

# LET'S DO IT!

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To the Editor, and all our good friends of the Blue Jay:

Let's put the Blue Jay over! It can be done.

Last April, when the bills were out for Ralph Stueck's delightful evening here, it occurred to us "maybe there are some memberships to be picked up." Result: Between then and now we have gathered in no less than 151 new members, merely by invitation except for the very odd case.

Admittedly we are fortunately placed, in that the repair business brings in visitors from over quite a wide area, including Western Manitoba, and nearly all over South Eastern Saskatchewan. Through this we find that a surprising number of folks have a latent (if not active) interest in natural things. Out of our total, no less than 38 are from outside the immediate district; Wapella, Moosomin, Welwyn, Whitewood, Tantallon, Spy Hill, one from Saskatoon, one from Regina (3 blocks from our Editor's home!) and several from Manitoba.

Equal or better results are waiting in every area and district, for we really haven't "covered" the territory. There are still many more to be picked up. The majority of folks, we find, just have to be invited to join us: our usual approach is; "So-and-So, I think here is something you would like to share with us," or similar words, stressing that it is entirely non-profit to anybody; an invitation affair, and that most are contributing rather than "getting" from it. Very frequently parents will mention how interested their children are in wild things.

This could simply mean that, within a matter of months only we could have a Membership and Subscriber list up in the Tens of Thousands, and this is no dream. All we need to "put it over" is one or two enthusiasts in each area, folks who are fairly well known and are sold on the thing, to talk to their friends and acquaintances.

Seems to us, more and more, that the primary need, key to the success of our Natural History Society is, to **get a Blue Jay into every home!**

**Let's do it,** and "drown" our Editor and Secretary in new subscriptions!

Editor's Note: Congratulations to the Symons. The Society appreciates the splendid work you have been doing. It is our hope that the example you have set will be immediately copied by other enthusiasts throughout the West.

## LENDING A HELPING HAND

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she was very light and then saw that both eyes were completely closed.

Poor, blind goose! What should I do with it? I took it home and showed it to the folks. They told me that it might be diseased and that I should take it back. It would not eat wheat or barley. I put it on a creek bank. Two hours later that evening it was in the same place.

Next morning I could not find it, but while walking around the spot I heard geese honking. I could see one adult goose rise, then

another, but as if they were tied to something. Up they would rise about six or seven feet, then down a little — honking all the time.

Soon two other smaller ones were up. Finally a smaller one yet arose. It looked to me as if they were lending a helping hand (or should I say, a helping wing) to the blind one. When they reached fifty feet they all headed west. This all took place about four hundred feet from the spot on the creek bank where I placed it.

I stood on the bank bewildered, marveling that the Canada Goose — wild we call it — should take such great care of its handicapped offspring.