

purchasing them for pets, but was disappointed to find that the smaller one had been killed by being dropped out of the boy's hands while he was handling it. I was unable to purchase the other, but left with the boy's promise to turn it loose when it could care for itself.

In the Palomar Mountains a very young female Pigeon was collected on June 25, 1911. It was perched on an under branch of a large oak tree, and shot from horse-back with a "32 aux." This was the only one of the species observed that year.

At daybreak of June 9, 1912, while homeward bound from the Palomar Mountains, two Pigeons were heard fly from the top of a fir tree, where they apparently had been roosting. On reaching the valley below, many Pigeons were seen rapidly descending from the mountain to an over-ripened uncut wheat field, dropping down with swift flight, on semi-curved wings, and with an occasional flap at long intervals. One bird was also noticed eating berries from an elder bush, among a small flock of Phainopeplas.

THE ALL-DAY TEST AT SANTA BARBARA

By W. LEON DAWSON

RUSSELL CONWELL'S long-famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," flashes a thousand scintillating lights upon the homely truth that opportunity lies close at hand. Twice has the writer listened to this brilliant discourse, yet apparently without having greatly profited thereby; for has he not allowed eight preceding seasons to pass by in the West without having put his ornithological resources to the "All-Day" test? That is, in the spring time. We have conducted several very gratifying winter tests, because we knew we had the Easterner on the hip there. But to venture an all-day in the spring, when the hedgerows of Nebraska, the groves of Ohio, and the very wayside weeds of New England are alive with birds, surely that were to invite disaster and to make one's beloved West ridiculous in the eyes of men. We have been so often told by the confident Easterner, "But you have no birds. I do not see them. They do not wake me up at three o'clock in the morning as they do in dear old Indiana," that we have assumed an apologetic air and tried to explain, rather lamely, that owing to the uniformity of weather conditions here our birds do not move in waves as they do in the East. And so we have long forborne to make the acid test of counting on a May day.

But having exhausted the bliss of ignorance, and having wearied of polite pity, the writer determined to know the worst. Besides, bird-horizoning is such exhilarating sport that no one who has really tasted the flavor of it can ever quite forget. It is more exciting than golf or polo or bridge (I suppose), because Nature plays the other hand; and Nature both shuffles and deals and her hands are never twice alike. One Hundred is the proper bid, and if you win less than that Nature has dealt you a poor hand. All that you get above that number not only feeds your *amour propre*, but justifies your local pride. And you win anyhow—health, happiness, and a very considerable increase in your knowledge of the birds. Of course it is an honor game. If you cheated, you would only cheat yourself. To fake records or to put down occurrences that you are not quite sure about brings its own punishment; namely, to become that kind of a man.

But to get back to our muttons. It is confessedly a dull year here in Santa Barbara. Migrations have been quite unostentatious. There has been nothing like the stir and bustle in movement that there was last year. Moreover, the day chosen, May 5, was a week too late for this latitude. With the exception of the *Limicola*, the migrant "hosts" were absolutely gone. Add to that a day severely handicapped by weather conditions, fog and wind, and you have a gloomy outlook for a record.

William Ornithologicus, Jr. (Aet. 13), and his dad rose at 4 A. M. (our eastern brethren start at 2:30), yawned peevishly at the closely investing fog, noted a temperature of 49°, woke up the Jolly Ellen, who in turn coughed sulkily with the fog in her "pipes," and set out up Mission Canyon over an "automobiles forbidden" road to the mouth of the new water tunnel, which pierces the Santa Ynez range at an elevation of 1800 feet.

The first bird to peep is Anthony Towhee, at 4:37. House Finch follows at 4:41, and San Diego Towhee a minute later. By the time the tunnel is reached at 5:45, we have risen above the fog bank and have 27 species to our credit. Here we leave the machine and take to the trail which leads up through the dense chaparral, piercing cover which a week ago was swarming with migrant warblers and flycatchers. The fog-ocean rolls at our feet and we are monarchs of all we survey; but alas! it is a silent paradise. Not a single species is added for half an hour's work. Our guests are all gone. We plunge into the fog again and fight our way down into Mission Canyon for the sake of confronting a cliff which contains at one time and within the circuit of a flung hat, Cliff Swallow, Violet-green Swallow, White-throated Swift, Western Redtail, and Pacific Horned Owl, all nesting. Check, check, tally. All in. And a Nuttall Woodpecker just below for luck.

