

close to a road that the automobiles kept the foliage on one side worn down. The nest was within a foot of my car as it stood on the road. The eggs were almost at the point of hatching but there were only six large young in the nest two weeks later. This is the largest set of this jay that I know about.

My records from southern California indicate that four eggs to the set are the most common, thirty-five per cent being of this number; either three or five are also common, while two are not rare. The average weight of forty fresh, or almost fresh, eggs was 5.996 grams, and the extremes were 6.85 and 5.10 grams. The brown type of egg is rare as I have seen but a single set in the field. The extremes of nesting dates which I have are April 6, 1919, four eggs, and May 31, 1931, five eggs; the average date is April 26.—WILSON C. HANNA, *Colton, California, October 22, 1935.*

Remarks Stimulated by Brodtkorb's "Two New Subspecies of the Red-shafted Flicker".
—Mr. Pierce Brodtkorb recently (*Occas. Papers Mus. Zool. No. 314, Univ. Mich., May 29, 1935*) has given names to the Red-shafted Flickers of the Rocky Mountain region and of north-western Mexico. To take up the two names in order of their appearance, there is *Colaptes cafer canescens* with Bear Lake, Idaho, as the type locality and an ascribed range, speaking broadly, which includes the Rocky Mountains and adjacent areas to the east and west.

Now this area is, of course, on the edge of the meeting ground of the species *Colaptes auratus* and *Colaptes cafer*, a circumstance which is not even mentioned in the paper referred to! An analysis of the characters which are given as diagnostic of *canescens* shows that, in part at least, they may well be accounted for by an *auratus* influence. Briefly, there is the grayer pileum obviously an *auratus* tendency, the grayer back (concerning which see the comment by Ridgway on page 22 of Part 6 of the *Birds of North and Middle America*), and the more pinkish sides (in part, at least, *cafer cafer* or partly *auratus*). The "longer wing" is a matter of an average of three millimeters (less than 2 per cent), with the maximum (175 mm.) given as the same for both "races" (*collaris* and *canescens*). The claim of broader bill is not supported by any measurements.

Now it is not the intention of these remarks to enter into a discussion of the merits of recognizing, by name, a "new" flicker from the region of intermingling between *cafer* and *auratus*. The case has been exhaustively discussed by several eminently competent writers, a list of whom may be found in the cited volume of Ridgway. It is simply my contention that no description of a red-shafted, or any other, flicker from the Rocky Mountains region is entitled to serious consideration unless the author re-opens and gives careful analysis to the whole problem. In this connection, also, there are two old names, *Picus ayresii* Audubon, and *Colaptes hybridus* Baird, to be disposed of before any new ones are manufactured.

The case of the second description, *Colaptes cafer chihuahuae*, differs considerably from the foregoing in that the only question involved is a difference of opinion on how far to go in naming intermediates. The writer recently had occasion to investigate in considerable detail the geographic behavior of Red-shafted Flickers in central and northern Mexico and at that time came to the conclusion that there were increasing tendencies toward *mexicanus* from the Arizona border southward to Durango, but that there was insufficient stability of characters in this area to justify the bestowal of a name. However, he has not the slightest objection if anyone else desires to take such action.—A. J. VAN ROSSEM, *Pasadena, California, September 20, 1935.*

Additional Bird Records from Death Valley.—A summer, that of 1935, spent in Death Valley, California, brought to light several new bird records which are listed here.

Aix sponsa. Wood Duck. Two seen September 28 on a pond formed by overflow water from the Furnace Creek Ranch.

Mycteria americana. Wood Ibis. One seen at the same pond on July 30. Seen again the two following days at the same place and was very tame, allowing me to approach as near as ten feet. On the morning of August 2, I found the bird dead at the edge of the water. I found no marks of violence on it, so disease probably caused its death.

Egretta thula. Snowy Egret. Four seen August 21 at the pond. At the same time there was a flock of 26 Avocets. Two more of the Egrets were seen at the same place on August 31, one on September 1, and two on September 5. At one of my visits to the ponds I saw a flock of eight of the big American Egrets.

Lobipes lobatus. Northern Phalarope. July 1, two were seen swimming on the pond, and on August 6 two more were seen on the same pond.

Tryngites subruficollis. Buff-breasted Sandpiper. One seen on July 1 on the pond so often mentioned here. There were two overflow ponds about 100 yards apart and the sandpiper was seen for the next four days at one or other of the ponds. When flushed it would fly to the other pond. Before it left it became much tamer and would allow a reasonably close approach.

