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THE CANADIAN LINE

MEMO BOOK

NO 720 1/2

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Ottawa – Vancouver

Summer 1954

IF LOST & FOUND

PLEASE RETURN TO:

ROSEMARY GILLIAT 84 5TH AVE. OTTAWA

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SUMMARY

JULY 31ST OTTAWA – DEEP RIVER TIMAGAMI [Temagami]

AUGUST 1ST TIMAGAMI [Temagami] – KIRKLAND LAKE – SMOOTH ROCK FALLS – MOONBEAM

2ND MOONBEAM – HEARST – KLOTZ LAKE – GERALDTON

3RD GERALDTON – LAKE NIPIGON – PORT ARTHUR – KAKEBEKA FALLS – ENGLISH RIVER

4TH ENGLISH RIVER – DINORWIC – KENORA – WHITESHELL GAME RESERVE M

5TH WHITESHELL (MAN.) WINNIPEG – PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE

6TH BRANDON – MOOSONIN – SPY HILL

7TH

8TH

9TH ESTEN [Eston] SASK.

10TH ESTEN [Eston] – LANCER FERRY – LEADER – MAPPLE CREEK – MEDICINE HAT – OLD MAN RIVER

11TH OLD MAN RIVER (TABER) – LETHBRIDGE – HIGH RIVER-

12TH TURNER VALLEY – CALGARY & BACK
13TH BOW RIVER – HIGHT RIVER
14TH KANANASKIS – FOREST RESERVE
15TH KANANASKIS – BANFF – MORNING LAKE – KICKING HORSE – YOHO PARK
16TH YOHO – GOLDEN COLOMBIA R. – BOAT ENCAMPMENT – REVELSTOKE – 3 VALLEY LAKE
17TH 3 VALLEY LAKE – SALMON ARM - KAMLOOPS – THOMPSON RIVER
18TH THOMPSON R. – CACHE CREEK – LYTTON – FRASER RIVER- (NR ODLUM)
19TH ODLUM – HOPE – CHILLIWACK – VANCOUVER
20TH
21ST VANCOUVER – HOPE SOUND – SQUAMISH – GARIBALDI
22ND GARABALDI
23RD GARABALDI – VANCOUVER
24TH VANCOUVER – HOPE – MANNING PROV. PARK – COPPER MOUNTAIN
25TH COPPER MOUNTAIN – SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY – GD. FORKS TRAIL – W. KOOTENAY ORCHARD
26TH W.KOOTENAY OR. – NELSON – BALFOUR FERRIES – CRANBROOK – ROCKIES
27TH CROWSNEST PASS – PINCHER CREEK – WATERTON LAKES – HAVRE
28TH HAVRE – POPLAR MINOT
29TH MINOT – GRAND RAPIDS
30TH SUPERIOR- BESSEMER – IRON RIVER- GLADSTONE/ESCANABA
31ST ST. IGNACE (MACKINAC) SAULT-STE. MARIE
SEPT 1ST SOO – THESSALON – BLIND RIVER
2ND MANITOULIN – TOBERMORY
3RD TOBERMORY – LUCKNOW
4TH LUCKNOW – PETERBOROUGH – LAKE BELMONT
5TH L. BELMONT – OTTAWA
6TH
7TH

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Timagami

July 31st. Since leaving Port Colborne about a week ago, it has been a non-stop rush – printing contacts & sending them by air to Winnipeg – they got back two days later & instead of 10 Clifford Wilson ordered 33. I printed till I dropped working all day & till midnight every night, then spotting & writing captions. On the evening before we left I had not started packing a thing - & at last got the thing finished & went to bed at 3 & up again at seven, & we left, packed into Helen's green Chrysler Plymouth station wagon at a quarter to nine & headed North. Just outside Ottawa there is a sign & map showing the Trans-Canada Highway. The rain started coming down & poured as we motored hour after hour. Very black. We stopped by the ancient monument where Champlain is said to have lost his astrolabe & one was found. It rained & rained but anyway it wasn't hot. We came to Petawawa a desolate waste of bracken & pine very like Aldershot – crisscrossed with tank tracks. Then to Deep River, a modern settlement by the Ottawa where the workers from the Chalk River Atomic Energy plant live. Lawns & trees & neat houses, a shopping centre & all the amenities of a town. We settled by the edge of the water & made lunch. Audrey being cook for the day & myself washer-up. Helen drove all day. She complained at the amount of luggage we had. The other 3 wore slacks & I wore a cotton dress. We got

