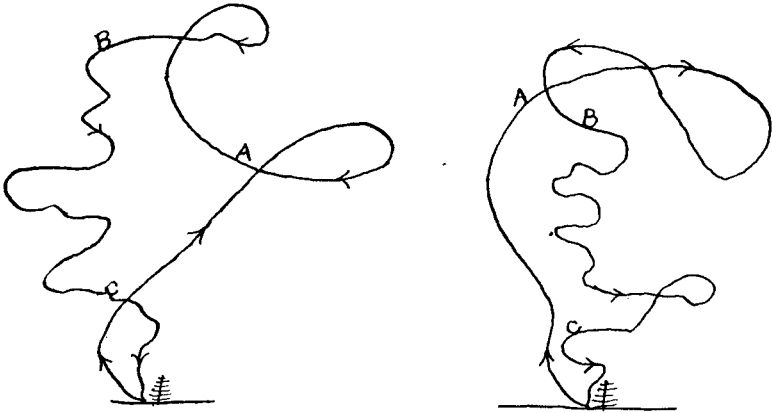


In due course of time five eggs were laid, incubated and hatched, the little ones raised, and soon all were a familiar sight about the sanctuary.—LUCIEN HARRIS, *Atlanta, Ga.*

The Flight-Song of the Woodcock.—This is the second year that I have observed the remarkable flight-song of the Woodcock (*Philohela minor*). On March 10, 1926, he had returned and started his flight-song, the same as last year,



in a high, dry, open field with small, scattering coniferous trees. I have seen two other Woodcocks, performing in similar places for two years, so I know that they return year after year to the same spot. Above are two diagrams of his maneuvers. As nearly as I can tell the highest point was about 250 feet. There are five notes, at least, which he utters and I will describe them in order.

When he first flies to the spot of performance he sometimes utters a grating "cra-ra-ra-ra." Then he remains on the ground a few minutes and repeats his call, an insect-like note, somewhat resembling the note of a Nighthawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*), but very hard to describe. Soon he flies up, making a loud steady whistling which is probably produced by the wings, although I have flushed many Woodcocks in the daytime and they did not make a sound as they flew off. When he has proceeded to the point marked A on the diagrams the steady whistle changes to a twittering whistle, which continues until he starts to descend (B). As he comes down, in swift zig-zag motions, he commences a loud chirping and twittering which is his real song. This is continued to point C, where all noises cease and he flutters down silently on half-drooped wings to the spot from where he flew, and the calling is again repeated.

Before uttering his call, and sometimes three or four times in succession, he utters a low "p-u-r-r" which resembles a mother cat calling her kittens, but this can only be heard when you are within ten or fifteen feet of him. The time spent in the air at each flight is one minute or less, and the time on the ground is from one and one-half to three minutes. He calls from sixteen to forty times while on the ground and flies about twelve or fifteen times each evening except when there is a full moon. I once stayed out until after twelve o'clock on a full-moon light night watching him, and he was still performing when I left, but the stay on the ground was prolonged greatly. On cloudy nights he begins

earlier, which shows that he is controlled by the amount of light. When the evening is windy or rainy he flies fewer times and remains longer on the ground.

He is frequently answered by his mate when he calls, and sometimes she flies near him. When she does this he rises and flies after her. Once while chasing her he flew within four feet of my head as I was standing in the open field.—LORING W. TURRELL, *Smithtown Branch, N. Y.*

Warbler Records for 1925 from Central Iowa.—Being located in about the central part of Iowa, and near the valley of the Des Moines River, we should really be in the path of the great warbler migration, but one must be on the alert to be fortunate enough to see them as they pass through on their northward flight, for the great wave usually passes over in a day or two. This year I was unfortunate in not being able to get out on the exact days when the wave passed over. Still, it proved to be my best year for warblers, anyway, and had I been out on May 16 I am sure that I would have listed many more.

The warblers listed as to the date of their *first* appearance were as follows: On April 12, the Myrtle Warbler; on April 19, the Louisiana Water Thrush; on April 24, the Palm Warbler and the Oven-bird; on May 3, the Blackpoll Warbler; on May 10, the Yellow Warbler and the Northern or Maryland Yellow-throat; on May 15, the Cape May Warbler, the Black-throated Green Warbler and the Redstart; on May 17, the Magnolia Warbler, the Blackburnian Warbler, the Tennessee Warbler, the Parula Warbler and the Black and White Warbler; on June 1, the Blue-winged Warbler; and on September 8, the Nashville Warbler.

I think the great wave passed over on May 16, but being unable to get out then I spent five hours in the open on May 17, when I listed the following: Maryland Yellow-throat, Redstart, Blackburnian Warbler, Yellow Warbler, Blackpoll Warbler, Tennessee Warbler, Black and White Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Cape May Warbler, Parula Warbler, and Oven-bird, making a total of eleven species of warblers in one day. On May 19, just two days later, I spent the entire day in the open, using every hour of daylight, and listed eighty-nine varieties of birds, but this list included only six warblers, hence I concluded that the height of the warbler wave passed over central Iowa on May 16 and 17. The Blue-winged Warbler was observed on June 1 at Ledge's State Park, hence I judge that it must have been nesting there. The Nashville Warbler was captured in town, where it flew into a building. It was brought to me, and after having the specimen in our hands and examining and measuring it very carefully, there was no difficulty in identifying it as the Nashville.

None but a true bird lover can appreciate what I mean when I say that I would rather spend a day in God's great out-of-doors in the middle of May, to be thrilled by the golden flash of the beautiful Blackburnian Warbler, to watch the stately Black-throated Green Warbler, with his wonderful plumage, and the dizzy gyrations of the beautiful fan-tailed Redstart, to see the dainty little Magnolia Warbler and the plodding Black and White Warbler, and to listen to their marvelous music, than to wander down through great avenues of man-made structures and listen to man's mechanical music, and I sincerely hope that our forests and our warblers may be preserved for us for all time to come, that as we grow older we may renew our youth each spring when we go out to watch for these, the most beautiful of all our songsters.—W. M. ROSEN, *Ogden, Iowa.*