The cool depths of the Canyon yield nothing else new save two nestfuls of shivering baby Allen's; but we know we shall not see these elsewhere, and the extra half mile is worth while. Fog! Fog! We bless the fog for our beautiful cool summers, but it certainly does give one a slow start on a spring bird horizon. We are back home at 8 o'clock with only 39 species brought to book. (I have recorded 90 species in Ohio by the same hour—but wait!) Nevertheless we doggedly resume at 8:30. A Phainopepla frets in a neighbor's yard, and two kinds of Kingbirds, Cassin and Western, rise from the same fence rail.

The next objective point is Laguna Blanca on the Hope Ranch property, where I have seen fifty species of birds at one time on a winter's day; but need of gas and a road as smooth as a billiard table tempts us farther west,—first to Goleta and then to La Patera cat-tail swamp, where we pick up the three blackbirds and Cinnamon Teal, with Least Bittern for a plum.

At ten o'clock the fog burns off (as it always does), and we hurry back to reap a harvest at Laguna Blanca. Faugh! It is a watery desert. Coots, Ruddies and a few blackbirds comprise almost its entire population. These with a Sora and a passing Kingfisher—the latter a rare bird hereabouts, thanks to the jealous fisherman—scarcely reward us for our effort.

The City proper yields English Sparrow; and Stearn's Wharf, where we lunch, gives access to lingering Scoters, Shags and Gulls, much prized in a spring list. The Estero, usually crowded with birds, is almost deserted, and only a waif Phalarope redeems its sordid stretches from utter disappointment. On the beach opposite the outfall sewer sits a mixed company of gulls, always worth looking over. This time it is the Glaucous Gull (*Larus hyperboreus*) which commands attention. There are two individuals among the crowd of lesser Westerns, one

entirely white save for the black tip of the bill, which still marks the last stage preceding maturity, and the other with plumage of a dirty white cast. Still another of this species was seen later in the day on the beach near Carpinteria, some ten miles to the eastward.

The sandy stretch along the boulevard, where at least a thousand automobiles pass daily at this dull season and three thousand in the tourist season, yielded five new species; viz., Semipalmated Plover, Hudsonian Curlew, Forster Tern, Sanderling, and Snowy Plover—the last-named resident and breeding. But still we had only 87.

The fortunes of the day hinged upon the behavior of Sandylands, Mr. Stewart Edward White's waterfront stretch near Carpinteria. A line of sand dunes backed by a shallow lagoon and extended into a low spit, had usually treated us well; but there was no predicting this day, and the wind was blowing almost a gale. Belding Marsh Sparrow, California Brown Pelican, and Hyperonca Blue Heron were certainties, but Black-bellied Plovers and the Turnstones were more gracious materializations, while the Snowy Egret was a gem of generosity. This wary bird cherishes its skin more carefully than the Last of the Mohicans, and I verily believe he is the same one who showed up at this time last year.

We left at 4:30 p. m. with Squawk ranking as 99. A surly road boss spreading asphalt on the Summerland road intercepted our Santa Barbara-ward flight and sent us around by El Toro Canyon over a very Hades of bumps—thus losing us fifteen minutes of the precious daylight. If the list is one short it is the fault of that Plutonian taskmaster.

From Ortega Hill I scanned the sea and succeeded in locating a single Western Grebe, No. 100. Here is where I cheated the boy, quite unintentionally; for I monopolized the glasses until the Grebe was gone. So Master Will mourns that his list falls one short of his daddy's, for otherwise he checked up on every one.

So surely as you pass the hundred point, you get interested, enthusiastic, excited. You are making history and you know it. Every bird is a godsend, and you watch the descending sun like an anxious Joshua. Cedar Birds! Bless them! Forty plump bodies ranged on a telegraph wire by the roadside on purpose to be listed.

