

Mrs. Fisher wrote to ascertain, if possible, the identity of the bird as she had no idea as to what it might be. I think no one who has ever seen a Man-o'-war-bird could have the least doubt as to the identity of this specimen so accurately described by Mrs. Fisher. It constitutes the first satisfactory record of the species for New Jersey, although there is a mention in Maynard's 'Birds of North America' of a specimen mounted by J. R. Beath, a taxidermist of Philadelphia, which had been secured near Cape May Court House, N. J., in 1877, but I have never been able to trace the specimen or ascertain the name of the collector.—WITMER STONE, *Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia*.

**Phalacrocorax a. albociliatus in Colorado.**—On October 17, 1927 there was brought to me for identification, a bird that was killed on a lake about three miles from town.

I identified it as a White-crested Cormorant, but not being wholly certain of this determination, the skin was sent to Dr. Bergtold of Denver for his opinion. He also being uncertain as to the sub-species, sent the skin to the American Museum of Natural History, whose Division of Birds reports that the specimen is undoubtedly *P. auritus*, probably *albociliatus*. The immaturity of the bird prevents making an iron-clad subspecific identification.

The occurrence of this bird on the Pacific slope leads me to hold that it is subspecies *albociliatus*, making a first record for Colorado of this subspecies. A. R. McCORMON, *Montrose, Colorado*.

**White-fronted Goose (*Anser albifrons gambeli*) in South Carolina.**—Referring to the article in "Notes," of the April 1928 'Auk,' by Mr. Arthur T. Wayne, it occurred to me that two more early records could be added for South Carolina. One taken on January 29, 1866, and one on February 3, 1866. (See my Journals now in the Boston Society of Natural History). I was shooting on those dates on the Lownes, or Walter Blake plantations, where there were quite extensive rice fields which were watered from the Combakee river near Pocatigo, South Carolina. For a blind I lay in a small gunning float which was dressed over with grass, a string of wooden decoys anchored in front of me.—On the above dates a small flock of four or five of these Geese appeared calling with a sort of maniacal laughter, as they flew past they gave me a long shot, and I brought one down wing broken. As the water was not more than twelve to eighteen inches deep, and the day being calm, there was not a ripple on the water of the rice field, which was free from bushes or trees. When the winged Goose struck the water I thought there was no hurry about picking it up, so I leisurely loaded my muzzle loading gun with powder wads and shot. On looking up to see where my Goose was, it had disappeared, thinking this strange I poled my boat all around without finding any sign of it, and I could not understand where so large a bird could have hidden. I finally gave the bird up as lost, when in passing