

Autumn came. Waterfowl were winging south. A decision had to be made. The day came when the gander marshalled the young geese, sprang into the air and led them on their long flight south. Flapping futilely with her one good wing, the forsaken goose tried to follow, then watched as her family vanished from her view.

Winter came -- and passed. Snow and ice melted from field and pond. The few wintering ducks and geese again dabbled in the water. Honking V's of north-bound geese began to pass overhead; some dropped into the pond for food and rest.

One day a tumult of rejoicing clamor broke the quiet of the sanctuary. The gander had returned !

Years went by - ~~7~~ ^{twelve} at least. Each fall the gander and his young offspring flew south. Each spring came that day when the ecstatic commotion of welcome would break forth. The people at the sanctuary would hear it and share in the gladness.

Inevitably the break came. In 1973, the goose disappeared, to places unknown. The gander returned as usual, but the joyful welcome was not awaiting him. He remained at the pond, unattached, until the call came to head south again. This little tale certainly exemplifies the fidelity of Canada Geese to their mates, even under rather trying circumstances.

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