

THE ORIOLE

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THE ORIOLE

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A NATURAL WILD LIFE REFUGE THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP

By EARLE R. GREENE

In writing or speaking of the great Okefenokee Swamp, which lies in the extreme Southeastern part of Georgia, one is tempted to use superlatives, for it is a fact that those who have been so fortunate as to penetrate the interior of this wonderland have been fascinated by its strange and appealing environs. Of all phrases used in describing it I believe that of William Bartram comes closer to my own feelings during the few times I have been in it. He wrote that it is "the most blissful spot of the earth". One of the members of our recent exploring party described the atmosphere there as being "very mellow" and in spite of the continual rainfall for two days, we agreed with him in this description.

In the short time allotted me I am not going into the geographical features of this area to any extent except to say that the swamp proper covers about 390,000 acres of land and water, approximately 600 square miles. The small eastern portion which we investigated on this trip consists mainly of water, only a few feet deep, covered with vegetable growth. Some clear places known as "lakes" are to be found, which are dotted with a number of small islands, and include a few well known larger islands.

A number of prominent naturalists, writers, and scientists have been in the swamp from time to time, and only a few weeks before our trip a party consisting of Mr. Herbert Ravenel Sass, Mr. Samuel Scoville, Mr. William F. Bigelow, editor of Good Housekeeping, and Mr. Edison Marshall, the writer, spent several days in its fastnesses.

At the invitation of Mr. Frederick Hebard, son of the owner of the swamp, five of us left Atlanta in a flivver just at the break of day, and after traveling over paved roads reached Folkston, near the eastern border of the swamp, late in the afternoon, and turned off there on a regular south Georgia dirt road which carried us for about eight miles to Camp Cornelia on the edge of the Swamp. In this interesting place we had our Thanksgiving Dinner on Thursday night, and I might say not until about noon of the following Sunday did we learn of any happenings in the outside world nor of the result of the great Tech-Georgia football game. We seemed as far removed from a certain kind of civilization as if we had been in the heart of Africa. The atmosphere was indeed "mellow" and we were certainly in "the most blissful spot of the earth".

After dinner our host, Fred Hebard, joined us and helped us make plans for the next two days. Knowing the swamp as he does and being quite an enthusiastic bird student his advice and selection of our three guides and boats made our program a very successful and happy one, so that our sincere thanks are extended to him. Our guides seemed equally anxious for us to see all the bird life possible and were as disappointed as we were when the rain kept us from going to certain special points of interest to see some rare species they knew could be found there.

Early Friday morning nine of us, including the guides, embarked in a motor boat, drawing three lighter flat-bottomed boats, down the canal. Along this canal for about eight miles we went, then tied up the larger craft, and all got into the three small boats, sitting as near the middle as possible with the guides standing up in the rear and poling with long poles through water, weeds, pond lilies, and various kinds of vegetation for about five miles to Floyd's Island. Drenched to the skin by that time we were glad to walk out on land again and

were welcomed to this wilderness retreat by "Uncle Billy" Spalding, one of the oldest and best known characters of the swamp. A short walk brought us to the lodge where we all had lunch, after which we made a short survey of part of the island, the rain keeping us from lingering. On the way back we came through Chase Prairie, then back to the canal and our motor boat, and finally home to Camp Cornelia and a hot supper. I will not give you the names of all the birds seen on that day, but there are four or five sights that will forever stand out in my memory and make the 25th of November a red-letter day with me. They follow: Going down the canal in the morning we spotted a Water-Turkey, known also as an Anhinga or Snake Bird, flying overhead, and then suddenly, just in front of us, another dived from a perch into the blackish looking waters of the canal. In a few seconds it rose, but only its bill and end of head were visible, then under again, and perhaps a few more times we saw that bill come up and finally we lost sight of it. This I might say was our first thrill of the day. Our second was on coming back from Floyd's Island when our boats turned slightly off the water trail and we approached a duck blind. Here we saw rising from the water and circling in the air literally thousands of ducks, of several species, many passing close to our heads. As we approached the canal coming back, we heard the loud, rather guttural, trumpeting notes we had heard on the way over, and approaching quietly, finally had the great fortune of seeing five large Florida Cranes, rising up near us and with loud cries fly away. This bird known to science as *Grus canadensis pratensis* is becoming scarce, and the Okefenokee Swamp is probably the only location in Georgia where it may be found. While on Chase Prairie the rain stopped, the sun came out, and we witnessed one of the greatest rainbow displays I have ever seen. The bow described a complete arc, from one end of which two smaller bars of many colors seemed to shoot upward, and from the other end another bar of color extended upward; then to complete the picture, a magnificent white American Egret was seen winging its way across the sky between the rainbow arch and the waters of the swamp. I was satisfied to go home after that treat, but another was in store for us, for as we came slowly up the canal many Egrets, one beautiful White Ibis, a white Little Blue Heron, and other marsh birds were settling in the cypress trees along the canal for the night, while many others could be seen flying toward the roost. We turned in that night knowing that we were surely in a bird paradise.