Asyndesmus lewis. Lewis Woodpecker. September 11, one was seen perched on a post on the border of a date grove at Furnace Creek Ranch. September 28 three were seen in the mesquite trees about half a mile north of the Ranch. The next day the three were eating dates in the grove, and from that time on during most of October, I would see from five to sixteen in the grove eating the dates. Three were seen on one occasion eating from the same bunch of fruit, while two others were at work on two other bunches in the same tree. The last one noted was on November 1 when a solitary bird was seen flying toward the range of mountains to the east. I might say that the Red-shafted Flickers (*Colaptes cafer collaris*) were much in evidence in the date grove at the same time, eating the fruit, some of them from the tree and some the fallen fruit from the ground. I counted twenty of the Flickers in the grove on one occasion, and fifteen or more was a quite common number. In September one bright yellow-shafted one was seen among them.

Tyrannus tyrannus. Eastern Kingbird. July 16 one was seen catching insects on an alfalfa field at the Ranch. It perched on a small tree on the irrigating ditch on one side of the field and from there made short dashes for insects. Though the tree was not large the bird paid no attention when I walked beneath it.

Nucifraga columbiana. Clark Nutcracker. September 11, one was seen about two miles north of the Ranch flying from the direction of the Panamint Mountains toward the Funeral Range. October 11, I saw one in the date grove but did not see it feeding. This season the Nutcrackers were exceedingly numerous in the Panamint Mountains, as many as forty being in sight at once.

Cyanocephalus cyanocephalus. Pinyon Jay. Three Pinyon Jays were seen near the ponds on September 5. Two days later three, possibly the same ones, were seen flying toward the Funeral Mountains.

Spinus pinus pinus. Pine Siskin. November 14, six Pine Siskins were seen near the "Old Harmony Borax Works," about two miles north of the Ranch. They were feeding on seeds of the desert sunflower and paid little attention to my car.

Sitta carolinensis. Slender-billed Nuthatch. One was seen at work October 12 on the trunk of a date tree at the Ranch.

Isoreus naevius meruloides. Northern Varied Thrush. October 31 and November 1, two were seen feeding on the ground in the date grove. I could not determine what they were eating. On the same two days there were two Cedar Waxwings on the ground; their food was plainly fallen dates.—M. FRENCH GILMAN, *Death Valley, California, November 16, 1935.*

Are Condors Extinct in Lower California?—During a two weeks journey into Lower California, I and Robert, my eighteen-year-old son, failed to see any Condor (*Gymnogyps californianus*). We spent seven days on the Sierra San Pedro Mártir between August 20 and 27, the best time, according to residents, for seeing the birds. We rode and hiked four times across the mountain, from the high Encantada peaks to La Grulla and up and down the mountain for 50 miles or more. We carried binoculars around our necks and were always on the lookout for Condors, whether we rode, fished, watched, or fried beefsteak. What was more significant and disappointing we failed to find a single person who had seen a Condor in 1935.

A heartening contrast to this experience was a sojourn in the Santa Barbara National Forest, September 14 to 17, inclusive, during which we saw Condors every day, three at once for several hours, and a pair within a hundred feet.

From what we saw and heard on the San Pedro Mártir, the chosen home of Condors in Lower California for the last quarter century, we concluded that the Condor of Lower California is nearly extinct. As to the reason, let the reader judge from the evidence below.

For one thing, the food supply has been decreasing since the World War. The number of cattle anywhere on the Peninsula during the last decade is scarcely one-quarter to one-third what it was the previous decade. For ten years, until 1935, drought has devastated the country. Deer on the San Pedro Mártir have been almost exterminated by indiscriminate killing of bucks, does and fawns at all seasons, by cattle disease, and by lions. Probably the Condor has been caught between two fatal fires—starvation and slaughter. Young Condors, tame and confiding, have been murdered as a pastime to furnish gold-dust receptacles; old ones, only a little less wary, harassed, have, through age or accident, given up the losing fight. Thus apparently ends another tragic chapter in the history of the California Condor.

Consider these facts: Around our camp-fire the first night sat two persons who had killed three Condors in four years. Phil Melling, aged thirteen, shot a young bird in 1932, in a pine tree twenty feet from him with a .22 rifle. The reason given was that the bird looked neither like a buzzard nor a Condor and Phil wanted to have a close-up. A contingent reason was indicated in the carcasses of half a dozen red-tailed hawks, ravens and buzzards thrown back of the woodpile