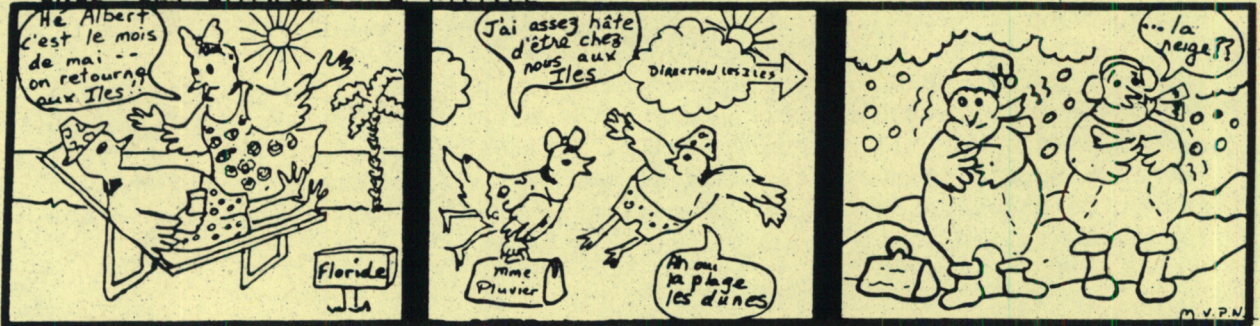


reinforce the "Do Not Disturb" request on the signs by making the same request in person on days in which human disturbance is high. Volunteers will be asked to attend an evening workshop and to donate 20 hours of time to the project during the May to July period. To help identify Plover Guardians to the general public, we hope to provide a jacket, T-shirt, and ball cap with an identifying insignia. If you can donate 20 hours of your time to help conserve the Island's only nesting endangered species, please forward your name and address to Stephen Flemming, c/o Canadian Wildlife Service, P.O. Box 1590, Sackville, N.B. E0C 3C0. We will promptly provide you with more information. This project is co-sponsored by the Halifax Field Naturalists, Island Nature Trust, and Canadian Wildlife Service. Thanks for your help!

Chez Les Siffleurs: L'Arrivée



THE SPRING

by Jack Gallant

The Island is a land of springs: they emerge from every hillside - clear and ice-cold. Unlike those on the mainland, the Island's springs don't dry up in the summer, but run year round, thanks to the Island's foundation of sandstone and its regular plentiful rainfall.

This particular spring was at the bottom of the hill which sloped down from the farmhouse. It had supplied the family with water when they first moved onto the land, until a pump was installed behind the house. The spring had been dug out and a wooden box installed around it, forming a reservoir from which one could dip a pail of water. The overflow spilled through a notch in the top edge of the box forming a small waterfall from whence it found its way into the tiny brook which ran along the bottom of the hill down to the river.

With the installation of the pump, the family, except for the boy, forgot the spring. He found it endlessly fascinating. He would crouch over it, watching the grains of sand dancing on the bottom, pushed up by the incoming water. It was a wondrous thing to him that under the solid hill was a vast pool of water, sufficient to keep the spring flowing forever.

The small waterfall from the box was even more interesting. He soon found a way to make a waterwheel from the top whorl of branches of a small fir tree, with the trunk as the axle and the branches trimmed to form paddles, but it had seemed like a complicated task for a nine-year old. Finally he found a simple solution: he selected a small fir tree whose top whorl of branches were regularly spaced around the trunk, like the spokes on a wheel. He cut off the top section and trimmed it so that he had a good waterwheel. He had it supported on two forked sticks, placed so that the paddles on one side were in the waterfall, and the little wheel spun at a good speed, throwing off a fan of shining droplets.