

over the water. None of us had ever seen the species before in life, but we were able to name it before referring to a text-book. Moreover, this is not a bird likely to be confused with any other North American species.

Our friend, Mr. J. T. Nichols, informs us that a "northward invasion" was under-way, this summer, the birds being recorded more freely in Long Island waters, than since 1898, when another such movement took place. He attributed the birds' presence "inland" to the storms which had been sweeping the coast line.

On the same date the writers met with a couple of Golden Plovers, on a nearby stretch of burned meadow. They were approached within seven or eight yards and were watched on the ground for over a quarter of an hour. A decidedly yellowish tinge covered the top of the head and the middle of the back. The call-note was heard at regular intervals. When the birds finally flew, we were careful to note the gray axillars which at once distinguish this species from the Black-bellied Plover. It is perhaps only proper to add that the writers have been long familiar with the Black-bellied Plover in life.—J. AND R. KUEIZI AND P. KESSKI, *New York City*.

**Wilson's Phalarope (*Steganopus tricolor*) in Bronx County.**—On September 21, 1924, at the New York Botanical Garden we observed a Wilson's Phalarope in company with about twenty Lesser Yellow-legs and two Stilt Sandpipers, in what was formerly known to local bird students as "Half-mile." Like the other Phalaropes our bird was quite tame, readily allowing an approach to within twenty feet.

The bird might be roughly described as decidedly smaller in size and "squatter" than the Lesser Yellowlegs. The bill was dark, long, and excessively slender, in fact almost needle-like. The crown and nape were a light grayish color, which extended down the back, the feathers of which were bordered with white. The primaries and secondaries of the wing were noticeably darker. The bird had a very prominent superciliary line. The throat, breast and belly appeared pure white. The color of the legs, yellowish. The characteristic "Phalarope mark" on the side of the head and neck was faintly visible. The bird spent most of its time wading; only occasionally did it indulge in swimming, and then to no great extent.

The writers were privileged to inspect the skins of *S. tricolor*, at the American Museum, the following day, and were satisfied that their identification was correct. It might be fitting to state that two of the undersigned had had field-experience with the Northern Phalarope. Late in the day the bird was seen by several other credible observers.—F. T. AND J. AND R. KUEIZI AND P. KESSKI, *New York City*.

**A Remarkable Flight of Sanderlings.**—In looking over some old photographic negatives, I came across one that settled the exact date of a remarkable flight of Sanderlings. Some of my friends have told me that this great flight deserved to be put on record, but without the exact date, which I could not remember, I hesitated to do so.

In the late summer of 1901, I and my oldest son, then a boy of sixteen were spending a short vacation down on Cape Cod, at South Orleans, Massachusetts, fishing and having fair success shooting shorebirds—with one gun between us—round Pochet Island and the salt marshes called Monument Plains.

On Sunday, September 8, there was a "dry norther," a furious gale from the north and northwest, without rain, cloudy in the morning, but clearing in the afternoon. Monday, September 9, broke bright and fine, with a moderate northerly wind, and thinking that the wind might have brought along the birds, we decided to go to the shore. My son took my gun, a sixteen-bore, and I borrowed a twelve-bore and a few cartridges. We rowed down our river and across the bay, and before we reached the island, it was evident that birds had arrived, for we saw a large flock of young Black-bellied Plover, as well as several Greater Yellowlegs, two of which I shot.

Landing on the inner side of the island, we walked across to the ocean beach—the "back beach," as they say on the Cape—and started to walk north toward Nauset Harbor, shooting, as we went, at the passing flocks of Sanderlings, which were fairly abundant, though not remarkably so. Somewhere about ten o'clock in the morning, my son had stopped to pick up some birds that had fallen into the surf, while I walked ahead a hundred yards or so and sat down on the dry crown of the beach, here about fifty yards wide, and felt in my pocket to see how many twelve-bore cartridges were left. To my disgust, I found only one! While I was ransacking the other pockets of my shooting-coat, something flashed in my eyes, and, as it seemed to me, thousands of Sanderlings whirled in from the north and pitched on the dry upper beach, the nearest not twenty feet from me. It was a wonderful sight, and I longed for the camera which had been left at home.

I called to my son, who came hurrying up, while the nearest birds moved off, though not out of gunshot. When we fired, they rose in a cloud—as my son put it, "It looked like a great gray wall spotted with white." Our few remaining cartridges were soon expended, but even then we picked up sixty or seventy birds.

The birds soon recovered from their alarm, and hundreds could be seen running round the dry beach and up the slopes of the dunes, picking up insects. I have no way of estimating the number of birds in the great flock: it was simply a cloud of birds.—JOHN MURDOCH, *Allston, Mass.*

**King Rail Nesting on Long Island, N. Y.**—On June 11, 1924, I was fortunate enough to be shown the nest of a Rail at Bayside, L. I., by Mr. R. C. Wright of Flushing. The nest was situated in a small cat-tail marsh of brackish water which bordered the salt meadows, and was about four hundred yards from a large creek which emptied into Douglaston Bay. The nest was composed of cat-tails and was situated on the ground, but well built up from it, the depth being five inches.