

but had to drop it there again. It then gave it up as a bad job and flew away. Floating ice was near at hand so the water was ice cold. The eagle was in the water for between five and eight minutes, at least.—ROBERT L. BAIRD, *Oberlin, Ohio*.

**Records of the White Ibis in Southern Indiana.**—Records of ibises north of the Ohio River are so few that the following experiences seem worth recording. On July 25, 1925, the Louisville Courier-Journal carried this item in a "box" on the front page.

**"QUEER WATER BIRDS STOP AT NEW ALBANY**

"A flock of birds of unusual species that flew across the country just north of the city and roosted in a tree on the knobs just off the Dixie Highway a half mile north of New Albany attracted much attention yesterday. It is said that twenty or more were in the flock.

"Measuring approximately three feet from tip to tip of the wings the birds had a rather short body with legs approximately eighteen inches long, a beak ten inches long with a sharp point, and are web-footed. In color the birds are pure white with a black border on the lower part of the wings, apparently one row of black feathers.

"No bird of the species ever has been seen in this section by old residents of the knobs."

With all due allowance for the inaccuracies of a newswriter's description, it tallies fairly well with that of the White Ibis (*Guara alba*), which would certainly be of rare occurrence in this part of Indiana.

On August 18, 1925, the writer stopped on a journey from Henderson, Kentucky, to Mt. Vernon, Indiana, to investigate a creek-bottom swamp, overgrown with arrowhead, cane, and buttonbush. A large dead tree stood lonely sentinel in the midst of the swamp. Perched on the topmost branches were two tall white birds, preening their plumage in the morning sunlight. Two Boy Scouts, James N. Childs and Robert Kopp, of Huntington, West Virginia, were with me at the time. We all had a splendid view of the birds through binoculars at an easy stone's throw from the tree. At such close range we observed that each bird had yellow legs and a yellow bill, downcurved at the tip, the latter a distinguishing character of the White Ibis. When we ventured too close the birds extended their black-tipped wings and with outstretched necks flew slowly away.—ROBERT B. GORDON, *Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio*.

**The American Egret and Least Tern in South Dakota.**—On July 25, 1931, a lone American Egret (*Casmerodius albus egretta*) was found at Loblolly Lake, South Dakota, by T. C. Stephens. The bird was in company with one hundred or more Great Blue Herons (*Ardea h. herodias*) and quite a few Black-crowned Night Herons (*Nycticorax nycticorax hoactli*). This egret has been seen many times since with the other herons. Probably the first record of the American Egret in South Dakota was in June, 1929, when Professor W. F. Kubichek, of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, collected one at Rush Lake, in the northeastern part of the state.

The past summer (1931) has evidently been a good one for the Least Terns (*Sterna a. antillarum*), as the writer has noticed them in many parts of northwestern Iowa and southeastern South Dakota. One of the nesting sites near Sioux City was on a bar in the Missouri River, about one mile from Loblolly Lake. On August 3, the writer counted not less than 150 Least Terns, many im-

mature birds, at the above lake, where the birds were no doubt gathering for the fall migration.—WM. YOUNGWORTH, *Sioux City, Iowa*.

**A Virginia Rail Spends a Day in the City.**—On June 7, 1930, my neighbor called me to see a strange bird in her clump of lilac bushes. I recognized it as one of the rails. My first thought was that the bird was injured or it would not have been there. I tried to catch it, but it eluded me so completely that I failed to find it though I was confident it had not left the bushes. I retired to my dining room window, and soon I saw it walking about. Again I tried to catch it and failed. I placed a shallow pan of water at the edge of the bushes. It was not long till the bird came and waded around in the water. At noon we surprised the bird in the open, and were able to guide it into the garage, where it demonstrated that it could fly perfectly well. I caught it and put it in a small cage. With my friend, Mrs. W. J. Armour, I studied it carefully and identified it as a Virginia Rail (*Rallus l. limicola*). Satisfied about its identity, I gently placed the cage at the edge of the bushes, and it stepped out very leisurely and went back into the shadows. Often it came and waded in the pan of water. As the sun was setting it came out into the patch of sunlight, put its head under its wing and went to sleep. It was still there when it was most too dark to see well. The next morning it was gone, after its day of rest in the city.—MRS. MARIE DALES, *Sioux City, Iowa*.

**The Roosting-place of Fledged House Wrens.**—What becomes of the young House Wrens (*Troglodytes aedon aedon*) after they have left the nest has always been a perplexing question about our home, for after the first day they can be found nowhere in the vicinity. In 1930, however, we had the pleasure of having them around for four days after leaving the nest, and they were the source of much amusement. Just before dusk every evening the parent birds would work frantically to get the young ones into a then abandoned Robin's nest in an apple tree, seventy-five feet distant from their own nest box and twenty feet from the ground. But what a time they had. After much arguing and scolding, they would succeed in getting two or three of the six young into the nest, and would dart after the remaining ones, only to find upon their return that the first group had departed into a neighboring cherry tree. This, of course, called for more scolding and coaxing. They used the Robin's nest for four nights; the fifth day they vanished, and were never seen about the premises again.—CARL W. RAHE, *Cleveland, Ohio*.

**An Icebound Woodpecker.**—The morning of January 21, 1927, dawned bright and cold, after an almost night-long seige of rain, sleet, and snow. Directly after sunup I hastened out to run a short trapline, and while hurrying through a woods I saw, scurrying on the ground ahead of me, a male Red-headed Woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*), apparently injured. He could race rapidly, nevertheless, and would often ascend a tree trunk for a few feet, but would always drop off and resume the race. He was an expert at dodging and I experienced no little difficulty in capturing him, part of my inability to get him in hand being due to the fact that I feared trampling him as he dodged here and there. Imagine my surprise when I found that the tips of his wings, where they met over the base of the tail, were securely held together by a piece of ice! Flight was entirely out of the question. I removed the ice that bound him, but for a moment he remained quiet in my hands, not realizing, probably, that he was free, then with a cry he left me, flying heavily in a crooked, wavering flight. He was im-