

blue-gray with a bright red-brown on the back.

We watched for a quarter of an hour then all the Hungarian Partridges went between two evergreen trees and huddled together, like chickens, for warmth. One kept walking around hunting for danger. Suddenly they all flew away. What startled them, we don't know.

"The Coyote"

by Alice Bawron, Anglia, Sask.

Faintly the rising moon,
Etches against the sky
A tawny statue on a hill
His silvery coat
Catching the starlight
As he stands, alone and still.

Kitzman School Nature Hike, March 17

sent in by Mrs. Alice J. Wardlaw, Rhein, Sask., as told to her by the pupils.

(Ed. note: only part of the report is given here. The entire report was too long to publish.)

The Grades 1, 2, 3 and teacher went south from the school. We followed the fence walking on the snow drifts. We saw tracks of rabbits, prairie chickens and dogs. They looked like this



Above the snow we picked up a milkweed or maybe a golden rod stock with a round white ball with a hole in it, where the worm had come out. We carried home a heavy pink and grey rough stone for our museum. The snow banks were three to four feet high, bigger than we were. We went sliding down them and got all wet because the day was warm and the snow was melting. Sometimes our feet broke through and we had fun getting out.

The boys went southeast across a field. Around the bushes were grouse or prairie chicken tracks and in the bushes were rabbit runs, little paths made by the rabbits through the bush. In the field were

holes where the wild grouse had been sleeping. We saw two bush rabbits. Their ears were brown. Also in the bush we saw a crow's nest and picked rabbit fluff off the trees.

By the side of a slough in the bullrushes were three blackbirds' nests. We took one to take to school but the boy that was carrying it let it fall and left it.

We brought back three stones. One seems to be pink gneiss and one grey gneiss, the larger stone was evidently fire formed because it is smooth hard flinty substance with holes and folds in it.

The girls went north. First we heard a chickadee singing beautifully. Then we saw some big fat pussy willows fully out. In the clumps of shrubs and willows were some branches with brown cones on top. Many branches had a brittle suety black growth on them. One willow branch had a fresh growth under the bark. We took it to school. There was also a round gall on it with several tiny holes in the ball.

Patsy saw two grouse. The first rose off the ground with its tail spread out, the other's tail was not spread. We didn't notice the pattern of the feathers.

A tree with a slit in it had sap running from it. In the undergrowth were many willows upon which the rabbits had been feeding. Under a clump of willows was a rabbit shelter and many rabbit runs through the bush.

In the middle of a big bush we found a decayed tree stump. We broke off a piece and took it with us. It was full of holes. In one hole was a black beetle or bug. It was all numb but when we worried it it moved its legs. Among the things we took back to school were some moss, a hard smooth growth from a tree, a rough grey crinkly substance growing on the bark and a twig with stringy gray-green stuff growing in a bunch on it. The twig was dried and dead.

Under another tree was a pile of small oval shaped balls with feathers in them, grey in colour and about an inch long. Maybe they were owl pellets.

We brought three nests back to school with us for our museum. One was built of fine grass in an up-

right fork of a branch from a tree. The other two are hanging nests. One is loosely constructed of straws and lined inside with fine grass, but too small to be an oriole nest, the other is a sturdy round nest built of fine grass and covered with a stiff, sticky white cotton-like substance which gives this nest its trim strength. Maybe these are vireos' nests, but what kind?

A Gyrfalcon Observation

by Jacob H. Jmaeff, Kamsack, Saskatchewan

On March 29, 1959, I observed what I believed to be a Gyrfalcon in its white phase.

We were driving by car in an area five miles south, one and a half miles east of the town of Kamsack. We saw a white bird sitting on a fence post.

As the car approached the bird took flight and flew northward. As it took flight we noticed its complete white coloration and pointed wings.

When we arrived home I consulted the Peterson Field Guide series and concluded that the bird was a Gyrfalcon in its white phase.

"Rabbits' Picnic"

by Marjorie Wardlaw, age 6, Rhein, Sask.

One night when we were coming to the school with the truck we saw about thirty big jack rabbits playing on the snowbanks. The truck lights scared them and they all ran away, some one way and some another way.

A Strange World

by Wayne Bernakevitch, age 11, Kelliher, Sask.

This happened in the year 1958, July 23. Some of my friends and I were out walking in the bushes, when all of a sudden we heard a noise. We looked up and in a tree we saw a duck's nest and about ten feet away a magpie's nest. One of my friends climbed up and looked at the magpie's nest; there were babies in it and from that location we could see a mother duck sitting on her eggs. When she saw us she flew away. Then I told my friend in the tree the mother of the baby magpies was coming, so he got down and we all went away, but we all wondered why the magpie didn't harm the duck.



CHICKADEE

Gail Dereniwsky, Age 8,
Grade 3, Kitzman School.

Howling Coyote

by Eunice Gawdun, age 7, Calder, Sask.

One morning in March I saw a coyote in an open field. He sat down, lifted his head up and began to howl. His colour is gray. He looked just like a dog.

The Porcupine

by Mildred Bcon, age 11, Maryfield, Sask.

One day while we were looking out of a school window, we saw a black spot which looked much like a stone. Then it moved!

After school three of us went out to investigate. Approaching it we saw it was a porcupine. We slowed, wondering if it was really true that a porcupine could throw quills. He ambled over to a clump of willow, then rolled up into a ball. One of us went back to school for a camera. We wanted to see his face, so we threw a snowball at him. All it did was slap its tail. But once he looked up, then we snapped a picture. Finally we got up courage enough to go as close as a yard to him. When he didn't throw any quills at us we decided he couldn't. But I still wonder if you tamed a porcupine could you pet him? However, none of us were quite that brave.