The Beale Estero, approached cautiously from the north side, yields Greater Yellowlegs, Spotted Sandpiper, and an able-bodied Pintail at one clip, while an Eared Grebe bobs up by the roadside as we cross the outlet, and it submits to a delighted scrutiny. All sail now for the Mission Hill! We know a bank where the wild Rufous-crowned Sparrow grows, and we'll make it by sundown or crack a cylinder. Or—by the way, Sonny, we flushed a Poorwill the other day from that field the other side of the new Normal School, didn't we? Well, we'll try for that, first. Poor Will wouldn't; but just as we were about to heave a very much aspirated sigh, "*click buzzzzzzz tsip*" came from a Western Grasshopper Sparrow. Delighted to meet you, Buzzy. Come again! Now up the winding road to Rufous-crowned Sparrowburg! And just as the lower limb of the sun plunged into the western sea, we silenced the motor and listened to the evening offering of the titled singer himself. Twice he held forth in those exquisite sweet strains and then plunged into the thicket for the night.

Our work was done at 6:37, and the Jolly Ellen rolled her soft shoes homeward to her dreamless stall. The record was 107, although we still had hopes; not vain ones either, for at eight o'clock when we came forth from dinner to test the

air, *Otus asio bendirei*, our neighborhood pet, quavered a benediction and was duly enrolled as Number 108.

In the following list, arranged in the order of Pacific Coast Avifauna Number 8, I have forborne to give scientific names in order not to burden bibliography overmuch nor to try needlessly the patience of our long-suffering editor. Bird-horizoning is, confessedly, a "popular" exercise. Its judgments are snap judgments, and so are liable to a certain percentage of error. What that percentage may be depends, of course, upon the observer; upon his familiarity with field recognition marks, especially bird notes; his knowledge of the locality traversed and its ordinary and accredited bird population; and, most of all, upon his conscientiousness and general sobriety of judgment. Given such qualifications in any reasonable degree, and no other fair-minded worker can afford to ignore the testimony of such a list or dispute the value of bird horizons. To do so (and some have done it) [not the editor] is to show the captious and hypercritical spirit which strains out gnats of subspecific inquiry and swallows camels of generic ignorance.

In the following list, for example, I will guarantee the specific validity of every record save Arizona Hooded Oriole (bird not seen and I have not yet had the coveted opportunity to compare the scolding notes of *cucullatus nelsoni* and *bullocki* directly), Pied-billed Grebe (bird not *well* seen), Red-breasted Merganser (female, might have been the rarer *americanus*), and Herring Gull (flying bird, might have been a bleached example of *occidentalis*, or a hybrid such as occurs off the Washington Coast); and the subspecific validity of all save California (?) Yellow Warbler and Pileolated Warbler, both of which were recorded by notes only. There! That clears my conscience. How does it strike yours? To quote or not to quote, that is the question. Oh, by the way, we *did* have a gun, and we did "take" California Purple Finch and Forster Tern. Next!

Western Grebe	1	Sanderling	20	Western Wood Pewee	8
Eared Grebe	1	Greater Yellowlegs	1	Western Flycatcher	6
Pied-billed Grebe	1	Spotted Sandpiper	1	Black Phoebe	1
California Brown Pelican	30	Hudsonian Curlew	60	Cassin Kingbird	2
Farallon Cormorant	40	Black-bellied Plover	3	Western Kingbird	4
Brandt Cormorant	20	Killdeer	7	California Horned Lark	8
Least Bittern	1	Semipalmated Plover	20	Russet-backed Thrush	2
Hyperonca Blue Heron	3	Snowy Plover	60	Western Bluebird	1
Snowy Egret	1	Ruddy Turnstone	1	Pasadena Thrasher	1
Black-crowned Night Heron	8	Black Turnstone	3	Western Mockingbird	3
Red-breasted Merganser	1	Glaucous Gull	3	San Diego Wren	2
Cinnamon Teal	10	Western Gull	80	Western House Wren	4
Shoveller	40	Herring Gull	1	Pallid Wren Tit	20
Pintail	1	Bonaparte Gull	200	Western Martin	3
White-winged Scoter	20	Forster Tern	120	Cliff Swallow	200
Surf Scoter	20	Western Mourning Dove	12	Rough-winged Swallow	2
Ruddy Duck	15	Belted Kingfisher	1	Bank Swallow	100
Turkey Vulture	20	California Screech Owl	1	Barn Swallow	1
Sparrow Hawk	1	Pacific Horned Owl	1	Northern Violet-green Swallow	4
Western Red-tailed Hawk	1	Allen Hummingbird	4	Cedar Waxwing	40
Valley Quail	20	Anna Hummingbird	10	Phainopepla	6
Sora Rail	1	Black-chinned Hummingbird	20	Western Warbling Vireo	40
Coot	60	White-throated Swift	6	Hutton Vireo	10
Northern Phalarope	1	Nuttall Woodpecker	1	Plain Titmouse	2
Least Sandpiper	200	California Woodpecker	12	Coast Bush-Tit	20
Red-backed Sandpiper	30	Red-shafted Flicker	6	California Jay	6
Western Sandpiper	500	Olive-sided Flycatcher	2	Lutescent Warbler	4

