

on September 21, 1927, and proved to be typical specimens of *V. c. orestera*. Although this race has not heretofore been recorded from Oregon, there occur in the literature several sight records of *Vermivora celata lutescens* from the eastern part of the state which, I believe, properly should be referred to *orestera*. Again, on June 22, 1928, while I was camped at the same location, an unusual bird song was heard and after a careful search just after sundown three of these birds were seen and an adult male in breeding condition was collected.

San Joaquin Wren. *Thryomanes bewickii drymoecus*. Specimens of this race were first taken by the writer in Oregon in the Rogue River Valley in Jackson and Josephine counties during 1914 and 1915. Later, it was recognized, and specimens secured, east of the Cascade Mountains in the Klamath Valley (Keno, October 24, 1923). On October 27, 1925, while I was camped on Sprague River near the town of Bly, one was noted in a clump of dead willows, and on May 13 and 15, 1927, two of this species were found nearly a hundred miles eastward in South Warner Valley on Twenty Mile Creek near the California line. From data available, it would appear that this race of *Thryomanes* does not occur very far north into the state of Oregon east of the Cascades, and west of these mountains it comes only into the southern tier of counties. Its eastern limits are as yet unknown.—STANLEY G. JEWETT, *Portland, Oregon, July 6, 1928.*

**Song Sparrows Endure a Severe Winter.**—Whatever part the question of food supply may have played in the history of migration, instances of the suppression of the migratory instinct by artificial or abnormal feeding are not uncommon. Also it has been shown experimentally (Rowan, *British Birds*, XVIII, 1925, p. 296) that certain normally migratory species can endure the greatest rigors of an Alberta winter in outdoor captivity. The following instance, illustrating both points, seem to us sufficiently striking to record.

Last winter, in this district, was one of exceptional severity, especially in the matter of snowfall. After various preliminary storms snow began on October 29 and continued almost incessantly until November 16. By this time it was possible to snowshoe over the tops of all fences, and even the moose were floundering belly-deep. Snow continued to fall, though more intermittently, until in early December. Then the mercury suddenly rose, and it rained hard for two days before re-freezing, crusting, and clearing up. A worse combination from the birds' point of view could hardly be imagined.

As autumn passed thus brusquely into winter we were alarmed to find that four Rusty Song Sparrows (*Melospiza melodia morphna* Oberholser), some of which had been pensioners at our traps since midsummer, while others had arrived late in the migration, did not depart with the rest of their kind, but continued to return to a supply of bird seed which was exposed in the shelter of an open wood-shed. Each frigid morning, with the thermometer sometimes as low as  $-28^{\circ}\text{F}$ , or with the air almost solid with snow, the same four cheerful brown specks, in perfect condition, but looking sadly out of place in the formidable landscape, could be seen fluttering back and forth from the shed to the snow-laden timber in which they roosted. They never attempted to roost in the shed.

Since we ourselves planned to migrate on December 8 and there was no other human being for many miles, the situation became serious, and a seed "hopper" was evolved out of a long section of stove pipe, and tried out during the last ten days. This was finally left hanging in the shed with all the seed we had, which we feared might be just insufficient to carry the four birds through.

We returned on April 13. The hopper was empty, and we caught three of our sparrows the following morning and the fourth on the 17th. No other birds present here in winter will take this seed. The great quantity of "sign" left on and about the hopper was all uniform in size and consistency. The winter had not been excessively cold, but our registering thermometer had gone to  $-34^{\circ}\text{F}$ , and had doubtless approximated that quite often. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that these birds wintered with impunity in this cold inland mountain range, at an altitude of 3000 feet, on the 53rd parallel.—THOMAS T. MCCABE and ELINOR B. MCCABE, *Indian-point Lake, Barkerville, B. C., Canada, August 3, 1928.*