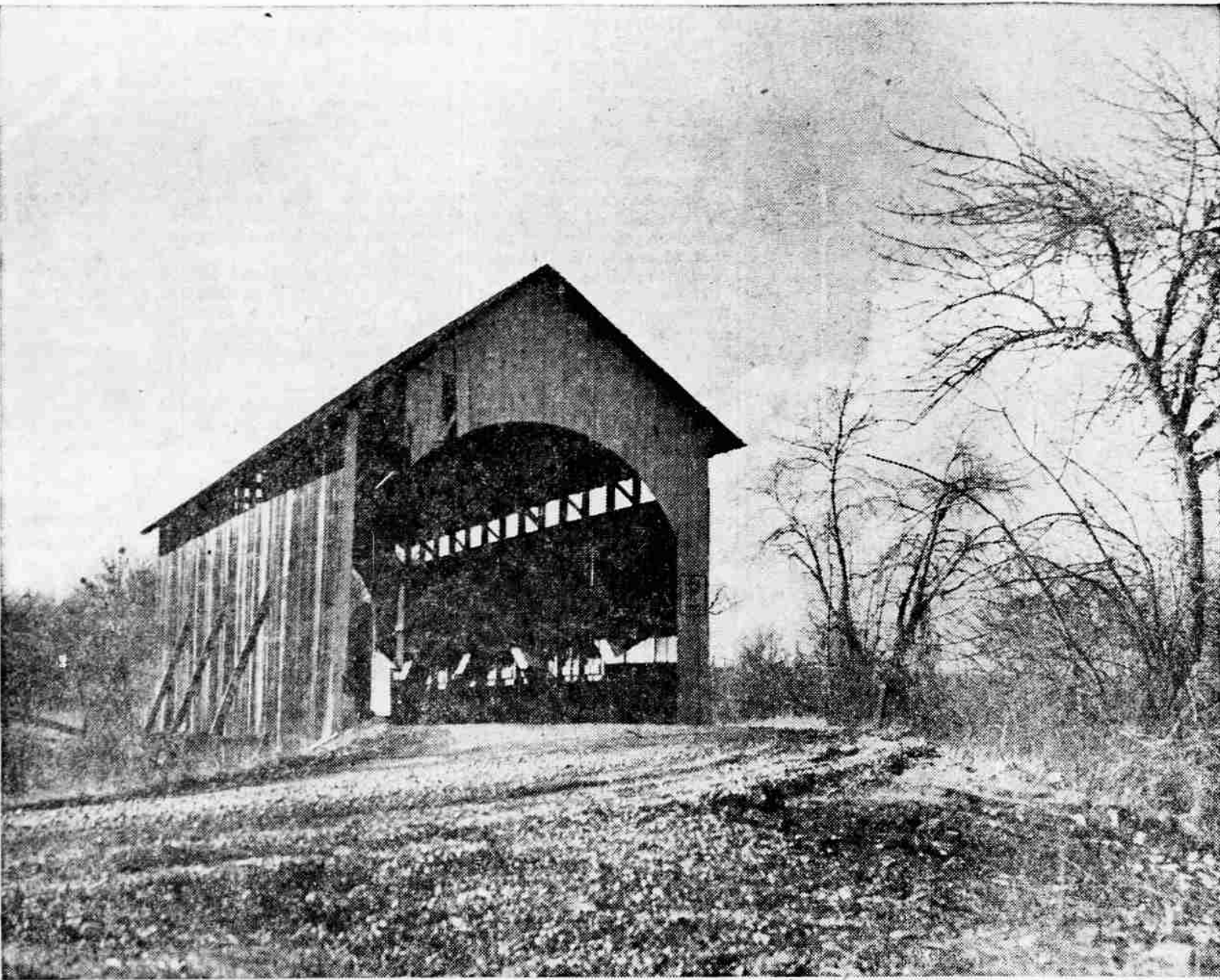


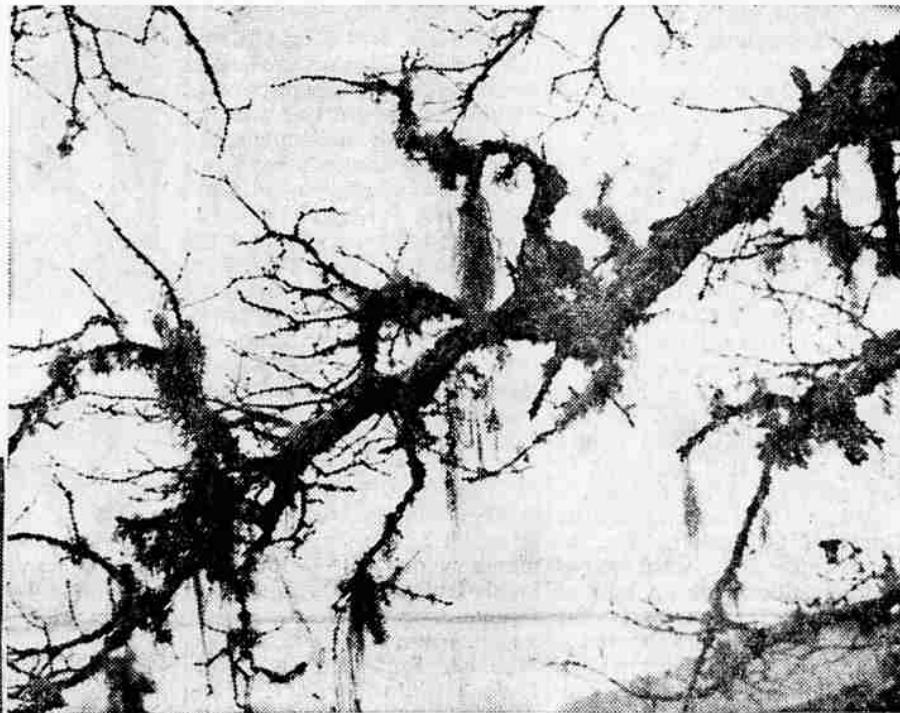


This old covered bridge, which crosses Antelope creek east of Camp White, has weathered many a winter, and as the