

Note on the Killdeer in Maine.— A detail which is perhaps worth preserving of the great flight of Killdeer (*Oxyechus vociferus*) along the coast of Maine in 1888 has never found its way into print. This relates to the duration of the stay of the birds near Portland. A note by myself¹ made the limit December 4. Dr. Arthur P. Chadbourne's article,² dealing with the entire subject of the flight along the Atlantic coast, advanced the date to December 10 on evidence obtained from lighthouse keepers. About the middle of the following January, after my note had gone to press, G. E. Staples, surfman No. 2 of the Cape Elizabeth life-saving crew, reported to me that the plover were seen in twos and threes on the Cape up to December 25, 1888, and that his half-brother, W. D. Dresser, shot three of them on that day. Staples said that about twenty birds were noted after December 4, if all which he saw were to be considered as seen but once. It may be added that Hon. John M. Kaler, of Scarborough, told me at the same time that the Killdeer visited Prout's Neck in that town during the height of the flight.—NATHAN CLIFFORD BROWN, *Portland, Maine.*

The Passenger Pigeon in Missouri Fifty Years Ago.³— In the issue of 'The Youth's Companion' of February 9, 1911, under the head of Nature and Science, I notice an article on the Passenger Pigeon. You say the latest record of a great flock noted by Mr. Wright was in the Mississippi Valley in 1844. I have seen great flocks of pigeons at a much later date in Missouri.

I was born near Pisgah, in Cooper County, Missouri in 1852. In the latter part of the fifties and the early sixties I saw flocks that, as you say, almost darkened the sky. I shall try to tell you how they looked to me and when I saw them, asking you to make due allowance for a boy's method of fixing dates.

On the Moniteau, a creek that runs through Moniteau and Cooper counties, about four miles from Pisgah, is a stretch of land known to this day as "The Pigeon Roost," and there they came by millions. I have watched them for hours.

As I remember, they would start out early in the morning for their feeding grounds and in the afternoon, about four o'clock, they would begin returning to this roost. From that time until it was too dark to see, I have watched that unbroken line stretched against the sky as far as the eye could reach. Not in straight lines they flew; I remember thinking it looked like some mighty river winding its way through the air. In the roosting place the trees were broken in pieces by them and thousands would be left crippled or killed — for the foxes and other wild animals to feed upon.

¹ Auk, VI, p. 69.

² Auk, VI, p. 256.

³ This and the following note on the Passenger Pigeon were kindly transmitted by the editors of 'The Youth's Companion.'