California Yellow Warbler	6	Willow Goldfinch	20	Rufous-crowned Sparrow	1
Tule Yellow-throat	6	Green-backed Goldfinch	80	Western Chipping Sparrow	3
Golden Pileolated Warbler	3	Lawrence Goldfinch	2	San Diego Song Sparrow	20
Western Tanager	1	California Purple Finch	2	Spurred Towhee	6
Brewer Blackbird	80	California Linnet	500	Anthony Brown Towhee	40
Arizona Hooded Oriole	2	Western Lark Sparrow	22	Lazuli Bunting	20
Tricolored Redwing	1000	Western Savanna Sparrow	1	Pacific Black-headed Grosbeak	40
San Diego Redwing	100	Belding Marsh Sparrow	20	English Sparrow	4
Yellow-headed Blackbird	4	Western Grasshopper Sparrow	1		
Western Meadowlark	8				

It will be readily seen that the most significant feature of the day's horizon is the almost total lack of migrants save for the *Limicola*. The 108 birds seen fall into six categories. (1) Migrating *Limicola*: all save Snowy Plover and Killdeer. (2) Other migrants: Bonaparte Gulls, Forster Terns, and Western Tanagers alone. (3) Breeding birds: constituting the bulk of the horizon, probably 80 species. (4) Left-overs: immature, decrepit and non-breeding birds, such as the two Scoters, Glaucous and Herring Gulls, Red-breasted Merganser, Western Grebe, Pintail and, possibly, Shovellers. (5) Waifs: isolated migrants lost from the main host or wandering aimlessly for lack of company, typified by Snowy Heron and Northern Phalarope. (6) Visitors from distant breeding haunts, as the two Cormorants and California Brown Pelican.

The following species were observed within the general region traversed above during the week preceding the test; viz., April 28-May 4.

Loon	Long-billed Dowitcher (A. B. H.)	Rufous Hummingbird
Pacific Loon	Knot	Vaux Swift
Anthony Green Heron	Baird Sandpiper	Willow Woodpecker
Green-winged Teal	Wandering Tattler (A. B. H.)	Wright Flycatcher
Prairie Falcon	Surf-bird (A. B. H.)	Ash-throated Flycatcher
White-tailed Kite	Parasitic Jaeger	American Pipit
Sharp-shinned Hawk	California Gull	Tule Wren
Cooper Hawk	Road-runner	Dotted Canyon Wren
Light-footed Rail	Barn Owl	Blue-fronted Jay
Wilson Phalarope (A. B. Howell)		Calaveras Warbler
		Black-throated Gray Warbler

The following species not observed on May 5 were almost certainly resident at that time within the area traversed.

Bittern	California Pigmy Owl	Common Rock Wren
Burrowing Owl	Dusky Poorwill	Western Gnatcatcher

This gives, on a very conservative basis, a grand total of 144 species present within eight days, a modest number which I venture to predict will be recorded eventually in a single day from some California point. As contrasted with the abundance of last year, I need only mention that upon the 29th of April, 1912, we had twelve species of warblers upon our little acre at Los Colibris at one time; whereas the list of May 5, 1913, contains only four warblers. Moreover, there were eight species of warblers still present on the 7th of May last year.

