

part of their married life, but also did "the backyard banding when John was off with assistants on banding forays in South Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania."

"John," Mrs. Gillespie recalls, "was interested in ferns for years and we have some 25 species on our small property here. We had a collection of mounted specimens that received considerable acclaim at exhibits. The same was true of seaweeds. On vacations John loved to bring buckets full of dainty, brightly colored bits to the cottage and mount them on cardboard. He took prizes for these in hobby exhibits."

"He also became very much interested in rocks and minerals, largely because our son John, who is a spectographic analyst, indulged in real busman's holidays by prospecting far and wide. Our cellar is full of specimens from fossils to fool's gold."

"If the cellar was full of rocks, the living room was full of recordings. We shared an intense love for symphonic and vocal music, and listened to music in our home from breakfast to bedtime. And outside was the music of birds."

Since John's death I have known the solace the company of birds can be. Far from feeling the loneliness of going on alone, I felt happier and less lonely when I was watching or banding birds. John was always a far keener observer than I, but I surprised myself by quicker flashes of recognition than I had formerly possessed. Who shall say John was not with me, still spurring me to independent identification?"

In an article in the Chester, Pa., Times of March 16, 1956, we read, "He wanted to be a scientist, but life bent him otherwise. Instead he became a buyer for the Sun Oil Company and was employed there almost all of his business life. What a lesson there is in the life of this frustrated scientist! He used what he had, and how he used it! If each of us could or would use his potential as fully as did John Gillespie, what a community ... what a world this would be."

Our best wishes go with you, Mrs. Gillespie, as you embark on your trip to the South Pacific. May we suggest that you take along a few bands, as one never knows when they might come in handy. We look forward to seeing you at the Annual Meeting in April on your return.

SEXING STARLINGS
By E. Alexander
Bergstrom

Your Sept.-Oct. issue quotes Lawrence Hicks on the color of the bill determining male or female. The pink or blue is in the rami of the lower mandible (next to the feathers of the throat), not the main part of the bill, and it holds true only during the breeding season. This is one of several characters discussed by Brina Kessel (Bird-Banding, 22:16-23), for age and sex of the starling.
