

emaciation, but their breast contours indicated an exhaustion of reserve. The stomachs of both were empty, save for a small amount of gravel and hemp seed debris. There were no recognizable injuries.

The snow revealed plainly how the birds picked up intact had met death. The heavier had died quietly in the night at the base of a tree on the exact spot upon which it had alighted. The other was found in early afternoon, no more than a few hours after death. It had terminated its last flight with a twenty-inch slide on the snow. On December 11, one weakly flying dove was flushed in late afternoon from its probable night roost under the roots of a tree overhanging the creek. Feathers were found January 7 at about the place where this bird was last seen.

So far as I have been able to determine, the only Mourning Dove to survive in this general area of about five square miles was one seen on January 21 near a farm yard, where it doubtless had access to grain.—PAUL L. ERRINGTON, *Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.*

**Some Bird Notes from Utah.**—During the past several years, while collecting birds in the vicinity of Provo, Utah, the following three rather interesting bird records have been made by the writer. Assistance in identifications was kindly given by Dr. Clarence Cottam, Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. Lynn Hayward, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

On September 30, 1932, in a flooded meadow just south of Provo, two specimens of the Eastern Dowitcher (*Limnodromus griseus griseus*) were taken. Both were females in the winter plumage. They are Nos. 831 and 832, Brigham Young University collection.

On February 22, 1934, at the mouth of Provo River on Utah Lake, a large white gull was seen feeding with a mixed flock of Ring-billed and California Gulls. An attempt was made to collect the stranger, but he proved to be too wary. On February 28 he was joined by a second bird of the same species. The two seemed to have little, if any, affinity for each other, but were seen a number of times in the same flocks of other gulls. After a number of attempts, one of the birds was finally collected with a small-calibre rifle, on March 14, 1934. It was determined as a Glaucous Gull (*Larus hyperboreus*), a male in typical second-year plumage. On subsequent visits to the lake the remaining bird was seen until April 15.

On the evening of February 22, 1934, three strange finches were seen going to roost on the top of some piles a few rods out in the water on the east shore of Utah Lake, near the mouth of Provo River. Since boots were not available, no attempt was made to collect them that evening. However, three nights later the birds returned to the same roost, the male and one of the females coming to rest on the same pile. A shot sent the female tumbling into the water, but the male, though apparently wounded, escaped with the other female into the dusk. Examination revealed the bird to be an Eastern Snow Bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis nivalis*). This skin, together with that of the Glaucous Gull, remains in the writer's collection.—D. ELMER JOHNSON, *Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.*

**A Blue-winged Warbler Record for Decatur County, Indiana.**—On June 12, 1934, while searching for a bird's nest that a neighbor had told me about, I had the pleasure of placing bands upon three immature Blue-winged Warblers (*Vermivora pinus*). From the description of the nest for which I was searching that had been given me, I believed it to be that of the Grasshopper Sparrow.

These birds are not uncommon here, but their nests are not easily found, and as I had been unable to band many of these birds I was especially desirous of locating the nest which, dating from the time when I had first heard of it, should have contained young. Previously I had given up after a very short search on account of rain. This time, however, with a companion I searched carefully among the briers, grasses and scrub sassafras that covered the slopes of an old field above a tangled, thicket-clad ravine. We found nothing except a deserted Field Sparrow's nest containing four damaged eggs, but while at work my attention was attracted by the alarmed Grasshopper Sparrow-like notes of a pair of birds down in the thicket. This continued, and finally I decided to investigate. Carefully, on hands and knees, I made my way beneath the tangled maze of green briers, wild rose bushes and shrubs, until I reached the center of the hollow where the wild growth was less dense. Here I was almost immediately rewarded by seeing the object of my quest. I knew the bird, a Blue-winged Warbler, at once, having seen them during migration, but I had never seen them in breeding season, so did not believe that they nested here. This bird, however, was attending young, for she carried food. I called my companion and we began looking over the ravine for the nest. The two birds (the first one's mate having appeared, also with food) scolded incessantly. At times, especially when we neared a certain spot, they showed unusual agitation, and we redoubled our efforts, believing ourselves to be very near the nest. But the puzzle, we learned after a bit, was that they also acted in this manner when we approached an entirely different part of the ravine. Why? The search, unrewarded, had continued very nearly two hours when I solved the enigma. I was resting, sitting on a half decayed stump within a few yards of one of the "certain spots", and I chanced to be looking in that direction when the negligible movement of the little fellow caught my eye. There he sat, a half-grown Blue-winged Warbler, on a dead green brier. Perhaps he was several rods away from the nest he had once used, which would account for the fact that we had not even been able to find the deserted nest. With help I experienced little difficulty in capturing him, also another that I discovered shortly after, near the second place that the adults had guarded closely. We found no more in the thicket, but the actions of one of the parent birds led us to examine an isolated clump of scrub sassafras east of the ravine, and here my companion found the third, and last, young warbler. We banded the three and released them, greatly to the joy of the adults.

I have known these birds since 1923, and while they are said to be native in this region, this is the first time that I have seen them, except during migrating periods. To learn that they nest here is a distinct pleasure, and raises the hope that they may continue to increase until they become as common as one authority claims them to be.—GRANT HENDERSON, *Route 6, Greensburg, Ind.*

**Observations on Some Breeding Birds of Mount Timpanogos, Utah.—**

During a part of the month of June, 1934, while making a survey of the animal life of Mount Timpanogos, north of Provo, Utah, we had an opportunity to observe some of the breeding birds, particularly of the aspen covered areas at an elevation of 7,000 to 8,000 feet. Mount Timpanogos is one of the highest peaks in the Wasatch Range, and its lower slopes, covered with dense groves of aspen (*Populus tremuloides*), seem to be a favorite breeding ground for a rather dense population of birds.