

because of its bright red color and also the quantity produced. One afternoon I was working out front when I happened to glance up the street. There must have been more than 100 Cedar Waxwings attacking the shrub and how they avoided collisions, I'll never know. However, they appeared to have satisfied their appetites and came to rest on a rather large shade tree in front of the house where we lived. The fruit must have been somewhat laxative because our lawn was less attractive after they left!

AN OVATION FOR OLD SOL

by Evelyn Meader

Some days my world is sunshine right. This is one of those days. The yards thick smooth coverlet of snow has a pair of irregular trails, curved where the dog has roamed after tantalizing odors, blotched where she has rolled and punctuated where she has bounded after intruding crows. A sun which once inspired worship and still could, beams from a gentle blue sky onto a washday-white world. Only tall dark trees dare to imprint their dark lines and grey shadows on the bleached landscape.

The sun's heat creates a stream of melted snow, splashing from the roof as if, above, a tap has opened. An active red-naped woodpecker scurries about in the old pear tree, bustling from bark bugs to suet log to feeder treats in a flurry of frenetic feeding. Cars glide silently along a distant road. Patches of snow-free ice on the bay gleam with the sheen of a mirror.

Only the splash of a small snow-fed waterfall and the sun-expanding creaks of our old farmhouse, forever settling into the scene, reach the ears. It's as well that sounds are sparse because the flow of visual stimulation leads my eyes to drink and drink until this one sense alone floods the capacity to absorb any more of Nature's stimulation.

Unlike the woodpecker, not aware of future benefits, urgently feeding for the moment, I can easily quaff enough of this scenic performance to satisfy the present observation. There will be many seasonal encores of natural theatrical spectacles staged by our solar director. As I remain standing in the window my spirit soars. Old Sol's production, this day, deserves a salute.

NEWS FROM ABOUT

compiled by Dan McAskill

Amidst field trips, a juried Nature Art Show, a Family Night, and work to preserve a fescue grassland, the Saskatoon NHS produces a "Nature Notes" column in the Star-Phoenix Sunday edition three times a month. (adapted from The Blue Jay News, Issue 86, January 1991)

For the serious birder, six authors have completed the first 2 volumes of "The Birds of British Columbia". These books feature "a comprehensive summary of all historic and current information" on the 266 non-passerine species in B.C. The 3rd and 4th volumes will appear later. They are available from The Blue Jay Bookshop, Sub P.O. 8, 1210 - 7th Ave. North, Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 2W2 for \$99 plus \$8 for shippings and handling. (adapted from Blue Jay News, Issue 86, January 1991).



The April, 1989 issue of the Slasher, Newspaper of the Forestry Commission in Great Britain, announced a 5,000 pound prize for the fifth annual Laurant-Perrier Champagne Award for Wild Game Conservation. This is certainly a proactive way to award outstanding work in game conservation.

The Canadian Wildlife Federation's Habitat 2000 challenge to improve 50 acres (200,000 sq. meters) was accepted by a number of Scout groups. The 1st Carievale Wolf Cubs, Saskatchewan, constructed and placed both an owl nest platform and a Canada Goose platform. Toronto's 65th Grenadier Beavers cleaned