

the trees, the telephone and electric lighting wires, the fences, gate-posts, and even on the ground of the garden and foot-paths.

As regards their food, they appeared to pick aphides or other insects from the creepers on the fences, but did not attack the beautiful blue-and-black marked Butterfly (*Papilio sarpedon chloredon*), which fluttered about the Camphor Laurels. Unlike the Silver-eyes they did not eat the drupaceous fruit of the Pepper Tree, although they would tear off small twigs with foliage and beat them against the trunk. Nor did I see the Loquats touched; but I was informed that they devoured the Guavas in an adjoining garden. There have been many references in the Press to their destructive onslaughts upon Peas, Figs and Strawberries, but in Double Bay their favourite food was, in the Autumn, the drupaceous fruit, popularly termed "berries" of the Camphor Laurel. In this quest they competed with the Silver-eyes, Starlings and Rosella Parrots, all of which eagerly devoured this fruit. The drupe of the Camphor Laurel is about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, and weighs about nine grains. It contains a "stone" $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter, and weighing about three grains. The outer layer of the stone (endocarp or putamen) is dark brown and hard, but brittle. The enclosed seed is somewhat firm and yellow. The epicarp, when unripe, is green; when ripe, a rich blue-black. The pulp is soft. These fruits were eaten readily both green and ripe. Two or more were swallowed, quickly, one after the other. They were not broken up or masticated, but just held momentarily in the beak, and then swallowed whole. In tearing off the fruit, the birds often fluttered and hovered like honey-eaters, frequently unsupported in the air, or again hanging head downwards.

Crow and Pelican.—On a recent trip to Forster in the motor launch, I saw a rather uncommon sight. On the run down the lake a fishing boat was passed, and floating outside the net I saw a dead Pelican, evidently shot by the fishermen, as these birds will follow a net in and do great damage to the net by tearing the fish out with their enormous beaks, for which the fishermen levy heavy toll if they get the chance. Returning later in the day, I saw a peculiar-looking object ahead of the launch. This was right in the middle of the big lake, and the water was very rough, with a big sea running. On coming up to the object, I saw a Crow perched on the breast of the Pelican, dining very much at his ease, despite the rough water. The Crow flew off as the launch drew near, but returned after we had passed, and went on with the feast. Where will these birds not go?—J. F. H. GÖGERLEY, R.A.O.U., Ellerslie, Wallis Lake, N.S.W.