



THANKS

Renewal and new memberships have been coming in fairly steadily in the new year. We want those early renewers to know their promptness is appreciated beyond words. We are convinced it is mainly FORGETFULNESS that causes many other persons to be late payers. Maybe they

need a friend to remind them, or a talking bird. Memberships are available (and renewable) from Margaret Mallett, 53 Fitzroy St., Charlottetown, C1A 1R4 (894-9595).

PLEASE NOTE: The deadline for the next issue of the Island Naturalist will be Tuesday, May 6. Stories or sightings can be brought to the NHS meeting that evening. Thanks to all who contributed to this issue and to Ruth Richman for doing the headlines.

Geese live dangerously

A letter from NHS past-president Jane Symmes of Bonshaw sheds a bit more light on the famous (infamous?) geese in Bonshaw. Jane writes:

To add to Geoff Hogan's article about the geese in Bonshaw (Jan/Feb issue): The geese are still around on the river. Nobody seems to have claimed them back for their barnyards.

They were unsuccessful in raising any young last season - their nest site was flooded out in late spring. They spent the summer puddling around the river in the vicinity of the bridge - even venturing to play on the yellow line occasionally. (Amazingly, truckers charging the hills either side of Bonshaw would stop for the geese!)

Just last week, the geese decided to really live dangerously. About 8:30 a.m. they were seen waddling down the middle of the snow-covered road - heading towards Crosby's Pond (it's very hard to spot a White goose against the snow, even harder when it's decided to sit down in the middle of the road! The male was hurrying along to keep up with "wifey" and was having a terrible time slipping all over. They looked pretty tired, having waddled $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the Trans-Canada to our place.

I didn't really enjoy watching them playing at "sitting ducks" so decided to take a can of seed and try and shoo them off the road. They weren't terribly thrilled to see me - the gander had his neck stretched to its limit hissing at me. But I just gave him as good as I got and hustled them down towards the pond, where they plopped into the running stream and paddled off.

Talking to a neighbour who'd seen them earlier in the morning, I realized they spent the best part of an hour to walk (sort of!) from the Trans-Canada down to Crosby's Pond ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile). Luckily for the geese, the snow plow didn't pass by til later in the day!

I'll keep an eye on them this spring and let you know if they are successful with a nest this year - whether they learned their lesson last year and build a nest on higher ground this year.

Jane Symmes