

word, "Nannyberry". A marker like that really gets you somewhere.

At long last we came upon the little maple we were looking for, its leaves brilliantly scarlet and crimson and orange in the burnished air. Against the sun it looked like a cathedral window. That God should have spoken to Moses from a burn-

ing bush is not the tall tale that some would make it out to be.

The marker said, "Genella, 1896". We stood there looking at it and wishing that we, and all the shifting millions of this rootless machine age, could spend a lifetime in one place, watching a genella maple growing on the lawn.

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## Drying Mushrooms

By E. G. EVASIUK, Q. C.  
Prince Albert, Sask.

We preserve our mushrooms for winter use by canning or freezing them. In canning we sometimes are not so fortunate as some of them spoil.

But if you want to have mushrooms taste "different" try to dry them. If they are dried properly and kept in a dry place they will keep indefinitely and are really delicious.

Ordinarily, you can dry mushrooms out in the sun. First you have to slice them (don't wash) thin and then spread them out on some surface above the ground in order to have a free circulation of air. The surface should be tilted toward the sun. You will be surprised how quickly they will dry.

Last year we hit on a very wet season and drying mushrooms outside was out of the question. We had to resort to artificial means. What we did was to put our mushrooms on a window screen and then suspend our screen immediately over the furnace heat register inside the house. To prevent dissipation of hot air we put pieces of plywood on each side of the screen. This forced the air to go through the screen. As we did not want to heat the rest of the house we shut all other registers and then turned the furnace on. By next morning our mushrooms were dry and ready to store.

## A Wise Mouse

By Wm. E. JASPER, Struan, Sask.

A weasel that we had watched carrying mice from the feed stacks to our woodpile, finally got into the rear of the old barn. One day I noticed him on a shelf just over the back door, where some boxes and tins were kept. A little mouse, not knowing the weasel was around, came out of a knot-hole and sat on the door casement. He was facing away both from the weasel and from the hole. As he sat there, only an inch from the hole, he caught sight of the weasel which had come to the end of the shelf not more than a foot from him.

Now the mouse knew that if he ran the weasel would see him, and one leap would be the end. He seemed to realize too that in turning the weasel might see him and be too fast. So with his eyes watching every movement of the weasel, he started to turn around, but so slowly you could hardly see him move. The weasel seemed to be able to smell him and kept hunting around on the end of the shelf. But when the mouse was quite turned around, "flip" he was gone with a noise that sounded like someone striking the door with a stick. The weasel jumped and ran, and Mr. Mouse was safely down in the wall of the old barn.

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**Dr. Stuart Houston** is taking post-graduate study at the new University Hospital at Saskatoon. His address for the coming year will be: 416 11th Street (P.O. Box 150), Sutherland, Sask.