

A MIDNIGHT SINGING CATBIRD

A short time ago I heard, for the first time, a Catbird's midnight song. It occurred to me as being so unusual that I made a note of it.

I returned home just at midnight on this occasion, and was in the act of running my car into the garage, when the Catbird's song came to me. The bird was singing in some trees not far away and, although it had rained a little earlier in the evening, the moon was shining at the time. It seemed to me that it sang with all the enthusiasm that characterizes its daylight repertoire, but of that I could not be entirely certain. The notes were interspersed with the usual *meus* of the Catbird.

FRED J. PIERCE.

Winthrop, Iowa, June 6, 1922.

A GOLDFINCH'S PRICKLY HOME

In going through my 1920 notes I find the following paragraph, on the Goldfinch's nesting, which may be of interest to readers of the Wilson Bulletin:

"While cutting a patch of bull thistles in the latter part of August I discovered a Goldfinch's nest in one of the largest ones. The nest was placed in a crotch formed by the prickly branches and contained five eggs. Though an unsightly object, to say the least, the big thistle was allowed to stand, and a watch was kept of the nest. Three eggs hatched August 27 and the remaining two August 28. The thistle probably provided a good place in which to build a nest, but as a safe home it was almost a failure. On windy days the young were tossed about in much the same manner as the crew of a rowboat would be on the ocean. On several extremely windy days there was constant danger of the youthful mariners all being thrown out of their pitching ship, and to relieve my own mind, as well as theirs, I firmly anchored the thistle to the ground with a cord. Three young left the nest September 11 and the other two left it the following day. This seemed to me a rather late nesting date for the Goldfinch."

FRED J. PIERCE.

Winthrop, Iowa.

[In 1899 I found a nest of Goldfinches in a patch of bull thistles on September 4, near Grinnell, Iowa. This nest contained four fresh eggs on that date. In twelve days the eggs were hatched, and after two weeks in the nest the young were strong enough to leave the nest and its vicinity.—Ed.]

A MID-APRIL BLIZZARD AND ITS EFFECT ON BIRD-LIFE

Unseasonable snowstorms probably cause more discomfort to bird-life than any other element our migrating birds are forced to face. The birds' sense of migration tells them when their northern homes are ready for them and they hasten there, but occasionally the weather man plays a contemptible trick by changing the order of things, and the birds have to suffer.

This was what happened in this part of Iowa in mid-April, 1921. It rained all day April 15, and that evening, with much hard thunder and