

He had caught it the night before, together with some pigeons that he wished to market. Noting a strange bird among them, he blinded it with a flashlight and caught and imprisoned it in a box. He saw no others, and this one he liberated on his return home.

My first meeting with the Starling has now been almost four years ago and yet I have not seen their nests. J. W. has a flock of about sixty now, but the queer part of the matter is that they spend only the winter with him; during the summer not a Starling can be found on his premises. Where do they go? I know a few other places where one may find them in the winter but they all seem to disappear during the summer. Those that I have watched spend the bright days, or bright parts of a day, away from the buildings and among the trees or in the fields, but toward evening and on cloudy days they huddle with the pigeons in the higher, darker parts of the barn. The English Sparrows do not mingle with them to any extent. Also, I believe that the Starling, if possible, is the more intelligent bird. They seem to be sociable, congregating in flocks at various times and wheeling here and there as they move from tree to tree or from one part of a field to another. Their notes remind me not a little of those made by a flock of young turkeys; irregular, but not so continuous, nor so loud.

After becoming acquainted with the Starling, and having read everything pertaining to them that I could obtain, I had forgotten pretty much about them except that I had still to see one of their nests. So it was a bit of a surprise when, on December 27, 1928, another friend, a village storekeeper, brought me a shoe box containing half a dozen dead Starlings. He wanted to know what birds they were. I told him. "Write that down", he said, "I'll forget it, and Father Gadlage wants to know. I told him that I'd find out." Rev. Herman Gadlage of St. Maurice, a village west of my home, had found that morning about fifty dead Starlings under the evergreens in front of his home. Among them were about a dozen dead English Sparrows. What had killed them? Excepting a light rain the night before they had suffered nothing from the elements. The death of so many birds, under the circumstances, has me puzzled.

Since meeting my first Starling I have heard other reports to the effect that they are not nearly so bad as I had been led to believe. This is welcome news, indeed, if it is true. As we have them anyway, we can do no better than to wait and see how they conduct themselves.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Greensburg, Ind.*

The Gambel's Sparrow at National, Iowa.—Probably several of those who heard Prof. Swenk's admirable paper on "The Crown Sparrows" at the Des Moines meeting of the Wilson Ornithological Club resolved to be more careful when identifying sparrows with white crowns. My opportunity to profit by such a resolution came on October 6, 1930, under circumstances most favorable for identifying. The water of neighboring brooks had been dried up in the season of drought, therefore water for the birds had been placed for them in a bird bath fourteen feet from a window. To it there came on the date mentioned a Gambel's Sparrow that remained several minutes to drink and bathe. It was so near that its distinguishing marks could easily be seen.—ALTHEA R. SHERMAN, *National, Iowa.*