

or a descendant that inherited his unusual song, nested in the pine woods every summer until 1922, or eleven years in all.

In the spring of 1923, a Whip-poor-will came to the woods at the usual time, but it was not our "Old Whickup," and we have not heard him since, though a pair have raised a brood at the same old stand in both the summers of 1923 and 1924.

"Old Whickup" often came to the lawn in the evening to sing. Some times he sat in the short grass, but more often on a horizontal brace pole in the pasture fence at one side of the lawn. Occasionally he would give the normal song, especially late in the summer, when he would often start out with the ordinary song, and, after a few repetitions, would change to the "whickup" phase.

During these visits to the lawn, both during the life of "Old Whickup" and since, we are often treated to the low, purring note, which may be described by the syllables "kow-wow-wow-wow," given in a low monotone. This call seems to be given mostly when two birds are together, and may be either a love note, or a challenge.—JOHN B. LEWIS, *Lawrenceville, Va.*

An Explanation Regarding the Season of Activity of Snakes in Arkansas.—There having been some inquiries concerning and some friendly criticism of my reference to snakes in my paper "Winter Birds in Eastern Arkansas," which appeared in the December, 1924, issue of the WILSON BULLETIN, due to the fact that snakes are supposed to be in evidence only in warm weather (summer) and that I was not there later than "a short time in March," it may be well to offer a few words of explanation for those who may have the same ideas as my inquirers but from whom I will not hear directly.

I did not mean to convey the impression that snakes were plentiful and active everywhere, especially in the woods or on the prairie lands, but they were abundantly present in the sloughs and bayous, and the first spring-like days brought them out to lie in an almost semi-dormant condition on logs partially submerged in these waterways. From two or three to a dozen or more, perhaps sometimes a score, of various "water snakes" might be seen, apparently inextricably interwoven, sunning themselves on such a log on any bright and moderately warm day. A rather popular amusement of the "Swamp Angels" of that day and time, the cruelty (to a snake?) of which was never thought of, was to shoot into the midst of a lot of these reptiles with a rifle or pistol. The snake struck by the bullet would at once retaliate by biting the one most convenient to his fangs, the bitten snake in turn would immediately strike the next and this would continue until the whole fighting, writhing mass rolled into the water to be lost from sight.

In my father's library were very good editions of the Iliad, Odyssey and other Greek and Roman classics, some of them with illustrations by Flaxman, and there was one full-page drawing of the head of Medusa which had a strange fascination for me when I was a small boy, and I would look and wonder at it for a quarter of an hour or more at a time. But after I had seen several of these hideous, struggling groups of maddened, striking serpents I had a far more vivid realization than the genius of the artist could give me of what a Medusa head might be.

While on this subject it may be apropos to record that a copperhead, full of life, fight and activity, was killed on a farm in Franklin County, Kentucky, the latter part of January of this present year. And the thermometer was registering zero or a few degrees below.—L. OTLEY PINDAR, *Versailles, Ky.*