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water from the Yacht club and a few sailing boats skipped about in the wide Ottawa river against the dark background of pine covered hills. I thought of the fur canoes passing this way – but was too exhausted to take in much. Mattawa next, a small place with large twin-spired Catholic church of St. Annes. The town did not look prosperous. Lumbering & pulp wood are the main trades. The highway was quite impressive as it cut straight across the hills – up – down in huge sweeps. We by-passed North Bay & then passed Marten River Park & came to the campsite at Timagami Lake which we had decided on, but it was so crowded there was hardly room to move, cars parked, wing to wing & motorboats everywhere, it seemed silly to camp there after coming 250 miles North of Ottawa. So we went on to the village which was a shack place catering to the motor tourist and altogether rather depressing. So we poked about and nearly stopped near a lumber camp, then tried another side road & there was the good omen of a heron flying along a small stream. At the end a big sand pit. It was getting dark so we decided to stay here as there was no one about, & found a nice site for the tents on the top of a cliff under a fir trees & among bilberries – to save carting everything up the hill we ate in the pit – of all the absurd places to have a picnic - ! However it was

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away from the murderous mosquitos by the stream. As we ate supper a man came & dumped some old cardboard boxes & burnt them which completed the touch of irony – our camping in the Northern Wilderness!!

Up our hill & into bed before it was completely dark. A Canada bird & a night hawk calling, and the occasional rush of a car on the highway.

It seems unreal to think we have really set off across Canada. Helen said we would be going further than we would be if Atlantic were dry and we were motoring to England. I am so pleased to have made it as I thought the H.B.C. job would prevent me going. Last thing I heard from Crawleys was that they might consider taking me on that as a possible trainee for direction work – to my great amazement. I will be seeing Frank in Winnipeg & will have to do some serious thinking – as this would put an end to plans of going North, but it might be a career & never yet has anyone offered to pay me & train me. Peter will be back in England in a few days time. I do hope he will enjoy his leave. It does not look now as if I would manage to get over.

I have the rest of the H.B.C. job to finish which means a couple of weeks. The future is vague, but at least there is promise of some interesting possibilities, meanwhile we are crossing Canada.

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Moonbeam

August 1st A small squirrel started chattering about 6:30 when he noticed we had monopolized his favourite tree & pitched our tents underneath. He chattered with indignation coming closer & closer all the time! It was very damp outside. The mosquitoes were bad towards morning & got into the tent. We were a bit slow starting & only got off about 8:30. A perfect clear morning & of course we passed numerous lakes which would have been ideal to camp by – but our camp on the cliff up under the pine trees & amongst billberries was not too bad. The morning breezes had not started & so all the fir trees were reflected upside down to the last pine needle. We came to Haileybury & New Liskeard - & the great Lake of Temiskaming. There were many lovely houses & gardens full of flowers near the lake. Next came Cobalt – a dull town – frontier type with a large mine dominating the place. Colourful shacks – but no one looked too prosperous here – the money is not put back into the town that is taking out of its land (to outward view anyway). Audrey's father worked here and in Northern Ontario as a very young man. And he said the North in these days was very lawless. Shootings and murders & not many questions asked.

Helen had an introduction to 2 mine managers in Kirkland Lake & said we would be able to drop nearly a mile underground at one swoop – which horrified the rest of us – but we decided we would

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have to go through with it. However when we got there we found no one was working, it being Sunday & of course neither manager available. Secretly the 3 of us breathed a sigh of relief & were glad not to have to leave the sunshine & go underground. Kirkland Lake seemed to go on for miles on both sides of the main road. Some willow hedges in front of the houses. Wood of course, painted all colours – some cheerful gardens, but not too many trees. Mines active & dead nearest their [pit head] wheels into the sky – some were caged in – inside queer lop-sided turrets.

A man in a brown suit stood at the street corner & telling some wild tale to 3 men sitting on a step, he gesticulated wildly & held their closest attention. When we came back after visiting the mine he was still there & the story still in the telling. We telephoned Mrs. Golding at Virginia Town & told her we locked the front door, turned off the water & shut the windows & wished her a happy birthday. She sounded very cheerful & had a good journey. We passed some little farms among the firs, & hay drying in miniature hay stacks, a little stack perched on a stake. The gardens were gorgeous with flowers, hollyhocks & lupins. We thought they must be Danish or Finnish homes. Lunch time came around, but when we reached a lake, we found cabins everywhere & no

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open piece of shore that was not private property. So we just stopped by the verge of a sandy side road where it was far too hot. We came to some broad sweeping landscape next – rolling hills of fir & what looked like an observatory (or the radar station) on top of a sugarloaf hill. Anna drove. We came by some bad road.

At Porquis Helen took over again – the Ontario Northlands train stood at the station – an orange painted diesel engine pulled it. More bad roads. At Cochrane I would have liked to call on Senator Bradette, as he told me & Marge to any time we were there. But I knew Helen wanted to press on. More really bad road. Dirt & rutted & huge bumps which could easily break a spring. Construction machinery lay around the road verges. Our distance was cut down a lot. The most interesting place we passed today was Smooth Rock Falls & Abitibi Paper Co. Golden Pyramids of peeled logs reflected in the blue water of the Mattagami River. Then the great bridge across the river which belongs to the paper company & the water surging down to make water power. Dust road & gravel very tiring for Helen & she could not relax for a

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moment. We wanted water so I asked a store – it was a Frenchman, he said no he hadn't much he was sorry. A second had some, but was a little grudging, so I bought a tin of Habitant Pea Soup to cheer him up.

