

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.

In a day or so a little green-backed hummingbird with all gray throat and breast, and tail feathers tipped with white (a female Black-chinned, I judged by the size) was feeding there frequently, going directly to this nectar-filled flower and seldom visiting the other blossoms on the bush. She evidently decided to take possession by right of discovery, and could nearly always be found sitting on one of several favorite perches commanding a clear view of this sweet "bonanza," and when other hummers came into the vicinity, would dart for them like a little fury giving a squeaking call, her tiny wings humming like a big bumble bee. At times, her fighting spirit well aroused, she would shuttle back and forth before a sparrow or linnet who happened to perch near by, until in fear of her long darting bill the interloper would fly away.

Two other hummers with dingy gray breasts and the green of their backs tinged with yellowish, would often succeed in cleverly eluding the little "guardian" and have many a sweet meal when she was off guard. All became so tame that any of them would come and eat while I stood near enough to touch the flower, and would nearly always buzz around my head when I renewed the flower or refilled the bottle which I had to do twice a day.

From about July 10 to August 25 the three hummers could be found feeding from this choice flower, or chasing each other around almost any hour of the day. Several times when I have been sitting in the yard one of them would come and swing back and forth about three feet from my face, whether with the idea of making my acquaintance or driving me away, I could never determine.

On August 9 I observed that the little yellowish-green-backed ones were showing a partial stripe of violet across the throat and a few black feathers were showing on the chin. These increased until, on August 22, the two birds were in full plumage with velvety black chins and violet gorget. About the same date the little "guardian" failed to appear on her usual perches and was seen no more. The two young black-chins were seen until on the morning of August 26. I went out to find a mere drop of honey left and both birds presumably departed for their winter home farther south.

Not having these birds banded, I can only assume that they were always the same three, but under the circumstances I feel justified in doing so. The bottle of sweets is still in place with the hope of enticing some wandering "Anna" to make its home in my garden.—JESSICA A. POTTER, *Los Angeles, September 24, 1923.*

**A Correction.**—Obviously, from the collecting stations given in the context of the description of *Dendragapus obscurus howardi*, the Sierra Nevada range of this bird should have read "north to about the 37th parallel of latitude," instead of the "31st parallel," as unfortunately given by us in THE CONDOR, xxv, 1923, p. 169, line 3.—DONALD R. DICKEY and A. J. VAN ROSSEM, *Pasadena, California, October 11, 1923.*

**The Pectoral Sandpiper in Southern California.**—The rarity of the Pectoral Sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*) in this region gives special interest to the following record, which, if I am not mistaken, is the first in ten years or more.

On September 16, 1923, Mr. Ralph Hoffmann and the writer located two of these birds at the Del Rey marshes near Los Angeles. They were deliberate in action and showed none of the wariness attributed by some writers to the species, allowing us to study them at 25 to 30 yards as long as we pleased. Neither was taken, but close inspection with binoculars, and long familiarity with the species in the East, make mistake in identification to our minds, impossible.—L. E. WYMAN, *Los Angeles Museum, Los Angeles, October 13, 1923.*

**Some Weights of Eggs.**—A couple of large sets of eggs taken by me during the past few years are worthy of note. I am positive that neither of these sets could have been tampered with by anybody.

California Cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus occidentalis*); Colton, California, June 17, 1919. The nest, 16 feet from ground, in top of willow sapling, and supported by wild grape vine, was a mere platform of coarse sticks which fell to pieces