

bearings and punctured the side of the stump.

Nest building commences the last of March and full sets of eggs may be found by April 15. A set of five taken April 16 were slightly incubated and were fifteen feet from the ground in a cavity in a cottonwood tree. By the first of May this pair of birds had excavated another shallow nest and the female laid five more eggs in a tree not ten feet from the one containing the first nest. The birds are devoted to their eggs and may sometimes be caught on the nest. Two or three broods must be reared in a season as fresh eggs may be found as late as June.

I had a queer experience with a Western Bluebird (*Sialia mexicana occidentalis*) while examining a nest of this flicker. On April 23, 1899 while collecting, I noticed a dead cottonwood in the middle of a field and no other trees within 200 feet of it. As I had just taken several sets of various woodpeckers' eggs from similar situations, I thought I would examine this tree. I pounded on the tree with my hatchet, when out flew a flicker from a hole twenty-five feet up. All the bark was stripped off the tree and it was perfectly smooth and shaky as well, but I managed to "shin up," during which operation I partly dislodged a snag which projected from one side of the tree. I chopped open the flicker's nest but found it empty and as it was al-

most dark I decided to start for home, when I saw a pair of bluebirds flying about excitedly, but finally both disappeared.

Then I thought they probably had a nest in the tree and began to examine the various cavities but without result. Remembering seeing a hole in the end of the snag I had partially dislodged, I pulled it out of the cavity which held it and started down the tree. When I reached the ground I began to enlarge the entrance to the hole in the snag when the female flew from the hole and I was soon in possession of six eggs. This shows the solicitude of the bluebird for its eggs. The nest was composed entirely of cottonwood fibers.

The last on the list of our woodpeckers is only a winter visitant,—the Red-breasted Sapsucker (*Sphyrapicus ruber.*) They arrive about the middle of October and remain with us until March, but are not plentiful at any time, and I have never seen more than three or four in one day. They are very shy and when once shot at will not allow a person to approach close enough to shoot again. Many trees are attacked by these birds, the live oak, cottonwood, sycamore and barberry seeming to be the favorites. The bird also eats ants and insects and sometimes indulges in berries. In conclusion, we probably have as large a list of resident woodpeckers as any similar region in California, as conditions are favorable for the woodpecker tribe.



Nesting of the Mexican Wild Turkey in the Huachuca Mts., Ariz.

(*Meleagris gallopavo.*)

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[Read before the Southern Division of the Cooper Orn. Club, Jan. 31, 1900.]

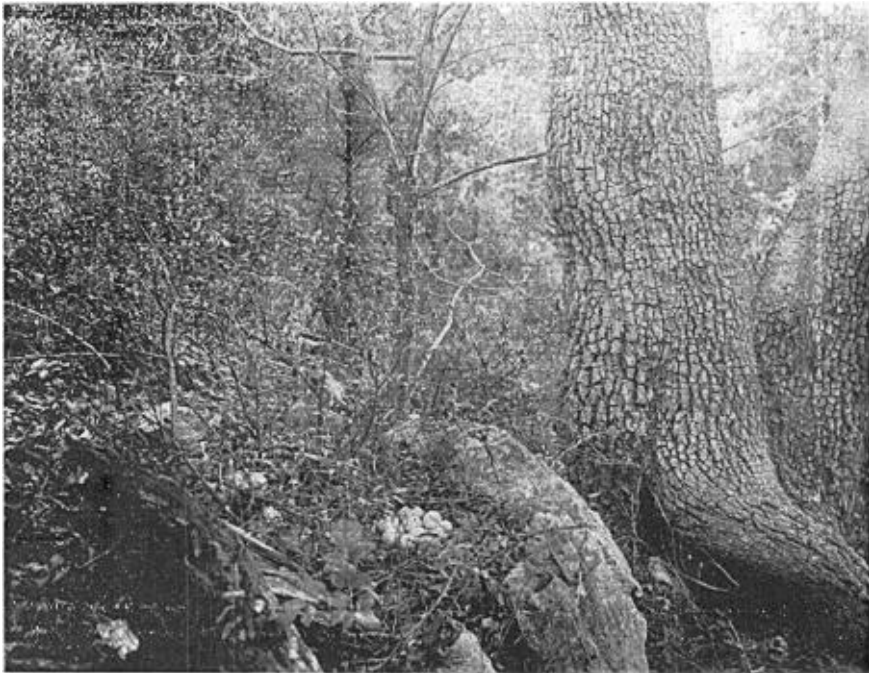
EARLY in the spring of the present year while walking down the wagon road in one of the main canons of the Huachuca Mountains I was very much surprised as I glanced at the opposite hill-side to see a fine large Wild Turkey walking around, feeding under some oak trees. He (to