I suggested we looked for a camping spot at Rémy Lake which was off on a side road leading from a village called Moonbeam – but when we got there we found a resort, cars & crowds, coca cola, ice cream & all the usual batty hoo. So we turned back & then tried a side road; suddenly we went over the brow of a hill & saw a quiet little lake below. We looked around & then Anna went & asked at the only house in sight about camping. The French people there were very friendly & said we could camp anywhere we liked on their property which was all along one shore of the lake. We found a knoll covered with golden rod and pitched our tent there. I was cook. Stew for supper & to bed as soon as we had washed up & done the laundry – the mosquitos arrived in clouds. I slept with Anna, Audrey with Helen.

The willow herb or fire weed was like heather on the hills to-day. Helen says that bee-keepers in Southern Ontario send their bees up here – a fine white honey obtained from these flowers. To bed – at 10:15.

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GERALDTON

Aug 2nd A red sunrise which augured rain & we got it later. We got up before the sun was up & had a quick breakfast & packed up & were on our way by seven. The pony in the field was thoroughly startled. I left a note of thanks on the windscreen of our host's car. The rain came on almost as soon as we hit the highway. There were still a lot of French settlements – calvaries by the side of the road, some very ornate white ones with life size Christ & figurines of women kneeling below the cross. The road was gravel good for a way. Audrey drove a while till we came to the first little town & the last before taking off into the forests* It was like a little frontier town – false fronts to houses & shops gravel roads all very rough. One almost expected to see hitching posts & have cowboys gallop up & leap off & clatter into the saloon. A lot of foreign Scandinavian names & Finnish. I saw a clapboard house with large notice saying "Finnish Steam Bath". We drove around looking for an open shop as we needed supplies, but as it was a holiday we had to do a lot of looking. I got in a conversation with a friendly Irishman who came originally from Killybegs & so we swapped stories. He says the prospectors are doing well around about. Farming land is good but the season is so short that it is discouraging. He had a farm way back in the bush when he first came to Canada. There is not too much local market for farm produce & to have it sent to markets further south costs a lot.

*Hearst

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He likes Hearst, but admits that he was intimidated when there were 12 ft of snow one snowfall the first winter. Helen got the car greased & we were glad to go in to the washroom to get cleaned up. I also met a Finnish lady who offered me a loaf of bread, but Anna managed to get one, so I went back and said we didn't need it. She grinned all over her face & said "It's ok you're very welcome." Hearst has a huge community hall, a new school and a pleasant looking Catholic hospital. Many of the people standing around or sitting on door steps looked very foreign. We left at last & drove through pouring rain. Dark forests of pine and spruce which felt like the North & then miles of bush – low scrubby "maquis" very dull & depressing. It seemed too bleak & lonely – not like the Yukon North at all. Not much water except that which was falling, and flat flat country. Many of the little shacks looked poor as though the owners had a real struggle to exist, & I wondered just how hard it would be for a boy from this country to get a really good education and go to University??

We passed a lumbering centre on a small river & some contractors working on a culvert, which although I photographed it in the rain, I think will be good. There were two notices "Moose Crossing" and "Watch for Moose" but both times the driver was going so fast that I didn't like to ask them to go back for a photo. Of course we didn't see any moose except a stuffed one, full sized which some character had put on the verandah of his log cabin.

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We stopped for lunch in the rain – ate it in the car – sheets of water pouring down. Saw notice threatening fine to those travelling without permits....

Surrounded with little fir trees (of course I would have liked this too – but I know how maddening it is for a driver to have to stop every few minutes. Anna drove a bit, still in the deluging rain. We had stopped for lunch by a river with the idea that Helen might do some fishing, but the rain was coming down too hard & we ate a cold lunch in the car. I squelched out to get a photo of the temporary bridge. We came to a big job of putting in culverts, & the traffic about 3 cars & lorry & ourselves were held up by a crane & bulldozer working in the mud. Helen took over as the navigation looked tricky, however, we slithered through all right. The man on the tractors dressed in oil skins & sou wester & looked down at us & grinned. We came to Klotz Lake & the country began to look more interesting – hills and water and

fir trees a really serrated sawtooth skyline, and this was the North that I like. The rain eased off & it got brighter & finally the sun came out & we came towards signs of habitation & the long lonely stretch through the forest was behind us. Apparently we should have registered a post before entering this stretch. Every driver is supposed to have a travel permit in case of trouble I suppose & if they don't clock out the other end they will be looked for. However there really is quite a lot of traffic on the road, & I do not think one would remain in trouble for long. The stretch of road was not nearly as bad as we

