

Crested Flycatcher house this June and were delighted soon after to have a pair occupy it. I warned them to be on the lookout for wrens, but they said they thought there was no danger, as none were nesting in their yard or neighboring yards. They watched with the thrill of a new discovery, the building of the flycatcher's home, and the bringing and carrying in of the snake-skin, which just precedes the laying of the eggs. All was a novel sight to the boys, and the chatter and call of the male bird, "*What-what-what*," ending in notes humanly near to laughter, they enjoyed immensely. I did not see the boys for two or three weeks, then as I met them, I inquired about the flycatchers. "Oh," said one dejectedly, "a wren came along and tossed the eggs out. I was right there, and saw him do it and the flycatchers have gone." His eyes flashed: "And you bet there'll never be a wren around again if I can help it. I'm pretty good aim, and I shot this one. And I know now what broke the eggs and tore up the nest twice, when some Bewick's Wrens built in one of the martin houses—it was just a wren. We laid it to the English Sparrows, but wrens are worse than sparrows—the're just bullies, but wrens are murderers."

If the balance in Nature had not been destroyed, and valuable birds had not so alarmingly decreased, they might still hold their own against their enemies, but as matters are now, it is nothing less than cruelty to encourage and protect the House Wren.—ELIZA DANA WEIGLE, *Lafayette, Ind.*

Some Observations Made in Florida and Enroute to Iowa.—While in Florida in the spring and early summer of 1926, opportunity was afforded for only one long bird trip and a few short ones, but in spite of that we saw more American Egrets than we did in the same locality three years before. We also saw two Snowy Herons in flight one day, and the first pair of wild Wood Ducks of our experience. The most interesting sight, though, was a flock of about 200 White Ibis. A neighbor said that he believed that there were about 400 in the flock when he saw it.

While driving from Florida to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, later in the same summer I started to keep a record of the birds that I saw lying dead on the road, but the coat in the pocket of which I carried my note book was lost out of the car, so that nearly all my Florida records were lost, along with some other data. I recall, however, that dead birds were rare along the highway until we reached Illinois, when they became appallingly frequent, Red-headed Woodpeckers predominating and Flickers second in numbers. A Barred Owl, a Green Heron, and an American Bittern are three that I remember from Florida; there were perhaps as many more.

Another thing which interested me on the trip from Florida to Iowa was the fact that at every camping place that we saw or heard birds at all, the Tufted Titmouse was always one of the number and usually the most noisy one.—BERYL T. MOUNTS, *Macon, Ga.*

The Re-use of Nesting Material by the Migrant Shrike.—In looking over some back numbers of the WILSON BULLETIN I noticed an article in the March, 1926, number by John B. Lewis telling of the re-use of nesting material by the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher and by the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, and this brought to mind a record of a somewhat similar nature that I made early in 1923.

Almost every day of the week of May 10-17, 1923, I had been finding the head and sometimes part of the body of one or more Song or Chipping Sparrows

fastened tightly on the thorns of bushes or the barbs of a barbed-wire fence. All of these birds were found within one city block, close to the south residential section of Minneapolis, and it so prejudiced me against Migrant Shrikes (*Lanius ludovicianus migrans*) which were responsible for this destruction of song birds that when I found the shrikes' nest in the same city block I removed the five eggs so that there might not be more of the destructive birds in the vicinity. This was on May 17, and when I came back the next day, intending to take home the nest, I found the shrikes busy removing it, piece by piece, to another tree about fifty yards from the first one. Whether it was intentional or not on the part of the shrikes I do not know, but, whereas the first nest was only twenty feet above the ground and quite accessible, the second nest, built from the parts of the first, was placed about forty feet above the ground in a position which rendered it quite inaccessible, at least to human enemies. Both nests were placed in Black Oak trees.—GUSTAV SWANSON, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Further Notes on the Singing of the Magnolia Warbler.—On my arrival at Grey Rocks, Pelham, Massachusetts, the last of June, 1927, I found a Magnolia Warbler singing in the same haunts as his predecessor two years ago (WILSON BULLETIN, XXXVIII, pp. 185-199); this bird, however, sang the complete songs consistently, instead of the abbreviated forms of the 1925 bird. I discovered that the former bird's "*sing sweet*" was simply the tag end of one of the two most common songs of this species—as rendered by this bird "*wichy wichy wee-sy*," the "*sing sweet*" being nothing else than the "*wee-sy*." This is the "sprightly" song described by Thayer in Chapman's "Warblers of North America" (pp. 125-126), while "*weechy weechy weechip*" is the "duller" song.

As before, "*weechy weechy weechip*" was primarily the perch song, proclaimed during the day from the tops of cedars and never heard earlier than 5 A. M. nor ever in the evening; "*wichy wichy wee-sy*" was always the last song at night and on eleven days was heard very early in the morning.

"*Wichy wichy wee-sy*" was sung in the very same grove and at the very same times as "*sing sweet*" had been; the 1927 bird, however, sang a little later in the evening than the 1925 warbler had done. The latest song from the latter came at 7:49 P. M. (July 12); the last songs of this year's bird were recorded at the following times: July 1, 8:00; July 2, 7:53; July 3, 7:59; July 5, 7:57; July 9, 7:53; July 11, 7:52; July 12, 8:00; July 15, 7:39.

The rate of singing of both songs was not much different from the 1925 records. Five minutes of "*weechy weechy weechip*" on July 1 at 8:40 A. M. gave 8, 9, 9, 9 and 9 songs to a minute; the usual interval between the beginnings of these songs was from 5 to 7 seconds. Records of "*wichy wichy wee-sy*" ran as follows: 9, 8, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 9, 8—an average of 8.7 songs a minute. The most common intervals between beginnings of songs in one sample was from 7 to 8 seconds, in another from 9 to 10 seconds.

Sometimes this bird interspersed little chirps—"tit-tit"—between his "*wichy wichy wee-sy*" song; at other times he did not. His rate of singing with the "*tit-tits*" the evening of July 1 was 7, 5, 6, 8 and 7 songs a minute. He sang thus for twenty minutes or more, part of the time flitting about and part of the time sitting still.

As I was away from Grey Rocks from July 23 to 27, I am not positive as to the date of the last songs of the season. The last "*weechy weechy weechip*" I