

while a belated Maryland Yellow-throat complains of the disturbance.

As the sun sinks low behind the timber we merge from the marsh, tired, weary and dirty, but we forget all about this when a little bird jumps up under our feet and skulks off to a willow bush, where we send a No. 12 invitation from the .44 X. L. to which he graciously responds. Luck once more! It is my first Lincoln's Sparrow, a fitting climax to the day.

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A FEW BELATED REMARKS UPON THE NESTING OF JUNCO.

Some time ago there appeared in the BULLETIN an appeal from the Editor for "light" upon the genus Junco. At the time I was quite busy, and though I wanted to give what little experience that I had had to my brother members, I failed at the time to get opportunity to do so, and not till now have I gotten the leisure, though the query still remains, and all along remained, in my thoughts.

Standing in my back yard, at my home in Lynchburg, Va., are three specimens of *Juniper virginica*. In the gloaming, I used to take frequent strolls out in the yard to drink in the perfumes of the southern roses, inhale the pure air, and look and wonder at those glorious sun bursts and cloud effects such as you see only in the quiet valleys of "Old Virginia," with the blue rim of the Alleghanies as a background, and the magnificent "Peaks of Otter," the highest of Virginia mountains, rising up in quiet dignity in the distance, with the lazy tinkling of home-ward bound cow-bells and the "slowly winding herds over the lea." It is on such an evening that I most enjoy myself. To be away from the mad rush and clamor of the city, and to lose myself in pleasant thoughts and reveries and to commune with "Nature in her visible forms" alone and undisturbed. It was at such times that I became familiar with the roosting places of Junco. In the dense foliage of *virginica* they would settle themselves. Often I have watched them flying into the trees, exposing their white rectrices and dodging hither and thither among the dense foliage. There was a box elder tree standing in the yard and frequently numbers would settle into this and spend the night, but not so numerously as in the cedars, the *Juniper virginica*. This was *Junco hyemalis* or perhaps some few were of the *carolinensis* sub-species. The season was late fall and the birds were there for the winter. They

would frequently fly out of the trees uttering their peculiar twittering note, which when once heard is well remembered.

- That has been my experience anyway. So it is an established fact that Junco roosts in the thick foliage of *Juniper virginica*, at least in Virginia. And how its western relatives spend their nights I regret exceedingly I can't *throw* my search light of experience, having never lit the candle upon them or in their neighborhood.

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ANSERES WHICH VISIT THE OBERLIN WATER- WORKS RESERVOIR.

Ever since the new reservoir, which contains about three acres of surface, has been finished, the writer has endeavored to keep a complete record of all ducks and geese which have ventured upon its waters. Reference has so often been made to this small sheet of water in previous numbers of the BULLETIN, that it may be well to call special attention to it now. The reader who is unfamiliar with the village of Oberlin will do well to examine the map of Oberlin opposite page 41 in BULLETIN No. 15. 29, near the lower left-hand corner of the map, indicates the position of the pumping station, but the spot intended to represent the reservoir is for the old reservoir. The new one lies south and west of the old one, occupying the bed of Plum Creek as represented on the map, the course of the creek having been thrown to the south. Immediately south and west of the new reservoir there is a small grove of large trees, bounded on the east by an osage orange hedge fence. The reservoir thus lies in a trough where the creek bed used to be, and cannot be seen from the higher land on each side. Allow me to say that the reservoir embankment is so high, and its bottom so built, that outside water cannot enter.

Morgan street is well built up with dwelling houses, and a dwelling house at the end of Kinsman street overlooks the reservoir. The region west and south of the reservoir is not built up, thus affording a means of approach from these directions. However, the village boasts of so many and such large shade and ornamental trees that the buildings are well hidden from any direction. To an observer on the highest building there are scarcely more evidences of a village than the steeples towering above the mass of foliage. But to the keen eyed flyers, suspicious of every least indication of human activities, the village is an object to be