Our itinerary for the next day included a trip to Grand Prairie and Lake Sego, but the weather prevented us from getting an early start so that only the latter point was reached. However, before starting and while waiting for the guides to get the boats ready, the members of the party secured some good records of bird life about Camp Cornelia—in the pine woods and along the canal. Probably our greatest find about the camp was the White-eyed Towhee (*Pipilo erythrophthalmus alleni*), almost exactly like our familiar red-eyed bird with the iris whitish instead of red. These birds are probably abundant about the scrub palmettos and under good sunlight the difference in the color of the iris can be plainly noted.

After about two hours about camp we embarked again down the canal and turned southward toward Chesser Island and Lake Sego. This is a very interesting part of the Swamp and if we had had more time—a day or so longer—we would like to have gone through Grand Prairie to Buzzard Lake, Black Jack Island, and even further south. There is a rumor, but whisper it gently, that in the southern part of the swamp an Ivory-billed Woodpecker or two may be found. I tried to trace this rumor to some fact of sight or hearing of the bird but could learn nothing definite, except that some natives believed it to be in that section.

Tired and hungry, but very happy, we returned to Camp Cornelia where shortly afterward Mr. Dan Hebard and John Hopkins arrived from Floyd's Island. In front of a roaring log fire in the Hopkins attractive home, we checked and compared notes, had a few arguments, and finally made out a joint list of birds observed. Sunday morning found us loath to leave this happy place—the bronze-gold cypresses filled with hanging moss; scrub palmettoes; the calls of many birds. The swamp itself had a firm, fascinating hold on us, so that it was several hours on the road homeward before we even thought or spoke of other things. Such is the grip and the appeal of the "most blissful spot of the earth".

MISCELLANY

By IVAN R. TOMKINS

Bird students the country over are in need of accurately reported information about all species and their varieties, on migration, behavior and habits generally. Migration, for instance, may not be quite correctly interpreted on individual records only when often these do not represent the mean of migration. We all know that unusual birds are reported more carefully than the common ones, and casual records often make up the bulk of migration data.

All who write down notes on birds for their own pleasure or profit gradually accumulate a variety of small episodes or insights into the lives of various species, often too small for separate records, yet possibly fitting into some one else's jig-saw puzzle. Of such is this group of observations, written down simply with the intent to avoid interpretation wherever possible.

Scientific names have been omitted, yet I doubt if any one will be uncertain as to the species or variety mentioned, because of the narrow locale of the observations—about the lower Savannah River.

* * * * *

One fall day we were on the beach, and a small flock of boat-tailed grackles was on the oyster reef nearby. The reef was uncovered, as it was near low water. Suddenly a pigeon hawk dropped down on the grackles. The "Jack-daws" would run on the sand around the shell lumps or fly around the end of the reef, keeping out of the way of the little falcon. They seemed to realize the danger in trying to fly away. Time and again the hawk came back over, diving down on a bird that might be cut out of the flock. Always they were too quick, and it would not succeed. Sometimes it selected a bird in low flight, and it then would light and make a quick skidding turn around a shell-heap. Finally the pigeon hawk came closer to me, and I drove it away by shooting in its general direction.

* * * * *

Again, as my boat came alongside of a sand beach, an eagle with a gleaming white head and tail was eating something,—a gull, I later found. Of course the eagle flew long before I came close. And three grackles that had been loitering a hundred feet away at once went over to see what the eagle had left, but flew away themselves as I came nearer.

* * * * *

Normally the gulls do not pay much attention to an eagle flying by, perhaps a half mile away. But occasionally the eagle will catch a gull and carry it away or eat it there. And then for weeks there is a general alarm whenever an eagle comes in sight, and all the gulls leave the vicinity and circle high in the air. I have seen an eagle chase a herring gull for some time. The gull would circle, and the eagle found it impossible to get above it to strike. Finally the eagle gave up and went on.

