

The Western Winter Wren (*Nannus hiemalis pacificus*) at Santa Barbara.—On November 14, 1910, Mr. Watson Snyder of Newark, N. J., told me he saw one of these wrens in a small canyon on the outskirts of town. We visited the locality on the day following, but were unsuccessful in locating our bird.

On November 26, Mr. Snyder reported another in a canyon situated a number of miles from where he saw the first. I visited this place on the day following and was successful in seeing three, of which I secured one for my collection.—J. H. BOWLES.

Notes from Ventura County, California.—On May 12, 1910, Sidney Peyton found a set of eggs of Anthony Green Heron (*Butorides virescens anthonyi*) in an old crow's nest in a swamp east of the Sespe River. It consisted of six considerably incubated eggs.

On October 23, 1910, I found a nest of the Green-backed Goldfinch (*Astragalinus ps. hesperophilus*) in a walnut tree near my home at Sespe. It contained four nearly grown young. They left the nest on October 29. Harold Pyle found a nest on October 26 which contained four young birds. They left the nest November 8.—LAWRENCE PEYTON.

A Stray White Pelican.—I recently inspected the skin of a White Pelican (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*) that was captured on November 27 in the vicinity of Lankershim, Los Angeles County, California. It had been wounded by a rifle ball, but when found was still alive and very pugnacious, though the appearance of the surrounding ground indicated that it had had an all night fight with the coyotes. It died soon after.—J. EUGENE LAW.

Notes from Santa Barbara.—The Western [Grasshopper Sparrow (*Ammodramus sarnarum bimaculatus*)] is a common summer resident in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, California. I secured a set of five eggs last summer and found several nests with young.

Wilson Phalaropes (*Steganopus tricolor*) stayed around here a good deal this fall. I saw a pair on July 22, three together on August 3, and a pair on September 8; one of the latter was shot. They all stayed around for some time; but these three dates must certainly have been for different birds.

I first saw the Pectoral Sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*) this fall on September 8, and collected one on September 9.—J. H. BOWLES.

Notes from Sacaton, Arizona.—The fall of 1910 was prolific in the occurrence of unusual bird visitors, and I send the following notes concerning them.

September 3, a Rocky Mountain Nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis nelsoni*) made his appearance and was later joined by several more. They were here till the first week in December, when I saw the last one.

September 5, I secured a male Ant-eating Woodpecker (*Melanerpes formicivorus formicivorus*), being the second one seen in three years. When first seen, he was at work on a mesquite wood-pile in the back-yard.

October 5, a Red-breasted Nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*) was seen on a cement irrigating ditch, which was probably rather poor picking. Later in the day I saw him or another, and during the month following I saw several. One day I noticed one fly several times from a tree trunk, warbler-like, and snap up worms hanging at the ends of webs.

The most incongruous combination was a Clarke Nutcracker (*Nucifraga columbiana*) perched on a Deglet Noor date tree the morning of October 17. He was quite tame and though an instinct demanded his acquisition as an avian record for this locality I refrained and he departed in peace about noon.

His place however was taken that afternoon by a Long-crested Jay (*Cyanocitta stelleri diademata*) which I saw in some cotton-wood trees along a field of Egyptian cotton. Several of these jays were seen the next day and were around till November 22 when the last was seen. The most seen at one time were seven in a flock. They were strangely silent for these jays, perhaps feeling like strangers in a strange land.

October 23, a Townsend Solitaire (*Myadestes townsendi*) was seen in the date grove.

November 21, while driving across the desert, I found a Whistling Swan (*Olor columbianus*) with a crippled wing. He could half fly and half run and it took quite a chase to run him down. It was a long ways from water so I gave him a drink from my canteen which he seemed glad to get, and putting him in the wagon took him home. Here I placed him in a big irrigating ditch with grassy banks and gave him corn, wheat and bread. I hoped his wing would heal but he grew weaker and died the fourth day.—M. FRENCH GILMAN.