

American Egret and Little Blue Heron in the Lake Michigan Dunes of Indiana.—On the afternoon of August 21, 1930, Mr. Coffin and I drove with Dr. Lewy in quest of some white birds that he had seen the previous Sunday, August 17, and was strongly inclined to think were American Egrets. Our first stop was a marsh concealed by low dunes, shortly before reaching the suburbs of Gary. Here we saw one bird in company with a Green Heron, which was much smaller. We were close enough to be sure it was an American Egret (*Casmerodius egretta*), noting the pale iris, the yellow before the eye, and the deep yellow bill quite plainly before it flew.

The next stop was at Long Lake, north of the high bridge over the lake about half way between Millers and Dune Park. Just as we arrived a passing train startled a flock of twenty-three herons into flight; some of these returned later and were quite evidently the white phase of the Little Blue Heron (*Florida caerulea*). They fed in the marshy part of the lake with three Green Herons not far away.

In the more open water stood four of the larger American Egrets, their slender bodies and graceful necks reflected in the water. Here again were two Great Blue Herons which afforded satisfactory opportunity for comparing size and form. Some of these birds were still in Long Lake on Sunday, August 31.

Dr. Amos Butler writes he has received reports of these birds in the counties of Newton, Allen, and St. Joseph, Indiana.—MRS. LUCY BAXTER COFFIN, *Chicago, Ill.*

A Robin Roost Close to a House.—Near my house, in fact just outside my sun porch, is a Robin roost, the development of which I may describe as follows. Fifteen years ago, when we built our home, I had the grounds landscaped with special reference to attracting birds. I had sumac, high-bush cranberry, panicled dog-wood, sheep-berry, and buckthorn (*Rhamnus cathartica*) planted near the house. Desiring a natural growth, I let these shrubs grow at will. The buckthorn grew very thick and tall. I noticed early in the spring that the Robins ate the small black berries, and also were fond of the sumac seeds. Then I found that a number seemed to sleep in the buckthorn. But not until three years ago (1928) did I pay any special attention to them. At that time, upon returning from a summer in Europe, I found a flock of blackbirds preempting the Robins' sleeping quarters, much to the latter's distress, and I realized for the first time how many Robins were interested. So I went out for several nights and drove the blackbirds away. They objected, but finally they left for other quarters. It is impossible to count the Robins as they fly in and out so much, but that year I estimated at least twenty-five of them slept there. Next year (1929) the very first Robins came to the same place in larger numbers. A Cardinal that feeds here all winter had decided to sleep in the buckthorn, but the Robins would not let him stay. This year (1930) I claimed to have fifty or sixty Robins in my roost, but others have thought that there must be over a hundred of them. It is an interesting sight, and in the spring their vespers are delightful, while mornings they are much more musical than an alarm clock, although a trifle too early. As soon as the young are old enough they all come here, and the bushes seem alive with them. These bushes are very leafy with small branches, which I imagine discourages owls or cats.—MRS. J. FREDERICK CLARKE, *Fairfield, Iowa.*