

graph was that of the Loon. Sitting on an orange packing box, in hip waders, I waited inside the blind for the birds to return. However, after spending two hours in the blind, something happened to the packing box. I noticed the angle of vision seemed to be getting lower all the time. Then I became aware that I was sitting within one half inch of the surface of the water — the packing case had simply collapsed. Well, the Loons had to be abandoned for the time being. On another occasion at another Loon nesting site, the adult birds were working close to the nest and I was quite sure of obtaining pictures within a few minutes, when a Bittern walked in and stood near the nest. The Loons made several lunges to drive the birds away but were not successful. After waiting five and a half hours, I was not able to take any pictures of Loons on their nests.

One afternoon while obtaining footage of young Red-winged Blackbirds being fed by their parents, my best sequence shot ended with the female swallowing the excreta of the young. I was hoping that she would carry them away as she usually does.

One dull rainy afternoon we found three young Bitterns in a nest. Two backed away with a hissing noise, intended to frighten. The third gave the same hissing noise but through the opened mouth we noticed a skin covering, like a fish bladder. It appeared bluish grey and filled the throat cavity. The neck was distended and stiff to the touch. We had seen nothing like this before. Unfortunately the rain prevented our taking pictures.

On Wascana Lake, one day this fall, I saw a spider resting on the water surface. It was large and appeared to measure one and three-quarters inches across. The camera was set up on the tripod for two hours waiting for the sky to brighten. As time passed it grew darker so I packed the camera. All this time the spider remained motionless. Taking one of the marsh grasses I touched the spider, thinking it would scurry for cover. Instead it drew in its legs and disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Some day I hope to find out more about this spider.

Hunting and Fishing is sport, but it never compares with the satis-

faction of obtaining good Natural History pictures. There is the satisfaction of achievement and the joy of seeing your subject free to continue its interesting life.

In bringing you a few of our treasures I would like to emphasize that "there is no magic about obtaining these Natural History pictures — it only requires the equipment and the patience to wait." Speaking from a Museum point of view, I am willing to assist anyone interested in beginning this type of activity. The results will reward you for your interest.

In this respect I would like to add my sincere thanks to our editor, Mr. Lloyd Carmichael, for the excellent progress he is making in photographing our wild flowers; also to Mr. Fred Lahrman, of the Museum, who is doing similar work. These fine Kodachrome stills are being added to our library. When ready for distribution to the schools they will be appreciated by many.

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## The Wonderful Ways of Nature

*E. T. Scott, Regina*

**M**Y sister, who lives in Sarnia, was telling me of a Robin that had her nest in one of the nearby trees, on their property.

On this particular day the Robin was frantically flying around my sister, obviously trying to attract her attention.

The conduct of the bird being similar to that of a distraught mother when her child was in danger, caused my sister to make an immediate investigation in an effort to determine the cause of this unusual conduct. The nest was not too high for inspection.

My sister got to the nest and found that one of the youngsters had attempted to swallow a worm that was far too large for its throat. The Mother Bird could not remove the worm without aid, so she hurriedly sought it forthwith, and the first person that she saw happened to be my sister, who was able to remove the obstruction from the choking child.

The Mother bird was placated, the wee one was saved from choking to death, and sister went on her way, more amazed then ever at the wonderful ways of Nature!