

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.