



ALBERTA AWAKES

By Myrna Kostash

THE cliches of the prairie landscape are cliches only to those who don't live there. To those who live their lives out on this stupendous land the earth is crawling in colours and contours, textures and subtle energy. It is only an Easterner, say, who would look at the land lying east of Calgary and call it dead, dusty, faded and boring. It is only a remarkable insensitivity to the habits of the earth which sustains

the cliché of prairie monotony. In the Cypress Hills, thousands of cactus plants bloom in yellow flowers in July. Near Hinton, there are stands of white poplar, straight, slender, immaculate white trees. In mid-August, the barley fields near Edmonton flow yellow in the bushy tops and golden-green in the stems. Near Peace River the overturned earth is black—not red or brown, black. And everywhere in Alberta in the