

costume they would wear a "tail" using grouse feathers in its construction. Their dancing would imitate the dance of the grouse.

Some of the details in Garry's report are a bit confused, which can perhaps be explained by the fact that he reported something he saw several years ago. There are seven species of grouse in Saskatchewan, each with a distinctive mating dance.

The Ruffed Grouse dances alone, choosing as a rule a hollow log. Here he "drums" by rapidly beating the air with his wings. The Ruffed Grouse does not have the air sacs that some of the other grouse have, but does have a ruff of feathers from which it gets its name.

The Sharp-tailed Grouse usually dances in groups. They have air sacs which pump air in and out.

NOTE: The booklet "Sharp-tailed Grouse in Saskatchewan," which is reviewed on page 185, can be obtained by writing:

Conservation and Information Service,
Department of Natural Resources,
Regina, Saskatchewan.

Small But Scary

by Gerald Kreba,
Rokeby, Sask.

One day Dad told me and my brother David to go down the power line and look for fence posts. The power line is a place with lots of bush near our place. As we were walking along we heard a loud screeching noise. We fell to the ground and listened. Then it came again. We decided to get a look at it. I thought it might be a bear, but David said, "Don't be silly."

As we were sneaking along we saw a small bird sitting on a branch. It was smaller than a grouse. David said it was a small grouse but we decided differently when it looked at us. The bird's eyes were like marbles. In its mouth it held a struggling mouse. He was so busy with the mouse we got real close and had a good look at it. I thought it was a kind of owl. When we got home we looked at some pictures and found that our scary friend was a Screech Owl.

NOTE: The Screech Owl is one of our smaller owls and is found in the southern part of the province. Its diet consists almost entirely of small rodents—mice, rats, ground squirrels—and is therefore considered beneficial.

I Wish

By Helen Furtan and Elenor Kon-
echny, White Rose School, Kegworth)

I wish:

I could sing like the meadowlark
in the show.

I could pick a husband like the
Wilson's Phalarope to look after
the children so I could go and
visit the museum every day when
I grow up.

I could run like an antelope.

I could fish like a pelican.

I had a windpipe as long as the
Trumpeter Swan to call with.

I was as pretty as the Trumpeter
Swan.

I had ears as long as the southern
Jack rabbit so I could hear better.

We could all live in towns like the
prairie dogs.

The boy sage hens wouldn't strut
around like that.

I had perfume like the sage brush.

I had long legs like the deer to
jump with.

I was a porcupine with all those
quills to stick somebody when
I'm cross.

I was a skunk, so if boys come
around me I could skunk them.

I was a buffalo to have a thick fur
coat.

But I'm glad:

I'm not a snake having one meal
in two weeks.

I'm not a cowbird eating ticks and
lice off the buffalo.

I'm not a father Wilson's Phalarope
and have to watch the baby birds
alone.

That I went to the Saskatchewan
Museum.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This poem was inspired
by a tour of the Museum made by the pupils
of White Rose School. Guided tours are a
regular part of the Museum's extension program.
For information and application forms write to:

Extension Officer,
Sask Museum of Natural History,
Regina, Saskatchewan.