

THE ORIOLE

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THE ORIOLE

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THE VERMILION FLYCATCHER IN GEORGIA

By EUGENE P. ODUM

It is not often that bird students in Georgia get a chance to add new species to the State list. Recently, however, quite a number of persons had the opportunity to participate in the addition of the Vermilion Flycatcher (*Pyrocephalus rubinus*) to the Georgia check-list, for no one person had exclusive rights to the discovery of this species in the southwestern part of the State in December, 1949. Within the space of four days two birds were found, one near Albany in Dougherty County and one near Tifton in Tift County. The latter bird was collected in order that the record may be substantiated in future years, while the former bird remained under observation by a considerable number of ornithologists for nearly a month. The following persons were "in" on the Albany observations: Charles Jones, Sr., and Joe Jones (the original discoverers), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones, Jr., Emma J. Giffen, Harry Dann, Milton Hopkins, Dan Nelson, and Eugene P. Odum. Willard Gaulding, Jr., was the discoverer and collector of the Tifton bird, and Herbert L. Stoddard verified his identification. In writing this account, the author wishes to emphasize that he merely acts as a compiler and that this article is a contribution from all of the above mentioned persons.

The occurrence of the Vermilion Flycatcher in Georgia is not entirely unexpected, since this species is one of a group of western birds (Scissor-tailed Flycatcher and Western Kingbird are others already recorded in Georgia) which migrate east in winter. It has been known to winter regularly along the Gulf Coast and in recent years has been recorded in the Pensacola and Tallahassee, Florida, regions. For the record let us outline the details of the two independent observations.

The Albany bird.—On December 28, 1949, Charles Jones, Sr., and his brother Joe Jones, visiting from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, were observing birds near a small, partly dried-up pond when they saw a strange, bright-colored bird flycatching out over the water. It soon

dawned upon them that it was a Vermilion Flycatcher. It was not until later that they were to discover that this was the first record for Georgia. On December 30 and January 1, it was observed again by several of the Albany bird students previously named. On January 11, Milton Hopkins came up from the Emory Field Station near Newton and saw the bird, while on January 20, Dan Nelson and the writer in company with the Joneses, Mrs. Giffen and Mr. Dann, were fortunate in finding the bird in the same tree where first discovered. From its favorite tree, a willow, and from other perches over and near the water it made frequent forays after insects in typical flycatcher manner and often allowed a very close approach. It was a full plumaged male with brilliant vermilion underparts and crown, and brown upperparts—nothing else like it in the notoriously dull flycatcher family in North America. It was last seen on the spot on January 22, 1950.

The Tifton bird.—In his own words Willard Gauling describes his observation as follows: "On December 31, 1949, while observing birds around the edge of one of the lily ponds one mile west of Tifton the writer collected a Vermilion Flycatcher (*Pyrocephalus rubinus*). The bird was first observed perched on the top of the highest of a small group of bare trees. When flushed, it flew to a nearby telephone wire and then to a fence from whence it was collected. The sex remained undetermined (shot injury), but the plumage resembled that of a young male. This is the first specimen collected in the State and thus places this species on our Georgia bird list. I wish to thank Mr. Herbert L. Stoddard for confirming the identification."

It should be pointed out that many Vermilion Flycatchers observed east of the Mississippi River in winter are dull-colored young males or females and are not so easily identified as the Albany bird. Since the species has a very characteristic winter habitat—ponds with an abundance of snags and other perches—bird students in southwest Georgia may look for it with some hope of success. Perhaps the species is extending its winter range east, though probably the more numerous reports of its occurrence in recent years in the Southeast are due to the fact that bird students are learning where and for what to look.

Department of Biology

University of Georgia

Athens, Georgia

ST. MARY'S, GEORGIA: 1877

FROM THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM BREWSTER

EDITED BY FREDERICK V. HEBARD

(This is the second of three installments to be published in *The Oriole* from the famous ornithologist's journal for 1877. As in the first installment Mr. Hebard has here copied almost verbatim from the journal. Figures in parentheses are the page numbers of the original journal.—Eds.)

