

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

American Avocet in Allegany County: Driving along Route 19 about 1:00 P.M. two miles north of Belvidere, and .8 miles south of Transit Bridge on 13 May 1984, I noticed a mallard-sized, long-legged, spectacularly long-beaked, black and white bird in the edge of a small temporary pond about 35 yards away.

Using 7 x 50 binoculars, I could see that the long bill curved upward near the end, the black wings were bisected by a broad white stripe parallel to the water line, and the body was pure white but for the lovely buffy-orange head and neck. It was an American Avocet (*Recurvirostra americana*). My husband, Raymond, and I watched it wade slowly, occasionally tucking its head under its wing for short periods and sometimes bobbing a bit.

Later in the day we returned at 5:35 P.M. to find the bird still there, this time wading and feeding with a sweeping motion of the upturned beak. Also observing it that evening were Doris and Lou Burton, Mary Jordan and Dr. Clarence Klingensmith. The next morning it was gone.

Very uncommon in western New York, five American Avocets were seen at Times Beach, Buffalo, 22 August 1972 (Benham, *Kingbird*, 1973, Vol. 23, p. 138). Yet more unusual in spring across New York State, single birds have been seen at Iroquois National Wildlife Refuge 27 May 1983 (Hess, *Kingbird*, 1983, Vol. 33, p. 186), on Long Island 9-16 June 1962 and 3 May 1969 (Bull, *Birds of New York State*, 1974), and the species has also been noted near Monticello, 9 May 1971 (Borko, Niven, *et al.*) and at Montezuma Refuge 20-24 May 1973 (Benning *et al.*) and 20 June 1974 (Smith) (Supplement to Bull, *op. cit.*, 1976).

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American Goldfinch Stuck on Burdock: On the morning of 18 September 1984, Robert Larsen, a ranger at Mohonk Preserve in New Paltz, New York, was birding on a section of Mohonk property known as Kleinekill Farm when an American Goldfinch (*Carduelis tristis*) caught his eye. It was an immature male apparently perched on some burdock (*Arctium* sp.)

He moved in to get a better look, and as he got closer and closer and still the bird didn't fly away, Bob began to realize that there might be something wrong with it. Finally, he got close enough to see that it hadn't flown because it was stuck between two burrs, and whenever it tried to move it risked being impaled by a sharp spine. Bob carefully freed the bird and examined it. Aside from a tiny drop of blood on its chest and a few feathers left behind in the burdock, it appeared to be fine. He released it and it flew away into a nearby stand of trees.

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