

it, as none of the party and none of the guides or other local men were able to identify the specimen.

It was brought back here along with other Geese and Ducks, and was included in a lot sent out in the country as material for a game dinner for the hunting party and their friends. I did not hear anything about a strange fowl having been killed until it had been picked and prepared for cooking, but as soon as my friend Bartholomew had told me of the taking of some kind of fowl unknown to the Currituck guides, and I had asked if it were possible to secure its head, or a leg or wing, he promptly jumped into his car and drove out to the Club where the dinner was to be, to see what he could save. He brought back the head and one wing and a foot, so identification was easy.

This is the second record of the White-fronted Goose in North Carolina, the other being that of a specimen in the flesh sent the State Museum by Captain T. J. Poyner in 1897, which was also taken on Currituck Sound, in January of that year.—H. H. BRIMLEY, *Raleigh, N. C.*

Behavior of Swans.—My scanty literature on the Swans fails to mention similar performances and possibly the one I observed a few years ago may be exceptional. One Sunday morning a man came to my house for information regarding the peculiar actions of a Swan. It appeared that a pair of tame Mute Swans from a private estate up the West Canada Creek had been spending some time in a cutoff part of the same creek just above here and known from its shape as "The Oxbow." This man reported having seen both the Swans alive at 5 P.M. the previous evening but on returning the following morning, one of them was apparently dead and its mate was slowly covering the body with mud and grass. I visited the scene twice Sunday afternoon and saw the big bird still at its sad work. The dead Swan lay on a mud bar extending out into the stream, and its white body was more than half covered with mud, roots and grass. The living bird was very tame and I was able to approach to within twenty-five feet of it. I was under the impression that some thoughtless person had shot the Swan. I would ask if this performance is characteristic of these birds.—CHARLES A. GIANINI, *Poland, N. Y.*

Curlew Sandpiper on Long Island, N. Y.—I collected a young female Curlew Sandpiper (*Erolia ferruginea*) at Mecox Bay, near Watermill, on September 7, 1923. I was occupied in observing a pair of Stilt Sandpipers when I heard the note of this bird, and subconsciously ticketed it as a "krieker" with a squeaky voice. It lit on the shore some distance away, and I thought no more of it. Soon it jumped, and flew about the inlet, zig-zagging erratically, and I listlessly watched it, without much attention. The bird suddenly swerved nearer, and I "came to life" with a start, realizing that it was no common creature of this locality, whatever else it might be. Nearby, it resembled in some way a sort of aberrant Dowitcher, the suggestion being due to the tint of rusty underneath, the comparatively