

The Pacific Coast races of *Pipilo maculatus* as now recognized by the writers stand as follows, listing them as near as it is practicable to do so from north to south. The accompanying map shows in part the approximate territory inhabited by each in the breeding season, as inferred from a study of the materials in the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology.

1. *Pipilo maculatus oregonus* Bell. Oregon Spotted Towhee.
2. *Pipilo maculatus falcifer* McGregor. San Francisco Spotted Towhee.
3. *Pipilo maculatus falcinellus* Swarth. Sacramento Spotted Towhee.
4. *Pipilo maculatus curtatus* Grinnell. Nevada Spotted Towhee.
5. *Pipilo maculatus montanus* Swarth. Rocky Mountain Spotted Towhee.
6. *Pipilo maculatus megalonyx* Baird. San Diego Spotted Towhee.
7. *Pipilo maculatus clementae* Grinnell. San Clemente Spotted Towhee.
8. *Pipilo maculatus umbraticola* Grinnell and Swarth. Cape Colnett Spotted Towhee.
9. *Pipilo maculatus magnirostris* Brewster. Large-billed Spotted Towhee.
10. *Pipilo consobrinus* Ridgway. Guadalupe Spotted Towhee.

—J. GRINNELL and H. S. SWARTH, *Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, University of California, February 22, 1926.*

**Another Straggler Reaches the Pribilofs.**—On St. George Island, Alaska, June 20, 1923, a small bird was found in a rain barrel by a resident of that island. It had been so long in the water that it would not make a good laboratory skin, but it was preserved in-the-flesh in alcohol. This specimen was recently sent for identification to the California Academy of Sciences and proved to be a Bank Swallow (*Riparia riparia*), new to the recorded list of birds of the Pribilof Islands.—JOSEPH MAILLIARD, *California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, California, February 3, 1926.*

**Green-tailed Towhee Qualifies in Intelligence Test.**—In early August, 1925, Mrs. Law and I were occupying the Walker cabin at Bluff Lake, in the San Bernardino Mountains, California. Crumbs and nut meats, which we scattered about, soon began to assemble Green-tailed Towhees (*Oberholseria chlorura*).

The first to appear was a youngster, in juvenal garb but grown, and with it an older bird of the year, already in post-juvenal plumage. As the days passed three adults came along, one of them wearing an old band. All five became competitors for the food which we kept constantly ready for them, the adults dominating the immatures mercilessly.

All soon learned that a swinging arm meant a tossed crumb, and one or more birds invariably dashed for a thrown crumb, but never apparently tried to catch the morsel on the wing. Their sight is particularly keen and far, and even a crumb held up for inspection was at once detected by the birds from their brush cover some twenty-five feet away, and they were alert to start for the morsel the instant it was thrown. They often snatched the thrown tidbits from among chipmunks (*Eutamias speciosus*) which appeared stupidly unconscious that food had been thrown. The chipmunks soon learned, however, that we were favoring the birds and became openly jealous and chased the birds around. The latter yielded ground but that was all, and we often saw one hopping around comically just in advance of a pursuing chipmunk. Once I saw a towhee stand its ground, with lowered head, and then the chipmunk yielded.

If a crumb or kernel was too large to be swallowed entire, it was usually borne in beak to the brush cover, from whence most of the spurts began. When "chewing" such a crumb of bread, it is held at the side near the base of the beak, and the edges of the upper tomia cut off morsels into the mouth as the mandibles move rapidly. Never did we see any effort to hold a morsel with the foot.

Quite to our surprise, when we had nuts suspended on strings to test the jumping limit of the chipmunks, adult towhees, never more than one in action at a time, possibly only the same individual at all times, often jumped up and caught at the nut kernel thirteen inches from the ground, and occasionally one hung there by its beak flopping the body about, ludicrously like a fish just pulled from the water. In no case did we detect the bird actually dislodging the nut. As soon as the adults had tasted English Walnut meat, they lost their interest in bread crumbs and seemed to instantly distinguish between the two.

