

I can add, by virtue of trial, it is edible.

Last on my list are mushrooms that I have not been able to discover their name or genus. Here is a description of one of them that perhaps some fellow Blue Jayeer can identify for me.

Found on side of fallen, decayed log, August fourth. Cap . . . Up to three inches across, light rose in color, edge thin, broadly scalloped, slightly curled inwards, lighter in color, cap almost translucent, viscid when moist, covered with raised

network that is usually of the same color as cap, but is sometimes nearly white, outer skin is tough, rubbery, flesh thick at centre, gelatinous, fairly strong odor, taste mild. Gills . . . Light pink, one quarter of an inch wide, fairly crowded, thin and pointed at edges, rounded at back, partially attached to stem, some short ones starting from edge. Spore print is yellow. Stem . . . Three inches long, even, filled with fibrils, one half inch thick, same color at apex as gills, lower part usually white, strongly attached to wood, tends to curl when split.

Bluebirds

Mrs. Keith Paton, Oxbow, Sask.

Ever since I was a child, Bluebirds have had a place in my heart; not because we have any special Bluebird friends but because we so rarely see their twinkling blue bodies flitting about. Only two or three at a time as they migrate. I always feel like putting out a sign. "Bird Houses Available".

However, the other day a strong south-east wind must have interfered too much with flying, for quite a large flock of Mountain Bluebirds descended on our alfalfa field, like bits falling from the sky. They fluttered up and down from the posts to alfalfa and back again all that day — and part of the next. Needless to say we were quite thrilled and hope they may someday nest with us.

Pelicans at Minnedosa, Man.

Mrs. Elmer Johnson

One night, during the third week of September, my son saw a big flock of large white birds settle down in a slough about one half mile away. He followed along a ditch and got quite close to them. There were thirty. They stayed all night and all left in the morning except one. It may have been hurt. Later it left also. Our farm is seven miles south-west of Minnedosa.

Sand-Coloured Blackbird

Lad. Martinovsky

Gerald, Sask.

On August 3rd, while tilling my summerfallow there were a hundred or more blackbirds in the field, feeding. Among these was one that was sand-coloured — definitely a Blackbird, or should I say a Sandbird. I had the opportunity of watching this bird for about two hours. At one time I got to within thirty feet of it.

This is the first year that I have seen an unusually large number of Ruddy Ducks. Perhaps it was because there was so much water in the sloughs this summer. I noticed that the male ducks left about the middle of August.

Cobwebs

By Clarissa Stewart, Fairy Hill

In silvery skeins as sheer
As e'er uncoiled from their cocoons
By the fine fingers of the maids of
Far Japan,
They stretch across the hedges bare:
Along the bars of barbed fence,
By agile spinners spun;
Catching the morning sun, they shine
In floating lines along the wires
Strung on the lofty poles that reach
Far above grasses gray
Where denizens such as these spin-
ners
Art wont to live. These shining lines
Lymned 'gainst the blue October sky
By the soft breeze unfelt below —
A miracle of craftsmanship — appear.