

## A Perfect Afternoon

Mrs. H. RODENBERG, Kinlock, Sask.

Our Purple Martins left for the south August 25th. The Tree Swallows left shortly after. Today is September 17th. The Barn Swallows are busy feeding another brood of young. There are Goldfinches everywhere. My duck families will spend a lot of time at our dugout.

This morning I heard the "tut-tut" of the Robins. There were fourteen in a bluff near by. Soon they will two with us on their way south.

I am looking forward to our migrating birds moving in from the north. There are so many little songsters as well as the beautiful Evening Grosbeak, who spend a day or two with us on their way south.

One afternoon in August I decided to do a little bird watching within our own yard. It was a beautiful day. All morning I watched the Barn Swallows feeding their young on the barn roof. I counted as many as 54 at one time. Most of these were young birds, as the parent birds kept flying down to feed them. We have from three to four Swallow nests in our outdoor buildings. When they all fly around one can't begin to count them.

Next I walked down to our dugout where there were three families of ducks. Between them they had 23

young. At first when we went down to see them, the mother ducks would give their warning and all the baby ducks would dive and hide in the rushes until we walked away. Now they took no notice of us as we stood and watched the wee ducks scoot across the water for flies and bugs. Near the dugout we had Song Sparrows, nesting. For the first time we had a pair of Redstarts nesting near here. They are such busy little birds!

When I came back to the yard I watched the Goldfinches for awhile feeding on weed seeds. There were also four young Bluebirds sitting on the wagon box, waiting to be fed. I think Bluebirds are one of the most beautiful birds we have. Later, as I came back to the house, there were five Cedar Waxwings in our Honeysuckle — they really go for those berries.

As I sat on the veranda watching them, a Sharp-tailed Grouse began calling and ran across the lane. As she entered the bluff she called again. Soon nine half-grown grouse ran across the lane to join her.

For me, this was a perfect afternoon as the birds seemed to be making the most of one of our far too few sunny days this summer.

## Lending a Helping Hand

LEWIS WAJCIECHOWSKI, Brightstone, Man.

I had a dislike for geese, because when I was eight years old I got such a wing beating from the barnyard gander that my elbows were quite blue. However, what I had observed about the wild Canada Goose in October, 1950, changed my feelings towards geese greatly.

October 15th was a dull, cool day. I went to look for Indian arrowheads on summerfallow land. When I reached the place I looked only towards the ground. I walked about a hundred feet when I heard the honking of geese. I did not bother to look but the honking seemed to be in the same place for a few

moments. Then I did look and saw clearly two adult geese and two smaller ones, tree-top high. They were about a thousand feet from me but flew another four hundred feet only and settled down. That seemed odd to me.

When I reached the end of the field I saw an object in the spot where the geese had risen. I recognized it as a goose. The closer I came the slower I walked. The last few steps I tip-toed. To my disappointment she did not struggle as I picked her up. I first noticed that

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