

about dusk on February 14, 1932, as I passed through a small grove of buckeye trees (*Aesculus californica*), in most of which were clumps of mistletoe (*Phoradendron*), a flock of seven or eight Western Bluebirds (*Sialia mexicana occidentalis*) were disturbed by my approach after having settled for the night. Investigating several of the others of these growths of mistletoe in the neighboring buckeye trees I flushed other small flocks of seven to ten bluebirds. Apparently a large flock had split up into small groups, each occupying the centers of the clumps of mistletoe. Aside from the foliage of the mistletoe these buckeye trees were practically bare, the small leaf buds at the ends of each of the trees' limbs having not yet broken open, thus leaving no protection for the birds other than the mistletoe clumps during what proved to be a fairly cold night—slightly below freezing. One might think that the heavy foliage of the live oaks close by would have furnished better protection from the cold and the wind,—but mistletoe apparently serves satisfactorily in this capacity also.—EMERSON A. STONER, *Benicia, California*.

Deposition of Eggs in Time of Snow-storm.—On June 18, 1931, the region of Churchill, Manitoba, was visited by a savage blizzard from the northeast. The temperature was not very low (about 34° F.); but the high wind was accompanied by a heavy fall of snow.

By this date, most of the summer resident species of the region were laying eggs. On June 17, the members of our expedition had many nests under observation, some with complete but most of them with incomplete sets of eggs. Near our camp at the mouth of the river were several nests of Lapland Longspurs, Horned Larks, and Semipalmated Plovers, most of them with incomplete sets.

On the morning of the 18th we awakened to find a deep drift in our tent where the wind had blown snow in through a crack in the door. The tundra was covered with six or eight inches of snow, and there were drifts many feet deep in the sheltered places.

We were greatly interested, during the following three days, in the behavior of incubating or laying birds at their nests. The snow was so deep that many birds had deserted, even in some cases where there were full sets of eggs. Semipalmated Plovers, Horned Larks, and some of the Lapland Longspurs had remained at their nests in spite of the storm, however, for we found the birds incubating in holes in the snow sometimes fully a foot deep.

Of special interest was the manner in which some of the birds deposited their eggs in the snow near their nests. A Lapland Longspur, whose nest was situated at the foot of a rocky ridge near our tent, in rather an exposed position, laid an egg on the snow almost directly above the nest at the nearest place she could reach. The egg was probably a foot from the nest. Another Longspur laid her egg in the shelter of our tent. We did not know the location of this bird's nest, but it could not have been very close by.

A Semipalmated Sandpiper laid an egg in the snow directly above her

nest. Here the snow was about seven inches deep. The nest was in the open. A Least Sandpiper, similarly, laid her egg in the snow as near the nest as she could. In fact, the snow had the appearance of having been scratched away a little, as if the bird had been trying to dig down to the nest.

A Stilt Sandpiper laid an egg in the shelter of a railway embankment, probably some distance from its nest.

A Pintail egg was found in the snow among the willow-scrub along the bank of the Churchill River. We did not find this bird's nest.

On June 21, Mr. John B. Semple found that a Tree Sparrow, whose nest he had been watching, had made a queer little accessory nest about eight inches from the original one which had been deeply covered with snow. In the new "nest" two eggs had been laid. The original nest contained three eggs, and after the snow had melted, the bird went back to this nest. The two eggs in the emergency nest were transferred by Mr. Semple to the original nest, but we did not have an opportunity to learn how the united family was faring.—GEORGE MIKSCHE SURTON, *Pebble Hearths, Bethany, W. Va.*