

the black of the tail and wing tips. Then, in long swooping curves, the birds began their descent, tacking back and forth in long graceful swoops and curves, spiraling lower and lower with each change of direction, until within a hundred feet of the lake surface. Here the glide was flattened out and these large birds, appearing immense now at close range, flapped to the tops of a half-dozen snags by slow easy beats of their wings, alternating with an occasional short sail.

From the boat we kept the birds under observation through our binoculars for more than an hour. Most of them kept perfectly motionless except for the restless twitching of the necks, giving us an opportunity to observe their ugly unfeathered "flintheads", and the oddly positioned bill. Many sat quietly, balanced upon one leg, in a dejected, hunch-backed position, breasts to the strong sunlight and dozing in the heat of noonday. Observation told us, however, that the ibises were very much aware of our presence and actually alert in spite of their sleepy appearance.

Gradually, we drew nearer, stopping occasionally to take another photograph at the closer range. Several times our boat stranded in the muddy bottom and the activity involved in getting under way again, usually caused one or two birds to take alarm and fly. At last only three birds remained. Already we were closer than 100 yards to our quarry, now only 80, now 60, now 50. Suddenly, when we were scarcely 100 feet distant, the trio rose from their perches with powerful springs which caused the branches of the old cypress tree to vibrate, and with rapid flaps of the wings and legs dangling, rose high above the tree tops, moving in their gyrating flight slowly to the far side of the lake to join the others in the tops of another group of cypress snags.

Later we visited Mr. Robinson, caretaker of the lake, who told us that our birds with the bald heads had been present at the lake for at least two weeks. On September 1, he related, one of the birds with an injured wing was seen to run across the highway and was struck but not further injured by the wheels of the automobile that he was driving. The bird was captured and kept in a garage for three days after which it managed to escape, successfully resisting with vicious thrusts of the long bill all efforts of a dog to grasp it and eventually succeeding in evading its tormentor, wading to safety far out in the deeper waters of the lake.—LAWRENCE E. HICKS, *Ohio Division of Conservation, Columbus, Ohio.*

An Early Morning Mixed Migration.—On August 24, 1931, at 6 A. M., I witnessed an interesting morning migration. A large loose flock of common Kingbirds (*Tyrannus tyrannus*) flew over, and smaller flocks of the same species continued to come for nearly an hour. Arkansas Kingbirds (*Tyrannus verticalis*) also came scattering along with the first species. Family parties of Baltimore Orioles (*Icterus galbula*) were also in flight, and were often mixed in with the Kingbirds. The strangest part, however, was the presence of an occasional Red-headed Woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*), following closely along with the other birds and going in the same southeast direction. This mixed company of four species were thus apparently migrating together, and on the best of terms. Estimates were as follows: Kingbirds, 1500; Arkansas Kingbirds, 75; Baltimore Orioles, 400; and about two dozen Red-headed Woodpeckers. By 7 A. M. the flight was over, and the morning migration was ended.—WILLIAM YOUNGWORTH, *Sioux City, Iowa.*