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expected. So many people were so dubious – saying to Helen – “you're crazy to go that way”. We began to get tired & began to wonder about camping & stopped at a “wayside table” place, where there was a small lake. The other 3 thought they would bathe – but there was a peaty bottom & it felt bottomless, so they just splashed in & out hanging on to a log. An English car stopped & I asked the man if he had passed any good lakes coming from the opposite direction. He said that there wasn't anything till Lake Helen, & his wife said this would be much nicer for us, there would be lots of tables and more people. (Just the reverse of what we appreciate.) We decided just to investigate a side road & camp in a quiet place even if there wasn't a lake. And soon we saw a bit of the old highway & poked down there. Anna & I reconnoitered a track into the woods which led down amongst the largest juiciest billberries we had ever seen to some old deserted cabins – one of them labelled “the Mapin Mine Co”. Some people were picking billberries but otherwise it was quiet and lovely. A grassy clearing, tall spruce & fir trees and it was wild and the sun shining. So we camped here – No water & of course a lot of mosquitos but otherwise the best camp yet, & the little “oh sweet Canada Canada bird was on duty & singing as he has been at each of our camps so far. He is the last bird to stop singing in the evening & the first to wake us in the morning.

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Anna made a wonderful meal of stuffed peppers & we lay on a grassy bank in the sun & felt entirely peaceful & contented. We had stopped earlier so we had more time to enjoy the evening. Anna went bird watching & I took some photos. Audrey set up the mirror in a cracked tree stump sat cross legged in the grass in front it & put her hair in curls. Helen sat on a log in her Indian sweater & smoked with the setting sun catching the side of her face & the gently rising smoke & the wings of busy little mosquitos. They began to get really bad so we got into our tents and it was the end of our third day. I feel less tired now, the first time I've had a chance to relax since leaving Ottawa on the 17th on the H.B.C. job. One wonders at all the days of the year one spends in bed – when it is so perfect camping – every morning and every evening being a revelation.

ENGLISH RIVER (ENGLISH RIVER)

Helen was rough & roused us before 6. We arose more than a little unwillingly as it was dark and cloudy & mosquitos were in clouds it was only amusing to see them rush into the tent after our blood was we had already crawled out. Breakfast we ate walking around as the little pestilential things attacked us furiously, flung themselves into coffee, crawled inside our clothes & got smashed in our hair – so we made as quick getaway

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as possible. Very black at first but as we went on it got lighter & there were breaks in the clouds. Mist lay in the hollows silhouetting black spiky firs. There were lakes at intervals in the forest on both sides of the road. In one a large heron was standing beak aslant gazing into the water at his reflection. A good highway. We stopped for some spring water. 4 girls going West, & camped beside the spring were 4 younger men heading East. We felt we should get together. Just a look through the trees at the blue stretch of Lake Nipigon & then we came to Lake Helen which was full of orange logs,

floating in matchstick patterns almost a flaming colour in the early morning sun & little slits & triangle of blue water showing between them. The girls stopped for a bathe, Anna washed her hair. We heard a loon quavering & the noise was exquisitely delicate & the echo haunted the great rock cliffs above the lake. This was a small lake before we came to Lake Helen. Nipigon River was also blue and dramatic & we looked down on a part of the Bay of Nipigon. We went on past all manners of little creeks, Stillwater, Clearwater, Little Squaw & Big Squaw, and then came to the beaches along the North Shore of Lake Superior with names like Crystal & Amethyst Beach. We got glimpse of the greatest lake every now & then, & a sight of the Sleeping Giant, & soon the elevators of the Lakehead came in sight.

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The red rock formation in the hills intrigued us & we badly wanted a geologist in the party. Much of it is iron ore colour, & the earth was this colour too. Arrived at Port Arthur we stopped to shop & I called Lake Shippers to see if any big ships were in & to see if my mail had caught up with me yet. Also Mrs. Beckitt. Don was away, & all the little wild ducks had died soon after I left. There was practically no activity at the Lakehead at all. It seemed rather ominous to me. We found a small vessel just finishing loading at Saskatchewan Pool 7 & then went along to the ore dock & got a permit for us to go on top to look at the view. A train had come in so the girls were able to see the shaker at work. It was lovely up there – blue green water right below us, the newly painted orange chutes at our feet – then yellow brown of the log booms, & golden yellow of the freshly cut & stacked timber & green houses of saw mills – elevators of Port Arthur – two freighters shifting about in the harbour. The speckled effect of houses sprinkled on the hillside of Port Arthur - & away to the right the grey-blue shadow of the Sleeping Giant. We had a look at the Cathedral arches below. The foreman sent us down alone on the lift & showed us how to get out. The unconcern of these men amazed us. I just had to sign a form to absolve the C.N.R. from any responsibility

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for one going up there. When we got up, the foreman said you could go anywhere you like but just be careful. Then they sent us down alone. We found such trusting treatment very pleasant.

