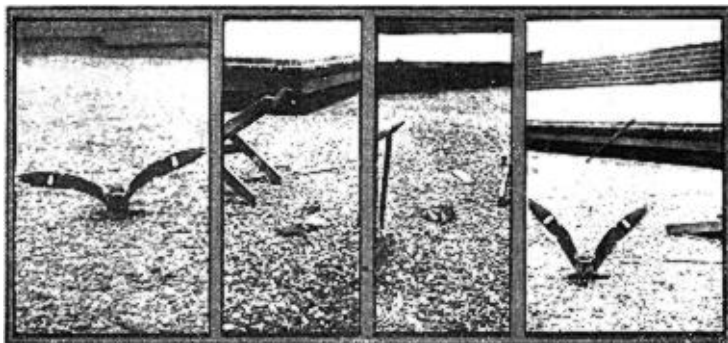


above the roar of traffic and the din of auto engines. It is extremely rare that one hears their "B-o-o-m" in the city, but their country cousins are as versatile in these death-defying nose dives as a tramp aviator at a county fair.

A pair of them has taken to "Culture" with a vengeance, hav-



ing for two summers made their home on the roof of the "Home Economics Building" on the campus of "George Peabody College for Teachers." Like many intellectual families the number of offspring is limited and the accompanying picture will show how Mother Chordeiles accepted the social call paid her on a recent morning in mid-July.

GEORGE R. MAYFIELD.

Nashville, Tenn.

WOODCOCK INCREASING

The Woodcock (*philohela minor*) has for a good many years been looked upon the country over as a rare bird and one which has been losing ground to the extent that its extinction has been freely predicted. It has therefore been the source of much gratification to the writer to note the gradual increase of these birds, in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn., during the past few years. Eight or ten years ago the hunting season for Bob-white was curtailed so that it expired January 1st instead of March 1st. The measure helped materially to restore this species to a semblance of their former abundance, but in a far more marked degree did it give succor to the hard pressed Woodcock. When the "quail" hunters go afield on November 1st most of our Woodcock have migrated further south and few are killed during the two months of the open season. As is well known, the Woodcock is an early breeder and, in this locality, lays its eggs before March 1st. During the former extended hunting season they returned to their favorite nesting grounds while the gunners were still afield and fell easy victims.

The shortened season, however, has practically given them immunity from hunters except of course from a lawless few. Without making any particular search for them, the writer has located not less than a dozen breeding pair, close to town, including three pair almost within the city limits. Considering the relatively small amount of ground covered in my field work it can readily be seen that the Woodcock population must by now be considerable.

Having thus attested to the fruits which have been reaped through protection it becomes my painful duty to record that our local legislators have recently passed a measure, again extending the season on Bob-white to March 1st, within the limits of this county. The bill was "slipped over" during the last few days of the legislative session and passed due to the fact that a self-seeking Game and Fish Commissioner failed to apprise local conservationists of the new law. The very fact that "quail" hunters will be abroad until March 1st, until the law can be repealed, means a backset to our local Woodcock that is disheartening, since few heed, or know of the Federal protection afforded them after January 1st. Bob-white, being neither classified as song or migratory game bird, is subject to no Federal protection at present, but if, by national statute, its pursuit could be eliminated after February 1st, the Woodcock throughout the country would profit thereby and hold their own at least.

ALBERT F. GANIER.

Nashville, Tenn.

"REMIGRATION OF BIRDS"

Instances of the "remigration" of birds, which formed the subject of your recent communication from Gordon Wilson, of Bowling Green, Ky., have been repeatedly noted here. During such spells of very warm weather as were frequently experienced all over the country this winter just passed, our thousands of visiting waterfowl would disappear so completely that hardly a duck or goose would be sighted by hunters for weeks at a time; but the first hint of a coming norther refilled the marshes with the hordes, whose overhead cries can be heard locally any still day or night from September till about the middle of March.

The same holds with regard to perching birds; in very cold snaps even such species as robins, bluebirds, flickers, and many others that do not ordinarily come as far down as the coastal lowlands, with our total lack of trees, are seen in small companies that vanish coincidentally with the dying out of the high winds that follow immediately upon their appearance.

Last year, for the first time within my experience, and this extends over a space of eighteen migratory seasons, the first of our martins to appear turned back, after trying to tough out a rather prolonged late cold snap for two days, and did not reappear for more than a week.