My first Wild Turkey

Saturday, April 14. Cloudy all day, clearing off beautifully at sunset. Started off alone after breakfast taking direction of "Borel." As I went out the gate, I saw a pair of Summer Tanagers in a Pride of China tree. On the western outskirts of the village over a low wet meadow were flying hundreds of Rough-winged Swallows skimming along just above the tops of the grasses. On the edge of the great hummock I shot a female Hooded Warbler in singular plumage. Here I also watched a pair of White-eyed Vireos building. Both male and female came together with material for the already half-finished structure. Striking across the opening, I had just entered the narrow strip of oak scrub opposite the cemetery, when from among some scrub palmetto within fifteen yards of me rose an immense Wild Turkey. I was startled beyond all dispute, but I put the number three from my left barrel into him before he got 35 yards away, bringing down a hatful of feathers, but on went the noble bird until (93) he reached the edge of the hummock, when he rose above the tops of the highest trees and disappeared half a mile away. Disappointment was no name for my feelings but still it was something to have seen this king of our feathered game. He rose exactly like a Ruffed Grouse, made his way through the thicket quite as easily, passed across the opening with rapidly whirling wings; and, when he towered over the tops of the forest trees beyond, he set his wings and skimmed as our grouse does. He made a tremendous noise when he rose but the wing beats made rather a flapping than a whirling. Coming back I found that an immense congregation of Chimney Swifts had replaced the Rough-winged Swallows over the meadow, and I found the latter birds in the street near the house. The Tufted Titmouse evidently will not breed for sometime yet. The Wood Pewee arrived—I saw two. (94) After dinner went down to the creek, took the skiff and pulled out into the river. Sculled down within long shot of some Fish Crows and knocked one down into the water. They hovered over it just like terns and I shot four more. I could have killed the whole flock had I wished. They kept circling about and diving down, *ca-ca*-ing frantically. I next shot a very fine Laughing Gull and wounded and lost a Royal Tern. Rowing across the river, I saw a duck disappear around a point, and, paddling after

him, I came suddenly within six feet of him. He had adopted a most cunning expedient. The bank was some six feet high and arched over, being worn away underneath by the water. Pressed close against this bank he sat with his neck stretched out, and, though I could have touched him with an oar, he remained as immovable as if carved from stone. I paddled carelessly off (95) turning my back on him and matching cunning against cunning, for I knew he would dive if he thought I saw him. When I got the proper distance away, I wheeled suddenly and killed him with a snap shot. He proved a young male Red-breasted Merganser and was very thin, though I could not see that he was wounded. The marsh on the farther side was absolutely swarming with Seaside Sparrows. I could hear dozens singing at once and see them towering in the air to warble their evening songs. There were also Long-billed Marsh Wrens and a fine Boat-tailed Grackle. I saw a Clapper Rail sitting just outside the edge of the reeds enjoying the warm beams of the sinking sun. (96) Everything looked so lovely in the soft sunset light that I passed the mooring place content to let supper go for another half-hour of such enjoyment. The tide was running up so I just dipped my paddle occasionally to keep steerage way and gave myself up to watching the varied beauties disclosed by each turn of the narrow winding creek. The air was soft and transparent as possible, and in the stillness the shouts of the village children, playing ball on the green, came distinctly on the air. A few Mockingbirds were singing in the distance and occasionally a rail cackled from its reedy retreat. A dozen or more Spotted Sandpipers ran and flitted along the shore ahead, sometimes allowing the boat to approach within a few yards as they waded knee deep into the water. Finally the sun sank out of sight—sand flies assailed me in clouds and I was glad to paddle back and start for the house.

