

GENERAL NOTES.

Peculiar Actions of the Loon (*Gavia immer*).—While collecting this past summer around Whitefish Point, Michigan, we came to a small lake, known as Long Lake which is about half a mile long and several hundred yards wide, with a long narrow island at the west end. As we came over the thinly wooded sand ridge and peered through the bushes we saw a female Loon with two young about a third grown on the lake in front of us. The three were close together and after firing the two young lay on the water but the female was gone. After waiting for about five minutes, expecting to see some trace of the old bird we then went out and picked up the young, after which we paddled slowly down the Lake, stopping to examine some beaver houses on the way, though always on the lookout for the old bird. Fully thirty minutes later when we were nearly at the island which divides the lake at its west end, we saw both male and female watching us. As we paddled towards them one bird retreated but the other kept coming closer. When about a hundred yards away it dove, coming up about as far to the rear as it had been in front of us. We turned and paddled towards it, again it dove and came up to the rear of us. This occurred no less than six times, and each time the bird came a little closer; at one time coming up within ten feet of the boat.

The gradual shortening of the dives no doubt was due to the fact that she was getting tired, but why did she continually dive under our boat when the male had retreated to the end of the lake and was no longer seen?

The only solution I can suggest is that she must have known that the young were in our boat though she could not see them for they were in our collecting sack. Is it possible that a Loon has a sense of smell strong enough to detect its young under such conditions?—W. BRYANT TYRRELL, Cranbrook Museum, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

Notes on a Holboell's Grebe in Captivity.—On December 10, 1929, a living Holboell's Grebe (*Colymbus holboelli*) was found on the railroad track three miles from the frozen river. When approached, it made a series of swift lunges of the sharp beak accompanied by discordant, raucous notes: *ca-a-ar*, *c-a-a-ar*, *ca-a-ar*, quite prolonged. Its neck could be stretched to so great a distance that a lunge of the bird would strike an approaching hand two feet distant. Yet when a hand was manoeuvred to touch the back, the bird allowed its feathers to be stroked gently, nervously twitching the head and uttering a soft continuance of whining notes: *qu-a-a-r-r-k-k*, beginning deep in the throat and attaining greater volume as the bill was opened preparatory to striking. It refused all offerings of salmon though it had been hours without food, but showed a slight interest in, pieces of the fish dropped near the bill from a height above the head and snapped at them, several times holding pieces in the bill and then tossing them to a distance by snapping the head in a semi-rotary motion—a