

quented the same small area within the farm, and, with hundreds of fence posts from which to choose, selected for a landing perch the same post used during the first visit.)

For at least half an hour during the morning of May 31, when the Bobolink first arrived, a Catbird from a near-by brushy flat perched on fence posts near the flying Bobolink and mimicked its song. At I watched and listened, three features of the Catbird's singing especially interested me. In many of its imitations it repeated the entire song of the Bobolink, without introducing distinctly foreign notes or phrases. This is contrary to accepted knowledge of bird mimicry. ("In no case does a bird mimic the whole repertoire of another but introduces into its own performance notes here and there that are copied from other species." Aretas A. Saunders, *Bird Song*, New York State Mus. Handbook 7, 1929, p. 82.) Although the Catbird did not reproduce correctly time and pitch throughout the song, the distinctive, pleasing quality of the Bobolink's singing was copied almost unbelievably well. The third interesting feature of the performance was the persistence of the Catbird in repeating the imitation so many times, without the interspersions of other singing; and there was a marked "enthusiasm" with which the song was mimicked. Its behavior in this regard strongly suggested an artistic appreciation of the song, to which it listened probably for the first time.

The Catbird was not present the next morning when the Bobolink sang a few times; nor was an imitation of the song heard at any time during the Bobolink's second visit, a month later. Although nearly every day during the summer I worked within hearing distance of the brushy flats on our ranch where about twenty-five pairs of Catbirds nested, after that first morning I did not hear an imitation of the Bobolink's song until fifty-two days later.

About nine o'clock on the evening of July 22, while at a favorite observation spot amid a jungle of brush in the Catbirds' territory, I was suddenly astonished to hear near-by what sounded like a typical flight song of a Bobolink. Turning toward the source of the song, I could discern only two Catbirds half hidden among dense willows. After a few seconds one of them flew out and upward until it reached a height of about thirty feet above the brush; then, while descending at an angle, its flight slow and jerky, but not fluttering, it gave a strikingly realistic rendition of a Bobolink's flight song. I waited there until dark, but the performance was not repeated. At no time during the remainder of the summer did I hear any further attempt to reproduce this song.

This case of combined song and flight mimicry is the only one I have ever noted in the Catbird. Perhaps to observers of wider experience, however, this behavior is not entirely unknown.

Presumably, the Catbird that gave the Bobolink's song on July 22 was the same one that mimicked the singing Bobolink on May 31. No proof of this assumption, but merely theoretical support, can be offered. Catbirds had been present for ten days before the Bobolink arrived, their migration seeming to have ceased; young were still being fed at the later date. And the nearest resident Bobolinks were at least sixty miles southeastward, in an entirely different type of country. But whether one individual, or two, did the singing, these instances of mimicry seem to me noteworthy because of the unusual features of each already described.—WINTON WEYDEMEYER, *Fortine, Montana, September 30, 1929.*

Drilling Habits of the Flicker.—The propensity of the flicker (*Colaptes*) for drilling holes in unusual positions is well known. A rather amusing instance of this habit was told me lately. My informant, who is a grain elevator agent in a near-by town was passing by a box-car loaded with wheat ready for shipment, when he noticed a heap of some ten bushels of grain on the ground below. It was the work of a flicker, which had been busy on the side of the car.

In two instances, of late years, I have noted one of these woodpeckers nesting in a hole in a cut bank overlooking the river. According to Dawson in his *Birds of California* the Red-shafted Flicker occasionally chooses such a site; our birds are, of course, mostly Hybrid Flickers, and have to depend mainly on telegraph poles for nesting purposes, now that most of the dead timber in the woods has disappeared.—LAURENCE B. POTTER, *Eastend, Saskatchewan, January 6, 1930.*