

Mrs. Nice in her 'Birds of Oklahoma' did not include it but in the fourth edition of the A. O. U. 'Check-List' Oklahoma is included in the range of the species.

I wish to express my thanks to Mr. C. D. Bunker, Assistant Curator in Charge, of the Museum of Birds and Mammals, for permission to report this record.—W. S. LONG, *Museum of Birds and Mammals, Lawrence, Kansas.*

Saw-whet Owl in North Carolina.—On December 15, 1933, in Onslow County, N. C., I picked up a dead specimen of Saw-whet Owl (*Cryptoglaux acadica acadica*) floating in Duck Creek. The body was much emaciated but seemed perfectly fresh. This is our first record of this species in North Carolina since 1910.—H. H. BRIMLEY, *State Museum, Raleigh, N. C.*

Arkansas Kingbird on Nantucket, Mass.—On the afternoon of September 13, 1933, a full plumaged adult Arkansas Kingbird (*Tyrannus verticalis*) was seen at close range at Nantucket, on the road to Sisco. Perched on a fence post not far from farm buildings it flew from post to post and once across the road close to the observers so that the stereobinocular glasses were hardly necessary to make out every detail of marking and coloration. After fifteen to twenty minutes the bird took wing flying over an open field and disappeared. So far as I am aware this is the first record of the species for the island of Nantucket.

Miss Grace Wyatt and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Walter made up the party of observers.—ALICE HALL WALTER, *67 Oriole Ave., Providence, R. I.*

Unusual Actions of a Phoebe (*Sayornis phoebe*).—On November 27 I was on a deer stand in Onslow County, N. C. The air was rather warm for the time of year and mosquitoes were quite noticeably in evidence, though not particularly aggressive. I was in a standing position with my rifle under my arm, the barrel pointing downward, and I had my hands clasped in front. A faint fluttering of wings caused me to look down, and I saw a Phoebe (*Sayornis phoebe*), a bird frequently known by us as Winter Pewee, trying to alight on my rifle barrel. Failing to secure a firm grip on the smooth surface of the metal, the bird slid down the barrel until the front sight was reached, where it secured the grip desired, and there it perched.

It showed no sign of fear or nervousness and in a few seconds flew up and picked a mosquito off my hands, which were not more than a foot distant from its perch. Then, it picked others off the front of my coat, off my sleeves, and several more off my hands, meanwhile perching indiscriminately on my hands, sleeves, and gun barrel, though seeming to prefer the last.

Finally, the Phoebe discovered that my face seemed to be attracting more mosquitoes than any other part of my person so he transferred his attention to that part of my anatomy, and found a new perching place on the top of my hunting cap.

In picking mosquitoes off my face, the sharp points of the bird's bill were noticeably felt at every capture, and it was the irritation caused by a succession of these pricks that finally caused me to dispense with its attentions. Mosquitoes were also taken by the bird off the back of my neck and my left ear, but none from the right ear.

I counted twenty times that the Phoebe perched on my rifle and twenty catches of mosquitoes taken off my face, and then stopped counting. I estimated that the number of separate perchings on the gun barrel reached at least forty, the mosquitoes taken off my face between thirty-five and forty, and that the total number of those insects taken off my person numbered sixty or seventy altogether.

When I decided to end the incident, I found a difficulty in doing so. I had presumed that any decided movement on my part would drive my little friend away, but this bird was not of the scary kind. He had learned that I was the community center for mosquitoes in that immediate vicinity, and evidently recognized and appreciated a good eating place when he found one. So he continued to perch on my head and pick mosquitoes off my face even after I had started to move around in an effort to discourage his attentions. But my face was beginning to feel somewhat inflamed from the frequent pecking to which it had been subjected, so I called it a day and told the Phoebe to stop pestering me.

Several times during the Phoebe's visit, it would, after taking a mosquito off my person, perch on a dead branch of a six-foot pine sapling about four feet distant from where I was standing. Once, while it was occupying this branch, I slowly stretched out my arm towards it, with the fore-finger extended to within about one foot of its perch, and it immediately forsook the latter for my finger.

Two days later, a man occupying a stand about a hundred and fifty yards distant from where the above-described incidents occurred, related that a small bird had approached him, perched on various parts of his body, and every now and then fluttered directly in front of his face. But that morning was cold, with no mosquitoes in evidence.

Subsequent to this, three other deer hunters occupying the same or near-by stands reported intimate visits from a small, dull-colored bird, and it would seem to be fairly safe to presume that it was the same individual Phoebe in all five cases.

The above took place in a wild section of the lower part of Onslow County, North Carolina, with no residence or cleared land near by. It is quite possible that this individual Phoebe had never seen a human before and, finding that the object around which the mosquitoes collected was no more dangerous than any other stump in the woods, even if it did possess the power of movement, mentally included me as just one more object properly belonging in the landscape.

My outer dress on that morning was khaki-colored cap and coat and dark corduroy breeches.—H. H. BRIMLEY, *N. C. State Museum, Raleigh, N. C.*