

1926. He was perched on a dead tree, was surprised, and took flight as I came within fifteen yards. A week later, July 4, I found him again in the swamp. I searched the woods near-by for a possible nest and a female of this species, but I found no signs of another individual or of a nest. Since this individual was not to be found when I visited the site again on July 11, I have recorded it as a migrant. These are the only records of the species which I have for Hopkins County.

This is the same swamp that was visited last year by the Wood Ibis and Egret and for the past two years a pair of Prothonotary Warblers has nested there.—JAMES SUTHARD, *Madisonville, Ky.*

Yellow-crowned Night Heron in Virginia.—The head, wing, and leg of an immature Yellow-crowned Night Heron (*Nyctanassa violacea*) were sent in to the U. S. National Museum on July 11, 1923, by Mrs. Edward Gary Butler of Boyce, Clarke County, Virginia. The letter accompanying them states that the bird had been "shot here a few days ago." Records of this species in northern Virginia are scarce enough to warrant publication of this record.—B. H. SWALES, *U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.*

Yellow-crowned Night Heron in New Jersey in June.—On June 13, 1926 while Mr. John A. Gillespie and the writer were inspecting a Black-crowned Night Heron colony, which had been located by Mr. T. G. McMullin on Seven Mile Beach, New Jersey, we found an adult Yellow-crowned Night Heron. The bird stayed about one particular locality, leading us to believe that a nesting place was nearby, but careful search failed to reveal any. Subsequently on June 27, the colony was again visited by the writer accompanied by Henry Carey and Benjamin Hiatt. We found the bird still present but again careful search failed to reveal the nest. On July 24 however Mr. Richard Erskine visited the neighborhood and found two Yellow-crowned Night Herons feeding in a pool on the salt meadows while on July 31 he and Dr. Witmer Stone saw two adults and a young bird which associated with one of them and which they thought might be of this species although it was impossible to get close enough to be sure.—JULIAN K. POTTER, *Collingswood, N. J.*

A Crane at Martha's Vineyard, Mass.—For an hour on July 25, last my daughters and I from our cottage on Indian Hill, Martha's Vineyard island, watched what was with absolute certainty a Crane. It passed directly over our camp at a height of perhaps 150-200 yards so that we could see it very distinctly—a great bird with dirty white or very pale gray plumage and black or nearly black primaries, neck stretched nearly straight ahead and legs behind but both slightly declined from the horizontal, and from time to time uttering its sounding cry.

In great irregular circles, partly with heavy wing-beats and partly awkwardly soaring for short distances, it rose to a great height and gradually moved northwestward across Vineyard Sound and disappeared in the

direction of the Elizabeth Islands and Buzzard's Bay. When certainly at least two miles away but still at times visible in favorable lights as it wheeled in its circling flight we could still hear its peculiar resonant yet somewhat bleating call.

My daughter Caroline I found later had made quite independently the following record and as she saw it before I did I give it for comparison.

"Saw Whooping Crane. First seen quite low, flying in circles and emitting whoops. Flapped wings in a laborious manner and sailed. Legs and neck outstretched horizontally. White with black wing tips. Ends of wings very ragged-looking. Flew out toward Cuttyhunk, back about to Falmouth, up again to Tarpaulin Cove, then back and out of sight towards Cape Cod. Whoop could be heard long distance even after bird was out of sight."

My daughters both disagree with my statement of the color of the bird and are positive that it was pure white except for the black or blackish wing quills. They are probably correct for they saw the bird when it was approaching from the southeast with the sun shining directly on it and from partially behind the observers and also when it was lower down. I saw it just after it had begun to soar and had passed overhead and was against the bright western and northern sky with the sun chiefly in front of me. Doubtless this difference in illumination explains our somewhat different interpretation of the color.

Concerning weather conditions on the 25th, the day was bright and sunny, calm and moderately cool. It was a clearing up day, after a period of several days of strong southwest winds directly off the ocean, with showers and heavy fogs and very hot weather on the mainland. The bird came from the direction of the sea and might easily have followed the course of the Gulf stream on the high winds.

Now curiously enough in the latter part of an afternoon during the first week of August, 1924, with weather conditions similar to those of July 25, 1926, I saw in almost exactly the same spot an exactly similar bird which behaved in the same manner. I was sitting on my front porch which overlooks the whole length of Vineyard Sound, reading, when my attention was attracted by an unfamiliar trumpet note coming out of the northern sky. After a search for some minutes I discovered its source in a pale colored bird tracing wide circles at a great height and at least a mile out over the Sound. With my glasses I could see that both legs and neck were extended. Naturally I thought of the Whooping Crane, but the presence of one of these birds here seemed so improbable and it was so far away that I could not be certain of its characteristics, that I put this possibility out of my mind and finally succeeded in almost convincing myself that I had seen a Great Blue Heron gone insane and for some reason behaving in a manner quite new to me. Because the observation was so unsubstantial I said nothing about it. But now it seems quite certain to me that the bird seen in 1924 was identical with the Crane seen on July 25, last. The 1924 bird finally drifted northward and westward and

disappeared in the direction of Buzzards Bay and the base of Cape Cod on a course that was separated by not more than half a mile from the course taken by the 1926 bird. In fact if one of his side meanderings the latter actually crossed the course of the former. Now, as to the identity of the bird I saw. I hold no brief for any particular species of Crane but I never for a moment doubted that it was a Crane of some kind after getting a good view of it. Whether it was a Whooping Crane, a pale phase or even an albino of the Sandhill Crane or an exotic species that might have escaped from a zoological garden or a preserve I do not know.

If any ornithologists believe in the immortality of the avian soul they may conclude that the spirit of some old Whooper of Colonial days makes a yearly visit to his old haunts and that I have been lucky enough to see it on these two occasions.—J. PERCY MOORE, *University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia,*

(Dr. Moore's most interesting observations led me to inquire as to the possibility of some exotic Crane being at large in this part of Massachusetts and Mr. W. Cameron Forbes of Boston replies to my letter as follows: "I have repeatedly seen the bird of which you speak, which is said to be a Japanese Crane, escaped from some zoological garden. It flies over the vicinity of Cape Cod and we have seen him almost every year. He has a certain cry which is very penetrating and which calls attention to his presence. I hear it from my house and look out to see him. I have seen him two or three times this year and I think almost every year for the last nearly ten years now." If anyone is in possession of additional information 'The Auk' will gladly publish it.—Ed.)

The Calls of the King and Virginia Rails—Descriptions of the calls and notes of Rails seem to be much confused. So much so in fact that they are of little value in identifying the birds. That this confusion sometimes is justified is proved by the following experience. On June 6, 1926, as I was walking over a bridge that crosses a cattail and grass marsh at the upper end of Newton Lake, Collingswood, New Jersey, I heard a Rail call and stopped in hopes that I might catch a glimpse of the author. Presently a King Rail came out of the cattails into the short grass and could be seen very plainly, calling at intervals. The note very much resembled the squawking noise made by a boy giving a sharp quick blow on a blade of grass placed between the thumbs. Soon another Rail, supposedly the same species, squawked in exactly the same manner from a bunch of cattails a short distance away. The first Rail slowly made his way through the grass toward the second bird. Meanwhile this bird had come into view and was plainly seen by the size and coloration of the head to be a Virginia Rail. The King Rail was now silently walking toward the Virginia while the latter continued to call. Suddenly the King made a swift dash at the Virginia. The latter instantly flew a few yards out in the grass and presently started calling again as it made its way back to the cattails now occupied by the King Rail. The latter at this time was skulking