

nevertheless, relatively large or wide, and the hair-like feathers of the nasal portion of the facial disc probably perform the same insect-catching function as the enormously developed rictal bristles of the Whip-poor-will.—GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON, *Bethany, West Virginia*.

**Ani (*Crotophaga ani*) Wintering in Florida.**—I would like to give some additional observations on the Ani which was reported by Mr. William G. Fargo in the *Auk*, Vol. XLVI, pp. 388-389. Not until I read his article did I know that Mr. Fargo had found this same bird in Florida.

This Ani was first seen by me on January 24, 1929, among the mangroves surrounding a small pond, east of the Don Ce-Sar Hotel, near Pass-a-Grille, Pinellas County. It was seen at the same place two days later, January 26, when I returned to try to collect it. After passing up a good shot to study the bird more closely I was then unable to get within range of it again. The third observation of this Ani was not until February 17, and I then decided to see how long the bird would continue to stay. I looked for it again on March 3 and 17, not knowing that it had been collected in the meantime by Mr. Fargo on February 25. We therefore know that this Ani was present for at least a month during the winter.

The Ani is rather similar in appearance to the Boat-tailed Grackle but the heavy blunt bill is quite apparent and diagnostic. Its short jerky flights from one mangrove clump to another were confined to a very limited area. The only notes I heard were harsh and discordant whistles.

Dr. Harry C. Oberholser of the Biological Survey sent me the following summary of the occurrences of the Ani in the United States:—"The only records of the Ani (*Crotophaga ani*) outside of Florida are those from Philadelphia, and Edenton, North Carolina, and several records from Louisiana in Saint Bernard and Plaquemine Parishes. The most northern record of its occurrence in Florida is Brevard County, made in the early spring. A number of the records of this bird from Florida are for the summer season but it apparently occurs at all times of the year."—PHILIP A. DU MONT, *Wilton, Connecticut*.

**Feeding Habits of Chimney Swifts.**—Last summer, 1928, I had an unusual opportunity to watch at close range the feeding of a brood of Chimney Swifts. It may have been a second brood, as the time was late July and early August. Our home near Lawrenceville, Virginia is in a very old house that has two large stone chimneys, with fire-places that will take a four foot back log, and with a "throat" large enough to admit in reality, a fairly good sized Santa Claus. In these old chimneys there is an offset, or ledge, at the top of the back-wall of the fire place, which in this case is about a foot wide.

At midday July 25, a heavy rain dislodged a nest containing four young Swifts, and both nest and nestlings fell to the ledge at the top of the back-wall. The cries of the young very soon attracted my attention to them, and by sitting on a low stool on the hearth I could look under the arch of

the fire-place and see them at a distance of less than three feet. At this time the young birds were quite well feathered, with wing and tail feathers well started. Unfortunately I had kept no record of the date when they were first heard in the chimney, but believe they were more than a week old at the time of the accident. When first found, very soon after the storm, all were sprawling in the soot on the ledge; but in a few minutes two of them began to climb the back wall of the chimney and an hour later were clinging to the rough wall, side by side, about fourteen inches above the ledge. The other two continued on the ledge near the fallen nest all the afternoon. The old birds kept flying into the top of the chimney, but did not come down to the young ones that day. Every time this happened the young set up a squeaking that must have been a distress call. To quote from my notes written at the time, it was a loud, harsh squeal, quite unlike the chattering they always make when being fed.

The next morning, very soon after daylight the old birds began coming down to the two young on the wall and feeding them. I did not see them feed the two on the ledge, but these very soon began climbing the wall, joining the first two. The four huddled close together, side by side, heads up and stubby tails braced against the wall below them.

From the start the old birds did not see me sitting on the hearth, or, seeing they paid little attention. I was much surprised to see that they always fluttered down and lit on the wall a little below the young birds, bracing themselves in the same manner as the young and reaching up to feed them. The young would turn their necks down as far as possible without changing the position of their bodies. The old birds would stretch up, putting the bill inside the gaping mouths of the young, and seemingly feed by regurgitation. This was invariable during the time I spent watching them, which amounted to a number of hours.

The four young clung to the wall without moving noticeably, always side by side, and were fed from daylight until dark at intervals of from 1 to 28 minutes until July 31, when I was obliged to leave home. I fully expected they would leave the chimney before my return, but when I reached home the afternoon of August 5, the first thing I heard was the young Swifts in the chimney. They had now climbed up the wall to about six feet above the ledge and were somewhat scattered. By putting my head into the throat of the chimney and looking up, I could still see them quite well. They continued thus until August 13, when they were fed in the chimney late in the afternoon; but were gone the morning of the 14th.

During the last week of their stay in the chimney they spent hours and hours fluttering their wings as if to exercise them. Thus, no doubt, they gained the strength necessary for the life of constant flight that they were soon to begin all at once. These young Swifts, with feather growth well started before the nest fell, were fed in the chimney nineteen days after the fall. A brood of Carolina Wrens that were under observation at the same time, left the nest when twelve days old.—JOHN B. LEWIS, 304 Mitchell St., Ithaca, N. Y.