

went hopping and fluttering along. One of the adults flew to its side and fluttered about, then flew back at my head, while the other adult continued to dart at me. The other young bird then flew away also. I caught both of the young and placed them on a branch of a beech. But as I walked away the adult birds still waged war upon me.—RAYMOND O. MARSHALL, *Leetonia, Ohio*.

Some Accommodating Bird Tenants.—The elements of weather had hollowed out the center of an old fence post. This opening afforded a Bluebird the desired protection for a home in which to rear her family. Early in May she located this spot, and had built a nest at the bottom of a vertical hole that descended for about a dozen inches. There she brooded over her complement of four pale, greenish-blue eggs. The eggs hatched and the youngsters developed rapidly, as the mother did more than her share in bringing food for her babies. This continued for a couple of weeks, then one morning the home was deserted.

Scarcely a fortnight after the Bluebird family had departed, a pair of wrens decided that the same fence post would suit them for a summer home. It was necessary to make a few improvements, so the pair brought in quantities of sticks and twigs and soon the bottom of the hollow cavity was filled with sparse material. The door that had been cut in the side of the post by the writer admitted too much light, and this was closed with a bunch of sticks. Some soft material lined the interior of the nest and there a Bluebird's feather, left by the previous tenant, could be seen. While watching the scene of this happy home one afternoon, the last of the family clambered to the top of the post. There he sat for a time but a passing wagon frightened him and he dropped into the tall grass. In a few minutes he escaped from view and the home in the old post was again vacant.

A few years later another pair of wrens chose a more conspicuous place in which to build. They gathered sticks and a small amount of feathers and down, which they fashioned into a nest of the usual type placing it in the transom of a doorway in a busy section of a little town; a rather unusual place for wrens to start housekeeping. They reared their family and seemed little concerned about their proximity to man's dwelling. Their nervous chattering, during the brief time they occupied the transom home, lent a pleasing note to the long day. They slipped away one day before we hardly knew they were gone. Later during the same summer a Robin saddled her nest upon the top of the wren's nest, probably thinking that it was no more than a convenient foundation for her home. After a period of careful attention, during which the mother braved her conspicuous position above the door, the young developed until the nest was running over with flesh and feathers. The nest was no longer large enough to hold them and they were forced to leave their home.

While Robins, Bluebirds, and wrens often return to their former nesting places, we wonder whether such tenants would accommodate each other again as they had done in "The Old Post Home" and in "The Transom Home."—S. W. FROST, *Arendtsville, Pa.*

A Land Migration of Coots.—One of the most interesting sights in bird migration which I have ever seen, occurred in the Warner Valley region of Lake County, Oregon, in May of 1929. This area is an immense marsh and lake region, some thirty-six miles long and from five to seven miles wide. Large and

small lakes, ponds, and water almost everywhere, and large areas of tules and flags, with wild grass lands.

I was located at the southern end of the valley, and on my arrival was informed that thousands of large black-colored birds were passing through the marshes northward. So on the next morning, May 9, I went to the location mentioned, which was about two miles out in the marsh and there in full view some 300 yards distant were the Coots (*Fulica americana*) marching northward like an immense army, from six to twenty-five of them abreast. They followed the course of dry land wherever possible, and did not enter the water to swim across ponds and lakes, but followed the shore lines, in constant motion. They did not seem to be feeding. They would not rise to wing unless approached too close, and then would fly only a short distance, and continue their northward course.

The season of 1929 was a very late one. Generally at this time nests with full complements of eggs could be found. But in 1929 at this time they had just arrived from the south. The open ground where these birds could be seen extended about one-half of a mile in length, and the birds covered the entire length. I judge that not less than 5,000 birds passed this point the first morning of my visit.

Again the next morning I visited the place, and the procession was still in progress, with 3000 birds in sight. Again on the third morning of my visit the Coots were still walking northward, but in very much reduced numbers, now scattered in flocks of fifty to one hundred birds. The fourth morning the migration had been completed at this point. My estimate of 10,000 birds seen during the four-day observation I believe is far below the actual number.

Visiting the northern part of the marshes a few days later, I found the birds scattered in all directions, looking for their summer nesting locations. Not until about June 1 were any nests found, with eggs, and these with incomplete sets. The marshes and tules, however, were filled with new nests, and Coots were everywhere.

How many of these Coots remained for the season in Warner Valley, I am unable to say, but there was an abundance of room and food. In talking with the older resident of the valley, and some who live out on islands in the marshes, I found no one who had ever seen this before. My record set of Coot's eggs is seventeen, taken in 1925.—DR. A. G. PRILL, *Scio, Ore.*

Five Little Migrant Shrikes.—On May 25, 1927, five fluffy Migrant Shrike babies, with tails about an inch long, were sitting in two elm trees beside Snail Brook, west of Norman, Oklahoma. They were vociferous, and demonstrative with their wings, whenever their parents came to them, but quiet in between meals. The begging note was a harsh *ker ker ker ker*. Once when a parent left, the young said *too too*; when I came near, they remarked *krou krou krou*; sometimes they grunted as they sat waiting. They also preened themselves and pecked at leaves.

Interestingly enough, mother *Lanius ludovicianus migrans* went to an old nest forty feet up in a nearby elm, and from there flew with a twig to a new nest about a hundred feet to the north. This new nest was thirty feet from the ground, in an elm, and was composed of twigs and a small amount of cotton. She then returned to what had probably been her first home, tugged at a piece of grape vine and carried it also to her new dwelling, where she drove off two