The adult towhees never came to our hands for food but became quite indifferent to our presence and worked freely about the ground in front of our open kitchen; indeed, often about the kitchen floor if we remained quiet. The juvenal, in striking contrast, quickly became friendly and unsuspecting, but rejected nut meat unless finely broken up, and clearly preferred the bread crumbs. These it would come and take from our hands when the crumb was patiently held down to the level of its head, though it never came with reckless abandon. Once on the way to my hand, it paused to snatch a live fly from the floor, and then came on for its crumb. It soon learned, too, to come to the table, at my elbow, and help itself to the litter of crumbs always kept there. The older bird of the year, while slightly less confiding, was much less suspicious than were the adults, whose survival to maturity was no doubt the direct result of serious suspicion of all objects that moved.

Just before moving camp I set the trap and almost as soon as I turned my back, the two youngsters and an adult were in. The younger juvenal became no. 76549, and an hour later was eating out of my hand again.

On September 3 we moved to an Edwards' cabin, some 400 yards distant and hidden by a knoll from the Walker cabin which we had been occupying. At first we had no Green-tailed Towhee boarders there, but after a few days a banded one appeared and ran toward us in apparent anticipation. Bread crumbs quickly thrown out were pounced upon, and we felt sure "our juvenal" had found us, although this bird had now acquired its full post-juvenal plumage. From then on it was usually nearby, spending much of its time under the cabin and porch, much as the birds of this species had at the Walker cabin kept under or near the brush cover.

An old candy box was now kept liberally filled with crumbs and cracked wheat, usually on a chair just inside the kitchen door, but later, on the table, and our bird was soon almost as much in the kitchen as out. It would come and go all day, eating its fill every hour or so, and often went about the kitchen on a rather complete tour, of inspection which included the water pail, stove, chair backs and a dish of fresh fruit on the table. Grapes it picked holes in, eating the pulp, but was satisfied with a grape or two at a time, apparently, and only ate a small part of each. Watermelon it ate greedily on first sight. We were amused at its attitude toward blow flies, which we killed and put in its food box. On one occasion it ate two, but laid down a third when a squeeze popped it, then ate some bread, then picked up a fourth and popped it and laid it down, after which it busied itself with the crumbs.

One morning, just at dawn, the "pat-pat-pat" of tiny claws on the bedroom floor announced no. 76549 looking for his breakfast. The door had been open. Seeing us the bird flew up and all but alighted on my head. The next morning the food box was ready and when held out to sight, the bird immediately came up on the bed via a nearby chair, hovered a moment at the box, then returned to the floor. A moment later, though, it came back to the box and ate its fill within fifteen inches of my eyes. On subsequent mornings, breakfast at dawn was the program, and it seemed not to matter to the bird if my fingers were in the box, nor if its tail brushed my fingers. Birds are notoriously careless with their tails. It seemed strange, too, how the scratch habit could not be overcome. Every few pecks, standing in this box half filled with bread crumbs, it just had to give a scratch or two, which sent the crumbs flying in every direction.

We learned to recognize a certain squeak note as a plaint for food. It was uttered when the door was closed and no food available. A bird on the window sill looking in meant "please open the door", and in it came as soon as the door did open. But while it soon learned to accept without fright our moving about, so long as we moved slowly, we could never get between it and the door. As soon as escape seemed about to be cut off, the bird calmly flew by and out the door. On occasion, a thoughtless quick motion sent it speeding toward a window, but it never actually struck the glass, for it would come up short just quick enough to avoid striking, then veer out the door.

At 11:05 A. M., on September 20, we trapped this bird to confirm our belief that it was no. 76549. The trap had been set only three minutes. Before 12:00 M., it was back in the food box on the kitchen chair within two feet of Mrs. Law, contentedly gorging itself.

Except on September 21, when it was absent all day, it remained about until late on September 27. As no other Green-tailed Towhees were seen after that and the species had been rare for two weeks, we assumed that instinct for migration had overcome pleasure of easy food.—J. EUGENE LAW, *Altadena, California, March 25, 1926.*