

**COMMON AND ARCTIC TERNS AT SEABROOK,  
NEW HAMPSHIRE**

BY FRANCIS BEACH WHITE

AN interesting mainland colony of Terns has existed for a few years at Seabrook, where the last bit of lonely beach on the coast of this State still exists at the south side of the inlet by the long toll-bridge from Hampton. On June 30, 1926, I visited this colony and found a few pairs of Arctic Terns and a good number (say a hundred and fifty pairs) of Common Terns. The former species seemed to be confined to the neighborhood of the outer beach. Piping Plovers, passing and re-passing, with their delicate musical call, gave an added charm to that fine stretch by the open sea; back in the beach-grass Spotted Sandpipers were comically excited by our rambling on their territory. We looked at about thirty Tern nests, some containing young, but most containing eggs, which were nearly all well incubated, to judge from partial examination. A female Arctic Tern was taken on a nest containing three eggs. The other nests were, it seemed, all or nearly all those of Common Terns.

On July 9th Messrs. J. C. Potter, H. R. Roberts, and I banded a hundred young Terns there (Nos. 467301-467400), confining our attention to an area near the bridge where Common Terns were concentrated. There almost all nests were fitted with straws, whereas by the outer beach all were bare hollows. Another female Arctic Tern was taken in the latter situation on a nest with one young and one egg. Piping Plover and Spotted Sandpiper young were now on the run. Young Terns kept in captivity for a few days were lively and engaging. In their earliest stages, they found their wings useful as forelegs in clambering among obstacles. Their notes then were "peeps", just such as are heard from inside the egg before it is cracked. After two days or so came a weak vibrating "arrrrrr", resembling a syllable of the parents' cry; this rapidly strengthened, and became disagreeable indoors.

On July 27th a third visit was paid to the colony. Messrs. F. H. Allen, C. W. Townsend, R. Walcott, and I banded forty-nine young — all we could find. We assumed all to be Common Terns (Nos. 468306-468349, 468351-468355). The furious storm that had recently swept along the coast there had washed away many of the straw nests, had obliterated

the runways that the little feet had made in and out among the clumps of grasses, had buried many eggs in sand, and had (presumably) killed the dozen or more young whose bodies we discovered. (Two were of my July 9th banding; two bore Nos. 216741 and 216745). There were, however, plenty of birds still brooding; the eggs examined were all well incubated. We noted some chicks just working their way out, having broken a squarish hole near the larger end, by means of their reinforced beaks; and we noted one pushing apart a cap of shell on its head and a complementary cup of shell on its hinder parts. Along the wet edge of the beach in the inlet were numbers of birds-of-the-year, now on the wing. The community defence passed from ludicrous to irritating, when two of us had blood drawn from our scalps by the vicious beaks.

This day we saw also two to four Roseate Terns and the following shore-birds: Knot, Semipalmated Sandpiper, Sanderling, Spotted Sandpiper, Hudsonian Curlew, Black-bellied Plover, Semipalmated Plover, Piping Plover, and Ruddy Turnstone.

Concord, New Hampshire

## TREE SPARROW HISTORY AT WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

BY SADIE B. KNOX

FROM the abundance of Tree Sparrows (*Spizella m. monticola*) banded in and about this city it seems fairly clear that the lowlands along the Connecticut River Valley are favorite wintering resorts for this species, the river-valley probably constituting also a migration highway. In fact, in the late fall when the highlands lying east and west of the river are snow-covered, it is but natural that birds should follow a belt readily capable of furnishing them with food.

My banding station is located about fifty rods westerly from the Boston and Albany Railroad Station at Westfield, Mass., on the northerly side of and one hundred feet above the Westfield River and some two hundred feet away. Westfield lies about eight miles west of the Connecticut River and some one hundred feet above it. There are in Westfield six banding stations besides my own. That of Mrs. Henry H. Wilder lies approximately a third of a mile from mine southwesterly