

(*Turdus musicus*—acclimatised). Mr. A. J. Campbell supports that explanation. However, during a residence of many months in the Montrose district, and in observations extending over several years, I have no record of having observed a single English Thrush, though the Blackbird (*Turdus merula*—acclimatised) is moderately abundant.

Although from the *situation* the nest might have been that of a Blackbird, it was quite unlike the nest of that bird, and resembled in size, general composition and appearance the nest of the Grey Thrush. Moreover, knowing the locality very well, I do not think that a Blackbird has nested there during the previous season. *It would thus appear that the Harmonious Shrike-Thrush does itself sometimes use mud in the construction of its nest.*

Though so tame and confiding, both in the bush and at the farmhouse door, where it has won its way to the heart of so many bush-women by its trustfulness, at the nest the Grey Thrush is very shy. The accompanying photograph is one of a series obtained after much labour, several long waits and many disappointments.

In addition to the rich flute-like notes, the Harmonious Thrush has an exceedingly harsh, grating cry with which it scolds trespassers in the neighbourhood of its nest or young.

When brooding, the Thrush sits fairly tightly, but when the nest is well hidden from view, the sitting bird frequently discloses its position by its curiosity, craning its neck to see the intruders.

As is the case with many immature birds, the young of the Harmonious Shrike-Thrush has not the dove-grey colour of the adult, but shows quite distinctive striations on the breast. Unlike many birds, such as the Magpie (*Gymnorhina hypoleuca*) the young of the Grey Thrush do not remain long with their parents, but are soon left to fend for themselves, whilst the parents seek a new nesting site and busy themselves with the cares of another brood.

Golf Balls in a Crow's Nest.—At Charlton, on the Avoca River, in Victoria, many golf balls mysteriously disappeared. Members after close investigation were at a loss to explain the annoying phenomenon. Recently a member, not thinking about golf balls, visited a Crow's nest about 20 feet high in a buloke tree on the bank of the river, about half a mile from the links. On disturbing the bird, he climbed the tree, and found fifteen golf balls in the nest. Apparently the Crow had been sitting on the golf balls since last nesting season.—Adapted from the *Charlton Tribune*.