(97) Monday, April 16. Clear and a glorious day with a fine sea breeze. Thermometer 75° at noon. Rose at seven and took a walk with Mr. Fordham. Orchard Orioles were singing in every garden in the village. The songs of some individuals resemble the Baltimore Oriole's a good deal, but one or two—and these the finest performances—recall the Fox Sparrow's at once, just as did the one I heard at Petrole in '74. After breakfast a lot of us started off in wagons for the oyster beach (distance seven miles) for a picnic. I went in a buggy with a small darky to hold the horse while I went after birds. We visited first the ruins of an old sugar mill and picturesque they were as those of any castle. The road all the way passed through pine woods—the characteristic piney woods of the South, the trees standing thinly sprinkled over the dead level—underneath thickets of scrub palmetto with its (98) beautiful deep shiny green fronds gleaming in the sun—the breeze playing freely between the straight pine trunks and coming laden with de-

licious resinous odors. Heard a Summer Tanager singing regularly in a tall pine. Its notes are very like those of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak but not so flowing—more interrupted. They lack entirely the peculiar twang of a Scarlet Tanager's. Pine-woods Sparrows were abundant among the pines everywhere where the ground palmetto grew only in patches and the openings it left were filled with low bush blueberries. These are evidently their favorite localities. I (99) know now that I heard their songs today for the first time in their full perfection and I can without exaggeration place them at the head of all the finches that I know. Only one bird, the Hermit Thrush, equals them to my ear. Their notes are exquisitely tender and delivered in bars, varied also as to strength and loudness most wonderfully. Now they come out with a full, wild ring that seems to fill the whole surrounding woods—next they are low and soft—then clear again but so inflected that they seem to come from a great distance. When disturbed they would pitch down into the palmetto and were then very hard to flush, running like mice under my feet. From the ruin we drove to the oyster beach and had our lunch. Here I saw some Willets and shot a Black-bellied Plover. Saw also a few herons and the marshes were alive with Seaside Sparrows and Clapper Rails. Got back about sunset.

(100) Thursday, April 17. Clear and warm. Started off as usual after breakfast. Entered the hummock at the end towards "Borel," and, laying my course by the sun, I penetrated through its very center, coming exactly where I intended at the upper end of Clarksville. It was very lovely in the depths of that superb forest, the sunlight streaming down through openings in the dense foliage and lighting the dark murky pools of water with glancing brightness. Found little companies of birds at intervals, though in many places the woods were silent as the grave and only an occasional butterfly enlivened the sombre scene by his glancing, careless flight. Saw quite a number of Worm-eating Warblers. They were usually in little companies either on the ground scratching about among the leaves or else in the trees (101) winding about the trunks in their creeper-like way. I shot a fine pair of Red-shouldered Hawks by lying in wait under a dead tree from which they flew and to which first the female and next the male returned. I also shot two male Acadian Flycatchers, my first. They called out at intervals *queep-eeep*, something like Alder Flycatchers, but another note exactly like the whistling of doves' wings was totally different from any note I ever heard. They kept up high in the tall trees and were not shy. A Chuck-will's-widow rose from a mound on the edge of the swamp and surrounded by water; it flew exactly like a Whip-poor-will. Its ovaries were small. Saw a Titmouse building but could not follow it up. Saw a fine male Sharp-shinned Hawk that dove into a thicket at some warblers but missed its aim. Went

to a negro Methodist church in the evening. At sunset saw a Wood Ibis flying over. Mr. Fordham saw a Swallow-tailed Kite flying over the salt marsh. Saw a pair of gray squirrels today. The stomach of the Chuck-will's-widow contained a mass of *Coleoptera* and one immense water beetle with a shell as hard as whalebone.

(102) Wednesday, April 18. Clear and quite warm. Started out as usual and spent the forenoon around "Borel." Birds were plentiful enough. I had a probable streak of luck in finding a nest of the Yellow-throated Warbler upon which the female was at work. It was built on a horizontal pine limb about twenty feet up and ten feet out and saddled directly on the stout branch. I also, to my intense surprise, shot a young Pine Warbler just able to fly—one of a brood that the old birds were feeding. Birds breed at strange times here. A female Blue Jay that I shot today showed plainly upon dissection that she would not have layed for weeks. A female Mourning Dove too, that I killed, had not layed this season. The Acadian Flycatcher was quite abundant in the hummock. Their note is very like the Alder Flycatcher's and might be mistaken for it easily. White-throated Sparrows are still abundant and I saw two Myrtle Warblers. Shot a male Carolina Wren. I hear a few every day but still only the unvarying, monotonous, tuneless song that is the same among all individuals.