all appearances a gobbler) was fully as large, if not larger, than any domestic bird I had ever seen. Either he was not aware of my presence or else my presence did not disturb him, for he was in plain sight and not more than fifty yards distant.

I watched the bird for two or three



FIG. 1. NEST AND EGGS OF MEXICAN WILD TURKEY.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEST AND SURROUNDINGS.
Photos by O. W. Howard

minutes when he finally disappeared behind some bushes. This was the first Wild Turkey I had ever seen and at first I thought it was a domestic bird that had strayed from some ranch house. As I thought the matter over my wits came back to me and I knew there were no turkeys at any of the ranch houses in that vicinity. Arriving at this conclusion, I was about to shoot, but as quickly decided not to and was afterward glad of it for I concluded there was more than one bird in the vicinity and thought I might possibly find a nest by leaving them undisturbed. For sometime I was disappointed, until one day my brother reported having seen two turkeys not far from the place where I had seen the first one.

After that the birds were seen quite often and always in the same vicinity. I believe there were only two birds in the vicinity, at least there were never more than two seen at a time. I tried to persuade various persons not to shoot the birds but was somewhat disappointed in this, for I know it is very trying to anyone who enjoys hunting to see a fine big gobbler in range without taking a shot at him, and it does not worry a disinterested party much whether turkeys ever lay eggs or not, so I knew my chances of getting a set of eggs from these two birds were rather slim.

As it happened, the life of the birds was only spared by the poor marksmanship of some of the natives, so I still had hopes of getting a set of eggs and made several searches in the locality where the birds had been seen so often. I had all sorts of pictures in my mind of the nest I wanted so much to find, but the season rolled on and by the middle of June I came to the conclusion that the eggs had hatched *and flown*, so I gave up all hopes of getting a set of eggs that season.

Imagine my surprise when, on the 1st of July, my brother handed me a fine set of nine turkey's eggs. A Mex-

ican who was packing mining timber from the mountains was out looking for his burros one morning and flushed the old bird from the nest. The Mexican knew that my brother and I were "bird catchers" or "bug-hunters" (the terms commonly used in this vicinity for anyone interested in natural history.) So the man from the land of "Manana" told my brother about the nest and said he would let him have the eggs for "dos pesos," or in other words, \$2.00. My brother knew I would be only too glad to get the eggs at that price and agreed to take them, so the Mexican took him to the nest. When they got within a few yards of it the old bird left and ran off into the brush.

The nest was in the bed of the canon at the base of the hill, in a natural depression in the soft earth at the side of a rock, and just under a large white oak tree. With the half tones, this description will hardly be necessary. The nest had a lining of leaves and small twigs, with a few feathers from the old bird scattered about. The nest was about a mile above the place where I had seen the first bird and at about 7000 feet elevation. Strange to say, the nest was within a stone's throw and in plain sight from a well-traveled trail.

Taking into consideration the fact that the bird was shot at and otherwise disturbed so often, I was much surprised to see the nest so near the trail. Possibly the bird took the precaution of placing her nest in that position so she could watch the trail and make her escape at the least alarm without being seen. The eggs were all addled and I think they had been set on for at least six weeks. Fortunately I had a cold when I blew them, so I can not say as to what per cent of "sulphuretted hydrogen" they contained. The decaying of the eggs was probably due to the bird being disturbed too often while setting, or wet weather may have been the cause of it. In taking the picture of the eggs, I placed the camera within two feet of the nest, and the picture showing the locality was taken from a point about twelve feet from the nest. Both pictures were taken after sunset.