One day an eagle dropped into a group of herring and ring-billed gulls that were quarreling about a large piece of meat-trimming afloat in the river. They separated, and the eagle picked up the meat. Then as it flew off two herring gulls chased it clear across the river. They seemed to think themselves safe then.

* * * * *

The laughing gulls are here in great flocks of young and old in October, but most of them leave in winter, and do not return until about March 1st. Then the adults start moulting into the breeding plumage with the black head. And a few weeks later the juveniles of the year before arrive and stay all summer.

All summer long one may see an occasional bird in full breeding plumage, yet I have never seen one carrying food or in any way indicating that it was a nesting bird.

There are two nesting records of this species in South Carolina of recent years, but none for this State.

* * * * *

During the winter the flocks of herring and ring-billed gulls stay around the city dump and the river front all day long, and go down towards the river mouth at night to find a suitable place to roost.

Two miles east of the city is a sand bar that is uncovered until about half flood tide. When the tide is low enough to uncover this bar about dusk, many

of the gulls stay here, then as the tide covers the bar after nightfall they may be heard quarreling for hours into the night as to who shall stay on the diminishing area of sand, or who leaves. And often at first daylight, I have found numbers of them "lying at anchor" in the river for some distance below. Once crowded off the bar, they take to the river and sleep there, paddling just enough to keep in place, much as the ducks sometimes do.

But when the tide is high at dusk and the bar covered, all the gulls go on down the river to the sandy islands ten miles farther, and come back after daylight in the morning.

They never learn about the tides, of course, and repeat this silly (to humans) procedure all winter.

Even though the herring gulls stay here in numbers all winter, most probably there is a general shifting around all the time. One gull peculiarly marked, perhaps with a crippled foot or a missing feather, may be seen regularly for days, then be gone entirely.

One day I was down at Oysterbed Island, fourteen miles east of the city, and saw there a gull heavily smudged with oil all over the breast and belly, sitting on a sand bar. After an hour I left and came up the river to the dredge, about ten miles. A half hour after I was back, I looked out, and there was a gull similarly smeared underneath sitting on a buoy with a number of others. It may have come up ahead of me or circled somewhere else first.

* * * * *

The local flickers nest commonly in the old pilings along the lower river. The pilings stand out in the water, and how the young are ever able to get out of the nest and learn to fly without drowning, I do not know.

Two years after some heavily creosoted pilings were driven, a flicker excavated a hollow in one, and was frequently to be seen there with its head out as we came by. Creosote is highly irritating to the skin of a human being, and that should have been one litter of birds free from lice.

On April 1st, I collected six lovely translucent eggs from a hollow in the top of a piling on the outer end of a lighthouse dock. On April 25th another set had been laid and the young hatched. By June 6th the third set contained five eggs. A week or so later a laborer who went by reported a rattlesnake in the hole. It was just the clicking of the young birds. Then another man found there were young birds in the hollow, and seeing a boat-tailed grackle light on the piling, assumed that to be the parent.

* * * * *

A coot sat on a slippery rock that sloped up into the north jetty. As each foot high swell came in, the coot scrambled up out of its way, then slid down again at once. It was very much engrossed in not getting wet. Just another freshwater sailor, looking askance at a little rough water.

A DAY WITH THE BIRDS IN SOUTH GEORGIA

By LUCIEN HARRIS, Jr.

After receiving a letter from Fred Hebard that he would be in Folkston for a few days around February 22 I wrote him that I would join him for a bird trip. After a spell of cold rainy weather it cleared off and began to warm up so that upon my arrival on Sunday we decided to go for a short trip along the banks of the St. Mary's River. Our real trip, however, was to begin the next morning. We were awakened on Monday morning at the early hour of five A. M. After a light breakfast we started out on foot, and after perhaps a mile of walking, under a sky still brilliant with the stars, we arrived at a ford over Mill Creek where I was stationed and Fred continued a short distance along the edge of the river swamp. It was still thirty minutes before sunrise and so I sat on a convenient log to await the coming of the dawn and also Wild Turkeys—I hoped. The first bird to break the stillness of the morning was a Barred Owl. It was followed shortly by the whistle of a Cardinal and then the Brown Thrasher and Robin both began to call. Then came the weird call of the Limpkin which was repeated four or five times. Later in the day we returned and Fred succeeded in flushing this bird. By this time the stars had faded out and I heard a shot in the swamp. This was soon followed by two or three shots and in a few min-

utes two Wild Turkeys flew over my head. Fred came up in a few minutes bringing a turkey hen. He reported seeing another turkey which made four that had apparently roosted in the swamp.