(103) *A snake adventure.*

Thursday, April 19. Cloudy with warm S. W. wind. Heavy thunder-shower in the evening. After breakfast took a horse and open buggy, and, with S. to drive and stay by the team while I shot, I drove out of town some three miles getting out wherever I saw birds in numbers. Missed a great many shots owing to the following "scare" which completely unsettled my nerves for an hour or two. I was walking rapidly through the scrub palmetto when suddenly I felt a quick stroke against my leg and looking down beheld to my horror what I supposed to be a huge rattlesnake wrapping his writhing folds around my leg while his fangs were fastened in my ankle. I fairly screamed in terror and, completely losing my self-possession for the first time in my life, went dancing through the scrub like a maniac and finally shook him off. Then I shot him (104) at once and, to my great relief, found that it was only a black snake and not poisonous. I suppose I must have stepped on him for they do not usually show fight. Hardly a half hour afterwards I was again put into a tremble by the whirring rattle of the largest snake I ever saw that was lying coiled and ready to strike just when I was about to place my next step. Looking at him closely, I saw to my surprise that it was again only a black snake and that he was producing the sound of the much dreaded rattlesnake by rapidly vibrating his tail among some

dry palmetto leaves. I was, however, completely unstrung by these two snake scares. Heard several White-breasted Nuthatches, the first I have met in the South. Pine-woods Sparrows have a twitter when the sexes meet exactly like Field Sparrows; the chirp is also similar and the flight ditto. Saw many, and all sang from the pine limbs. The harsh weird crackling *Hyla* still chirps and another species peeps in the pond holes like young Wood Ducks. Summer Tanagers have a low love note when the sexes meet, exactly like the low call of the Bluebird. Mockingbirds are building and sneak and sail through the orange trees like huge butterflies. (105) Birds are more plentiful in these open piney woods than anywhere else here. Brown-headed Nuthatches absolutely swarm. You can often hear half a dozen at once. Their notes are high and shrill—at times almost musical. They say *whick, whick-whee-e-e-whick, whicker, whicker, whick*, and run nimbly about the trunks. They hung head downward from the ends of the branches and pine cones like Red-breasted Nuthatches. The Pine-woods Sparrows were abundant and I heard some superb singers. In flight and general habits they much resemble Field Sparrows but they run more like Henslow's Sparrows and are hard to flush. Pine Warblers are very abundant. Towhees likewise—they sing very much as at the North. I heard and saw a number of Meadowlarks. Their notes here are even stranger than in Florida and have a wild echoing ring that fills the woods.

(106) Friday, April 20. Clear and warm with S. W. wind. Thermometer 80° at noon. Got off after breakfast with S. starting down river in a small sailboat with a mulatto boy, Mike, her owner. Sailed down to the mouth of St. Mary's River with a fair breeze and without seeing anything of importance. Keeping away to the southward we ran along the shore of Tiger Island and soon we made out an immense flock of Black Skimmers, at least 100, sitting on the beach. They ran out of range but we chased them and finally I got a long shot into the flock bringing down four, three of which we secured. I again got a charge of number three into them this time bringing down three, but upon Mike's landing and running to pick them up *they all* got up and went off, flying till out of sight. An hour or two afterwards I stalked the flock as they sat on the beach, and, by using extra care, I got a fine shot, bringing down some, and the others kept coming up and hovering over them like terns and thus I shot down ten (107) all of which I got. When they rose, they seemed to follow some signal as they sprang simultaneously. They flew in the same way and in perfect masses. They were shy of the boat, rising 100 yards off, but would fly near it in their evolutions. When proceeding in a direct course they flew like terns but when hovering and about to alight they presented a most remarkable appearance with their immensely long wings, and somehow they suggested ghostly birds. When

