

inch. Weight, 0.9 ounce, 24 hours after death ensued. The bird now reposes in the zoological collections of the New York State Museum in the form of a study skin, catalogue number 6244.—DAYTON STONER, *New York State Museum, Albany, New York.*

Speed of the Starling.—While driving westward on March 7, 1941, near Clarence, Erie County, New York, I was fortunate in making a rather accurate timing of the speed at which a Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) was flying. It flew parallel with our car for over half a mile, and maintained a speed of 55 miles per hour. This is slightly faster than the greatest rates previously recorded: 48.5 m.p.h. by Meinertzhagen, and 51.4 m.p.h. by Campbell (Cooke, U. S. D. A. circular no. 428, 1934). My companion and I who had been walking a half hour before, had commented on the fact that the air was quite still; and it is likely that the air had little, if any, influence upon the speed of the bird's flight.—EVERETT W. JAMESON, JR., *Ithaca, New York.*

Speed of a Woodcock.—On January 11, 1941, the writers were traveling near Lufkin in Angelina County, Texas, when a Woodcock (*Philohela minor*) flushed in front of the car. It was early evening, the headlights clearly revealing the identity of the bird. It flew in front of the car for some fifty yards before darting into the brush at the side of the road. During this time the car was moving at the speed of 35 miles an hour. The woodcock was flying at a greater speed than the speedometer indicated, since it was moving away from the car when it disappeared.—ROLLIN H. BAKER, AND COLEMAN C. NEWMAN, *Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, Lufkin, Texas.*

A Duck Hawk attacks a Raven.—A short time ago while in Lexington, Virginia, for a few days I witnessed a very strange sight. On the afternoon of April 7, 1939, Mr. John Welles and I took a trip to a nearby mountain to look for a Raven's nest that I had seen there last spring. Just as we located this year's nest, I heard the cry of a Duck Hawk. Knowing that this bird is rare in this vicinity I immediately stopped to look for the bird. From around the end of the range came the Raven with the Duck Hawk flying high above it, calling loudly. The Raven croaked a few notes of protest but continued its slow and deliberate flight along the range. As I watched this unusual sight, I saw something at which I still marvel.

The Duck Hawk stooped at the Raven, calling faster. Just at the point when I expected to see the Raven get a hard blow, it flipped over on its back with its feet up in the air, and warded off the blow. I could not make out whether it used its feet or just assumed an attitude of guard. The Raven did not seem to use its wings in turning over, but was over in a small fraction of a minute. At this the falcon swooped up in the air again, still screaming loudly. The Raven turned over again just as quickly as it had turned upside down, and resumed its course slowly and steadily along the face of the mountain. The Duck Hawk having again reached its position over the Raven, stooped as it had before. Again the Raven turned over on its back to ward off the blow. This performance was repeated eight times as the Raven crossed before me and finally settled in a pine tree at the end of the cliff. The Duck Hawk swooped up to a tall, dead tree nearby and sat there motionless. The next thing I saw was the pair of Ravens flying back along the top of the mountain, and the Duck Hawk was nowhere to be seen. The Ravens were calling as they flew past me again.

The young were calling loudly so I easily located the new nest and climbed up