As the sun rose we started back to the house, meeting a number of smaller birds as we went along. The most conspicuous were the Maryland Yellow-throat, the Red-bellied Woodpecker, and the Chickadee. Upon our arrival at the house we sat down to a second breakfast which had been prepared, and since the day appeared to be very favorable for observing bird life we decided to spend the rest of the day on foot making an intensive study of the region at the western end of Camden County. It was agreed that we would not list any bird unless we were absolutely certain of its identity, and that in the case of doubtful ones they would be collected. Species collected have been marked with an X, in order to indicate them in the list which is appended. Only two birds were observed Sunday that were not seen Monday. They were the Killdeer and Ground Dove.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Water Turkey | 49. Southern Crow |
| 2. Ward's Heron | 50. Florida Chickadee |
| 3. American Egret | 51. Tufted Titmouse |
| 4. Snowy Egret | *52. Gray-headed Nuthatch |
| 5. Little Blue Heron | 53. Eastern House Wren |
| 6. Eastern Green Heron | 54. Eastern Winter Wren |
| 7. American Bittern | 55. Carolina Wren |
| 8. Common Mallard | 56. Prairie Marsh Wren |
| 9. Red-legged Black Duck | 57. Eastern Mockingbird |
| 10. American Pintail | 58. Catbird |
| 11. Wood Duck | 59. Brown Thrasher |
| 12. Ring-necked Duck | 60. Southern Robin |
| 13. Hooded Merganser | 61. Eastern Hermit Thrush |
| 14. Turkey Vulture | 62. Eastern Bluebird |
| 15. Black Vulture | 63. Blue-gray Gnatcatcher |
| 16. Sharp-shinned Hawk | 64. Ruby-crowned Kinglet |
| 17. Cooper's Hawk | 65. American Pipit |
| 18. Red-tailed Hawk | 66. Loggerhead Shrike |
| 19. Fla. Red-shouldered Hawk | 67. European Starling |
| 20. So. Bald Eagle | 68. White-eyed Vireo |
| 21. Marsh Hawk | 69. Blue-headed Vireo |
| 22. American Osprey | 70. Blue-winged Warbler |
| 23. Eastern Bob-white | 71. So. Parula Warbler |
| 24. Wild Turkey | 72. Myrtle Warbler |
| 25. Florida Crane | 73. No. Pine Warbler |
| 26. Limpkin | 74. Western Palm Warbler |
| 27. King Rail | 75. Yellow Palm Warbler |
| 28. Florida Gallinule | 76. Yellowthroat (sp.) |
| 29. Killdeer | 77. English Sparrow |
| 30. American Woodcock | 78. So. Meadowlark |
| 31. Wilson's Snipe | 79. Red-wing (sp.) |
| 32. Herring Gull | 80. Florida Red-wing |
| 33. Ring-billed Gull | 81. Boat-tailed Grackle |
| 34. Eastern Mourning Dove | 82. Florida Grackle |
| 35. Eastern Ground Dove | 83. Florida Cardinal |
| 36. Great Horned Owl | 84. Eastern Goldfinch |
| 37. Florida Barred Owl | 85. Red-eyed Towhee |
| 38. Eastern Belted Kingfisher | *86. White-eyed Towhee |
| 39. Southern Flicker | 87. Eastern Savannah Sparrow |
| 40. Pileated Woodpecker | *88. Eastern Henslow's Sparrow |
| 41. Red-bellied Woodpecker | 89. Eastern Vesper Sparrow |
| 42. Red-headed Woodpecker | 90. Pine-woods Sparrow |
| 43. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker | 91. Slate-colored Junco |
| 44. So. Hairy Woodpecker | 92. Eastern Chipping Sparrow |
| 45. So. Crested Flycatcher | 93. Eastern Field Sparrow |
| 46. Eastern Phoebe | 94. White-throated Sparrow |
| 47. Tree Swallow | 95. Fox Sparrow |
| 48. Southern Blue Jay | 96. Swamp Sparrow |
| | 97. Eastern Song Sparrow |