By this time we were getting hungry so we went through Fort William & out on 17 Highway to have a look at Kakabeka Falls. Fine but not as lovely as Middle Falls on the Pigeon River. Absolute wilderness seems to be my preference in these standards of beauty. There was a hotel & a crowd & everyone taking photos. We had lunch at a shady wayside table provided by Ontario Highways & then off again. Rolling farmland & firs – very Scandinavian to look at - & farmed by Scandinavian people, especially Finns. Again we crossed the watershed and were in the country where all the rivers flow to the Arctic Ocean. Near a place called Sunbeam we came across a big stretch of road under construction which I had to get out & photograph. Also the first road to cross Canada which met the present Trans-Canada Highway. Bits of road rough & like a little country 3rd rate road full of pot holes, narrow & meandering, then sweeping stretches of wide newly paved highway. We stopped at Upsala to post letters & at English River to get petrol. Anna asked for a camping spot & the girl in the only house (petrol stn) which makes up the settlement of English River told us to cross the road & go down a grassy track to the river. We did and camped

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on a wide grassy banks with poplar trees around the clearing & the slowly flowing English River (flowing northwards) in front – beyond grass & at horizon. We cleaned up, washed the car & clothes & had a peaceful evening. There was a table and a bench, & so since the mosquitoes were not so murderous here we were able to side out till it got dark.

Whiteshell Game Preserve

Aug 4th. The worse night so far due to mosquitoes. They got into the tent in swarms & kept me awake most of the night. It rained hard so it was not a good morning to turn out early & then of course we were set upon by the vicious little insects – again we could not sit still during breakfast due to their swarming attacks. We left pretty early & the rain came on & stayed with us till late afternoon. It was sad as the Lakes of the Kenora region should obviously be seen under blue skies. But they were grey & lowering to-day & a wind whipped up the waves. We saw one or two solitary loons, and a porcupine up a tree, sitting in complete contemplative immobility, like a Buddha. The sun shining through his ruff of prickles. He was too high up & on the far side of the stream so even with the 180mm it was too far to get a good photograph – we called & whistled to him, but he just sat up there as though he were part of the tree. We stopped at Dinorwic to get a few

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supplies. There was an H.B.C. store & a sign post to Sioux Lookout and another general grocery store, the latter run by a German couple from Saxony. I spoke to them in German & they were pleased. He had come out in 1910 because his sister was here in this Northern backwoods & said they have been very happy here.

Some of the roads were rough but never for long. Helen drove all day. It was up & down country & long slow curves & sharp dangerous ones & needed good driving, especially when we so often met the great transports hurtling along.

The country was covered with outcroppings of pink rock, firs and bilberries & numerous lakes. We came at last to Bee Lake & stopped for lunch, but as soon as we got the stove lit down came the rain – a very wet Scotch mist so we scurried back to the car & ate in considerable discomfort. It got dry enough for Anna to venture out & wash the dishes in the lake – then on the road again. Kenora was a queer town, swarming with American tourists, it would have been quite a place to stay & gaze on humanity. There were Indians standing & visiting on street corners, one woman with a papoose on a board. Numbers of policemen were standing about in pairs, provincial and also a Mountie – we wondered why there were so many about. Trippers wandered about everywhere, motor boats on the lake & some float planes. A strange place to look at, but I don't think desirable to live in.

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I forgot to mention that we took a look at Dryden, that is a prosperous little place its wealth probably dependant on the paper mills there. A first class high school interested us – 2 stories & a good strong modern design, better than any smallish school I've seen in Ottawa. Main Street false fronted, but residential street pleasant lawns & flowers & trees. Then on through the wilds. We were all tired & started looking for a camping spot around 4 – but everywhere after Kenora was overcrowded – every beach taken over privately or by cabin owners. We motored miles & Anna & I were sent out on recces – but everywhere cabins & people. We began to get a bit depressed. The uncertainty of where you are going to camp is unsettling & is the worst part of every day. Each time it has turned out all right so far but we always go through the same trouble.

We entered Manitoba & took a road off to the right leading to a fish Hatchery & a Girl Guide camp & went miles & miles without finding anything. At last Anna said lets go & visit the Fish Hatchery which we did, & slow spoken, slow moving young man took us round. He looked like a

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Westerner. It came on to rain & we wandered back to the car & decided to camp on a hill top & hoped it was not in the middle of the bear country, as the fish hatchery man said that camping was not allowed in the game sanctuary. We ate

supper in another gravel pit where we had left the rocks pink with grey lichens on them, & the spruce & larch, & blueberries. Ferns & hair bells & a delicate pink & yellow toad flax. It was quiet up here we were tired & turned in thankfully as soon as we were ready for bed.

Talking of going into town we realized there would be an extra hour, we would be early. Anna said "That's fine, we'll have an extra hour in town". Said Audrey "Anna's getting bushed, Hey Anna?"

Then talking of a meeting place if I go off to the H.B.C. – I suggested the Park that Hank took me too. Anna said "I don't like Parks, cars always follow me around & men pop out of bushes.

