

**The Starling in Arizona.**—The first authenticated record of the Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) for Arizona was obtained on November 16, 1946, when I collected an adult at Parker, Yuma County. Subsequently, another was collected, and as many as 34 were seen at Parker and on the Colorado River Indian Reservation on January 1, 1947. I also saw them on the California side of the Colorado River, about five miles southeast of Needles, San Bernardino County, on December 18, 1946, and on February 23, 1947, when 45 were counted. None was seen after March 1.

I saw a flock of about forty Starlings on February 9, 1947, not far east of Joseph City, Navajo County, Arizona, from a passenger train on the Santa Fe Railway.—GALE MONSON, *Fish and Wildlife Service, Parker, Arizona, July 18, 1947.*

**Does the Poor-will "Hibernate"?**—While going up through a very narrow, high-walled, almost slot-like cañon in the Chuckawalla Mountains of the Colorado Desert two of my students and I saw on December 29, 1946, a most unusual sight. On the side-wall about two and a half feet above the sand of the cañon bottom was a Poor-will (*Phalaenoptilus nuttallii*) resting head-upward in a vertical rock-hollow, its gray and black, mottled plumage blending so perfectly with the coarse gray granite that we had to look twice to convince ourselves it was really a Poor-will. The shallow crypt, with deepest part above, was just a little more than large enough to hold the bird, hence its back was almost flush with the rock surface. When we had observed the bird quietly for more than ten minutes without noticing any motion, I reached forward and touched the bird without evoking any response. I even stroked the back feathers without noticing the slightest movement. Was our bird dead, sick or just deep in winter sleep? We left the place for awhile, then about two hours later returned. The Poor-will was still in the same position. I now reached forward and picked it up, freely turning it about in my hands. It seemed to be of unusually light weight and the feet and eye-lids when touched felt cold. We made no further attempt to be quiet; we even shouted to see if we could arouse our avian "sleeper." I finally returned it to its place in the crypt; but while I was doing this I noticed that it lazily opened and shut an eye, the only sign I had that it was a living bird. Unfortunately we soon afterward had to leave the place and return home without making further observations.

Ten days later at about ten o'clock in the morning I returned with Mr. Lloyd Mason Smith. To our great surprise and satisfaction the Poor-will was still there in its rock niche, with every indication that it had not moved "even so much as a feather" in the intervening time. I reached forward and as before carefully picked it up. But this time instead of remaining perfectly quiet, it gave several "puffy" sounds as if expelling air from the lungs, opened an eye, and began to make a variety of queer high-pitched whining or squeaky mouse-like sounds. After some moments it opened its mouth widely as if yawning and then resumed its quiet. As Mr. Smith further handled it, it again made the whining notes; then suddenly it raised both wings and held them in rigid, fully outstretched upright position. The eyes remained closed. After the bird had held the wings stiffly upward for several minutes we worked together to put them back in normal position; several times we attempted this but always the wings came quickly back high above the head until the tips almost touched. Some five minutes later while one of us still held the bird, we tried again, this time more successfully, for we got the wings at least partially in position. We now put the Poor-will back in its crypt as best we could and left. The morning was cool (42° F.), the sky overcast.

That afternoon while the sky was still gray with clouds we returned for further observations. We had put the bird into its crypt not quite in normal position and with feathers somewhat ruffled and wings askew, and so it was now when we found it after an absence of three hours. Mr. Smith picked up the Poor-will hoping to photograph it while I held it in my hand. But to our great surprise it whipped open its wings and flew out of hand in perfectly normal flight as if it had only been playing 'possum all the time but now had suddenly become alert to danger. It flew about forty feet up-cañon into an iron wood tree (*Oliveya tesota*). We walked toward it and again it flew, alighting this time among some rocks high above us and where we were unable to reach it.

On this day there were fresh coyote tracks directly below the Poor-will's roosting site. The position of the foot prints indicated that the coyote had stopped and turned toward the bird. There were fresh feces and claw marks in the sand, all indications that he had remained there a number of minutes. Perhaps he even saw or smelled the bird, for it probably was perching there on the side of the rock at about the level of his eye.

On November 26, 1947, a Poor-will, probably the same bird, was in the same crypt, and again it was lethargic. On December 6 it was banded.

I am not venturing here to state any conclusions, but this experience leads me strongly to suspect that one reason that so little is known and written about the winter habits of Poor-wills is because the birds then for the most part hide away and perhaps spend a short period in a kind of somnolence at least somewhat akin to true hibernation. Culbertson (Condor, 48, 1946:158-159) found a Poor-will hidden in a rotten log and in sort of a torpid state of low metabolism. I take this as a partial corro-