

birds utter a pleasing call that sounds like "or-ee-ee, or-ee-ee." They resent inspection of the nest, and utter angry cries, while perched in the trees close by. Then in a kind of "glide" they dash with great speed right at one's face.

Crows or Ravens (*Corvus*) are sometimes met with in large numbers. They levy toll on lambing ewes that have had the misfortune to get "down" on sloping ground. Their method of attack—the picking out of an eye—is particularly cruel.

White-winged Choughs (*Corcorax melanorhamphus*) are found among the tall timber. They are often shot at and so are hard to approach. In my present district (Barker's Creek) we have a flock of fifty or more that visit our school-ground daily, and so we have been able to study them at close quarters. We find that a great portion of their food consists of beetles, which they dig from under the pine trees, and of termites or white ants, which they get around dead stumps. They also feed on the bulbs of the onion-grass. They appear to be very fond of each other, and, when feeding together, a cry from a fully grown bird will cause another immediately to rush up and place food in the former's mouth. All the birds help in building the large mud nests, and, while the eggs are being incubated by the real owner, the flock feeds close by, keeping a careful watch for marauding Crows. They are just as fond of play as are the Babblers, "follow the leader" being a favourite pastime. Sometimes one bird will seize hold of a small stick, and, throwing himself down will resist the attempts of the others to get it from him. Again, a bird will catch hold of a bunch of leaves trailing on the ground, and drag it round and round.

A Tame Bronze-Cuckoo.—When I was a lad I attempted to make a pet of one of these birds, and with no small amount of success. The little chap showed no fear of humans, and was quite satisfied to accept me as his feeder, but what an appetite. My father was an orchardist before the days of spraying for codlin moths. At that time we used to tie a bandage round the trunk of the apple trees to trap the grub after its work had been finished, and the number of grubs caught was enormous. Well, the bandage solved the problem of Cuckoo food. I used to take the little bird to the tree, and release the bandage, and it simply collected its own food. I still have a very vivid recollection of that little bird eating over 300 grubs for one meal—about 250 to 280 was its average meal. The Cuckoo became very quiet, and would never attempt to fly away. I kept it caged only for about two or three weeks, but it never left the house for about three months. It used to fly about the orchard wherever I was, and simply asked me to untie a bandage. It disappeared one day, probably responding to a call from Nature, and I never saw it again.—SYDNEY J. LUGG, Moolap, via Geelong.