

similar to that of the Flicker (*Colaptes auratus luteus*) is on record, where a bird laid as many as forty eggs, the recorder persistently removing one egg a day from the nest. The Starling is not regularly double brooded, but often a second brood is reared, and eggs dropped by the impetuous bird are not uncommon as well as cases of its breeding out of season. In England the status of the Starling is complicated, some of the birds being residents, but others leave in the autumn to return in the spring as summer visitants, whilst numbers from the north and east of Europe winter there, and some travelling further south (to northern Africa probably) are birds of passage only. What the exact status of the Starling in Canada will be is still doubtful. Will it become a resident in those parts where the winters are comparatively mild, and a migrant in those such as Hatley where the winters as a rule are vigorous, with the thermometer often dropping to 30°, or more, below zero? Time alone will tell, but personally I should not be at all surprised to find that, like the English Sparrow, it becomes acclimatized to withstand even the coldest winters, in which case we shall have it always with us. As I conclude this note, I see from 'Bird-Lore,' Vol. XXV, 1923, No. 4, p. 249, which has just come to hand (Aug. 3), that a pair of Starlings have bred this year at Port Dover, Ontario, making their nest in a hole in the side of a flour mill, and had two young, according to Mr. F. A. Barwick of Toronto, Ont.—HENRY MOUSLEY, *Hatley, Que.*

Yellow-headed Blackbird in Vermont.—Some time ago a friend of mine, Mr. Henry S. Wardner of Windsor, Vermont, told me of his having seen a Yellow-headed Blackbird (*Xanthocephalus xanthocephalus*) several years before at that place. At the time, he could not remember the exact date, but promised to send it to me. The following is quoted from letters recently received from him regarding this occurrence:

"At Windsor, Vermont, on Sunday, August 27, 1916, I was confined to my bed-room by illness. Between the hours of eight A. M. and noon of that day I heard through the open windows what I believed was the call of a bird. The note was unfamiliar to me. It was repeated several times, and seemed to proceed from a clump of trees below and to the easterly of my house, and about one hundred yards distant. I looked in that direction but saw nothing strange. As a matter of fact the view was pretty well blocked by the leaves of a large sugar maple which stands near the northeast corner of my house.

"Some minutes later I heard the same cry near my room. I got out of bed, looked from my north window, and saw within about twenty feet from where I stood or sat, and about on a level with my eyes, a Yellow-headed Blackbird. He was moving restlessly from branch to branch in an English mountain ash. He seemed nervous and irritated because of the presence of other birds. These last—I do not recall whether they were Song Sparrows or some other common birds—to the number of four or five, seemed to regard the Yellow-headed Blackbird as a curiosity or possibly as a menace. They did not attack him while I was looking on.

"My wife saw the bird also from the same window and remarked on his colors. He remained in the mountain ash several minutes. I never saw him again, and have never heard that anybody else, other than my wife, saw him. I speak of him as a male. His plumage was very bright, and, of course, striking."

" . . . I saw him in a great many different positions and he was near. With a view to checking up my own observation I called my wife to look at him and to describe to me his plumage. This was for the purpose of making the proof complete. She repeated the colors exactly as they looked to me. There can be no mistake in regard to them. . . "

Mr. Wardner is a very keen observer, always interested in birds, and there can be no doubt of the identification.—FRED H. KENNARD, *Newton Centre, Mass.*

Courting Orioles and Blackbirds from the Female Bird's Eye-view.—In 1923 the Baltimore Orioles arrived in Lexington, Mass., on May 13; a few days later I noted the following courting action:

A male Baltimore Oriole (*Icterus galbula*) of strikingly brilliant plumage was singing loudly in a maple tree when a female Oriole took a long flight and alighted in the same tree. The male flew to her, placed himself directly before her, facing her at a distance of a few inches and here struck successively two attitudes; in one his body was nearly upright, straight and tall, in the other it was bowed downward and forward with the head at the level of the feet. The wings were held closely at the sides. In passing quickly from one attitude to the other, over and over again, he moved up and down with a sharp jerk, rather than in an easy sweeping motion, and he made a very short pause each time before changing direction.

This is a very simple motion, one may say—just an exaggerated bowing—not very different from the bowing, nodding, or swaying of many birds in the excitement of their courting displays. True enough, and it is not until we look at the action from the point of vantage of the female bird and see in our mind's eye, as nearly as we can, just what she sees, that we understand its significance.

In the first position noted above, the orange of the breast glows before her, and so near her that it fills a wide arc with blazing color. Then, as the male bird bends swiftly forward, and the head comes down, the orange is blotted out by black, as by a camera shutter, and immediately, as the bird continues to bend forward, out flashes the orange color again, now on the rump. Witnessed at close quarters, the appearance of this maneuver must be as the bursting out of a great sheet of flame, its instantaneous extinction into darkness, a flaring up again,—then darkness once more.

How different the courting of the Red-winged Blackbird! He makes good use of his ornamented wings, as the following notes show:

Late in May, 1915, I saw a male Red-winged Blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus phoeniceus*) paying vigorous attention to a female. She was on the ground; the male either on the ground or very near it. He faced