

close by, shortly followed by another. They made a considerable racket until I walked on, on a ledge in sight of them, when they both left in a hurry, occasionally diving sideways in the air, all the time voicing their protests. Flying in the direction of Cabin Ridge, they were seen no more.

Like the nests of the Duck Hawk, the rocks all around the ravens' nests are well white-washed, even when they are just building. They are very erratic in their nesting and two nests found while being built last summer were completed this season and occupied. Two nests with young, one found in April and the other in July, indicate irregular nesting dates. Whether all the eggs hatch or not as a usual thing is to be questioned, for three nests with young coming under my notice contained only two each. They are nearly always seen in pairs, except in late summer when the young of that season stay with the two old birds until nesting time the following year. The Crows fight them just the same as they do hawks, but the ravens seem to be able to hold their own very well and usually the Crows are the ones to leave the field of battle, sometimes minus a lot of feathers.—F. M. JONES, *Independence, Va.*

Some Experiences with the Cerulean Warbler.—A number of years ago, I first saw a Cerulean Warbler in May, as it was sitting on a brush pile in a woods pasture. From that time on, for perhaps ten or more years, I did not come across it at all. Then on May 12, 1933, at Mounds State Park, following a flood, I saw a flash of sky blue and the bird disappeared in the direction from which I soon heard a loud, repeated "ze-ze-ze-ze-ze-ze". I was beneath the tree at the edge of the flooded area, and the bird was in the top. I tried to see him and finally saw the underparts of the singing bird—white throat, breast, belly, and undertail, with a dark narrow band resembling a string of beads across the breast, and black streaks bordering the sides—and I knew that the flash of blue and the black and white underparts belonged to the same bird. It was the first time I had heard the song. On June 21 following, I was in another woods about a mile to the north, when I heard the same song from two male birds at the same time during the heat of the hottest day of the summer, almost 96 degrees in the shade. At first I thought of the Blue-winged Warbler, but later I saw the birds as before with the white underparts with slightly black markings and the narrow black across the breast or throat. The two birds were answering each other, it seemed, each giving exactly the same song of seven notes and only rarely shortening the song to five or six notes. The Blue-winged Warbler gives but five notes as a rule, but his song sounds to me otherwise very much like that of the Cerulean. But the latter bird sits still very little, moving about the tree in a manner of the Red-eyed Vireo as he sings. Both birds were in the tops of tall trees, gleaning their food from the leaves and branches of the trees. They sang for long periods at a time, then rested awhile between songs.

The Blue-winged Warbler sits still in a low tree for long periods as he sings, and does not seem at all afraid. The Cerulean Warbler was too high to fear anyone. The male is much more beautiful to me than the books picture him. I understand that this bird has been in that woods for five years, but the authority is not an ornithologist and may be mistaken, although my bird experience is that they may return to the same places, as records of other species show. I expect to remember these haunts of this bird, hoping to eventually find his nest and to learn more about him.—MRS. HORACE P. COOK, *Anderson, Ind.*