

waters of the bay. The industry has long since been abandoned but the derrick stands and on top of it year after year the Ospreys have a nest which is occupied every season. This year I was so situated that I could watch their movements on the nest through the glasses. They reared two young ones who by the middle of July were in flight and later on were able to take care of themselves. I mention this because after the incident I am about to relate, one of these young birds disappeared and I am of the opinion that it was the victim whose tragic end I saw.

About the middle of August, the exact date I cannot fix now, my wife, my daughter and myself were coming across the bridge at Blue Hill Falls. The Falls are created by the tides going in and out through a narrow neck into a large salt water pond extending some miles back from the bay. Just as we crossed the bridge we saw the Osprey struggling with a large fish, about sixty feet above the water; suddenly fish and bird plunged down and fell into the water like a stone. We watched and saw the bird struggling, apparently to get away from the fish, flapping its wings in the water but it disappeared and we waited to see if it would come up, but it did not. It was down too long not to have been drowned. Evidently it could not get released from the fish, its talons being too deeply imbedded in the body of the latter.

About two weeks after on the other side of this bay, my daughter and I were attracted by the wings of a comparatively large bird sticking up through the seaweed, having been rolled up there by the tide. The tides rise and fall at Blue Hill about fifteen feet. We disclosed the remains and found it was an Osprey and about the size, I would judge to have been the bird that I knew in connection with the nest on the derrick. At any rate it was an Osprey and after two weeks in the water was somewhat decomposed. I should say, from circumstantial evidence that this was the bird that we saw being drowned.

Some years ago sitting on the verandah of the house of a friend, we saw an Osprey struggling with a fairly large bluefish which had been taken from the waters in front of the house which was situated on the Jersey coast. It evidently was having difficulty in holding the struggling fish and finally was compelled to let it go and the fish dropped right onto the lawn in front of the house. From the noises made by the bird I am sure it was swearing.

Through a mutual friend, Dr. Maxon of the National Herbarium in Washington, I got in communication with Dr. Thomas Barbour of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who has written me that he also once saw an Osprey drawn down under water while at Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, about 1903 or 1904. The Ospreys had been feeding regularly on weakfish but just at the time of this occurrence some very large bluefish were running.—WILLIAM McADOO, *New York City, N. Y.*

Duck Hawk and the Evening Incoming of the Starlings at Washington, D. C.—I have been much interested in the behavior of the Duck

Hawk mentioned by Alexander Wetmore, in his note "A Duck Hawk views the inaugural ceremonies." ("The Auk," XLVI, No. 2, April, 1929, p. 235.) This particular Hawk is of interest in its relation to the Starlings coming in on their evening trips to roost.

One evening I took my stand on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue opposite the Post Office Building, where it perches. As the sun became low and the first Starlings began filtering in from the city in little groups, the Duck Hawk high on the Post Office tower became an interested spectator. To him it was another great parade, but it evidently thrilled him and moved him as no 4th of March parade composed of humans ever will. He finally decided to sit quiet no longer and launched forth almost beside a big, compact, incoming flock of Starlings sweeping past him toward 7th Street. They too became aware of him, but they did not seem much disconcerted, appearing only to pull their ranks a little closer, and quicken their pace somewhat. To keep up with them he was forced to do rather active flying, and much turning, for the Starlings returned and swept up the Avenue again and back past the clock, the Duck Hawk in close attendance. At first he looked only like an innocent pigeon entangled with their movements, but it was another story. The Starlings knew their business, however, and kept on the wing in a very compact group as if almost inclined to defy this dangerous enemy. Nothing was done, and he finally tired of the game, returning to his high perch on the Post Office Building. As other birds swept by it seemed to me dangerously close to him, he would turn his head and watch them intently. Finally he launched out with another flock down the Avenue, and as this began to disintegrate with swift downward descents into the trees, he suddenly dropped, too, following a particular bird, but the strike was unsuccessful. The numbers dropping around him seemed to be somewhat disconcerting. Again he retired to the high stone cliffs of the Post Office Building. Although many other Starlings swept by, and some seemed to pause as if inclined to harry him, he merely craned out his neck quizzically and kept his perch.—H. A. ALLARD, *U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.*

A Spring Flight of Broad-winged Hawks.—Hawks flights are of common occurrence during the fall, but unusual enough in the spring to be worthy of record. On April 21, 1929, my wife and I motored with Miss Margaret Livingston and Philip A. Livingston to Top Rock, situated on the Delaware River near Kintnersville, Pa. About noon we noticed several Buteos circling above us, which proved to be Broad-winged Hawks (*Buteo p. platypterus*). A moment later several more appeared, flying in the same direction,—southeast. Suddenly we became aware that the air was literally filled with Hawks as far as one could see to the northwest. All proved to be *platypterus*. They were flying rather low, but rapidly,—evidently bound for some particular objective. My notes state there were approximately seventy-five birds observed.

Mr. Julian K. Potter has called my attention to a flight of Broad-wings