

An Instance of the Great Courage of the Welcome Swallow.

By Owen Crompton, Communicated by S. A. White.

When I was at Port Lincoln recently spending a week cruising in an old cutter called "Bonny Dundee" which belongs to Mr. Dabovitch, late inspector of fisheries, his son Chris. told me the following interesting experience he had had with a pair of swallows. Some time ago he and his father had reason to go to Stansbury for two or three weeks' work to do with the inspection of fisheries. While their boat was anchored there a pair of swallows built a nest and laid eggs in an old sealskin cap which was hanging in the cabin. When the time for sail-

ing home to Port Lincoln had arrived, they were very loth to go because they believed it would mean breaking up the swallows' happy family, but to their surprise the birds went with them.

The first evening the male bird was seen frequently flying round the boat, but was not seen to settle; the next day all went well until late in the afternoon when a gale sprang up and they were afraid that the male bird was lost. Next morning, however, the weather had calmed down and both birds were there apparently quite happy, Mr. Dabovich believed that the male bird had got into an upturned dinghy on deck to escape the gale. When they got down abreast of Wedge Island the two birds were noticed chattering together and then flew straight in the direction of the Island, evidently to procure food having had nothing to eat for over 36 hours. They wondered very much whether the birds would return, and sure enough in about half-an-hour back they came apparently satisfied.

On arrival at Port Lincoln they anchored the boat, and as Mr. Dabovich said, to his great delight, their young ones hatched and were reared in the Port Lincoln Harbour.
