfisher dove and as the spray splashed up the Hawk rose slightly and its momentum carried it on, while the emerging Kingfisher, reversing himself in some way, flew back in the opposite direction. The operation was repeated eight to twelve times.—Ed.]

Northern Pileated Woodpecker, Cummington, Mass.—The Pileated Woodpecker, is an exceedingly rare bird in the New England States and it was an exciting moment when I first saw this bird, on May 30, 1925. The bird was first seen in a large and almost impenetrable bog filled with dead trees and overgrown with creepers and brambles and is some fifteen acres in extent. The conditions for the Pileated Woodpecker in this swamp are exceptionally favorable. On May 30 one bird was seen in flight, on June 1 two birds were seen, perched Woodpecker fashion, on a dead tree. I approached the birds within about forty feet; they seemed not to be aware of my presence. The female bird is distinguishable by a smaller amount of red on head and crest also by her more olive forehead. On June 2, I heard the Flicker-like call note and the slow heavy tapping of this Woodpecker. I see no reason for doubting the existence of a nest and I will try my best to find it.—VICTOR H. ROSEN, *Cummington, Mass.*

Strange Nesting-site of the Chimney Swift (*Chaetura pelagica*).—It is a matter of common knowledge that Chimney Swifts built their nests in caves, hollow trees, and similar sheltered situations, before they had access to man-made chimneys. Not until recently, however, have I had opportunity to observe nests built elsewhere than in a chimney, and in the present case the birds seem to have voluntarily chosen not to use chimneys, since several were available. At Conrad (locally known only as Hull's Station), Potter County, on May 18, 1925, one such nest was found in an old, open stable, three in adjoining implement sheds, and one