

**Notes on Some Birds Nesting in Northern Idaho.**—I have selected the following from among my field notes taken while I was stationed on the St. Joe National Forest in northern Idaho. Their particular interest lies in the bearing that they may have on the behavior of certain more or less common species of birds under unusual conditions or circumstances.

On July 21, 1932, I discovered a pair of Mountain Bluebirds (*Sialia currucoides*) feeding fledglings at Bathtub Mountain. The nest was in a wooden box which had been nailed to the outside of the log cabin occupied by the lookout man and had evidently been used previously as a makeshift cupboard. The floor space measured roughly 10 by 18 inches and the birds had filled the entire space with nesting material to a depth of three or four inches, while protruding from the mass the following foreign items were noted: A coil of insulated copper wire; six or seven sixty-penny spikes; an old telephone condenser; two large, rusty iron bolts; several pieces of chalk-line and a large chunk of blue carpenter's chalk. The nest was not disturbed and one can only conjecture what further items a careful inventory would have brought to light.

On June 19, 1934, a Western Robin (*Turdus migratorius propinquus*) was noted on its nest in a thicket of mountain hemlock near Monumental Buttes. The peculiar posture of the bird led me to investigate further and to arrive at the following deduction. The nest had evidently been built or at least started while the sapling was bent into a horizontal position by the weight of accumulated snow and ice in the top. As the sun's rays melted the ice, the sapling was gradually released until on the date noted, the nest was tilted at a precarious angle so that when the bird flushed at my approach, the eggs barely missed being dumped to the ground, eight feet below. With a stout piece of twine I secured the sapling and bending it to its former position anchored it to a nearby bush. Before I left I was rewarded by seeing the bird brooding again, this time in a normal position.

On July 17, following the robin episode, I was witness to the final stages of the following incident. While I was inspecting a road construction job at Reid's Gulch, one of the road workers preparing to blast through a rock bluff discovered a nest containing three fledglings, identified later as Townsend Solitaires (*Myadestes townsendi*) in a crevice in the rocks. The nearest powder charge was not close enough actually to destroy the nesting site, but should the charge be touched off in its then location, that the nest would be demolished and the young birds killed was a foregone conclusion. The powder man had his definite instructions to blast the cliff, so only one thing could be done. One of the men scooped the entire structure, fledglings and all, into his hat and removed it to a safe distance while the shot was fired. A large, jutting overhang which had been within six feet of the nest was completely shot away, but as I arrived on the scene the nest with its contents was being replaced in the undamaged crevice; and within a short time a parent bird appeared and began feeding the hungry youngsters.

On May 16, 1937, I flushed a female Cinnamon Teal (*Querquedula cyanoptera*) from her nest located within eight feet of the main-line track of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad just east of St. Maries. The nest contained eight eggs; when visited on the 24th and again on the 29th, the clutch had increased to eleven, the female brooding on both occasions. The remarkable fact, however, was that four regular passenger and two or more freight trains passed each day without appearing to disturb the brooding bird in the least. Standing at a distance of 75 feet from the tracks one could readily feel the ground shake as the "Olympian Express" rumbled past, and it is not difficult to imagine the sensation that this mother duck must have felt before becoming injured to the situation. When I approached on foot she would invariably flush before I was within fifteen feet of the nest, but though I often watched closely I never saw her leave at the passing of a train. Unfortunately, I was transferred to another locality on the first of June, so I did not determine whether this nesting venture was successfully completed.—R. L. HAND, *Missoula, Montana, December 8, 1938.*

**Additional Notes on the Black Pigeon Hawk.**—While on a vacation trip to Paulina Lake, Deschutes County, Oregon, during August, 1938, I was very much surprised to find *Falco columbarius suchleyi* in that region, so far east of the main divide of the Cascade Mountains. As we crossed the lake on August 5, I saw two small hawks flying close together low over the water, but as they were quite a distance away I could not be positive. Camp was established in the lodgepole pines near the shore of the lake in the isolated northeast cove where the beach is quite wide and open. Numerous small mineralized springs and seeps keep the ground moist and provide an excellent place for small birds to congregate during the heat of the day to bathe and drink. The mineral water seemed to be relished by deer, as also by many robins, crossbills, chipping sparrows and juncos. My companions, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith, and Mrs. Jewett, all trained observers, and I, spent many hours watching and studying this bird concentration.

About eight o'clock in the morning of August 8, while a large number of small birds were on the beach, a sudden scurrying for cover, accompanied by many alarm notes from birds and numerous