icy waters gurgle beneath it, the dormant trees nearby seem to reach for the warmth of the pale winter sun.

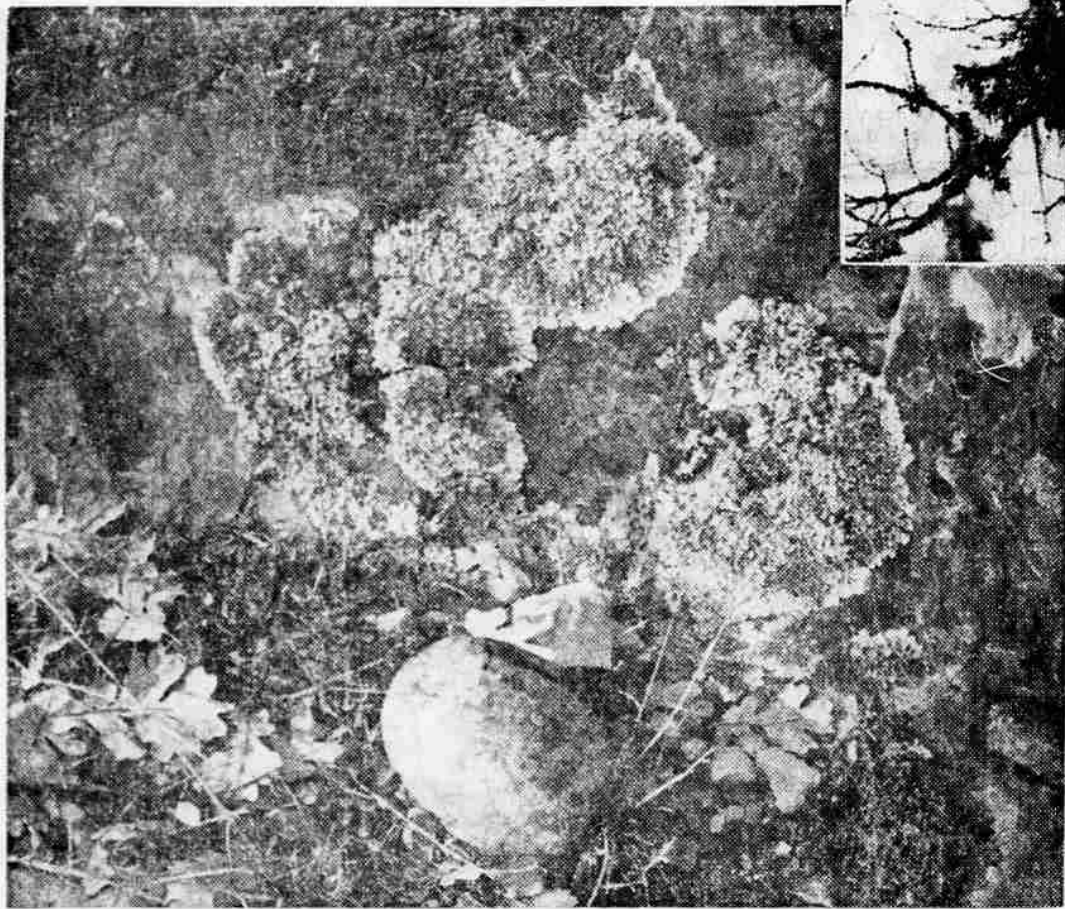
## “... Can Spring Be Far Behind?” *Shelley*



