determination. Lately I have received report of a banded hybrid Goose, Domestic × Canada, that escaped at Dimmitt, Texas, and was shot "while heading a large flock of Canada Geese" at Lake Manitou, Saskatchewan. Under all these circumstances I feel that it would be well to withdraw the record and apologize for my hasty action.—P. A. TAVERNER, *National Museum of Canada, Ottawa, Canada.*

The Brant (Branta bernicla glaucogastra) on the South Carolina Coast.—The new year was not three days old before it brought ornithological history to South Carolina in the second authentic record for the Brant (*B. bernicla glaucogastra*).

On the afternoon of January 3, Messrs. Dick Grant and Allan Heyward were hunting back of Morris Island, not far from historic Fort Sumter, at the entrance to Charleston Harbor. Two birds which they took for Ducks were seen swimming ahead of the boat, and upon approach, turned toward the marsh and scrambled ashore upon a mud bank. They remained there for a few moments and then, taking wing, one fell to the gun and the other escaped.

Not recognizing the bird, Messrs. Grant and Heyward took it to the home of Mr. E. Milby Burton who at once pronounced it a Brant. He then called the writer on the telephone and the identification was quickly verified. Upon learning the value of the specimen Messrs. Grant and Heyward kindly presented it to the Charleston Museum. The bird was in good condition, fairly fat, the stomach contained about an ounce and a half of sand together with a small piece of sea-lettuce (*Ulva lactuca*).

The capture of this specimen occurred at almost the identical spot where the first bird was taken and a space of five years and six days separate the two. It is rather remarkable that the locality and time of year are so much the same. The first bird was taken between Fort Sumter and Morris Island on December 28, 1924, by Messrs. Alex Mikell and Edward Manigault.

The Brant has been listed for South Carolina by both Dr. Elliott Coues and Prof. Wells W. Cooke as occurring in winter, but the bird has never been seen by local ornithologists and the two records accounted for above are the sole instances of capture as far as is known. Mr. Arthur T. Wayne, who has observed birds on this coast for more than forty-five years, has never seen it, and the writer's experience of fifteen years or more, has been the same. Both Brant shot locally were taken within plain sight of the city of Charleston.—ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR., *Charleston Museum, Charleston, S. C.*

Nuptial Performance of the Hooded Merganser.—In the spring of 1929, in the latter part of March or early April, one female and three or four male Hooded Mergansers were in the open water of the inner part of the marsh in Abbey Dawn Sanctuary. I was very close and had my binoculars. The female was progressing very slowly and seemingly

occupied with her own thoughts, for she paid scant attention to the spectacular dancing going on around her. The males were performing and displaying. Their hoods were up. I saw no changes in their hoods. I cannot say now for certain that their tails were erect and in display, but I think they were. Each male acted in solo. He would raise his beak and his head would go back until his hood was about at his tail, which movement lifted the upper or front (throat) part of his breast a little out of the water. His head would not stop when it got near his tail except to pause imperceptibly for the return motion. The head came forward and, while the beak was about straight up, the bird gave a low cooing note but with good resonance, and the sweeping motion of the head lent this note the same quality of sound that the swinging of a bell imparts to the note of the bell. The sound was a soft *Ooooo* (as in too) or *Ew* . . . (as in few). This motion was continuous from start to finish, with a sweeping and graceful beauty. It ended with the breast depressed by the weight of the head coming forward. As soon as the head was forward the bird seemed to give itself a violent push through the water, starting a little run or dash, so to speak, to probably around fifteen feet from where the performance began then the head was in repose. This last part of the dance was a most unexpected ending. It amused me for I thought, when the first one did it, tha this dance had been suddenly terminated by a sting on the tail! In other words, the dance, being so beautiful and dramatic must end with a dash. The dash was in any direction in which the bird happened to be facing. The cooing note struck me at first as most strange, but upon analysis, poetically speaking, it defies me to suggest any bird sound that could be more fitting. It is truly entrancing, but the female did not seem to think so.—Wallace Havelock Robb, *Abbey Dawn, Kingston, Canada.*

Great Blue Heron Fishing in Deep Water.—On June 2, 1929, while observing the abundant bird life on and about Spring Lake, Meeker County, Minnesota, I had excellent opportunity to study the unusual fishing habits of two Great Blue Herons. While out on the lake in my canoe during the forenoon, I had noticed the abundance of young bullheads which, in large schools, were swimming about on or near the surface of the lake as is their habit at this time of the year. They were of various sizes in the different schools, all the way from fingerlings to fish four to six inches in length.

It became very windy during the afternoon and that was when the Great Blue Herons were busy. They would generally fly with the wind over the lake, spy a school of fish and then dive into the water for them often submerging the head and entire neck after the escaping prey. Generally in a short time, a few seconds to half a minute, each would capture a fish and fly against the wind to a high sheltered shore where they would strike the fish with the bill for a considerable time before swallowing them. Through my binoculars, I could see that the fish, as they held