

## Boys' and Girls' Section

Regina. The deadline  
for the next issue

Field Guides (birds, mammals, etc.)  
and Guides (birds, mammals, etc.)  
Berry's Flower Guide,  
THE BLUE JAY will be  
the best story received for  
attention the judges may  
choose. When submitting  
your choice of prize.  
Contact Dr. Stuart Houston and Cliff

Shaw, of Yorkton, have judged the essays submitted for this issue. The first prize, "The Flight Song of the Prairie Horned Lark" goes to Laverne Wendell; the second prize, "The Two Bluebirds" to Evelyn Mess; the third prize, "Wild Geese" to Bill Greschuk. Field Guides will be mailed to each of these winners.

**Note for Society Members:** Will those willing to donate three dollars as a prize for this or the next contest, please contact Dr. Stuart Houston, Box 278, Yorkton.

### The Two Bluebirds

By EVELYN MESS, Box 189, Saltcoats, Sask.  
Age 13, Grade 7, Chatsworth School

Two bluebirds built their nest in our binder twine box on the binder. They had four blue eggs.

Soon it came time when the men had to cut the grain, and while they were fixing the binder the bluebirds wanted in their nest. So not wanting to destroy the nest, Grandad got another old binder twine box, put the nest in it and hung it up in a tree near the binder.

At first the bluebirds just flew

around it, but soon the male bird got brave and went in the nest for a few minutes. Then the female had a look in. As soon as the men moved the binder, she went in and stayed on the nest. In two days time four little bluebirds had hatched. Soon they learned to fly. They stayed around till it was time to go south. They were so interesting I hope they come back next year.

### Wild Geese

By BILL GRESCHUK, Box 235, Two Hills, Alberta  
Age 13, Grade 7, Two Hills School

My story will deal with wild geese. One incident is very unusual. The other is very interesting.

About three years ago wild geese nested by our lake. This in itself was not unusual except for the fact that one goose made her nest on a tree. We all watched with interest. The eggs were laid and the "setting" had begun. In due time the eggs hatched and the nest was full of hungry goslings. We waited with keen anticipation for the time that the goslings would be ready to leave the nest. We wanted to see how they would get down the tree. The very thought of missing that sight was a veritable nightmare. Well most everybody thought that the goslings

would remain in the nest till they were ready to fly. I thought so too. But I was wrong and I was very, very lucky, for I was, so to speak, on the ground floor when it was time for the goslings to leave the nest. I was awakened one morning very early, because the calves got out. One was by the tree where the goslings were. When I got to the calf, I saw how the goslings got down from the nest. They were pushed off by the mother and fell to the ground unhurt.

Last fall I noticed a very beautiful wild goose panorama. The geese were migrating. A first wave came along and flew over our house. Then they  
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