As if to simulate blooming flowers, Jack Frost adorns the tips of gaunt weeds with white, so they become things of beauty.



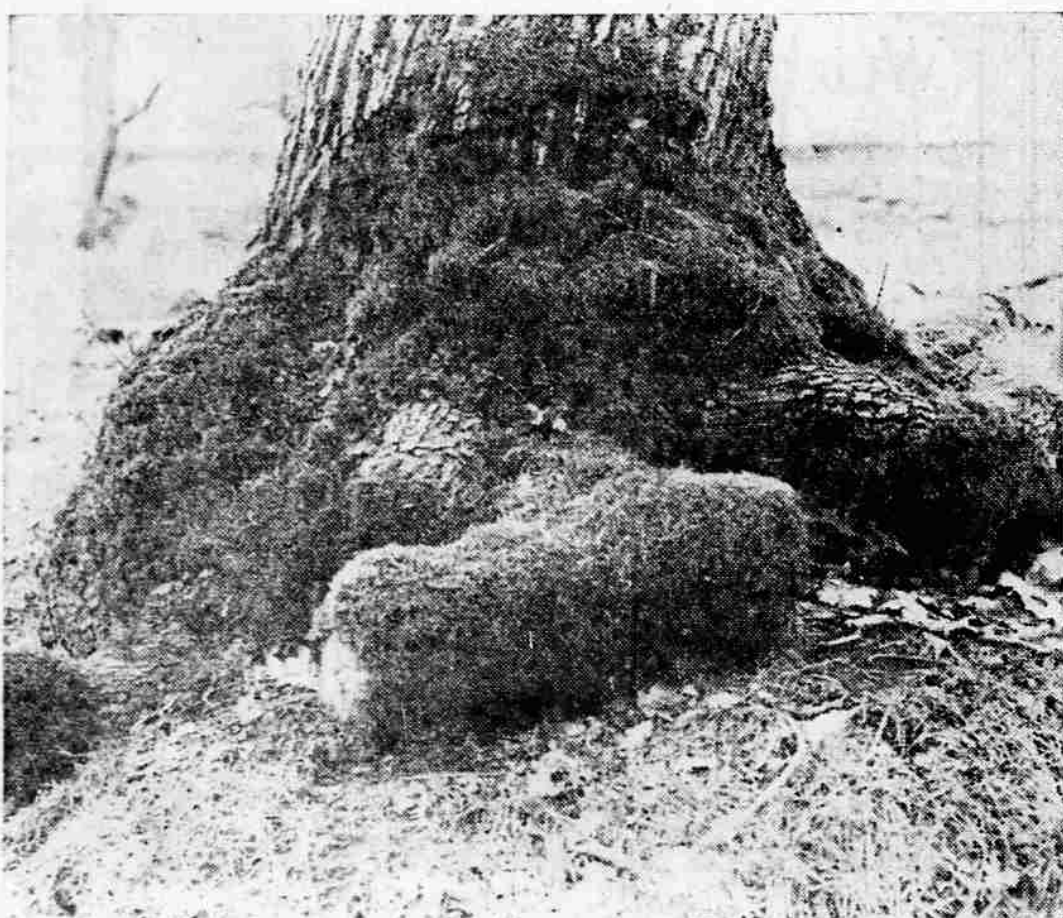
The stark limbs of trees in winter, hung with shaggy moss will soon give way to masses of green foliage...



... and the lichen growing on brawn rocks, before long, will have the company of a thousand budding things.



Prankish Jack Frost even attempts to halt the progress of a tiny stream, but the incessant water, even though crusted over, still babbles beneath the ice, and eventually breaks free.



In winter the moss on the trunks of trees is lush and green, thriving on the abundant moisture, unmindful of the cold.