

let it out. The wren was so fast that it flew out of the window into the living room. Then it started to fly against the windows. I caught it and took it outside. I let it go.

A Baby Owl by **Donna Matkowsky**: One day my father came from the barn with an owl. I asked him where he found it. He said he found it in the hayloft. We put the owl in a cage. We fed him raw meat. One morning when I went to feed the owl I found that it was dead.

An Owl by **Joan Popiels**: One day my father went into the bush. He found a baby owl. When he came home we put the owl in a big box. We fed him liver and eggs. Whenever I came to feed him he would snap his beak. One day I caught him. His wing was bitten up. I washed it. The next day we let him go. He flew away.

A Downy Woodpecker by **Stella Holinaty**: One day last year when I was walking along the road I found a woodpecker. It was hurt. I picked it up and found that it had a broken wing. I took it home, washed its wing and bandaged it. The next day I took the bandage off and the bird's wing was healing. I washed the wing and put a clean bandage on.

I was painting with yellow paint and the little woodpecker got some yellow on his feathers. I let it go the next day. The woodpecker came back this year. If you are wondering how I recognized it, it had some yellow on its feathers.

A Killdeer by **Iris Simon**: One day a killdeer was making a lot of noise. I was looking around to see what was wrong. All of a sudden I found a nest. I saw a killdeer near the nest. I

looked closer and saw it was a killdeer nest. When I came back the babies were gone. I felt very sorry for them. Next day they were flying around.

Yellow Warbler's Nest by **Rosemary Nemeth**: One spring day I went on a nature hike. I saw a Yellow Warbler. I knew it might have a nest so I looked and looked until I found it. There was one egg in the nest. Then there were two, then three. The eggs were light blue with brown spots. I could hardly wait until they hatched. The nest was made of wool, lined with wool and grass. I hope they come back next spring.

Wasps by **Colleen Shewchuk**: One day my brother went to the garage and saw a wasp nest. He started poking the nest with a stick. The wasps started flying around. An hour or two later my father drove into the garage and got out of the car and a wasp stung him. A few days later I went into the garage and the wasps were gone. I looked for the nest but I couldn't find it.

Picking Mushrooms by **Debby Gingaza**: My father and I went picking mushrooms. We could not find any so we went farther into the bush. We saw a nest on the ground so we started to investigate it. There were some eggs in the nest but dad and I knew that it would be wrong to take any of the eggs. The mother partridge came up behind us. She thought that we were going to take the eggs. She was very, very, very mad at us. She started doing just about everything you can think of to us. We were lucky enough to make it back to the car.

Notes from Letters

OBSERVATIONS OF A LARK BUNTING'S NEST

Lark Buntings have been very prevalent in our area in the past few years. I notice that they return to this area much later than most birds, and fly about in large flocks for some time prior to breaking up to nest.

This past year I taught in one of the few remaining rural schools which borders the Great Sandhills south of Portreeve and Lancer. The large school yard was allowed to grow to wild grass and weeds. One day the children found a Lark Bunting's nest built neatly in a patch of

sagebrush. We visited it daily until the closing of school on June 30, at which time there had been seven blue eggs for a week or more.

I lived during the week at the teacherage in the school yard and could walk over to see the nest. One evening I was surprised to find the male bird fly up off the nest. He flew to the fence and sat there for a few moments, then the mother bird flew back to him from the field. They greeted one another very affectionately for a moment, and as I had moved some distance from the nest, the mother bird flew directly to it and dropped into the grass. I couldn't help noticing during the many times I visited the nest, that I had to move only a short distance away for the mother bird to fly directly to the nest—not like other birds who try to avoid the nest when anyone is near.—*Mrs. Marie Peterson, Shackleton.*

THE ORPHAN

In mid-June, 1966, children brought a very young fledging Horned Lark to us. We were unable to discover the



Photo by Mrs. Brodie
Orphan Horned Lark

location of the nest so all our attempts to return it to its parents were unsuccessful. There was nothing else to do but hand-raise it and hope it would survive.

We fed it by eyedropper, a lukewarm gruel of boiled and sieved peas, beans, corn, barley and egg yolk. Surprisingly it survived. We gradually introduced small insects into the diet. Grasshoppers were a favorite, and all the neighbors' children kept a good supply on hand.

In time the bird learned to peck by itself. The beak, however, did not grow evenly and eventually top and bottom mandibles crossed over to such an extent it could not peck. We had to cut the beak with nail clippers. Obviously we were not feeding it the proper foods. A piece of cuttle bone, which it uses often, helps, but we still have to trim the bill every two or three weeks.

As wing and tail feathers started to grow the young bird learned to keep its balance and walked and ran actively around the room. We took it outside to teach it to fly. These attempts were proving fairly successful when, unluckily, a tangle with a cat left it with a badly mangled wing. Our hopes for an early release were gone. By the time the wing mended it was September and migration was beginning. We tried several times to release it near flocks of Horned Larks. Our bird would take off and fly strongly with the wind only to crash land a few spirals later. It did not seem to be able to take off from the ground.

We concluded that this one could not be returned to the wild. It is now four months old, a healthy, alert, handsome bird. It is not confined to a cage but is free in the one room. It is not interested in a water bath but it loves rolling and frolicking in fine sand which is always available. It is a regular show-off with an audience.

