

sketches, or photographs. Letters and stories should not exceed 500 words.

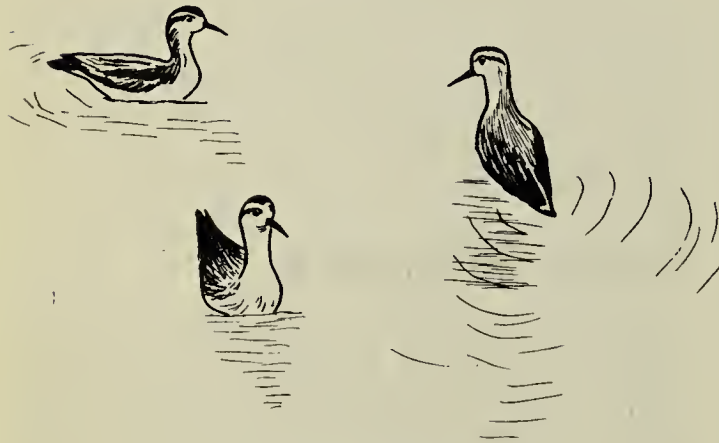
2. All entries must be accompanied by the name, age and address of the sender, and the name of his or her school.

3. Entries should be addressed to Boys' and Girls' Section, *Blue Jay*, 2335 Athol St., Regina. The closing date for the next issue of the *Blue Jay* is January 15, 1958.

PRIZES: Prizes will be donated by the Saskatchewan Natural History Society. Three prizes will be awarded to student entries each issue, provided they are of prize-winning standard. The prize-winners are to select their prize from the following list of books: *The Peterson Field Guide* series (birds, butterflies, mammals, rocks and minerals, trees and shrubs, amphibians and reptiles, ferns, animal tracks), *Budd's Wild Plants of the Canadian Prairies*, *Photography for Teenagers*, *The Bird Watchers*, or a year's subscription to *Canadian Nature*.

Photographing Phalaropes

by Agnes Dobryden, Sanford, Manitoba



PHALAROPE

by Agnes Dobryden

A few weeks ago (mid-Sept.), I spent a most enjoyable afternoon watching four phalaropes in our pond. These birds did not seem the least bit disturbed to have someone watch them and would not retreat when I would come from behind the bushes and into full view.

The phalarope's habit is very amusing. When they are swimming, it actually seems as though they are walking in the water for they constantly jerk their heads forward and back and peck into the water as they swim along.

Seeing that the phalaropes were so exceedingly tame, I decided to go to the house and get the camera. Upon returning, I found the birds still there. But every time I would get the camera focused correctly, a wild rose twig would spring in front and block the view. The twigs were not the only obstacle, for my sister

4. This contest is open to any young person.

5. Entries from students may be sent in by the teacher or by the students themselves.

6. Teachers who send in entries from their pupils also qualify for a prize. One teacher will be chosen each time from among those who have sent in prize-winning entries from their pupils.

tugged on my jacket so that I would not lose my balance and join the phalaropes. Just as the phalaropes began to near our side of the pond, a cloud covered the sun and it soon began to drizzle. With the camera under my jacket, my sister and I waited for the sunshine to come again. When more rain came we edged under a huge willow tree. If we had been seen, someone would have got the impression that we were astronomers scanning the sky. For many cramped minutes we scanned that patch of azure. Finally the sunshine came. I pressed on the shutter—being so relieved that I almost forgot to release it. We then made for the house, on wobbly stiff legs accompanied by numb fingers. I have not as yet had the photographs developed but I am not certain what to expect—a group of phalaropes on a twig of wild rose.

The Blue Jay

by Joel Loseth, age 8,
Shell Lake, Sask.

Once we had a Blue Jay. The dog found him for us. We made a cage for him but he always got out and flew around. At first when the cage was made he couldn't get out. I we opened it he would come out.

One night we could not find him. He came back at 5:00 a.m. On another time we could not find him for a couple of days. And one day we found some Blue Jay feathers. We knew that the cat had caught him.