

year thousands of hawks take this route but are far more plentiful in spring than fall.

In the spring the bulk of the larger hawks arrive a week or so ahead of the smaller hawks. In the fall few of the smaller hawks use this route and the number of the larger hawks is perceptibly less than in spring.

Usually the flight does not begin until April 15. This spring it was unusually early, starting the latter part of March and hundreds were flying by April 1.

The spring flight is on only when the wind is from the South and at its best after the wind has been from that direction for several days.

The bill allowing 50 cents bounty per hawk was repealed at the last session of the Michigan Legislature, taking effect August 18, so hereafter the spring slaughter of hawks at the Point will not take place. The bounty was paid on 2305 Hawks in this county last spring, of this number 2007 were shot at Whitefish Point. One man shot 254 last spring, 51 in one day, and during the flight in spring of 1920, 563, 60 in one day.

Hawks shot this spring were Goshawk (*Astur atricapillus atricapillus*), Pigeon Hawk (*Falco columbarius columbarius*), Marsh Hawk (*Circus hudsonius*), Osprey (*Pandion haliaetus carolinensis*), Cooper's Hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*), Red-tailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis borealis*), Rough legged Hawk (*Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*) and Sparrow Hawk (*Falco sparverius sparverius*).

In addition to the above several other species were shot but not identified.

One of the shooters reported to me that on April 5, mistaking it for a big black hawk as it came low over the tree tops, he shot a Turkey Buzzard (*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*). He also reported that about a week later he saw another Buzzard but recognized it in time not to shoot it. Six or seven years ago this man's brother saw two Buzzards during the spring hawk flight in the same locality.

The above would indicate that now and then the Buzzard crosses into Canada. In fact one was reported taken at Moose Factory, James Bay, about 300 miles north of the Soo in 1898. (See Auk XX, p. 66)—M. J. MAGEE, *Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan*.

**Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*) and Porcupine.**—While living at Aitkin, Minnesota, in the latter part of November 1900, a woodman brought to me a Golden Eagle which he had found. It was hardly able to walk and it was easy for him to kill it by beating it on the head with a club, putting the poor creature out of its misery. The bird had evidently aimed to make a meal of a porcupine for it was literally covered underneath with quills. In fact, there were a number of quills in the roof of its mouth. My first thought was that its eyes might have been injured but upon examination I found them perfect. During all of October and the first part of November the weather was rather mild and the ground bare of snow and it could not have been for a scarcity of food that the attack was made on the porcupine. It is, therefore, difficult to understand why

it should make so serious a mistake. The bird, no doubt, had been without food for sometime as the body was very much emaciated and many of the quills had penetrated deep into the flesh causing puss to form. It would have been an interesting study specimen if the skin could have been preserved without removing any of the quills but that was impossible as most of them had to be extracted with a pair of pinchers in order to skin it. The specimen is now in the collection of the late Mr. R. D. Hoyt, Seven Oaks, Florida.—ALBERT LANO, *Fayetteville, Arkansas.*

**The Whistled Call of the Hairy Woodpecker.**—On January 9, 1922, at 4:15 p. m. I visited my bird trapping station, and discovered that I had captured a male Hairy Woodpecker. For some reason, or other, all species of woodpeckers, that I have caught, seem to be unable to find the exit into the back part of the trap, unless assisted. This individual seemed to be no exception, as he was rushing back and forth, vainly seeking a means of escape, and as I approached he climbed upon the sides of the trap and hung there.

I immediately knelt down beside the trap and began rapping on the sides, this was the only way I could make him loosen his hold, and go into the other part so I could release him. It was of no avail, and finally becoming tired of my position, I arose to my feet. At the same time I was somewhat startled by a loud, piercing, *quavering* whistle. At first I thought it was a whistle blown by some child; I looked out toward the street, but there were no children in sight. Then it came again, loud, clear and decidedly unfamiliar. This time however, I realized that it was a bird call, and examined the surrounding trees. Chickadees were the only birds in sight and I knew that they were quite incapable of making such a sound. The thought that the Hairy Woodpecker was the whistler, never, for a moment entered my mind. For, strangely enough, the sound did not seem to come from the trap, there was an odd ventriloqual quality about it that I cannot describe.

I finally gave up trying to solve the problem, and again turned my attention to my captive, he was still energetically seeking a means of escape. I knelt beside the trap again, and began tapping on it. Again came the odd *quavering* whistle, and it was with a real thrill that I made the discovery that it was the Hairy Woodpecker, after all, that had been calling in this strange manner. He continued to whistle until I succeeded in driving him into the other compartment.

While I was adjusting the band he struggled violently, pecking savagely at my hands and at the band, and every few moments whistling shrilly. Taking the bird's actions into consideration, one might be led to the supposition that this was a cry of anger, for there is no doubt about it, the bird seemed very resentful from the time I discovered him until he was released.

I examined all the bird books in my possession to find an account of