

## THE MANY THINGS OF SPRING

Finally, like sugar cubes in hot coffee, the packed snows of winter have melted before our very eyes, the sun-god has stamped the northern hemisphere *This Side Up* for another six months, and household fumaces across the land have gone into their slack season. Spring is here.

Out on the West Coast, where they have a head-start on the rest of Canada in beginning the new year, the "flower-children" in Vancouver's Stanley Park are already wearing daffodils in their hair, lawns are alive with power-mowers and the older folk are strolling through the cathedral atmosphere of the tall trees. But the other provinces are also astir. White-throated sparrows are repeating *Love...Canada, Canada, Canada* in eastern thickets, frog ponds are alive with denizens suddenly active after months of deep sleep in frozen mudbanks and turtles lazily sun themselves on log and rock-shelf.

A young motorcyclist, on his gleaming machine, roars down a city street free at last of ice, and a horseman urges his mount's eager hooves along the moss-carpeted trails of a rural parkland. Nearby, amid the rustling stillness of a duck swamp, men with time for such things, pole a rickety boat from tree to tree and, with ladder and ropes, fix high on each trunk an outsize nesting box, ready for the beautifully-coloured wood ducks soon to come that way.

In the orchards, peach and apple trees are pruned, seedlings planted in neat rows and new areas added to the vineyards. Farmers sow their crops in the sweet-smelling soil, cattle are let out to graze over rolling pastureland and the young animals come forth to continue nature's pageant.

On the slipways of marinas and yacht clubs an army of boating enthusiasts is busy with paintbrush and needle and palm, making all shipshape for next week-end, when they will once more hear the slap of wavelets against racing hull.

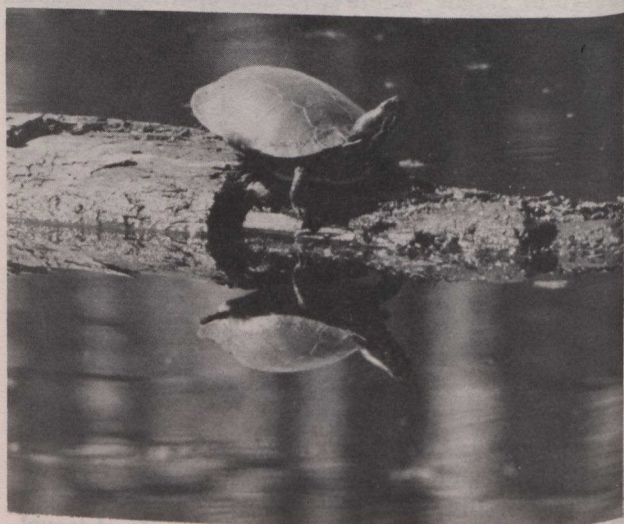
The garden shops are bustling with thousands of greenthumbed men and women, golf balls are selling like hot cakes, camping equipment that would make the old "sourdoughs" turn in their graves is shown in sporting-goods stores, and here and there a parent, remembering a less-sophisticated past, buys a small child a modest bag of "glass alleys" to flip among the automated barbecue equipment on the patio.

And all across Canada are the subtle scents, the sweet sights of growth and resurgence and the harmonious sounds of a new year of life beginning afresh. Spring is come upon the land.

(From National Film Board Photostory No. 491.)



*Getting ready to set up a nesting-box for wild ducks.*



*Turtle stretches in the sun.*