

and probably nest, I learned of an unusual method employed by pigeons in evading their dreaded foe, the Duck Hawk. The pigeons, upon seeing the hawk towering above them, preparatory to striking, fly with terrific haste down toward the main highway. As the Duck Hawk poises before his plunge the pigeons arrange themselves under the telegraph wires, and fly along one after the other, just beneath the wires. The hawk swoops, but always veers off when it sees the wires. Goshawks have been known to kill themselves by flying into mesh wire while making their attack upon poultry; evidently the Duck Hawk does not commit such folly. I understand from local residents that the pigeons which pass the cliffs now regularly fly near the road, ready to dart to cover under the wires at the first sight of their enemy. How different are these tactics from those of the flocks of shore-birds in the North Country which swarm into the sky and mill about in a confused mass, awaiting the dreaded plunge of their pursuer.

Robins, Flickers, Meadowlarks, and Blue Jays which fly by the cliffs are struck down with comparative ease. These smaller birds apparently have not learned of the protection the telegraph wires might afford.—GEORGE MIKSCHE SUTTON, *Game Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Some Cowbird Experiences in Columbus, Ohio.—On May 22, 1928, at about 9:15 A. M., a male Cowbird (*Molothrus ater ater*) alighted on an old shed near our house, giving his high pitched call—"seeee." Soon a female Cowbird arrived near by, whereupon a Field Sparrow and a male Indigo Bunting also appeared, and scolded. The female Cowbird then disappeared, but shortly afterwards returned with an egg in her bill, which she ate at leisure, contents and shell, while an unfortunate Song Sparrow protested. With a satisfied air she hopped on to the fence, wiped her bill and flew away.

On June 8, 1928, I discovered a nest of the Maryland Yellowthroat (*Geothlypis trichas trichas*) in a patch of weeds in the same vicinity. In it were two warbler eggs and no less than four Cowbird's eggs. All were warm. The warblers did not show themselves at all. I unwisely removed all of the eggs of the parasite, without thinking until later of the shock it would be to the warbler to find such a radical change in her household. The unappreciative warbler promptly deserted her own eggs. The Cowbird eggs remained in the house for five hours at a temperature of 68°F. Then I cracked one, and the horrid little reptilian creature inside waved its fore paw and opened its bill! The egg that closely resembled this one in its markings was also nearly ready to hatch, but the others, which were like each other but slightly different from the first two, were fresh.—MARGARET M. NICE, *Columbus, Ohio.*

The Hudsonian Chickadee in Michigan.—On July 28, 1928, in spruce forest on a sandy plain south of the Huron Mountains, about fifteen miles from the shore of Lake Superior and at an elevation of about 900 feet above the lake, I came on a band of chickadees and kinglets which included both the familiar Black-capped Chickadee (*Penthestes atricapillus atricapillus*) and the Hudsonian Chickadee (*Penethestes hudsonicus*) and both the Golden-crowned Kinglet (*Regulus satrapa satrapa*) and the Ruby-crowned Kinglet (*Regulus calendula calendula*). Walking in the clear and rather open stand of spruces, and hearing chickadee notes which seemed not wholly familiar, I squeaked, and presently the little coterie was all about me. There were two or three Black-caps, but the majority of the chickadees, a half dozen, more or less, were Hud-