on the beach, they sat in a long massed line along the water's edge and all facing the wind. As I peered through the beach grass at them, they reminded me of so many huge Woodcock with their bills pointing down. When wounded they ran off like terns and when caught bit fiercely but caused no great pain. Once or twice I heard their note, a curious *quack*. Sitting on the beach they look like so many black lumps of mud. Willets were very abundant both on the beach, the marshes and the sand (108) ridges. They were very noisy calling *pill-will-willet*, and various other notes. They were evidently pairing and the males were continually running around their mates, raising their wings and showing their beautiful plumage by a variety of positions. I shot two pairs and afterwards refused dozens of shots. They were not very shy and I walked up to several in open ground. I was much pleased at shooting a Reddish Egret, an immature bird. It was standing like a statue on the edge of the water and we sailed up within good range and I killed it dead where it stood. The marshes here were alive with Seaside Sparrows, a good many Long-billed Marsh Wrens, a few Boat-tailed Grackles and Clapper Rails. Along the beach I saw huge flocks of Semi-palmated Plovers, peeps and one plover that I took to be Wilson's. I shot also my first Forster's Tern and a fine Laughing Gull. Saw Green Herons and a Little Blue Heron in immature plumage. Got back at four p. m. beating up river against a head tide and wind. Tree Swallows in hundreds over the marshes—a few Barn Swallows. Saw six or eight Lesser Scaups sitting on the beach with the Skimmers.

(109)

Sunset hour in a Georgia hummock.

Saturday, April 21. Clear and warm. Spent most of the day in the house skinning the birds shot yesterday. The Skimmers were not fat and skinned very easily. Their bodies looked and smelled like terns. The brain is smaller than in any bird I ever dissected. The difference in size is strictly sexual, the larger birds being all males. I examined the stomachs of nearly all and *not one* had anything in it, not even sand. The ovaries of the females were very small. The Willets were apparently getting ready to lay. About five p. m. started out, entering the hummock (the "bay gall" they call it here) at the lower end of Clarksville. I penetrated through the middle coming out near "Borel." As I entered the forest, the sun had already sunk low and, while the tops of the taller bay trees and magnolias were bright with sunshine, underneath all was dark and (110) heavy with gloom. The trunks of the enormous trees formed arches and vistas, and the old stumps and gnarled roots looked weird and ghostly in the gray light. All was silent as the grave save when at intervals a bird chirped from the region of sunlight above. A Worm-eating Warbler I watched for a long time. It was creeping up and down the hanging loops of a wild grape vine and its motions were

exactly similar in every way to those of the Black and White Warbler. Acadian Flycatchers were abundant in the hummock: it is not at all a shy bird but from the nature of the place is hard to follow up. I killed Towhees in the (111) oak scrub near "Borel." They were very shy and uttered a note very like the *chewink* but I thought a trifle higher. Their eyes were *not* white but a very strong shade of lemon yellow. I also shot a male Red-eyed Towhee in the same place. While walking through a pine grove I saw a most beautiful snake lying among the leaves. It was about 18 inches long, green above with round black spots, yellow beneath. I struck it with a small stick when to my surprise it broke in two pieces which started off independently. I chased the tail end and caught it with difficulty. They call it the glass snake here for obvious reasons. Night-hawks I heard "booming" last night for the first time—tonight they were everywhere. I think those seen flying earlier in the season were migrants bound north. A beautiful thistle grows in the streets and has a blossom like a large white rose.

(To be continued)

GENERAL NOTES

SCARLET Tanager NESTING IN DEMOREST.—The Scarlet Tanager (*Piranga olivacea*) seems to be a regular, though not common, breeding bird in Demorest, Habersham County, Georgia (altitude 1400 feet). On our hill a white oak is always chosen for a nesting tree. I have observed nests in 1944, 1946 and 1948 and adults feeding young in 1949, while the constant presence of birds throughout the breeding season in 1945 and 1947 gave reason to believe they were nesting then. Except for the old record of a nest in East Point (see Griffin, *Oriole* 12: 46-47, 1947) this is the only record of a Scarlet Tanager nest in Georgia south of the mountains. Odum has reported them at the southern tip of the mountains in the Burnt-Oglethorpe Mountain section of Pickens County (see Odum, *Oriole* 10: 52, 1945).—DOROTHY P. NEAL, *Demorest, Georgia*.

