

Possibly the main flock of birds was working a feeding ground in an easterly direction, probably over the Ravensbourne scrubs, returning each evening to roost on some of the numerous sandstone cliffs, and these "scouts" were sent out daily in search of new feeding grounds. It is my opinion that certain birds have their regular scouting duties to perform and each bird or small party have certain sections which they work fairly regularly.

The solitary bird mentioned above always behaved in the same manner, which left little doubt in my mind that it was the same bird which appeared each sunset.

White-browed Wood-Swallow and Sky-Lark.—On August 3, 1935, a large flock of White-browed Wood-Swallows (*Artamus superciliosus*) arrived here, appearing to come from the south-west, and disappearing in a north-westerly direction before the end of the day. As the species has not been recorded as wintering in this district it would be interesting to know the winter quarters of this particular flock.

The spread of the Sky-Lark (*Alauda arvensis*) has been very rapid in the west of New South Wales. Two years ago the first birds were noticed in this district, but were not definitely identified until recently. How far west they have spread in the interim from this point we cannot say, but they are plentiful at Maryvale, seven miles west of Wellington. With us they appear to winter, keeping to grass paddocks and stubble or standing crop. Keen disappointment was felt on hearing the song of this bird for the first time. Compared with the song of our own Rufous Song-Lark that of the imported bird seemed weak and colourless.—GEO. and PETER ALTHOFER, Dripstone, N.S.W.

Harriers and Plover.—When out for an early walk a few mornings ago I witnessed one of those humorous little incidents which occasionally reward the early riser. Over a grass paddock two Swamp-Harriers (*Circus approximans*) were sailing serenely on broad wings at a height of sixty feet or more. Suddenly, from swampy ground adjoining the grass, a flock of about twenty Spur-winged Plover (*Lobibyx novæ-hollandiæ*) rose and came at the Harriers in a compact body, "squawking" away in a fearful temper. The birds of prey seemed to think discretion the better part of valour, and stayed not on the order of their going, but went, one making to the eastward, the mate to the westward, whereupon the Plover, after a little more squawking, went down to their swamp, still in a compact mass. No doubt some of them are nesting just now, which renders them the more aggressive towards a potential enemy.—H. STUART DOVE, West Devonport, Tasmania, 6/11/35.