

Suddenly what appeared to me to be a female American Sparrow Hawk (*Cerchneis sparverius*) darted from a pine tree and made a vicious attack upon one of the robins feeding on the ground. The robin dodged barely in time to avoid being struck. Wondering what object a sparrow hawk might have in thus attacking a robin, I made myself as inconspicuous as possible and watched for developments.

Within the course of half an hour the sparrow hawk made seven deliberate attacks upon robins on the ground, but always missed its target by three or four inches. On each occasion the hawk darted from some elevated position of advantage, sometimes from a dead willow limb, but mostly from a pine tree, and swooped at its intended victim evidently with murderous intent.

There was a continuous commotion among the robins, for they were constantly changing positions and frequently chasing each other as they flew, so that it was impossible to note all the attacks made by the hawk, especially as the latter often changed its eyrie; but seven distinct attacks were counted. Several side attacks were also made in an attempt to strike a bird as it was in the air.

Curiously enough, the robins did not seem to have any particular fear of the hawk, and the only ones disturbed by its attacks were those immediately surrounding the bird upon which the attack was made; whereas, if it had been a larger hawk, the whole flock would have been greatly excited. At one time the hawk lit near me on an outer branch of a pine, not over twenty-five feet above the ground, and I saw a robin walk along the branch behind the hawk and drive it away.

It was my great desire to see the hawk actually strike a victim, in order to see both what effect its comparatively weak claws would have upon so large a bird as a robin and what it would do with its victim if successful in its attack. Such good fortune, however, was not to be mine. Before such an event took place the flock moved on across the pine grove in a southerly direction and, after waiting awhile to see if there might be any further developments, I shot the hawk so as to make my identification absolutely certain. Its stomach was jam full of grasshoppers!—JOSEPH MAILLIARD, *California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, September 9, 1923.*

Three Oregon Stragglers.—Deputy Game Warden George Russell brought me an adult male Black Turnstone (*Arenaria melanocephala*) that he shot November 12, 1913, at Wapato Lake, near Gaston, Washington County, Oregon. This lake is a shallow body of water formed by late fall and winter rains. Most of the lake dries up during the spring, the dry portion being used for the cultivation of onions. The lake is about forty miles in an air line from the coast, the natural habitat of the species.

J. C. Glover captured an oil-soaked Cassin Auklet (*Ptychoramphus aleuticus*) in the Willamette River in the lower harbor at Portland, Oregon, October 4, 1921. Although the birds are not known to breed on the Oregon coast, they are a fairly common and regularly migrant during fall and winter on the ocean.

J. C. Glover captured a live adult female Beal's Petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa beali*) July 10, 1923, on the Willamette River, Oregon, near the Hawthorne Bridge, in the most congested part of Portland Harbor. The bird was kept alive about twenty-four hours by Mr. Glover, but was then killed to preserve as a specimen. Upon examination the body was found much emaciated and the stomach empty, probably on account of lack of proper food after it had wandered from the salt water.

The above three notes constitute the first inland records for the species so far brought to my notice during a twenty years' residence in Oregon.—STANLEY G. JEWETT, *Portland, Oregon, September 11, 1923.*

Honey and Hummingbirds.—In my forty foot garden within a few blocks of the business center of Los Angeles, I have had much pleasure and a fine opportunity for studying hummingbirds this summer by feeding them with honey. A small, rather wide-mouthed bottle was hung by a wire over a branch of a fruit tree, the wire being bent so that the bottle hung near a bunch of flowering pink petunias. Filling the bottle with honey diluted with water, I placed a petunia blossom with the tube of the flower in the bottle and awaited results.