

WHOOPING CRANES

Cyril Bates, Dauphin, Man.

In reference to an article in the last issue of the "Blue Jay" I might say that we have had reports on sightings of these birds here for several years now. There was one positive identification about thirty miles from here last fall by a well known local resident, Mr. Garry Powers, a former North Alberta citizen familiar with Whoopers, who spotted two adults and one chick.

These birds used to nest hereabouts, some thirty years ago. Last fall some of the Indians on the Sandy Bay Reserve, Lake Manitoba, shot at some of these birds in flight, and fortunately missed. The resident Indian Reserve Superintendent here, Mr. J. H. Staunton, who is interested in bird wildlife, took steps to prevent a recurrence and has enlisted the Indians on this Reserve in observation—not destruction.

Further evidence that migration of these birds takes place through or into this district comes to hand in report

of sighting of twelve at Loon Lake, on April 30 last, by Johnnie Harapiak, of Cowan.

Loon Lake is near P.T.H. No. 10, between Garland and Pine River. The lake is between Lake Winnipegosis and the Duck Mountains. It is possibly a mile in diameter, and very boggy—a favorite assembly place for ducks and geese during the fall migration.

In view of the positive recognition of Whooping Cranes near Selkirk recently by Mr. Powers and the report from Loon Lake, I wonder if Manitoba can properly claim to share in the migration flights and likely the nesting of some of these wonderful birds. I certainly believe such to be the case. There may even be a migration from Northern Canada to and from points in the Carribean or South America, with the happy conclusion that the Texas count of only some 22 Whooping Cranes extant may have to be revised upward.

INTERESTING GLIMPSES OF NATURE

Jessie D. Greenbank, Kelso

During the last week of March, out of a clear blue sky, a red-capped Downy Woodpecker lit on my husband's shoulder and took suet from my hand. Although we have fed these woodpeckers for years, this is the first time one has ventured near us.

Last fall, while driving along the highway, we saw a huge flock of Red-winged Blackbirds, evidently migrating south. There were literally thousands of them. When they rose to fly the setting sun shone on their red wings, making such a beautiful sight that we will not soon forget it.

During the latter part of August, I looked out of the kitchen door and saw what I supposed was a half

grown pup. Imagine my surprise when I got closer, to find it was a young wolf. It did not seem at all afraid and later sauntered down to where the hens were feeding, but did not attempt to harm them. We wondered if the mother wolf had been killed, and it was made tame by hunger. One of our neighbors saw three of them eating from the dog's dish during the night.

Last summer we saw a crow with pure white wings. The markings could be seen quite distinctly as it flew slowly past us, among a flock of crows.

My husband and I enjoy the "Blue Jay" and pass it around in the hopes that folks will get interested enough to subscribe for it on their own.