

lightning as a curtain-raiser, it commenced snowing, and continued through the night; all the next day we were in the grip of an old-fashioned Iowa blizzard. It was worse than any storm we had received during the preceding winter. With snow nearly a foot deep on the level, drifts three to six feet deep a common occurrence, and in the blinding snow as well (which was very wet), the birds were in a poor position to secure food.

Early on the morning of the blizzard, April 16, a number of Prairie Horned Larks, with a few Vesper Sparrows and Slate-colored Juncos, came about our farm buildings in their apparently unsuccessful search for food. I gathered up several shovels of hayseed from the barn floor and scattered it upon the nearby snow. They began working on it at once and could hardly be driven away from it. Of course, it was soon buried by the snow, but by replenishing the supply frequently, they had food most of the day.

That afternoon I made a survey of a nearby wood to ascertain to what extent the blizzard was affecting bird-life. Robins were humped up in the trees and bushes. A Black-crowned Night Heron, snow-bound, sat dejectedly in a tall tree. I saw a Vesper Sparrow with a large chunk of snow stuck to its tail, which by its weight rendered that member practically useless. My greatest surprise came when I found a number of Myrtle Warblers. During the period that I have kept migration records I have never known them to appear before the latter part of April, but the advanced spring doubtless accounted for their early arrival. Though their plumage was wet and ruffled, they twittered cheerfully as they searched for food among the fascicles of fresh tamarack leaves, quite unmindful of the snow that fell heavily all around them. Kinglets worked by their side.

That night Robins, Phœbes, and Vesper Sparrows came in through the open doors of the log-house and wood-house to seek protection for the night.

The next day, Sunday, April 17, dawned bright and fair and in a short time the sun had restored the snow-covered world to a more cheerful state. The green earth eventually appeared and the birds went about their duties with their accustomed vigor, apparently none the worse for their brief exposure to one of Iowa's extremely rare mid-April blizzards.

FERD J. PIERCE.

Winthrop, Iowa, April 18, 1921.

WILSON THRUSH IN ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO

On May 7 of the present year I saw the first Wilson Thrush noted for the season. On May 21 I wandered further than usual and entered a thick swampy underbrush, in the township of Plymouth, Ashtabula County, Ohio.

The day was fine. I became tired with my long walk and sat down to rest on an old log near a small pond of water. An abundance of birds were to be seen. Presently the stillness was broken by the sweetest bird music I have ever heard. It was a Wilson Thrush perched on a mossy

stump in plain sight. Presently two others joined in. It was a time to be long remembered. On June 25 I again visited the place and heard the Wood Thrush sing. Back some distance in the marsh in the fork of a small tree I found a nest containing three young birds, nearly ready to fly.

I picked one up to look at when it set up a great cry. To my surprise two adult Wilson Thrushes, in great excitement, rushed to the rescue. Since June 25 I have visited the place several times and always found some of the thrushes about. This is the first time I have found this bird nesting in Ohio.

The finding of the nest of this thrush makes me 103 species for this county.

S. V. WHARRAM.

[This thrush nests regularly, but in small numbers, in the vicinity of Oberlin, Lorain County, Ohio.—Ed.]