

mature birds, at the above lake, where the birds were no doubt gathering for the fall migration.—WM. YOUNGWORTH, *Sioux City, Iowa*.

**A Virginia Rail Spends a Day in the City.**—On June 7, 1930, my neighbor called me to see a strange bird in her clump of lilac bushes. I recognized it as one of the rails. My first thought was that the bird was injured or it would not have been there. I tried to catch it, but it eluded me so completely that I failed to find it though I was confident it had not left the bushes. I retired to my dining room window, and soon I saw it walking about. Again I tried to catch it and failed. I placed a shallow pan of water at the edge of the bushes. It was not long till the bird came and waded around in the water. At noon we surprised the bird in the open, and were able to guide it into the garage, where it demonstrated that it could fly perfectly well. I caught it and put it in a small cage. With my friend, Mrs. W. J. Armour, I studied it carefully and identified it as a Virginia Rail (*Rallus l. limicola*). Satisfied about its identity, I gently placed the cage at the edge of the bushes, and it stepped out very leisurely and went back into the shadows. Often it came and waded in the pan of water. As the sun was setting it came out into the patch of sunlight, put its head under its wing and went to sleep. It was still there when it was most too dark to see well. The next morning it was gone, after its day of rest in the city.—MRS. MARIE DALES, *Sioux City, Iowa*.

**The Roosting-place of Fledged House Wrens.**—What becomes of the young House Wrens (*Troglodytes aedon aedon*) after they have left the nest has always been a perplexing question about our home, for after the first day they can be found nowhere in the vicinity. In 1930, however, we had the pleasure of having them around for four days after leaving the nest, and they were the source of much amusement. Just before dusk every evening the parent birds would work frantically to get the young ones into a then abandoned Robin's nest in an apple tree, seventy-five feet distant from their own nest box and twenty feet from the ground. But what a time they had. After much arguing and scolding, they would succeed in getting two or three of the six young into the nest, and would dart after the remaining ones, only to find upon their return that the first group had departed into a neighboring cherry tree. This, of course, called for more scolding and coaxing. They used the Robin's nest for four nights; the fifth day they vanished, and were never seen about the premises again.—CARL W. RAHE, *Cleveland, Ohio*.

**An Icebound Woodpecker.**—The morning of January 21, 1927, dawned bright and cold, after an almost night-long seige of rain, sleet, and snow. Directly after sunup I hastened out to run a short trapline, and while hurrying through a woods I saw, scurrying on the ground ahead of me, a male Red-headed Woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*), apparently injured. He could race rapidly, nevertheless, and would often ascend a tree trunk for a few feet, but would always drop off and resume the race. He was an expert at dodging and I experienced no little difficulty in capturing him, part of my inability to get him in hand being due to the fact that I feared trampling him as he dodged here and there. Imagine my surprise when I found that the tips of his wings, where they met over the base of the tail, were securely held together by a piece of ice! Flight was entirely out of the question. I removed the ice that bound him, but for a moment he remained quiet in my hands, not realizing, probably, that he was free, then with a cry he left me, flying heavily in a crooked, wavering flight. He was im-