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Thursday August 5th Nr. Portage La Prairie

Dull again in the morning. Anna & I did a recce last night in pyjamas & nightdress & looked through the glasses at the surrounding hills. In the afternoon we had seen a doe & fawn but in the evening we only saw birds. Audrey had not heard us get out of the tent, & when she heard us coming back she thought it was an intruder & held her breath listening till she nearly burst. A peaceful night, no mosquitoes & only a few trains whistling. A dawn a loon laughed softly. We left early & had an empty road in front of us. A lot of Indians & Canadian billberry pickers had camped along the verges & had signs up – one stating "Billbarries."

The roads were paved but not good. The highway sign had a buffalo on it.

Soon we were coming into Winnipeg – we stopped by a river to wash but the water was so brown & dirty that didn't bother. At a petrol station we changed into respectable clothes & I rang up the Hudson's Bay Company. Frank was still away – but I went in & introduced myself to Mr. Clifford Wilson the "Beaver" editor & met John Payne too. Clifford was rather English & precise, & I felt slightly disapproving – especially when I asked him if he thought there would be a chance of any further assignments - & told him about the possibility with Crawley Films. He said that they had so many photos to use up that he couldn't really say & was not too helpful. He mentioned that all Harrington wanted was to see the Chippewa Indians irrespective of payment, & I felt there was a light reproof in the remark. I feel the same but I have to pay my way somehow & to be kept

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W. L. Bell. P. La. P.

by Crawleys for 4 years would certainly help. Well it's no good worrying at the moment. He showed me some of Lorene Squire's lovely photographs of birds & beaver. She must have been a very gifted and patient person. They are going to split these photos up into 2 parts, some to be published in September & some in December, so they will not be wanting the rest till the March "Beaver". He had not yet looked at the colour – & now since most will be used in the Sept. no. I wonder if they will buy any at all.

Clifford sits behind a large director's desk & is surrounded by books. They were all very kind. I got \$100 advance on the photographs which will help to pay for a large part of this jaunt to the West. I think on the whole he was pleased with the photos which is the main thing – I hope that they will turn satisfactorily in print.

The others had done the shopping & were not too keen to look at sights, so we took to the road again. Helen & I stopped at the Liquor store to buy 2 bottles of wine. We had to get a temporary licence for 50 cts. & got a bottle of Graves & one of the Groot Constantia – but they did not taste as they should, dry to the point of acidity. I asked the others if they were keen to visit a Hutterite Settlement & they decided they were, so I asked at the Headingly petrol station & got directions. We went to one near to the highway & not the one I visited with Frank.

We asked for water & a tall handsome bearded man gave profuse instructions to go to the wash house where his wife was & she would give us some spring water.

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While Anna & Audrey filled the bottles Helen started turning the car & meanwhile two young women came up to us & said hullo. They wore the usual flowered dresses & caps with the hair turned in neatly over a cord. They asked where we had come from & where we were going to – then suddenly they said they would show us round. It is a community of 150 people. 36 children of school age. They have their own school which we were shown – built in 1947 – clean & shining polished wood floors – neat little rows of desks & a blackboard. Some kids were playing outside on a sand heap. A mass of fair-haired children all with a strong resemblance to each other. The little boys started saying cheeky things. One most adorable fair haired girl came up to us & smiled and smiled. We longed to photograph her but did not like to ask. They showed us the bakehouse, where bread for the community is baked each day in a huge oven. Then the kitchen where a woman was preparing enormous bowls full of beans for the 150 souls. In the corner a woman had a baby on her knee. Down in the cellar some girls were singing a German song. We saw the big dining hall. The children, until they are 15 eat separately. This other dining room was brighter & there was a blackboard at one end. The German teacher gives them lessons there. Then we were taken to one of the living houses, four families live in each. Here sister lived in the one we were shown & the baby was in a cot with a quilted blanket in the centre of the room. The rooms were shining with paint and varnish. Bright furniture. They weave their own materials & the baby's quite extensive wardrobe was all handmade, most exquisitely stitched. A young girl had been

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sitting watching the baby – about 14 yrs old. Our guide showed us the chest she would get when she was 15, & the cupboard when a couple of years older. I suppose the older members of the family provide these as a dowry gift. The rooms were all so clean & we got the impression that the interiors were cleaner & better tended than exteriors. All the men were out working in the fields. This community owns 4,000 acres, but they are on the point of splitting up the community & half will go to the new settlement, which is still being built. I asked the girls if they would be going & one said "We don't know yet – the council will be having a meeting this week." So supposedly the girls abide by the decision of the elders. There were hollyhocks growing against the white weather boarded walls of the buildings & pansies & petunias in the little garden. The children had some swings made from old motor-car-tires & we saw a few home made toy cars lying about. We didn't even ask to take photos as we felt the friendliness would vanish.

I asked the girl what part of Germany her people came from & to my surprise she said she did not know but that one of the older women would tell us. The large fat one in the laundry house said they had come from Austria around 1870 (?). The girls only do household work, & there are 13 different chores, each of which they do for a week. They do not look after the 10,000 turkeys or other animals at all beyond plucking the birds – at which thought they groaned. We left after fond farewells & they asked us to come & see them again & wished us good luck. They were

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so happy & contented, it really was an experience to see a glimpse of their lives.

