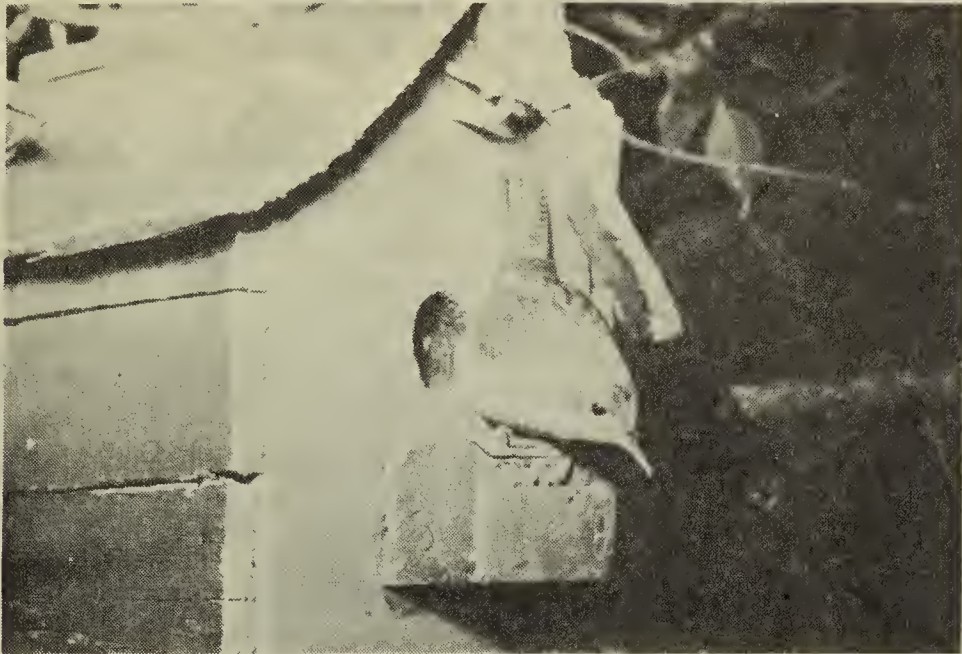


## THE HOUSE WREN

*By Doug Gilroy, R.R.2, Regina*



Every spring many people set out bird houses. Probably the most common bird to inhabit many of these houses is the House Wren. Watching this active little fellow, and listening to his beautiful music will give one many hours of enjoyment. He has been accused of running his sharp little bill into the eggs of other birds that nest too near his home. In spite of this he is still, in my opinion, one of the most desirable birds to have around.

### WINS COVETED MEDAL

The "Blue Jay" extends its sincere congratulations to our Past President, Mr. Doug Gilroy, who was honoured at the Fifteenth International Salon of Nature, held in Buffalo, New York, recently when one of his nature pictures won the first prize medal.

The picture of the House Wren above indicates the type of work he does. Unfortunately we cannot reproduce the pictures here as they should be reproduced. In our last issue we published the Canada Jay, another of his pictures.

For many years Doug has been an enthusiastic naturalist. Armed with a camera which may be manipulated by remote control, gifted with a sense of beauty, stimulated with a love of nature and fortified with an uncanny gift of patience, he sets out from his farm home in the Condie district, ten miles north of Regina and records each winter, spring, summer and fall the changing scenes and the flowering plants, birds and other animals which live in the vicinity.

He has a collection of hundreds of

colored slides and pictures in black and white. His services are in constant demand as a lecturer on his pet hobby, always illustrated with his outstanding slides which are second to none. Good work, Doug. We are proud of you!

### CANADA JAY

Gilroy's picture of the Canada Jay in our last issue has brought to light an interesting story from Andrew Walters, of Frobisher. Mr. Walters had considerable experience with Canada Jays when he was a resident of the Kenora district. He writes:

"Canada Jays seem to have an extraordinary sense for finding food. Here is an instance. I boiled a piece of pork one evening and about 10 p.m. I placed the rind, about four inches square, on the snow by the door. Being hot, it melted right into the snow. During the night about six inches of snow fell and covered it further. Next morning before there was good daylight, I saw a "Whisky Jack" leave the bush a good 150 yards away and fly straight as a line, land on the snow and start digging for the rind. It seemed incredible, but this was actual observation."