

## Nature's School House

juice which he finally begged at mealtime as he went from one person to another.

In the fall, when storage time came, he hid almost every kind of food in his large bed (a box 6'x3'x3', with a nest in one corner). We even picked wild hazelnuts to help him out. The funniest part of all was that there would be two or three nuts in every space and corner of the house, including everybody's hair **and** pockets. The majority of the stuff, however, went into his bed.

We kept him loose in the verandah for the whole summer and fall, only letting him into the kitchen at feeding time. About this time he started chewing holes in the wall, so we figured it was time to let him out, as none of us had the heart to kill him. This we did, and he thoroughly enjoyed his freedom.

Since we live on the very banks of the Cutarm Valley, he would spend most of his time there, only coming home in the morning and at noon to get his nuts and fruit juice, and then in the evening to sleep in his nest in the house. Then one day, for some reason or other, he failed to come for his meal. We never saw "Chipper" again.

He was a very tame fellow. We could play with him and pat him anywhere. What he liked best was for somebody to stretch out a bare arm and let him slide down it—like on a fire-escape. He wasn't afraid of anything. He would tease the dog, and cats endlessly by jumping on them very agilely or biting their tails. Perhaps one of these pranks led to his downfall.

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### A Feeding Block

Geo. M. Hruska, Gerald, Sask.

The accompanying photograph shows a Chickadee sitting on one of my feeding blocks which has holes plugged with lard and tallow. Since I have up to twenty Chickadees at my feeding station there are always one or two birds who are brave enough to eat from my hand, so a close-up picture isn't hard to get.



### A Flicker's Charm

Donald Hooper, Somme, Sask.

To me, the Yellow-shafted Flicker is a very interesting bird. Although he can't sing like a Red-eyed Vireo, there is something charming about the way he emphasizes the words, "flicker, flicker, flicker," as if he were announcing his presence. He is not arrayed in brilliant orange like the Baltimore Oriole, still it is a thrill to see his polka-dot breast, black neck-piece, the brown black-barred back, the red triangle at the back of his head, the white rump, the black V at the base of the tail, and Oh! what a beautiful yellow he shows under his wings and tail as he flies by.

In the summertime as I walked through the pasture I was startled by the rustle of wings. Then I saw a Flicker fly up from an ant hill and glide along, as only woodpeckers can, and land on a distant fence post. He was a majestic silhouette as he made his flicker-call. The event leaves a