

forty-three White-throated Sparrows mingled among the many English Sparrows present at that time. Most of these white-throats were in the immature plumage, and after acquiring city soot for several weeks, they were almost indistinguishable from any other brown bird, except by mannerisms and form.

There are several species in this list which were new to me and rather unexpected in such a locality. The Sora was seen lying dead on the grass beside a tall, slender monument. It had evidently struck the shaft the night before. I saw the Duck Hawk several times from my office window as the bird soared over the Square, putting the flock of Pigeons into a frenzy of fear. The Bobolink was a bird in the fall plumage, well able to fly and apparently in good health. It stayed close to that portion of the Square where there is the largest area of lawn, and walked about among the English Sparrows, feeding with little evidence of fear of man. Among the most unusual was the case of the Louisiana Water-Thrush. In some manner this bird had blundered its way inside of the lobby of the Union Terminal Building, and there it spent three days flying over the heads of the many people who were going to and from the offices and trains. Occasionally it stopped to rest on a sash of one of the great windows which kept it a prisoner, and most of the time it called continually with its characteristic piercing chip. The Robin seen on October 3 was the second Robin which I have found at the Square in over five years of observation, although the bird breeds commonly in yards not much over a mile away.

Several of the birds were enough at home to venture fragments of their songs. The Veery, White-crowned Sparrow and White-throated Sparrow all sang, the last doing so quite frequently. With two exceptions, all of the birds seen appeared to be in good condition. The Golden-crowned Kinglet seen on October 15 was on the ground, barely able to hop, with its feathers very much ruffled and disheveled. One white-throat, seen over a period of several weeks, had lost its tail, but appeared to be handicapped only a little in its flight and efforts to find crumbs.

The remodeling of one section of the Square removed a fountain and pool which had been surrounded by flower beds and several shrubs and substituted plain patches of grass. This change made a noticeable reduction in the number of birds seen in the section, robbing several species of hiding places which had been very welcome in the past. A great increase in the number of Starlings about the Square, culminating in a flock, estimated at 3,000, on November 3, must have had some effect on the movements of native birds.—WILLIAM H. WATKERSON, *Cleveland, Ohio.*

Notes on the Starling from South-Central Indiana.—In the summer of 1925 I learned, through a short item in a daily paper, that the Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) had reached central Ohio. I knew that the Starling had been brought from England and liberated in New York some time in the 1880's, but, of course, I had never seen one. However, badly as I desired to meet the stranger, I feared his coming from the standpoint of our native bird life. But I knew that they would come, so I was on the lookout for the first arrival.

I met my first Starling shortly before noon on February 18, 1927. One was brought to me by J. W., a neighbor, who knew of my interest in birds. So the first one I ever saw I was permitted to hold in my hands. J. W. did not know what bird it was, but I recognized it at once from pictures that I possessed.

He had caught it the night before, together with some pigeons that he wished to market. Noting a strange bird among them, he blinded it with a flashlight and caught and imprisoned it in a box. He saw no others, and this one he liberated on his return home.

My first meeting with the Starling has now been almost four years ago and yet I have not seen their nests. J. W. has a flock of about sixty now, but the queer part of the matter is that they spend only the winter with him; during the summer not a Starling can be found on his premises. Where do they go? I know a few other places where one may find them in the winter but they all seem to disappear during the summer. Those that I have watched spend the bright days, or bright parts of a day, away from the buildings and among the trees or in the fields, but toward evening and on cloudy days they huddle with the pigeons in the higher, darker parts of the barn. The English Sparrows do not mingle with them to any extent. Also, I believe that the Starling, if possible, is the more intelligent bird. They seem to be sociable, congregating in flocks at various times and wheeling here and there as they move from tree to tree or from one part of a field to another. Their notes remind me not a little of those made by a flock of young turkeys; irregular, but not so continuous, nor so loud.

After becoming acquainted with the Starling, and having read everything pertaining to them that I could obtain, I had forgotten pretty much about them except that I had still to see one of their nests. So it was a bit of a surprise when, on December 27, 1928, another friend, a village storekeeper, brought me a shoe box containing half a dozen dead Starlings. He wanted to know what birds they were. I told him. "Write that down", he said, "I'll forget it, and Father Gadlage wants to know. I told him that I'd find out." Rev. Herman Gadlage of St. Maurice, a village west of my home, had found that morning about fifty dead Starlings under the evergreens in front of his home. Among them were about a dozen dead English Sparrows. What had killed them? Excepting a light rain the night before they had suffered nothing from the elements. The death of so many birds, under the circumstances, has me puzzled.

Since meeting my first Starling I have heard other reports to the effect that they are not nearly so bad as I had been led to believe. This is welcome news, indeed, if it is true. As we have them anyway, we can do no better than to wait and see how they conduct themselves.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Greensburg, Ind.*

The Gambel's Sparrow at National, Iowa.—Probably several of those who heard Prof. Swenk's admirable paper on "The Crown Sparrows" at the Des Moines meeting of the Wilson Ornithological Club resolved to be more careful when identifying sparrows with white crowns. My opportunity to profit by such a resolution came on October 6, 1930, under circumstances most favorable for identifying. The water of neighboring brooks had been dried up in the season of drought, therefore water for the birds had been placed for them in a bird bath fourteen feet from a window. To it there came on the date mentioned a Gambel's Sparrow that remained several minutes to drink and bathe. It was so near that its distinguishing marks could easily be seen.—ALTHEA R. SHERMAN, *National, Iowa.*