

hollow entered 55 feet up with a vertical drop of five feet to the floor chamber and, extraordinary to relate, away up in a lofty crack of the same tree lived a fine black possum-glider. On a number of nights I watched him come out and take off on swift parachute jumps to the surrounding forest. As far as I know the Owls did not molest him.

In due course—with some reluctance and a resolve not to interfere with the parents again—I took the young ones. As with the previous year's family the owlets numbered two—a large, distinctively-marked male and a smaller, snowy-downed female.

Once more I gave the birds every care, applying years of experience in rearing owlets of at least four species, and yet again the dreaded symptoms, apparently caused by air sac mites in 'Wookie's' case in 1942, again manifested themselves. In this case the smaller female developed a chronic cough as soon as she was able to fly. I thought she would die, but three months later, in spite of brownish fluid discharged on many occasions through the nostrils, she threw off the trouble and is now a healthy adult. Tragic to relate, however, the fine big male owlet, having reached what one might consider the safe and almost independent age of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  months, being older in fact than its previous year's brother when he was stricken, suddenly became ill and collapsed within five days, showing a copious discharge of brownish fluid from nostrils and beak.

Such distressing happenings, together with former difficulties in rearing 'Ferox' in 1927, have convinced me that during immaturity this species is particularly vulnerable to sickness and its susceptibility to attacks by indigenous parasites, such as the air sac mites suggested by Dr. Albiston, may be responsible for a considerable mortality in the wild state. Another piece of evidence, in this case concerning the death of a wild bird in its first year plumage, came to my notice two years ago in the discovery of the remains of a Powerful Owl below perching trees in a distant part of the ranges. It seemed more than likely that the bird had died and dropped down before being discovered and torn up by a scavenging fox.

---

**'Attack' by Butcher-bird.**—In 1937 I was camping with a party a few miles on the Adelaide side of Kingston, near the Coorong. While crouched under a 'boobyalla' or coast acacia bush (*Acacia sophorae*) trying to attract some small birds, I was making a 'kissing' sound with my lips to see if the birds were thornbills, when I heard a snap just above my head, and found it was made by a butcher-bird. I have wondered if the bird thought the noise I made was from a small bird and swooped down by mistake.—  
L. S. FRANCIS, Adelaide, S.A., 21/2/44.