Then we drove back to the main road & drove on the rough highway, seeing occasional glimpses of the muddy Assiniboine River & we began to think about camping. No wild country here – all farm land. A few elevators scattered about. Portage La Prairie with a wide wide main street & not much else to see. We turned off down a side track & came to a sizable but not too prosperous looking, & we sent Anna in to ask if we could camp in one of the fields. A very friendly woman came out & said "You girls just camp wherever you like – you're only too welcome. I always wanted to camp & so I'm so glad to be able to help anyone who is doing it."

Later she offered to put on the hot water for us so that we could wash our clothes & was the soul of kindness. We pitched the tents in a field, where pigs, cows & horses roam & hope that we will not be too disturbed tonight. We lay in the sun, & rested & took photos & washed clothes & had a good peaceful evening, & Helen & I broached the Graves wine & were disappointed – but it was nice all the same. The pigs came rootling round as we settled down for the night & used car bumpers as scratching posts.

Peaceful night after-all-apart from a nightmare. I dreamt Frank & his daughter had supper with me. I took her in the park while he wrote – we returned.

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Spy Hill. Saskatchewan. Aug 6th

Misty morning just like England, and incredibly damp. We left early before our farmers were up & put a note of thanks inside the door for them. It looked like being a good day but we soon ran into low grey skies. There were a few chores to do in Brandon, which looked particularly sleepy – later we realised why – when we visited the bank –the time zone had changed & we were an hour too early & had actually got up at 5 o'clock this morning. We saw posters about a stampede & drove up to the exhibition grounds to look around. The place was quite quiet so we drove in by the "Exit" gates to look at some deer & goats which were on show then drove round in search of the horse barns.

Anna asked a khaki clad cowboy if we could look at the horses & he said "sure, I'll show you". He owned "chariot horses" & his pair have never been beaten either here or in the States. Another fellow came round too & a small hanger on aged about 12. A small boy from Winnipeg who was mad about horses – While we were in the stables a tall cowboy appeared, in khaki pants, bright red shirt, neck Oscarf & 10 gallon straw hat & fancy boots. We took his photo & the small boys & then the man who owned the Palomino asked if I would like to get up & have a ride, so of course I leapt on – it was queer riding in a Western saddle with these long stirrups. The horse was a lovely animal, arched neck & supple hocks – I longed to trot & canter but didn't like to in case the owner got worried. We each had a ride. Other cowboys came over & talked. One showed off his educated mule & made it sit down

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& lie down. It was a sleek fat beast with the usual "ornery" look in its eye. Some of these men were from Texas & California, slow drawly voices & slow drawly movements, it was quite unbelievably theatrical & we couldn't believe that people really were like this. A rather mean looking fellow a powerful looking man in a blue shirt was boss of the arena – he came from Lethbridge, & much to the others amusement asked me to a dance this evening. The rodeo etc. did not start till 1:30, and we hoped to get Helen to stay but realized she was so keen to get on that we did not press the point. The cowboys showed us the corrals & the track & the wild bucking horses. They have built up their own corrals which is quite a lot of carpentering. We saw all the horses most of the cowboys who were immensely friendly & did their best to persuade us to stay for the show. They did not like much of Brandon as their audience here had been so small. We decided we had better get on our way & not get involved too much with cowboys! We got back a little regretfully onto the Tran[s] Canada Highway. We saw a great cloud of purple smoke on the horizon which turned out to be a burning oil well at Virden. At Moosomin there was a diversion. Actually all the border of Manitoba & Saskatchewan the average road

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turned into a downright bad road, dried mud, stones lying on the road, dips & holes. It really was in a bad state – but I suppose the weather & low lying lands sets awful problems for the highway builders. Everything seems a bit slap dash – houses not painted, few gardens, junk lying about – wide wide streets going through the middle of town. We thought it might be the influence of the depression years when no one had any money to spend & and now when there is more they just spent it on cars, cookers, television sets & holidays. We had some difficulty finding the Salkeld's farm. We left the flat land suddenly & plunged into a deep valley through which followed the Qu'Appelle River. The hills on both sides were like the South Downs. We stopped at Spy Hill to enquire for the Salkelds – it was a wide dirt street, a few cars parked each side, & frame false fronted buildings both sides of the street. Not a soul in sight to ask. So Helen went into a shop & I took a tour down the street & faces began to appear at the windows – by the time Audrey got out things were looking up. She said "well I'm going to walk down the street swinging my hips & see what happens". At that, the whole village came to life & there seemed to be a man looking out of every window.

