

occasions resting behind telephone poles along the country roads. The average pole casts a shadow just about as wide as the width of the sitting bird and here they were found during the worst heat of the day. Several times as many as eight and ten birds would be found in the shade of consecutive poles, and although they were located only a short distance from a slowly moving car, they would not budge from their places.

Below Sioux City, Iowa, is a flat area known as the "Hornick Bottoms", and here great quantities of winter wheat is planted. This region is the favorite feeding ground of migrating Golden Plover, and it was while observing these birds on several occasions, that another interesting habit of the Prairie Chicken was discovered. The wheat fields are usually of several hundreds of acres in extent, and in plowing the farmers will often miss a stretch of weed grown stubble a foot or two wide and several rods long. It is here that the wary Prairie Chicken will rest during the day, in almost assured safety, as hunters and dogs do not get out on the low green growth of new wheat in their search for game. I have flushed out birds from these narrow bands of stubble, and from the amount of droppings knew that the birds had been coming back day after day. Cottontail rabbits also use this same site for day-time resting places, showing that both birds and animals take advantage of this man-made haven.—WM. YOUNG WORTH, *Sioux City, Iowa.*

A Snowy Heron Record for Franklin County, Indiana.—The smaller of two brothers, hoeing corn in front of my home, came rushing in as I sat writing at my desk on the morning of July 28, 1933, and told me that there was a great flock of strange, white birds approaching from the west. However, they had reached the cornfield almost by the time the boy got to me, and by the time I had snatched a pair of field glasses and got outside they had disappeared beyond the woods that skirted the eastern edge of the field. The older brother informed me that he judged that there were between fifty and seventy-five of them. They were not pigeons, they were sure, nor ducks, nor geese. The smaller brother said that they were some kind of really strange birds. "What did they most resemble?" I asked. "Looked like a flock of 'White Shite Pokes'", the younger brother said. "White Shite Pokes"! Could it be, I wondered, that the boys had seen a flock of Snowy Herons? I had never seen any, nor had I ever heard of any being seen in my immediate neighborhood.

Along towards evening on August 1, 1933, I went up on Right Hand Fork, a meandering, rocky stream that lies northeast of my home, to observe some Spotted Sandpipers (*Actitis macularia*) that I had seen there while on a hurried trip some days before. I reached the stream some distance above where I had seen the sandpipers, and not yet having encountered them, I was watching for a moment through my field glasses two adult Little Blue Herons (*Florida caerulea*). Both took wing at once, and as I lowered my glasses I chanced to glimpse a white object near the top of a small, black hickory that stood on the right bank of the stream. My first thought, unusual as it may seem, was that the object was an old white turkey belonging to a farmstead a short way behind. I saw my mistake at once. I trained the glasses on the bird and noted immediately the yellow feet, black legs, and dark bill, also the plumes on the back of the head. It was a Snowy Heron (*Egretta thula thula*). It was not shy, for to begin with I was not more than forty feet away, and it allowed me another ten-foot approach before it flew, circled not higher than thirty feet over my head a half dozen times, flew across the creek and alighted in the top of a taller hickory situated on a bluff.

I studied it some more on its new perch and then, wishing to see it in flight again, I tossed several stones into the shrubbery at the base of the tree. A number of times I threw before it flew, and then it circled four times above me, straightened out and disappeared upstream, back towards the woods. I wondered after seeing this Snowy Heron if it was not one of the flock that the boys had seen on July 28. I made several inquiries afterward, and found one boy who had seen a single Snowy Heron near where I had seen mine. It was probably the same one, as he had seen it two days later.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Route 6, Greensburg, Ind.*

The Turkey Vulture in Southern Arizona.—A recent article (WILSON BULLETIN, XLVI, pp. 93-95, 1934) by Margaret Morse Nice, stating that only three Turkey Vultures (*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*) were seen on a motor trip of 678 miles in Arizona proved a distinct surprise to me. She does not give the route travelled, but judging from the time of year she started I would guess that she covered the cooler, northern part of the state. Apparently here the Turkey Vulture is not common. I feel that she would have encountered many more had she traversed the hot, southern portion of Arizona.

My observations, confined to the Tucson area, are as follows: During the summer of 1932 I made thirteen weekly trips from Tucson to Oracle, a distance of thirty-five miles. The highway leads through practically nothing but Lower Sonoran desert, the elevation being about 2,400 feet at Tucson and reaching 4,500 feet at Oracle, where the Upper Sonoran oak belt begins.

Turkey Vultures were counted only on the morning, out-going trips, a total of ninety-three birds being recorded. The average was about seven birds per trip, making one bird to each five miles. The largest number seen was eighteen birds on August 28, the smallest one bird on August 21 and September 4. It is very evident that the variation was extreme. A person who drove by on August 21 would have reached a very erroneous conclusion in regard to the actual distribution of these birds.

The food available along the highway consisted chiefly of jack rabbits, round-tailed ground squirrels, Texas Nighthawks, and a few small birds, all of which had probably been killed by passing automobiles.

Observations for 1933 and 1934 were not so extensive. However, from my home in the Rillito Valley, I could look out almost any time of the day during the summer months and count four or five Turkey Vultures circling about. Binoculars would often reveal several more in the distance. A few times I have noted as many as twenty birds over one spot. On May 30, 1933, ten Turkey Vultures were seen on a trip to Madera Canyon, Santa Rita Mountains, about thirty-five miles south of Tucson.

So far as I can see, in the Tucson area, there has been no change in the status of the Turkey Vulture since 1931.—ANDERS H. ANDERSON, *Route 2, Box 105-C, Tucson, Ariz.*