

happy final ending was worth more to me than all the photographs I could have secured.

I experienced, however, the inner battle between the nature lover and the photographer. Had I set up a blind and waited I might have secured some excellent photographs of "Old Bobbie" on the job, but I debated that if I did so I might also frighten him away altogether. Thus the battle raged for several days until finally the true nature lover spirit within me won out, and I will leave it to the readers whether the right won or not. It increased my love of the Bob-white that much, however, that I will always fight for his rights and I will place him first on the list as our most valuable bird and man's best friend.—
W. M. ROSEN, *Ogden, Iowa.*

Birds of a Feather Flock Together.—As I stood on the top of the hill at the rear of my home on an October evening of 1924, watching the swirling mass of Purple Grackles and Starlings coming in to roost all around me, I thought of how little we have really learned, since the composition of this wise little saw, of the basic impulses influencing the organization and government of the flocks and roosts of our wild neighbors. If anyone had asked me why the Purple Grackle persists in roosting in shade trees close to man, I would probably have replied for the same reason that it nests near dwellings, namely, for protection against the thoughtless or irresponsible man, coupled with the desire to take advantage of the thick foliage of our shade trees, especially after the forest trees had become denuded.

For the first time in my life I found myself in the center of the establishment of an entirely new roost. In almost fifty years of residence in the same place I cannot recall a single instance of a large roost of any species of wild bird in my immediate neighborhood until this temporary or tentative roost of Purple Grackles and Starlings developed in our deciduous boundary trees in October, 1924. During October, 1925, on the evening of the 17th, a roost of probably 500 individuals established itself undisturbed in our cherry, locust and maple trees. This flock increased to something like 10,000 by the 19th, overflowing to the trees of my immediate neighbors, with the maples, pines and spruces the favorites, abandoning the deciduous trees as fast as their leaves dropped. It must be explained that the maple as a shade and ornamental tree came into vogue locally during my lifetime, and has recently grown to goodly proportions. On the blustery evening of October 25 the birds, now approximateing 20,000 and including some Cowbirds, came in at dusk riding the gale like snowflakes, and, as some of the maples had become denuded of leaves during the day, such of the maple, cherry and apple trees as were still clothed, together with the evergreens, proved the prime favorites, the overflow settling in the thick foliage of the rows of maples along the nearby avenues. The trilling and chattering of the Starlings lasted as late as 10 p. m., with perhaps little abatement all night long, in the trees at the rear of my home, although the birds that had located along the avenues, which were probably nearly all Purple Grackles, were silent.

My subsequent notes follow: October 26—The birds left their roost at 6:15 A. M. but this evening as they came in some one shot at them, and in consequence only a few roosted on the premises, though they were numerous in the shade trees along the avenues.

October 27—Again I heard the reports of a shotgun as the birds began to flock in increasingly large numbers at 4 p. m. All of the maple and cherry trees and

some of the pines and spruces on or bordering the place were filled, and the overflow was as before.

October 28—About 4 p. m. I observed small squalling squads of Starlings passing up a ravine leading from the Great Valley, where the species flocks in appalling numbers, flying low or running on the ground, apparently hastening to the muster upon the hill. The roosting birds become increasingly abundant. Starlings, as usual, were noisy all night.

October 29—A killing frost with the temperature 28° F. this morning. Grackles and Starlings left the roost in a compact body at 6:10 a. m. and this evening few roosted on the place, though the avenues were crowded, probably because the maple leaves had thinned less there than on the hilltop.

October 30—It started to snow at 7 a. m., and continued snowing without pause until well into the night. This evening it was a great sight to see flock after flock, varying approximately from 100 to 2,000 birds, from 4:35 to 5:00 p. m., circling about the roosting ground and then passing overhead in a northeast by east direction in search of a more sheltered roost, thus drawing the final curtain for the season upon the Grackles. Probably some of the Starlings, in the excitement of the community spirit, accompanied them southward on the morrow, but the bulk of them resumed their normal every-day life about us.—FRANK L. BURNS, *Berwyn, Penn.*

The Fall Migration of 1924 in East Central Ohio.—The months of September, October and most of November, 1924, were spent at our farm home, located four miles south of Uhrichsville, Tuscarawas County, Ohio, and good opportunities were at hand to observe the fall bird migration. During the period from September 20 to November 8 we "listened in" on the migrants practically every night. "I hear the beat of their pinions fleet, but their forms I cannot see." But we heard the beat of their pinions only a few times. More often we saw their forms against the moon. But most unmistakably, "I hear the cry of their voices high." This, however, is not true on cloudy nights, because then they fly low down.

The first night migrants were heard on September 10 and 11. There were but few nights between September 20 and October 18 that bird notes were not heard, and there were several high tides of migration. On September 24, 25 and 26, there was a great wave of warblers and thrushes. On September 27 the thickets and woodlands were overrun with these birds, the south wind of that date seeming to hold them in check. On the night of September 28 there was a light movement, increasing with a light west wind on the 29th to a flood of migration on the 30th. This was accompanied by a decided drop in temperature and a moderate wind from the northwest to the north. I was out until 2 a. m., and from dark until that hour group after group followed in such close formation that from some direction or another their notes could be heard at all times. The note of the Green Heron was heard frequently. At 8 p. m., 10 p. m. and 11 p. m. the notes of the Great Blue Heron were heard, and the Bittern was heard several times.

Several groups of Killdeers were noted during the last week of September, and one group of thirty-five birds that we particularly noted tarried for several days on a field that was being prepared for wheat. A local group of four old birds and five young ones, representing two families that had come from nests on our farm and a neighboring one, joined the thirty-five strangers in their feed-