THE ROBIN BREEDING AT THOMSON, McDUFFIE COUNTY, GEORGIA.—Although the Robin (*Turdus migratorius*) breeds fairly commonly, and is still increasing, in the larger Fall Line cities (Augusta, Macon and Columbus) in Georgia, it is just beginning to invade the smaller towns in this region. It is of interest that early on the morning of June 22, 1949, four young robins in speckled plumage and recently out of the nest were observed feeding with two adults on the lawn of Earle Lokey in the residential section of Thomson. In this connection, a search of Waynesboro, a small town just below the Fall Line in Burke County, Georgia, on May 28, 1949, failed to reveal any Robins breeding there.—J. FRED DENTON, 1510 *Pendleton Rd., Augusta, Georgia*.

DOES THE GRAY-HEADED NUTHATCH OCCUPY SOUTHWESTERN GEORGIA?—During the summers of 1947-48, the writer made a study of the distribution of birds in southwestern Georgia. Among the breeding species, the Brown-headed Nuthatch (*Sitta pusilla*) was found common at least locally and confined to its favored habitat, pine woods. Five adult specimens of both sexes were collected from 11 miles west of Chattahoochee, Jackson Co., Florida, and from locations 12 miles southwest and 15 miles west of Newton, Baker Co., Georgia. All these were found referable to the nominate form, *S. p. pusilla*, after comparison with series in the U. S. National Museum. The average wing length for the 5 specimens was 65.5 (mm.) and the average tail length, 31.9. The averages for 20 specimens (half males, half females) from Maryland to North Carolina were almost identical to these: 65.5 and 32.0 (Ridgway, *The Birds of North and Middle America, U.S.N.M. Bull. 50, 1904*); while the averages for a like series of Florida specimens, representing—at least in large part—the population now recognized as *S. p. caniceps* (the Gray-headed Nuthatch), were found by Ridgway to be 61.5 and 29.8. Thus the writer's specimens corresponded to *pusilla* in size. Although color seemed a less satisfactory criterion for separating the two races, the five specimens were somewhat more representative of *pusilla* in this respect, too. There may be, however, for reasons that follow, an appreciable *caniceps* influence in the southwestern Georgia region.

Burleigh (*Oriole*, 12: 25-32, 1947) and Hebard (*Oriole*, 10: 26-28, 1945) recorded the race, *caniceps*, from the extreme southeastern part of the State, and Burleigh found birds to be intermediate as far inland as Valdosta. While lighter than specimens from farther north in the State, the color of these intermediate birds' crowns was variable; their measurements were those of *pusilla*. Peet (*Wilson Bulletin*, 59: 37, 1947) collected a pair of nuthatches, apparently mated, 12 miles north of Bainbridge, Decatur Co., Georgia, on February 25, 1943, the female of which was typical of *S. p. caniceps*, while the male was intermediate—similar to *caniceps* in color but nearer *pusilla* in size (identified by Dr. Alexander Wetmore). It is worthy to note that the part of this species' range in which a relatively abrupt size gradation occurs appears to lie south of the area in which the principal color gradation is observed.

From specimens now available it appears that *caniceps* occurs in the southwestern Georgia region only to a limited extent and that its characters are manifest there more through coloration than through dimensions of wing and tail. The exact racial status of the species in that region can be determined, however, only after larger series of skins will have been examined.—ROBERT A. NORRIS, *Department of Zoology, University of California, Berkeley 4, California*.

