

Prizes For Pastels

We had cool weather late in January, when goldfinches were still rearing broods. I watched a nest for a while. The feathers of the young birds do not take much time to grow. You can hardly hear anything for the chirping of young sparrows here now. Many of these nests were blown down, but most of them were empty. The hens scratched the nests to pieces, and woe betide any young bird found by them. I would like to have pen-friends in other States. My age is 16 years. I have been writing to one in Victoria for over two years now, and regard her more as a friend than someone I have never seen. My sister has a pen-friend in Canada, who sent her a bookmark that she had made herself out of a certain kind of bark. When at school I won third prize at the Royal Show for a drawing (in pastels) of a Common Garden Pest and its history. I still have the drawing. I also won other prizes with pastel drawings at our own show. I drew a red lorry parrot one year. — Doreen Spencer ("Swamp View," Myamyn, Vic.)

* * * *

Strange Light In The Sky

One night, when I was coming home after the round of my traps, there came a flash of light like lightning. I looked up, and over in the south-west a small star apparently increased in size. Then down it fell, seeming to cut a hole in the sky, or leave a trail behind it like smoke or fire. This streak, whatever it was, remained visible for about an hour, then faded right away. Could it have been a fire-ball? — Harold Mills (Kurtzing, Vic.).