The world's record "horizon" of 144 species was taken on the 13th day of May, 1907, by Professor Lynds Jones and two other observers near Oberlin, Ohio. They traversed a range of country absolutely more extensive (using the trolley to effect a change of base of thirty miles), as well as ecologically more varied. The Oberlin list boasts twenty-nine species of warblers and thirty water- and shore-birds, as compared with our four warblers and thirty-eight water- and shore-birds. Bearing the warbler bonus in mind, therefore, and the not great

discrepancy in the numbers of water- and shore-birds, I believe California may, in a favorable season, safely cross friendly foils with that most favored and deservedly famous home of the bird horizon, Oberlin.

FROM FIELD AND STUDY

The Status of the Gambel Quail in Colorado.—In view of the known facts regarding the status of the Gambel Quail in Colorado, I hesitate to believe that it was Mr. L. J. Hersey's intention to convey the impression that the specimens taken in the Uncompahgre valley extended the natural range of these birds 100 to 120 miles north of that given by Cooke and Sclater (see CONDOR xv, 1913, p. 93). Those unfamiliar with the following facts, however, might be misled into that belief.

Notwithstanding the extensive work that has been done on the birds of Colorado, the quail of the western slope have remained unidentified since their introduction there, more than twenty-five years ago, the broad term "California quail" having been accepted without question. Being assured of the mistake in their identity at the time the specimens referred to by Mr. Hersey were taken I began an investigation with a view of determining the facts concerning their presence.

About 1885 or 1886 twenty-five interested gentlemen secured nearly one thousand "California quail," which they liberated "at or near Montrose," Montrose County (according to the official records of Montrose County), and not at Grand Junction, Mesa County, as given by all the literature on the subject. The names of the gentlemen were secured from the records and much correspondence followed, but it failed to produce the slightest evidence as to the locality from which the birds had been obtained, until I was finally referred to Mr. J. D. Heard, of Los Angeles. Mr. Heard's reply to inquiries is as follows: "I am in receipt of your valued favor of March 6th and in answer beg leave to say that if my memory serves me right the quail shipped to Colorado twenty-five years ago were trapped at or near Fresno, California." I am not acquainted with Mr. Heard's connection with the shipment, but it is evident that if he is not mistaken *californica* occurs, or has occurred, in this state. Two gentlemen directly interested, old residents of the region, agree that the introduction was highly successful from the first, yet efforts have failed to disclose the slightest trace of *Lophortyx californica* in either Montrose, Mesa or Delta counties. There would therefore seem no reason for believing they were there, other than through the long acceptance of a mere term.

Gambel Quail are extremely abundant, and since the birds recorded by Mr. Hersey were taken within ten miles of the original point of introduction, it is not unnatural to suppose that they originated from that source. Certainly, there is no evidence whatever of their presence being due to natural causes.

Mr. Hersey's reference to Sclater's proof concerning the records of *gambeli* taken south of Old Fort Lewis is very interesting; and altogether, until further evidence is at hand, it seems apparent that *Lophortyx gambeli* has no rightful place in the list of native Colorado birds.—J. D. FIGGINS.

Pelagic Wanderers.—On the night of December 8, 1912, while on a vessel about 700 miles southwesterly from San Francisco, a white-rumped petrel came aboard and was secured by the writer. It measures as follows: wing, 6.15; tail, 3.33; bill, .62. These measurements would seem to indicate that this specimen is the Leach Petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa*.)

On April 8, 1913, while on shipboard about 750 miles southwesterly from San Francisco, two Laysan Albatrosses (*Diomedea immutabilis*) were noted. They were first seen about 11 A. M. and they were still following the ship at dark, at which time we were about 600 miles out from the California coast. At daylight the next morning they had disappeared, and were not further seen.—G. WILLETT.

Scott Oriole (*Icterus parisorum*) at Santa Barbara.—A young male of this species sang so loudly from a neighboring sycamore tree on the morning of May 7 that he roused me from slumber, although I especially provide against such nonsense by sleeping with a pillow plastered over my ear. The bird challenged several times and then departed down Mission Creek; whither I followed after a hasty toilet, to overtake him an hour later. Mr. George L. Hamlin prepared the skin, and he told me that he had been in pursuit of this same bird in the Oak Park section for a week.—WILLIAM LEON DAWSON.