

Mummy's Bestest Puddle

Mrs. John Hubbard, Grenfell, Sask.

TAKING the children to school, a four-mile drive, is a task that cuts into the time of a mother-of-five. It's not without its compensation though, and if one can spare a moment, there is usually something to see at "Mummy's bestest puddle" if not elsewhere along the road. Said puddle is a deep little slough made deeper by the recent grading of the road. The birds seem particularly fond of it and pretty near everything that is seen elsewhere in the district turns up there.

The early Mallards and Pintails were seen there, followed by Blue and Green-winged Teal and Baldpates. Something unusual on so small a piece of water was a pair of Scaup Ducks that stayed there for a couple of days. One week both Spotted and Solitary Sandpipers were seen. Several pairs of Horned Grebes were seen and I won't be at all surprised if at least one pair nest. Judging by the past years, Mallard, Pintail and Baldpate will raise young there. In its willowy margins Red-winged Blackbirds sing and will later nest. From all around small birds come to drink and bathe.

A regular oasis on the prairie this deep "puddle," and the birds should be very thankful that the farmers on each side of the grade have not burnt out the trees that ring it round and thus spoil their summer resort.

Meadow Lark Sings Goodbye

ONE cold November day, Sidney Walton, C.N.R. carman, was walking along the repair track in the railway yards when he found a meadow lark all but frozen to death in the snow. He took it to his home at 621 Main Street, Riverview. There he and his wife nursed the bird back to strength. He made a cage for it out of an orange crate and after it had built itself up and put on weight, whenever the two Walton canaries would start to sing the meadow lark would join in with them.

"It was like having spring in the house all winter," Mrs. Walton says.

Last Sunday, April 13th, Mr. Walton carried the crate out on the lawn. He fastened a piece of string to the door, stood back a ways and pulled it. The meadow lark hopped out.

He gingerly put his beak in the ground a few times and then flew to the rooftop. Then, with a burst of melody, he soared high into the air and sailed for the flats by the river, leaving a trail of lovely music behind.

—*The North Battleford Optimist*

CIRCUS HODSONIUS

When one sees a male Marsh Hawk doing loop-the-loops, barrel rolls and other aerial stunts for the edification of a mate present or prospective, it becomes clear why scientists named it "Circus hudsonius." Other spectacular avian performers, high in the air, on or near the ground, and on the water, all motivated by what some call "the ecstasy of spring" will be going on in our bird-world by the time this is being read. Are you watching for them? Do you recognize them? Ain't Nature wonderful!

—*South Dakota Bird Notes*

SCARED PAIR

FLIN FLON, Man., April 28 (CP). —It was a question, who was the most scared.

Taxi-driver Don Black came face to face with a big brown bear when he stepped out of his cab in the dark to check the tires. He fell flat on his back in a water-filled ditch.

The bear was startled too. It fell on top of him.

The bear made it to shore first and high-tailed it for the woods.

Passenger Ross McDougall stopped laughing long enough to haul Black out of the ditch.

—*Regina Leader Post*