DUCK HAWK IN HABERSHAM COUNTY, GEORGIA.—A male Duck Hawk (*Falco peregrinus*) was seen on March 21, 1950, in Habersham County about six miles north of Cornelia. This falcon is quite rare in north Georgia at all seasons. There are records of its occurrence in Sitton's Gulch, Dade County, and Tallulah Gorge, Rabun County, made during the nesting season. However, the only actual nesting record for the State is a nest of young found in Dade County in 1942.—J. WILLARD COLSTON, *Cornelia, Georgia*.

NEWS AND COMMENTS

SPRING MEETING, 1950.—The twenty-second semi-annual meeting of the Georgia Ornithological Society was held at Savannah Beach, Georgia, on April 22 and 23, 1950, with a total registration of 68 members and guests. Members assembled and registered in the DeSoto Beach Hotel and spent Saturday afternoon on informal field trips on Tybee Island.

On Saturday evening a shore dinner was served in the banquet room at the DeSoto Beach Hotel, after which a brief business session was held. The president, Dr. J. Fred Denton, presided. Members and guests were welcomed and appreciation was expressed to the local committee on arrangements—Mrs. J. R. Cain, chairman, Mr. Ivan R. Tompkins, and Mr. Fred Morton. Two Savannah members, Mrs. Victor Bassett and Mr. Gilbert Rossignol, were cited for their long-time interest in birds and friendship with the Society. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer, Dr. T. M. Hall, II, reported a balance of \$181.11 as of the date of the meeting. After approval of his report, Dr. Hall announced that he had been forced to resign his office due to expected departure from the state. The report of the nominating committee was then presented by Mr. David Johnston. No other nominations being made, the following officers were elected for terms expiring in 1951:

Treasurer: Mrs. H. M. Herreman

Regional Vice-Presidents:

Northeast Georgia — Mrs. Charles Neal

Northwest Georgia — Mrs. R. E. Hamilton

Atlanta — Mr. Richard B. Belser

Athens — Mr. James H. Jenkins

Augusta — Dr. J. Fred Denton

Milledgeville — Miss Fern Dorris

Macon — Mrs. Tom Cater

Coastal Georgia — Mr. Fred Morton

Southeast Georgia — Mr. Frederick V. Hebard

Southwest Georgia — Mrs. Emma J. Giffen

Mr. Ivan R. Tomkins then introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. E. B. Chamberlain of the Charleston Museum. In a delightfully informal talk, "The Place of The Museum in Bird Study Work," he told how ornithology is encouraged through classes, bird banding, traveling school exhibits and field trips. Dr. Denton then briefly summarized some of the more interesting recent ornithological discoveries in Georgia and announced that the fall meeting would be held at Dalton, Georgia, at the invitation of the Dalton Bird and Flower Club.

After an early breakfast on Sunday morning, the members left in two groups for Oysterbed Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River. Numerous coastal birds were observed on the island and en route by boat. After a final count of 74 species, the members dispersed at noon to return to their homes.

NEWS OF MEMBERS AND FRIENDS. —ROBERT NORRIS is presently engaged in graduate studies leading to a PhD degree at the University of California at Berkeley, California. In September another of our active members, DAVID JOHNSTON, will join him at Berkeley for the same purpose. EARLE R. GREENE has been residing in the Golden State for over a year now, but in the southern portion at Beverly Hills. . . . HAROLD S. PETERS is spending the summer in Ohio, where he is able to study concentrations of nesting Mourning Doves. . . . Nine Georgians attended the recent meeting of the Wilson Ornithological Club in West Virginia; three of them, JAMES H. JENKINS, FREDERICK V. HEBARD and EUGENE P. ODUM, presented papers. It was the largest Georgia delegation ever to attend a Wilson Club meeting, and the largest this year of any deep southern state. . . . Too many of our active members have moved from Georgia recently: RAYMOND J. FLEETWOOD is now in New Mexico; MALVINA TRUSSELL is teaching at Florida State University in Tallahassee; MABEL T. ROGERS has retired to Daytona Beach, Florida; and HAROLD C. JONES is now teaching at East Carolina Teachers' College in Greenville, North Carolina.

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