

brush in bloom. Macleay Kingfishers (*Halcyon macleayi*) darted from the branches to the green water beneath, over which blue and silver dragon flies continually hovered. On the opposite side of the river was a lantana thicket where birds spent most of the day in song.

I was certain that there was much vocal mimicry going on amongst Thrush, Whistler and Whip-bird, but until the day of leaving, I had not been able actually to see the birds at their performance—I only heard them. Then I noticed two Grey Shrike-Thrushes and a Rufous Whistler fly into a gum sapling on the opposite shore, and immediately a puzzling mimicry began. I stepped into the dinghy and rowed across the river. As I neared the other side I saw the Whistler and Thrush fly out of the tree and away; but still the mimicry went on from the same quarter. Worming my way through a belt of lantana I found myself on the edge of a cleared grassy space with a log lying across it. Dancing from end to end of the log was a Whip-bird in a high state of excitement. While I watched he mimicked the Thrush's song several times—first in a weak, quavering way as though not at all sure of the notes. Then, as if in derision, he repeated the notes in his own full rich voice. Then followed in the same way the Whistler's song, and lastly his own beautiful notes. The whole performance was amazing and had to be seen and heard to be believed.—L. M. MAYO, South Brisbane, Qld.

Petrels Blown Ashore.—A friend who occasionally sends me a nature note, wrote on September 9, 1936, that numbers of "Blue Petrels" had been cast up on the beaches the other side of Port Sorell and that some had been blown quite a distance inland. We had fierce gales with heavy rain during a great part of August and the early part of September, with heavy surf on the beaches. From my friend's description, I have no doubt that the castaways were Prions (? *Pachyptila vittata*), of which I have sometimes found an individual cast up on the Devonport beach. Neville Cayley mentions that occasionally in stormy weather numbers are found on the beaches of New South Wales. On the voyage from England via the Cape hundreds of Prions—Whalebirds, as the sailors call them—were seen skimming the waves in the Southern Ocean, and they seem able to weather the roughest gales out there. It is remarkable, therefore, that bad weather on our coasts should be so fatal to them. One can only suppose that they are driven inshore by the fierce winds, and in endeavouring to procure food in the surf are dashed against projecting rocks and reefs, with which this coast is studded.—H. STUART DOVE, Devonport, Tas., 7/10/36.