We feel badly that this "orphan" was taken from its nest and that we have been unable to return it to the wild.—*Joanne Brodie, Moose Jaw.*

PARTIAL ALBINO CANADA GOOSE

Fourteen miles north of Yorkton, Saskatchewan, there is a little lake known as Goose Lake. It was here, on May 21, 1966 that I first sighted a Canada Goose with partial albino colouring. At a distance the body of the goose appeared perfectly white, with black neck and white cheek. However, on May 28, I was able to come within approximately 125 feet and to observe this bird with field glasses. Gray specks could be seen along its back, fading down around the side, with some black in the tail. Its neck was dark gray with white streaks. The cheek seemed to show a wider patch of white than normal, and I was able to see a white patch on its forehead. At this time I was able to photograph the bird, using a 400mm lens.

I continued to observe this bird through the summer, finding that it would never associate with the main flock of eight Canada Geese that spent the summer at the lake. It could always be found at the north end, either on the water or grazing on the young grass just 300 yards from the water's edge.

On June 18, to my surprise, I found this goose with its normal-coloured



Telephoto by Larry Morgotch
Partial albino Canada Goose

mate, along with five young. Seeing the bird with its mate allowed a good comparison of the colourings. The young appeared normal in colour, resembling the other young on the lake. The pair and the five young later joined the main flock of Canada Geese, which then consisted of five pairs and a total of 19 young. By the middle of August, a total of 75 geese were counted. Once I observed them feeding along the edge of a wheat field just 100 feet from shore, picking the heads of grain that was still green. The white goose was among them.

It will be interesting to note the spring arrivals next year to see if the white goose will return to Goose Lake.—*Larry A. Morgotch*, 15A Bradbrooke Apts., Yorkton.

RODENTS PREYING ON BIRDS

House Wrens and Mountain Bluebirds nesting in birdhouses in our locality meet some difficulty from Red Squirrels and even, in a few cases, from Least Chipmunks. I have seen a squirrel emerging from a birdhouse containing a bluebird nest, and a chipmunk sitting on a House Wren birdhouse. In both cases the eggs inside the nest-box were destroyed. Squirrels often gnaw out a larger entrance to House Wren nest-boxes. I have overcome this danger by attaching a metal plate with a hole which allows only the wren to pass through. The carnivorous tendencies of Red Squirrels and Least Chipmunks were noticed only in the spring and early summer when apparently the food supply of these animals is limited.—*Bohdan Pylypec*, Yellow Creek.

1966 PRAIRIE NEST RECORDS

You are reminded that nest records for the 1966 season should be sent to the

PRAIRIE NEST RECORDS SCHEME

Saskatchewan Natural History
Society
Box 1121, Regina, Sask.

If you need more nest record cards, write to the same address.

LEPIDOPTERA (Cont. from p. 196)

For a detailed description of the climate and topography of the Perry River area the reader is referred to Hanson, Queneau and Scott (1956). The weather during the period in which this collection was made was generally sunny and clear during the day with maximum temperatures around 60°F. The entire collection was made in close proximity to the Perry River from its mouth to about 15 miles inland.

LIST OF SPECIES

- MELISSA ARCTIC, *Oeneis melissa* Fabr.
—one male and three females. One specimen, a male, of *O. m. semplei* Gibs. was also collected.
- ROSS' ALPINE, *Erebia rossii* Curt. — one specimen, a male. This species was also recorded by Hanson, *et al* (1956).
- ARCTIC FRITILLARY, *Boloria chariclea* Schneid — one specimen, a male. This species was also recorded by Hanson *et al* (1956).
- POLARIS FRITILLARY, *Boloria polaris* Bdv. — three males.
- FRIGGA, *Boloria frigga* Thun. — two males and two females.
- DINGY FRITILLARY, *Boloria improba* Butl. — two males.
- HECLA ORANGE, *Colias hecla* Lef. — two males and four females.
- NASTES SULPHUR, *Colias Nastes* Bdv. — one specimen, a female.
- Aspilates orciferarius orciferarius* Wlk. — two males and one female.
- Dasyuris polata* Dup. — one male.
- RICHARDSON'S ANARTA, *Anarta richardsonii* Curt. — one female.
- Sympistis labradorius* Staud. — one female.

The scientific names used in this list follow McDunnough (1938, 1939) and the vernacular names are taken from Holland (1898, 1904) and Klots (1960).

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CORRECTION

In the June, 1966, *Blue Jay* in the article on the Gray Jay by Joyce L. Smith editorial manipulation has introduced some error in the first paragraph on page 68. Riding Mountain National Park and the Spruce Woods Forest Reserve are the boreal forest sections within the parkland of south-western Manitoba, but Agassiz, Sandilands, Whiteshell, and Northwest Angle Forest Reserves are part of the continuous boreal forest in eastern Manitoba.—*The Editor*.

APOLOGIES!

In the last issue of the *Blue Jay* (Vol. 24:155) we failed to give credit for the note on the impaled bat. This note was submitted by Mr. A. J. Hruska, Gerald, Saskatchewan. Please accept our apologies for this omission.—*The Editor*.

"BANDING" INSECTS

Greetings to all *Blue Jay* members. The September Newsletter of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists asks us to watch for "banded" dragonflies. My wife and I have helped Dr. Urquhart of Toronto with his study of Monarch Butterfly migration for about 15 years.—*Frank J. Throm*, Overland Park, Kansas.

MOCKINGBIRD AT BLADWORTH

On June 29, 1966, I was looking at the weed situation in the crop when a slender bird with a long tail appeared from the east. It landed on a willow for a few seconds and then continued west. It had very noticeable white wing and tail patches and the body was greyish. I am sure it was a Mockingbird.—*Lawrence Beckie*, Bladworth.