

RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD ATTRACTED BY COOKING JAM—September 8th, 1964, we were cooking gooseberries for jam. Thru the back screen door wafted the heavy aroma of ripe gooseberries. We became aware of a squeaking outside—and there flying up and down the screen was an immature Ruby-throated Hummingbird and squeaking in apparent exasperation! So we ladled some of the juice on a small branch of a Mt. Ash tree and smeared it along the wood. Back to the screen door came the hummingbird performing its same up and down flight and still squeaking. It did this for three hours in the afternoon—long after the jam was all packed away. From our observation it never went near the branch which was less than ten feet from the door. A sense of smell in birds should diminish with size—but what else could have brought it to the screen and why didn't it "smell" the jam juice on the branch? *Marie Afreith, Schroeder, Minnesota*

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UNUSUAL MINNESOTA RECORDS—*The following quotations are from the field notebooks of Nestor M. Hiemenz and are about species accidental in Minnesota. Therefore, these excellent descriptions merit this late publication.*

BLACK RAIL (?)—May 25, 1934—While at the north end of Little Rock Lake (Benton Co.) with the ornithology class of the St. Cloud State Teachers College, a small, very dark rail ran right between my legs as we tramped through the rank grass on a small islet. Several members of the class had seen this bird as we tramped all around but it was not seen again. I only caught a glimpse of the bird when it ran between my legs but it was definitely a rail and not a downy young bird either. When I was pressed for identification I told the students that I could not be positive but all indications pointed to a Black Rail."

WHITE-EYED VIREO—"July 31, 1941—While walking along the river near the dump grounds (about 2 miles south of St. Cloud) I came upon a vireo in the lower branch of a small red oak about ten feet from me. I examined the bird carefully through my glasses, rather puzzled as the bird was new to me. What made my pulse race was the fact that the bird had white eyes, outlined by pale yellow spectacles much like those of the Yellow-throated Vireo and with prominent wing-bars to match. The underparts began with a whitish throat, shading into a dingy yellow on the flanks. The upperparts were yellowish-green, shading into darker toward the tail. The bird was rather deliberate in its actions, moving slowly about in search of food. I watched the bird for some time as it moved from tree to tree. It did not utter a sound and did not seem to mind my presence; in fact it completely ignored me until I tried to get too close when it flew across the stream of the river to an island and was lost from view."

KIRTLAND'S WARBLER—"May 22, 1944—The prize of the day was the sight of a male Kirtland's Warbler in Tourist Park (St. Cloud). I was standing on the steps leading down to the river, watching the warblers in the tree-tops (low bur oaks), when I spotted this bird. At first glance I thought it was a Magnolia Warbler (which was common today) but it puzzled me by its deliberate movements and tail wagging, as though it was an oversize, yellower Palm Warbler. The black face patch was very noticeable as was the yellow underparts sharply streaked along the sides only. The bluish striped upperparts were also noted. The white in the tail wasn't very noticeable in contrast to the flashy white of the Magnolia Warbler. After watching the bird for about five minutes I turned to my car and got out my field guide to check for certain, and watch-

ed the bird again for a few minutes before I had to leave."

LAZULI BUNTING—"June 24, 1943—While walking along near Ray's (a farm along the east side of the Mississippi River, in Sherburne Co., about five miles south of St. Cloud) I heard a strange song, resembling that of the Indigo Bunting, which is common in this area, yet decidedly different. As I tried to locate the singer I heard a worried 'chip' as I flushed a little brownish bird just ahead of me. Just then the male appeared and both birds continued 'chipping'. I had an excellent view of the birds as they remained about 15 ft. from me, the female with her bill full of nesting material. The male resembled the male Indigo Bunting in size, shape and actions, but not in color. The blue of the head and upperparts was of a very light shade, as different from that of the Indigo Bunting as the blue of the Mountain Bluebird from that of the Eastern Bluebird. The underparts were also a light blue, except for a broad area of brownish-red across the breast and down along the sides. There was one broad white wing-bar. I thought of the Lazuli Bunting but I knew that that species was white below and had two wing-bars. As this bird combined the characteristics of both species I concluded that it must be a hybrid, but even so it resembled the Lazuli more than the Indigo. The female had two whitish wing-bars and in addition a small area of grayish-blue at the bend of the wing, otherwise it resembled the female Indigo Bunting. I watched the birds for some time before I looked down at the half-finished nest, 2 ft. above the ground in a black-capped raspberry vine. As I did not wish to disturb the birds too much I left, determined to come back later and collect them with the nest. Later in checking my observations I find that the female is probably a typical Lazuli Bunting while the male is a hybrid or aberrant bird but more closely resembles the Lazuli than the Indigo Bunting."

"July 8, 1943—In the afternoon I drove back to Ray's to collect the pair of buntings found nesting here on June 24th. I approached the nest cautiously as I wanted to collect the bird from the nest but when I saw the nest it was torn down and deserted. The nest had been completed before being destroyed. I searched all through the entire area but was unable to find the birds again. Next time I'll collect them at once!"—*Nestor Hiemenz, 705 18th Avenue South, St. Cloud, Minnesota.*

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GYRFALCON RECORD—Our home is on a heavily wooded ridge about a mile south of Ely, Minnesota. During the winter and early spring we keep several small feeders filled with sunflower seeds, cracked corn, suet, and peanut butter. On the morning of April 30, 1964, my wife and I were breakfasting, and watching a throng of Red-winged Blackbirds, Evening Grosbeaks, Purple Finches, and Slate-colored Juncos, some of the birds at the feeders, others on the ground and in the surrounding trees.

Suddenly my wife said, "You're missing it! There's a big white bird out there!" When I went to the window, all I saw at first were the flashes of scores of songbirds arrowing away, all in the same direction, to the west. Then I saw the intruder circle in from the east, swing around to the south of the house, and come back for another pass at the feeders.

It appeared to be all white, a clear, clean white without any other hue or tone. The tail was rather long and narrow, and the wings looked long and were pointed. The head was rounded and seemed to be set right on the shoulders, with no apparent neck. The action was that of a predator; it seemed definitely to be searching for prey, attracted by the large and noisy group of feeding birds. After lunch on the same day I was outside doing some chores, when the