

Some Kentucky Bird Notes.—On October 28, 1924, I saw about 150 Turkey Vultures (*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*) circling over a field about two miles from Bowling Green. On November 17, 1924, I again saw about the same number near the same place. I rarely see more than a dozen Turkey Vultures at any one time, especially in the late fall or early winter.

In late November, Mr. Carl D. Herdman, of my home town, called me by telephone to tell me to watch Central Park for Pine Siskins (*Spinus pinus pinus*). Several times I have visited the park and have found from 1000 to 1500 Pine Siskins roosting high up in maples. Professor L. Y. Lancaster and I hoped to trap some of them but were unable to reach them with a tall step-ladder and a long-handled net. The number of people passing at all hours of the day prevented our using traps.

I have in my possession a specimen of the Hermit Thrush (*Hylocichla guttata pallasi*) taken on the farm of A. T. Allbritten, near New Providence, Calloway County, Kentucky, January 3, 1925. This establishes a new winter record for this part of the state.—GORDON WILSON, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

Some Bird Notes from Bowling Green, Warren County, Kentucky.—Although I am in the habit of spending much of my leisure on Barren River and Drake's Creek, on only one occasion have I seen many Pied-billed Grebes (*Podilymbus podiceps*). On November 22, 1924, in a ten-mile trip, I counted ten of these birds. Not one of them took to the wing, but all quietly submerged when the boat came near. One miscalculated the speed of the boat and rose alongside it, not over five feet away.

On June 3, 1924, I saw at close range and studied carefully a flock of twelve or fifteen strange water birds, which were passing from one pond to another. I took careful notes on the birds and consulted Professor Gordon Wilson, who identified them as the Black-bellied Plover (*Squatarola squatarola*), the first record of the species for this area, so far as I know.

On December 26, 1924, I saw the Wilson's Snipe, the Marsh Hawk, the Red-headed Woodpecker and the Cowbird, all quite rare here in the winter. On January 3, 1925, I found the Belted Kingfisher and the Bronzed Grackle.

On January 12, 1925, I caught and banded a Southern Downy Woodpecker (*Dryobates pubescens pubescens*). As usual, it gave its S. O. S. call. In five seconds a dozen or more English Sparrows were near me, threatening me with their beaks and raising a lot of noise. Under ordinary conditions this woodpecker and the English Sparrow are inveterate enemies. Trouble seems to be a leveler, even in birdland.—L. Y. LANCASTER, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

Some Notes on the Song of the Whip-poor-Will.—When we moved to the little farm which is our present home, in the early part of the year 1912, we watched eagerly for the coming of the spring migrants, that we might know what sort of bird neighbors we were to have. One evening early in April we were delighted to hear the song of a Whip-poor-will (*Antrostomus vociferus vociferus*) from a piece of pine woods, one corner of which was only 150 yards from the house. We noticed instantly that the song, while it had all the sweet, clear tone of the ordinary Whip-poor-will song, was not normal. It had what we might term an extra syllable in it, or, to be more accurate, it had an unusual addition to the first syllable. If one will imagine the song whistled "Whickup-poor-will," instead of "Whip-poor-will," he will have this unusual song exactly. This bird.

or a descendant that inherited his unusual song, nested in the pine woods every summer until 1922, or eleven years in all.

In the spring of 1923, a Whip-poor-will came to the woods at the usual time, but it was not our "Old Whickup," and we have not heard him since, though a pair have raised a brood at the same old stand in both the summers of 1923 and 1924.

"Old Whickup" often came to the lawn in the evening to sing. Some times he sat in the short grass, but more often on a horizontal brace pole in the pasture fence at one side of the lawn. Occasionally he would give the normal song, especially late in the summer, when he would often start out with the ordinary song, and, after a few repetitions, would change to the "whickup" phase.

During these visits to the lawn, both during the life of "Old Whickup" and since, we are often treated to the low, purring note, which may be described by the syllables "kow-wow-wow-wow," given in a low monotone. This call seems to be given mostly when two birds are together, and may be either a love note, or a challenge.—JOHN B. LEWIS, *Lawrenceville, Va.*

An Explanation Regarding the Season of Activity of Snakes in Arkansas.—There having been some inquiries concerning and some friendly criticism of my reference to snakes in my paper "Winter Birds in Eastern Arkansas," which appeared in the December, 1924, issue of the WILSON BULLETIN, due to the fact that snakes are supposed to be in evidence only in warm weather (summer) and that I was not there later than "a short time in March," it may be well to offer a few words of explanation for those who may have the same ideas as my inquirers but from whom I will not hear directly.

I did not mean to convey the impression that snakes were plentiful and active everywhere, especially in the woods or on the prairie lands, but they were abundantly present in the sloughs and bayous, and the first spring-like days brought them out to lie in an almost semi-dormant condition on logs partially submerged in these waterways. From two or three to a dozen or more, perhaps sometimes a score, of various "water snakes" might be seen, apparently inextricably interwoven, sunning themselves on such a log on any bright and moderately warm day. A rather popular amusement of the "Swamp Angels" of that day and time, the cruelty (to a snake?) of which was never thought of, was to shoot into the midst of a lot of these reptiles with a rifle or pistol. The snake struck by the bullet would at once retaliate by biting the one most convenient to his fangs, the bitten snake in turn would immediately strike the next and this would continue until the whole fighting, writhing mass rolled into the water to be lost from sight.

In my father's library were very good editions of the Iliad, Odyssey and other Greek and Roman classics, some of them with illustrations by Flaxman, and there was one full-page drawing of the head of Medusa which had a strange fascination for me when I was a small boy, and I would look and wonder at it for a quarter of an hour or more at a time. But after I had seen several of these hideous, struggling groups of maddened, striking serpents I had a far more vivid realization than the genius of the artist could give me of what a Medusa head might be.

While on this subject it may be apropos to record that a copperhead, full of life, fight and activity, was killed on a farm in Franklin County, Kentucky, the latter part of January of this present year. And the thermometer was registering zero or a few degrees below.—L. OTLEY PINDAR, *Versailles, Ky.*