

feet of the ground, and the remaining two have been worked upon to within twenty feet of the ground. The outer and roughly fissured bark has been systematically chiseled away, giving the impression of trees that had been carefully surfaced by an expert working with an adze. For several feet near the top of two trees the bark has been stripped to the cambium layer, but by far the greater portion of the work was the chiseling away of the rough outer layer of bark to a depth of three inches, leaving a comparatively smooth, golden-brown surface. Of course the layer removed varies in thickness, growing thinner as the tree tapers toward the summit.

From a little distance these freshly carved trees have the appearance of the yellow pine, rather than the dark-barked Douglas spruce.

Underneath is a great litter of chips and strips of bark; a cord surely, most likely more. Many of the strips of bark are two feet long, while the great mass of chips average eight inches. There is nothing rotten or soft about this bark, and when we tested its strength we found that it held tenaciously and required the full strength of strong fingers to pry off one of the ridges of bark where leverage could most readily be applied. The Woodpecker, however, working with his strong chisel-like bill is able to apply the power of a wedge as well as leverage.

Close examination of the bark where the woodpecker had been working disclosed numerous pits, or pockets, which had encased the objects of the woodpecker's pursuit. By ripping off layers of bark just below where the woodpecker had been working we uncovered several occupied pits. The occupants were soft, white, grub-like objects which we took to be the larvae of some sort of ant. All this work we believe to have been accomplished by a single Pileated Woodpecker, and in the short space of a few months.—ENID REEVE MICHAEL, *Yosemite, California, March 9, 1925.*

Clark Nutcracker in Alameda County, California.—I have recently had an opportunity of handling a Clark Nutcracker (*Nucifraga columbiana*) that was killed near here and brought to me to be skinned. This is a most unusual bird for this region. I have no memory of another having been taken during my forty-five years' residence here.

The bird was a female, apparently immature, and it was killed in Cull's Canyon, near Hayward, February 16, 1923. It was said to have been feeding on a dead calf on the hillside, but no meat was found in the stomach. I have been told several times of birds, probably this species, seen near here and supposed to be "some kind of woodpecker or jay".—W. OTTO EMERSON, *Hayward, California, April 20, 1925.*

Early Nesting of the Fork-tailed Petrel.—Exactly fifty-three days earlier in the season than my California breeding record date of May 14, 1916, for the Fork-tailed Petrel (*Oceanodroma furcata*), and on the same island, I discovered the Fork-tailed Petrel breeding on March 22, 1925, on Whaler Island off Crescent City, California. Cast bump-pe-ty, bump-pe-ty, bump, upon a surface of round boulders by a large back-swell, my boat was soon left high and dry by the fast ebbing tide, upon the shore of Whaler Island. I landed on the north end and immediately made for the rising easterly flat, which is covered with heavy, black loam, matted down with long, coarse grass. Petrel aroma was evident and I immediately began breaking through the surface as I trod the honeycombed home of the Kaeding Petrel. Many holes were dug up but revealed no birds. A low cackle was heard and its exact source soon located. One foot of tunnel laid open revealed two Kaeding Petrels, huddled together at the pear-shaped end of the burrow. In scattered spots several more "sets" of two birds were found, but in no instance were eggs located. These birds did not eject a squirt of oil, as petrels do in advanced nesting.

Next, I searched on the seaward side among the boulders, where Fork-tailed Petrels were nesting on May 14, 1916, but found no evidence of any nesting birds at this spot. My attention was then turned towards the north side of the island, where a rocky, low cliff is bordered below by a boulder-covered beach that is covered at times of high seas by the breakers. This was investigated, with the Pigeon Guillemot in mind, but March 22 was apparently too early. I next turned to a broken-up ledge, scantily carpeted with dirt and grass, ten feet above my head. I scrambled up the steep slope to this ledge and with great effort dislodged a heavy rock, three feet in