

Duck Hawk. *Falco peregrinus anatum*. One seen.

Say Phoebe. *Sayornis sayus*. One seen.

Intermediate Sparrow. *Zonotrichia leucophrys gambeli*. A number, apparently winter residents, were seen. One shot.

San Clemente Song Sparrow. *Melospiza melodia clementae*. Several seen, two shot. Not very near breeding.

Rock Wren. *Salpinctes obsoletus*. Two seen.—FRANK STEPHENS, *Museum of Natural History, San Diego, California, March 15, 1921.*

**Does the Wren-tit Sing a Scale?**—I have so often met with differences of opinion regarding the notes of the Wren-tit (*Chamaea fasciata*), and these differences of opinion spring from the minds of such excellent bird students, that I am led to offer a word regarding my own impressions of the bird's vocalization. I had thought Dr. J. Grinnell's paper (CONDOR, xv, 1913, pp. 178-181) a pronouncement, almost, of the last word upon the subject; and as I review his excellent article, there appears but little for me to add. In his analysis of notes, under caption A, no. 1, he describes what is perhaps the most commonly recognized performance of this bird in these words: "Loud series of staccato notes all on the same pitch but with decreasing intervals, the last of the series run together to form a trill: pit-pit-pit-pit-pit-tr-r-r-r. Several counts gave from three to five of the first, distinctly-uttered notes." With this description of note no. 1, my impression agrees almost absolutely. Only very rarely have I heard the slightest degree of flattening from the original pitch as the interval of time diminishes. Yet again and again, during work with many academic generations of students, have I had the question asked, "What is the bird in the hills that sings down the scale?" I have long since ceased to suggest the Canyon Wren, but attempt instead the call of the Wren-tit (keeping at least on the pitch), and they at once recognize the bird. Just what is the psychology of interpreting this note as a descending scale, it is hard to state, except it be suggestion of falling bodies by the accelerated tempo. Certainly the average listener would not consider that flattening by less than a quarter of a tone could properly be considered as a descending scale.

The only marked decline in pitch that I have recognized for the Wren-tit is described in Grinnell's note no. 3 which he syllabifies as *keer-keer-keer-keer*, with slightly falling pitch. Here the decline in pitch does not exceed one and a half or two tones during the repetition of five to ten notes. Certainly such would constitute a pretty finely chromatic scale.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for adding a suggestion or two in regard to Grinnell's syllabification of note no. 1. The simple *pit-pit-pit*, etc., can be fairly well imitated by the human whistle, but the bird sometimes complicates the performance by a grace note that renders the syllabification more properly *plit-plit-plit*, or even *tupit-tupit-tupit*. I have never yet met the mere human who could reproduce this variant to any degree accurately. Then, again, this note is capable of a remarkable degree of ventriloquism and this fact is made use of by the bird, whether with intent to deceive or not, I can not say; but certainly it produces a deceptive effect.

I appreciate the fact that these remarks do not constitute any decided addition to our sum of knowledge; but it is hoped that they may serve as a corroboration of the previous observations referred to, on this unique bird.—LOYE MILLER, *Southern Branch, University of California, Los Angeles, February 17, 1921.*

**Southern California Screech Owl in Western Orange County.**—Although I had met with this owl in the live oak association of the Puente Hills, ten miles to the northeast, and in the Orange County Park, twenty miles to the east, it was not until 1913 that I observed it in the vicinity of Buena Park. Thirty years ago this vicinity was a treeless plain, but now some of the eucalyptus trees are quite large, especially those on our property. Screech Owls (*Otus asio quercinus*) first appeared in December, 1913, and have since been seen, and more often heard, during every month of the year. I have suspected them of nesting for several years, but as the only large trees are eucalyptus, which afford poor shelter for this purpose, I was rather doubtful until June 13, 1920, when my wife and I found two adults feeding three full-fledged young in some trees near our house. They appeared at dusk on the lower branches of the trees, and the old birds hunted by