

# 1987 rambling - literal & literary

BY MARGARET E. MALLET

My major 1987 rambling began on June 27 with the trip to Monticello to share a treasure known to Arlene and Paul McGuigan. We were at Monticello before 11 a.m. When the group gathered we drove inland and then walked along a woodland trail for our first ever view of the rare Yellow Lady's Slipper - shining in the noonday sun. The plants were scattered in little groups about a clearing and afforded a choice of subjects to several photographers.

The day was still young when we got back to the road. The three in my car were out to make a day of it, and we continued east to Naufrage - that's French for "Shipwreck" - and then on to St. Margaret's where we turned north to the old St. Margaret's Cemetery.

The sign at the entrance reads: Established 1805; Abandoned 1895; Restored 1974. In the field across the road is a squarish spruce grove, probably the site of the first St. Margaret's Church which was moved inland many years ago to where the present church now stands. The old church and the parochial residence were burned to the ground at its new site on June 10, 1921, in a forest fire.

At this point someone said it was lunchtime. A glance at the map told me it was about 10 miles to Campbell's Cove Provincial Park, so we began to look for an old-fashioned picnic spot instead. Right away we came to a barren field with not much but some bayberry bushes. We drove in and stepped out of the car into a large patch of strange little plants such as we had never seen before.

They were about 6 inches tall, with insignificant whitish florets in clusters at the top of plant; with alternate, simple, oblong leaves all the way up the stem. As usual, some specimens went into the trunk into a dish of water - for identification at home - so I thought.

After lunch we continued along the North Shore Road to East Point arriving about 2:30 just as the "Lucy Maud Montgomery" was heading out to the Magdalens.

Travelling homeward along the east coast it was a windy day at Red Point Provincial Park and at Souris Beach Provincial Park. At Dingwell's Mills we took Route 4 through Dundas. At Bridgetown we found protection from the wind in a kitchen shelter in the Boughton River Park and ate another lunch. We were back in Charlottetown at 7:30.

Attempting to identify our new plant got me nowhere except onto the wrong track.

On Monday my long-suffering botanist friends were stumped by our little plant - temporarily, at least. Bruce MacLaren told me to press it for a week and send it to Dr. Catling at the Dominion Experimental Farm in Ottawa.

The following Saturday, July 4, was square-bashing day for the Maritimes Breeding Bird Atlas. I elected to go to the Hermanville 10-kilometer square on the north shore of Kings County, east of St. Margaret's. At 8:30 a.m. Joyce and I were waiting at Harmony Junction watching a snipe which sat quietly on a pole even after Gerald, Arlene and Paul drove up. We spent most of the morning at the Townsend Woodlot looking for confirming evidence of nesting. The most memorable observation was a Yellow-



Comandra  
umbellata