GENERAL NOTES

The Limpkin in Southeastern Georgia—The last published record of the Limpkin (*Aramus p. pictus*) in Georgia was that of Dr. Francis Harper in the October, 1913, issue of the Auk. He there recorded it from the Okefenokee Swamp. On November 30, 1932, while riding along the Folkston-Kingsland highway in eastern Charlton County, my attention was called by Jesse Higginbotham to a "marsh hen", which he stated was excellent eating. The bird seemed brownish-black and like a large rail but had a curved bill. When I flushed it, I was surprised at the enormous wing spread—as great or greater than that of an American Bittern. A study of Howell's "Florida Bird Life" and the presence of large quantities of snails in the vicinity led me to believe that I had seen a Limpkin. I was not entirely satisfied as the identification was after sight. The very dry winters of 1933-4 and 1934-5 precluded the possibility of any Limpkins in the vicinity. It was likewise very dry from December 23, 1935, to January 4, 1936, with its "branches" and "hammocks" all dry land. During January and February, 1936, heavy rains fell so that not only were the "branches" and "hammocks" filled but the "broom-sedge" fields in many places were covered with sufficient water to attract Wilson's Snipe. Then on the morning of February 24, 1936, I was out along the edge of the Mill Creek "river swamp" on the western edge of Camden County about one mile north of the St. Mary's River, when I heard the unmistakable call of the "Crying Bird"—wee-ow. It was repeated several times at intervals of about 5 minutes. Lucien Harris who was with me likewise heard it. Later on about 10 A. M. I succeeded in flushing the bird which rose not five feet from the ground, flew about 100 feet and alighted. Dr. Francis Harper has written me that he unmistakably heard this species in exactly the same place on the morning of February 29, 1936. This individual was not in the "river swamp" proper but in a pond of small cypress about 100 yards to the north thereof.—Frederick V. Hebard, Navahoe Street, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hovering of the Red-tailed Hawk—Many writers have considered that the red-tailed hawk (*Buteo b. borealis*), does not hover with rapidly beating wings over one spot after the manner of the rough-legged hawk (*Archibuteo lagopus*), and some have considered this manner of hunting diagnostic of the latter species.

But in this locality, in fall and winter, the red-tail is still quite numerous, and I have seen this bird hovering many times. Birds of the previous summer, and fully adult birds, are all adepts.

Whether the habit is the result of feeding over low grounds without the usual perching trees so much desired by this species, or if these birds do not originate in the areas where such careful observation has been done by Dr. J. B. May and others, cannot of course be told now.—Ivan R. Tomkins, U. S. dredge "Morgan", Savannah, Ga.

Golden Eagle Captured in Burke County, Georgia—For the second time in the last few years, a Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*) has been captured in Burke County, Ga. On January 14, 1935, a young man trapped a Golden Eagle on the farm of Mr. J. L. Parish of Midville, Ga. This farm is located near the Ogeechee River. The eagle had been killing and eating the kids, and even attacking grown goats. The bird was taken alive, and at the present time is housed in a rabbit hutch at the home of Mr. Parish.

The first Golden Eagle for which I have Burke County records was shot December 14, 1932, by Alex Gordon, a negro. Alex was fishing on Brier Creek when he saw this bird. According to Alex, the bird tried to attack him, and I do not doubt he thought so. These rapacious birds sometimes swoop and dive when shot at, and if by chance they dive toward one, the most conservative may be inclined to think the birds intend to attack. Once when I shot at a Red-tailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis borealis*) and missed it, it dived for me. Only when the

hawk was within eight or ten feet of my head did it change its direction and zoom upward.

Alex' eagle was sent to me to be mounted. I found it to have a wing spread of six feet and to measure three feet from the top of its bill to the tip of its tail. Since the body parts had been removed, I was unable to determine the sex, or to ascertain what it had eaten.—Bernard H. Stevenson, Waynesboro, Ga.

A Black Tern in Waynesboro, Ga.—On the fifth of September in 1935, the rain was descending in torrents, and the wind was blowing with gale-like speed. Through this drenching storm, a little bare-footed boy came running to the office. In his hands he carried a Black Tern (*Hydrochelidon nigro surenamensis*). Without saying a word, he brought the bird to me and put it in my hands. Then, in a small apologetic voice, he said: "Please, Sir, will you tell me what kind of bird this is?" "You bet I will," I replied eagerly. And I told him all I knew of the habits of this bird. In return he told me how he came into possession of it. That morning he had found the bird lying exhausted in the street in front of his house.

