

tain leaves. Just as acids turn litmus paper red, so sunlight brings out this color on the surface of the leaf. Often the yellow below will shine through the red at the surface, painting it a brilliant orange. The part of a maple leaf, overlapped by another one, will be yellow while the exposed portion will become a study in shades of crimson. The brown color in leaves is due to the presence of tannin. This dye, coupled with the yellow of xanthophyll, gives our green ash its blending shade of bronze and gold.

Poor rocky acid soils are conducive to bright colors of red and orange. The acids assist the sunlight in bringing to view the latent hues of the anthocyanins. Sugar in sap is another factor especially inductive to reds. The king of autumn foliage is the sugar maple of the east and a close runner-up is the Ginnala maple which grows on Regina lawns.

It has often been stated that it is essentially death that causes all this brave show, but to the writer it is not goodbye but au revoir.

Routes of Migration Change

Arthur Ward

OFTEN we look back over the years and wonder why certain species of birds change their route of migration. During the Twenties, the Black-billed Cuckoo never failed to stay with us. Two of these were banded in the year 1926. The Cliff Swallow, too, often dallied around. When the P.F.R.A. Highfield Dam was under construction, one of the towers was very thickly plastered with nests of a colony of these birds, built during the noise of the accompanying traffic. The foreman told me afterwards that their persistence finally gave way to the constant vibration of the passing vehicles. They departed and never returned.

On the other hand we have noticed the presence of the Fox Sparrow being mentioned in the BLUE JAY as a frequent visitor in some districts. During the time of our stay in the Swift Current district, we have never seen a Fox Sparrow.

October

By Allen E. Woodall

What can we ask more than a day
That sets gold leaves against the
gray
Of rain worn walls, or on a sky
Bluer than lakes where white gulls
cry,
And calls the yellow sunlight
through
Thin branches groping for the blue.

