

accord, but much to my surprise and regret on the morning of the 20th, just a week after his capture, I found him dead in the bottom of his cage.

I am recording these notes in the belief that some observer who has had the opportunity of studying the Barn Owl in captivity would be interested in my experience with this individual. I have had Screech and Burrowing Owls in my possession for several days, but they all ate eagerly and voluntarily the food given them, and when released were in fine physical condition. I am wondering if the bird's behavior as reported above, especially as regards difficulty in feeding, was peculiar to this individual or characteristic of the species when kept in confinement.—EMERSON A. STONER, *Benicia, California, March 1, 1922.*

**Bird Drives in the Yukon Delta.**—In the spring of 1913, in company with Claud J. Roach, I made a trip by dog team from Bristol Bay, Alaska, to the Yukon River and back by way of the Kuskoquim River. The journey was made primarily to make certain investigations of the fur-bearing animals of the region for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, but an opportunity was afforded to make observations on other forms of life as well. Bethel, a town near the head of tidewater on the Kuskoquim, was made our headquarters for nearly two months. While there, we were greatly impressed by the vivid accounts we heard of the great bird drives which are held annually out on the Yukon delta. The stories came from so many sources, apparently reliable, and all so agreed in the essential details, that there seemed to be little doubt of the accuracy of the main features. Nevertheless, the drives seemed to be so unique that I had hoped to be able to check the statements by personal observation before making any report of them. But the likelihood of my being able again to visit the region is growing more and more remote, so it seems best to call the attention of others to the matter. Perhaps someone may be able to visit the place at the proper time to witness one of these events. Therefore, the account is repeated as it was given to us by numerous residents. I cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of the statements, but those who gave the information seemed entirely reliable.

The drives take place in the salt lagoons in the region south of Nelson Island. Apparently the borders of these are great breeding grounds for ducks and geese, and in August each year the young birds, almost grown but unable to fly, gather in large flocks in the quiet waters to await the maturing of the plumage before the southward flight. Their numbers are greatly increased by the adult birds, which at this season lose their wing feathers and are unable to fly. The cast-off feathers are so abundant that they form windrows on the shore lines.

The drive is made by the natives in their kyaks. Fifteen to twenty of these skin boats take part, one man to each. They beat the grassy banks and the water with their paddles and gradually drive the birds by thousands into some pocket or head where they are killed with sticks and spears with a great hurrah and much excitement. One drive in 1912 was said to have resulted in the capture of fourteen boat loads. Just how many birds this would represent is difficult to determine, but it would certainly be more than a thousand. I have seen a native take his wife, three children and several dogs, as well as his camp outfit, from beneath the hatch of one of these boats, and an estimate might roughly be made from this of the number of birds taken.

Some persons might be inclined to criticise the native for such wholesale slaughter, but they are advised to await an impartial investigation before doing so. Perhaps the people are entitled to them. The country is bleak and inhospitable; so much so that white men can scarcely get there at all. The inhabitants live much of the time upon raw food, chiefly the black fish of the interior delta lakes. Away from the coast they have no fuel whatsoever except a little seal oil which they take for their lamps. Yet they seem to be the healthiest, happiest, albeit the dirtiest, of all Alaska natives.—G. DALLAS HANNA, *California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, March 23, 1922.*

**Black and White Warbler in Southern California.**—I note that in THE CONDOR of September, 1921, in the Field and Study department, the "sixth occurrence of the Black and White Warbler" in California is recorded. It may be of interest to CONDOR readers to know that I saw a Black and White Warbler on the trunk of an old olive tree about fifteen feet from my window on October 14, 1908. Being an amateur at bird study I