



Blue Jay Chatter

Lloyd T. Carmichael, Editor.

It is gratifying to us to watch the slow but steady growth of the Saskatchewan Natural History Society, and the mounting interest in the BLUE JAY. A thousand readers—each one keen about some phase of nature—have joined our friendly circle. As Editor I have enjoyed receiving encouraging letters from these people, and am proud of the opportunity that I have had of writing to so many of them. I have learned that they derive some of the greatest joy in life from simple observations of plants and animals—from natural phenomena and changing seasons. What greater satisfaction is there than that! We all know that therein lies a fountain of perpetual happiness and peace of mind that never can be taken away.

The other day Cliff Shaw, our past president, sent me an article from "The American Mercury", entitled "Down to Earth". It was written by Alan Devoe, and contains many of those thoughts which I have attempted so often to adequately express. I will quote just a paragraph or two:

"A Naturalist has two worlds for contemplation.

One of them is a very large world, the planetary world, this spherical earth of ours, as it might be seen by one standing off somewhere in outer space and taking in the view of the whole slowly turning, slowly circling ball of star-clay, with all its teeming freight of creatures . . . The second world for a naturalist's contemplation is a very different world indeed. It is the world into which he may step, as one going on a safari, by just opening his front door. It is the world, perhaps only a hundred yards long and a hundred yards wide, of his own lawn and garden, in which, instead of a thronging multitude of such strange beasts as elephants and auks, there is perhaps to be found only the one familiar mammal, a chipmunk, or the one homely bird, a sparrow or a bluejay. This second world of a naturalist's contemplation is the immediate world of here and now: "nature" reduced to smallness and intimacy, the parade and pageant of animalland become just *this* animal, on the window-ledge, the time-view contracted to just now, this instant A naturalist has two worlds, the far and the near, the great and the small. In the one he can be a big man and knows lots. In the other he must find himself little and very ignorant. But he can find there, too, adventures for all his days."

Most of us belong to the Little World—in the ways of Nature we feel very small and ignorant. We look up to the expert, the scientist and the technician with admiration. His is the result of intensive study and research. Instead of envying his position, we get satisfaction in the knowledge that we, too, can derive happiness by merely observing the stories that nature unfolds to us in our own back yard, on our meadow and by our roadside.

Forty people contributed to this issue. What a record! I am pleased that a few articles are scientific in nature, but most of them were made by people like you and me, who have discovered in the Little World fascinating facts of life.