When I put the bird on the floor of the office, he was unable to stand, but by evening, he had gained sufficient strength to move above the office.

That night the boy took the bird home and fed it, but the following morning he found it dead.—Bernard H. Stevenson, Waynesboro, Ga.

Ground Dove in Middle-western Georgia—On a week-end trip to Omaha, Georgia, near the Chattahoochee River about 40 miles south of Columbus, I was surprised to find the Ground Dove (*Columbigallina p. passerina*) comparatively abundant. Several groups of three or four were seen taking sand baths in the road. The birds were probably breeding because the dates seen (April 4th and 5th, 1936), are well within the breeding extremes. The record is probably not unusual for Mr. Harold S. Peters at Auburn, Alabama, has found them there and several records in Howell's "Birds of Alabama" locate them as far or further north than Omaha, Georgia; however, the note is of interest since little work has been done in that section of Georgia.—Don Eyles, Biology Department, Emory University, Emory University, Ga.

Partial Albinism in Two Species of Birds—Two instances of partial albinism have come to notice during the past winter. The first, a towhee collected close to the Georgia line had a few white feathers in the otherwise dark plumage of the hind neck. Had the white feathers been at the edge of the white area, the difference would scarcely have been noticed. This was a bird with straw-colored eyes, like our local breeders, and probably was the Alabama towhee (*Pipilo e. canaster*).

Then, on April 4th, a herring gull (*Larus a. smithsonianus*), in first winter plumage, displayed a large pure white area on the hind neck. This bird was much too immature for such clear white to be the result of a partial moult, and was otherwise in good feather. Such a bit of albinism would be indistinguishable in an adult bird, as the hind neck is then naturally white. It fed among the other gulls for this one afternoon, and was not seen again.—Ivan R. Tomkins, U. S. dredge "Morgan", Savannah, Ga.

White-crowned Sparrow and Ring-billed Gull in Atlanta, Ga.—While on a field trip to Lakewood and South River along with Norman H. Giles, Jr., the above species were noted.

The White-crowned Sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophrys*), as far as we know, is the first record for Atlanta; however, Mr. Thomas D. Burleigh had several records from Athens and a record from Macon, Georgia, was printed in the January Oriole. The bird, an immature, was observed at close range with 8x glasses for several minutes.

The Ring-billed Gull (*Larus delawarensis*) was observed at Lakewood under similar conditions. The yellow legs were noted. This record is the second for this area and one of the few from inland Georgia. Earle R. Greene records one in "Birds of the Atlanta Area" also from Lakewood.—Don Eyles, Biology Department, Emory University, Emory University, Ga.

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Items For Publication and Remittances Should Be Sent to Editors

NEWS FROM ABOUT THE STATE

The following are just a few short notes to show what various groups of Georgia bird students are doing:

From Milledgeville, Miss Mabel T. Rogers reports that the Milledgeville Bird Club has as their present project the preparation in chart form of a record of migration dates. This is certainly an excellent idea and will be of great help in adding to our knowledge of the nature of migration in Georgia.

On the coast, the Savannah Audubon Society has been active. Two outstanding accomplishments, as reported by the president, Mr. H. B. Skeele, are the erection of an attractive bird sign on the coastal highway where it enters Georgia at the Savannah River Bridge, and the presentation to the city of a beautiful bird bath in Forsyth Park. Last December, the club members made an excellent Christmas Census, securing 78 species.

Here in Atlanta, the Atlanta Bird Club, under the leadership of Mr. Nelson T. Spratt, Jr., held a preliminary celebration of its tenth anniversary at the March meeting. The actual big celebration is planned for the December banquet. At present the members are principally interested in securing as large a list of birds from over the state as possible in order to win the contest which the club is sponsoring.

The Editors would very much like to have news from other parts of the state. We know there are interested groups in Augusta, Dalton, Athens, Macon, Thomasville, and elsewhere. Would it not be a good idea to form a bird club in those places which do not have one? Also we wish to propose in the near future the organization of a state-wide bird club. Perhaps you have some ideas along this line.

In presenting the second issue of The Oriole, the editors would like to thank all those who have been so kind as to aid us by giving advice and suggestions. We earnestly desire that these continue as they are a great help. What suggestions have you? Will you not send them to us?

We also want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Roger T. Peterson of New York, who has so kindly prepared our new cover. We also wish to correct an error in the spelling of the name of Mr. Albert F. Ganiem on this page of the last issue.
