

Its mate joined it at one point, made a perfunctory peck at the egg and wandered off, apparently uninterested.

On May 8 there were still three eggs in the heron's nest. On May 12, I approached the heron's nest from another direction, between the shore and the button-bushes. While we were still about 30 yards away from it, one of the gallinules sneaked out of the shore grass just ahead of the boat and made off toward it. I located the gallinule's nest, which held five eggs, in the grass, and then followed the bird. When I arrived near the heron's nest, the gallinule was carrying one of the three remaining eggs down onto the same spatterdock leaf that had served as a dining table on May 6. As before, it had cracked the egg part way across the middle, and this time, since incubation was advanced, pulled the contents out in shreds and gulped them down. The heron was sitting quietly a few feet away.

In trying to get into position to take a moving picture I frightened the gallinule, which climbed into a bush whence it kept peering down at the nest. Upon my backing the boat away, it deliberately climbed down to the nest, took another egg, ate a little, and on my moving nearer, hooked it on its lower mandible, carried it to a point a few feet from its own nest and finished eating the contents. I got a brief moving picture of the bird walking with the egg hanging under its chin. I followed and placed the boat close to the gallinule's nest and between it and the bird, which had climbed a bush and sat preening itself within 20 feet of me, seemingly unconcerned at my position in relation to itself and its nest. Presently it made off through the tops of the bushes towards the heron's nest. I followed and was just in time to see it walk down a branch into the nest, carry the last egg down to its dining table and pull out and eat shreds of the embryo. As on previous occasions, the heron sat within a few feet, looking on, apparently cowed.

It seems strange that having tasted blood on May 6, the gallinule did not again molest the three remaining eggs until May 12, and I consider myself lucky to have been a witness on both occasions. I have often seen Purple Gallinules when they approached Red-winged Blackbirds' nests, furiously attacked by the owners, but as I had never seen a gallinule actually molesting a nest, I supposed that the Red-wings were merely objecting to the proximity of birds so much larger than themselves. Now, however, I suspect that the gallinules may, sometimes at least, give the Red-wings cause to fear for the safety of their eggs.

On May 14 I again visited the gallinule's nest. It was partly crushed and the eggs gone. For the sake of poetic justice I would like to be able to consider this as an act of vengeance on the part of the heron, but the evidence points to it being the work of a water snake.—H. L. BEADEL, Tallahassee, Florida.

**A 16-year-old Marsh Hawk.**—On July 1, 1928, in Harding Township, Lucas County, I banded a brood of four Marsh Hawks (*Circus cyaneus hudsonius*). On November 14, 1944, one of these, a male bearing band 656303, was shot by Mr. H. O. Thompson of Wallaceburg, Ontario, while it was attempting to catch a pheasant near that city. This was 16 years, four months and 14 days from the date of banding, and the hawk was probably two weeks old at that time. The hawk was mounted and given to one of the Wallaceburg schools. The band itself showed signs of wear on the inside but none on the outside. Previous to this record, my longest-lived Marsh Hawk was banded June 22, 1932, in Spencer Township, Lucas County, and shot December 14, 1937, at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, by Ezra Moore, five years and five months later. This bird was number B-621403.—LOUIS W. CAMPBELL, 4531 Walker Ave., Toledo, Ohio.