

A Shrew Report

by Donna Anderson, age 11,
Coderre, Sask.

Our teacher takes the *Blue Jay* magazine. She often reads articles out of it. Today she happened to find a shrew, a tiny little fellow. Its body is about one inch and half long, its tail is about one inch. We were able to identify the shrew from the "Book of Knowledge." This is the second shrew that has been found in the school yard. Our school, Wood Valley No. 4441, is four miles south of Coderre, near Wood River.



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE

by Dan Pawlivisky, age 10, Square Hill, Sask.

A Squirrel's Nest

by Kenneth Howland, age 12,
Adams, Sask.

About two years ago my brother and I found a squirrel's nest. We were walking in the valley and a red squirrel ran out of an old crow's nest and started scolding us. I climbed up the tree and looked at the nest. The squirrel had chewed bark and put it in the crow's nest. Inside the nest there were four little pink squirrels. All the time I was looking at the nest the mother squirrel was running around the trees scolding me.

When we got up to the house we decided to phone and tell Doug Gilroy. When Doug came over to look at the baby squirrels they were gone. The mother must have moved them to another place after we had discovered them. It was too bad he missed them but there's always another time.

NOTE: Doug Gilroy writes a weekly nature column in the *Western Producer*.

A Surprise Visitor

by Joan Anderson, Age 12,
Coderre, Sask.

One lovely autumn day, when the soft fleecy clouds were floating in the sky, the autumn leaves swirling to the ground, we had a visitor.

The day was really too nice to be in school especially when the Nurse was here with her needles!

The school door stood open to let the sunshine in. All at once we heard a flutter and a chirp out on the porch, it announced the entrance of a tiny bird. He settled himself on the school globe. We children said he was looking at the globe to see were he was going to spend the winter!

In a minute we were all excited. We closed the door, captured our frightened visitor with the butterfly catcher, made of a coat hanger and mosquito netting. Poor little fellow, we could feel his little heart pounding. We got out our bird book and identified him as a Redbreasted Nuthatch. We wished him good luck, took him to the door and away he flew.

Strange Noise

by Garry Thompson, Age 15
Rokeby, Sask.

When I was five or six or maybe older I heard a noise in the morning and early at night. It was like Indians playing their war drums, but it would stop and start. I would run in the house and tell them of the strange noise I heard and they would say, "You are hearing things." That's the way it was for a few years.

One night when I was twelve years old, I was taking the cows home. I heard that same noise very close to me. I walked up closer to find it and I saw six Ruffed Grouse with all their black feathers ruffed out around their neck. Their wings were down and their tails all spread out. They were making the drumming sound by filling up their wind bags in their throat and letting the air out, and dancing on the hard cow path.

NOTE: It is not surprising that the noise Garry heard resembled the rhythm of Indian drums. The Plains Indians would imitate the dance of the grouse. As part of their dancing