We reached the farm at last, & they insisted we slept & ate in the house & we had an enormous meal. Helen's Uncle Rae bellows & has a great laugh when something amuses him. He is not too tall. She is white haired & obviously a perfect farmer's wife – everything so clean, & all food so good. His people came from the N. of England & hers from Scotland. The best type of country people.

e011157882

Bar S. Bar. Cutarm Valley Farm

This morning we were up before 7. Anna to lurk outside a gopher's hole & I to wait outside the red barn for the milkman & the dog. The sun shone, then went in, so it meant some patient waiting. Breakfast at eight, oatmeal porridge, homemade bread, butter, cream & jam. After washing up we rushed out & Uncle Ray took us down in the truck to see his cattle in Cutarm Valley which is a wonderful green, deep, valley with a small stream winding through it – a little low bush – some silvery willow shrubs & sagebrush. He got one of the stallions saddled with the huge Calgary western saddle with "Sam" embossed on the back, it has the high panel for tying on the rope & long leather fines to tie on a coat or food package & water bottle when on a long day's herding. It cost \$90 2nd hand, but would have been \$200 new*. Helen rode first & looked utterly happy in the saddle – in blue jeans & Indian sweater. The horse was a chestnut with long flying mane & tail – named Ronnie. She rode down the grassy slopes & when the cattle saw the horse coming they moved off pretty rapidly. The dog bounded in front of the horse barking with excitement. The sun had come out, there was a light breeze & small clouds whisking across a blue sky.

*weighs 60 lbs.

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We took lots of photographs of the cattle – about 100 head altogether not counting the calves. They are purebred Hereford, registered stock. He sells them for breeding purposes mainly. He has just got a new bull from Lloydminster in B.C.

We each had a ride. I came last this time & so had the privilege of riding back up the hill, & cantered part of the way. I find it uncomfortable trotting with the long stirrups, but cantering is fine. It was wonderful to be riding again & the horse didn't need any urging & the woolly dog bounced along in ecstasies almost beneath the horse's feet.

We did a rush job on washing clothes & hair & were given sandwiches & ice & peas & new potatoes to take with us. Mrs. Salkeld kept up a constant flow of talk at meals, all her problems & interests. They had been in Toronto last spring & she said they expected something of the public parks "but", she said "we only saw a few wobbly flowers". She was showing some photographs & said "of course some of these taken at the wedding weren't so good as the camera was set for snow and no one had remembered to change it".

Mr. S. chipped in occasionally & said he always liked kissing the girls (but when we said goodbye, he didn't pluck up enough courage to kiss all 4 of us).

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Yesterday evening after supper, Uncle Rae took us in his car over the Cut Arm Valley for Helen to visit his son Johnny. He drives a wild way putting his car at obstacles as one would a horse. We would turn suddenly into a field & go careening around in thigh deep sweet clover & grass over a shaky little bridge made of boughs & we expected one wheel to go off into the waterlogged ditch. The car reared & bucked but manage to take all the obstacles.

A huge snowy owl sailed up from the track in front of us and flapped off into the woods. Some animal that looked like a badger hurried off the road & into the bushes. Uncle Rae was telling us of when he & his father were building this road & the old man insisted on slow gentle curves – only horse traffic was known in the country then but people in the town had cars & the old chap said “you see, we'll be riding around in cars one day & they all laughed at him”.

When Uncle Ray's grandfather came out the C.P.R. owned every other section (640 acres), the old man got a section for ten dollars, he had to work the land & stay on it 3 years, he had to clean 5 acres a year, at the end of this time he got the titles to the land, & then he bought another section.

He came there in the 1880's & was one of the earliest settlers around here. Someone nearby has put up a monument to the local pioneers & said to the Salkelds if they paid \$60 they could get their name added to the monument, & so far they haven't bothered.

We went up to the first old stone

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Farmhouse his grandfather had built where the eldest son Johnny lives now with his wife & 3 kids. When we got there the men were still out working on the fields. Kids all over the place as the McNeil family were visiting. Johnny was such a nice type, dark with very smiling eyes & a slow courteous way of speaking. His wife was plain, white faced, dark haired. She did not look as if she ever got outside, & Anna said later she noticed the difference between the 3 of us sitting together looking brown & healthy beside this country woman who looked so pale.

The other brother came in too, and a young lad & a real old timer, a pink faced old man of over 70 who drives a team & is hale and cheerful with the most wonderfully contented expression on his face, a peaceful half smiling look. His people also came from England originally. The whole crowd in that room were such fine country people - & I hope that there will always be people like this in the country & that the weedy, Hollywood-conscious characters one sees in the big towns will not be the people who run Canada; we are going to find it very hard getting back to a town to live after this holiday.

We did not return to the Trans-Canada Highway the same way we came in – but went instead via Esterhazy & towards Fort Qu'Appelle. We stopped to look at a church there – I could only find modern churches but there was a lovely Madonna & child on the plinth in the courtyard of the modern R.C. church. I think it must have belonged to an older church or else have been brought from Europe.

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The elevators in this country were painted in bright colours. There were French settlements, solid stone churches with twin spires, & then we came to the Qu'Appelle Valley again, where it was wider & deeper. Lebret another large French

settlement had a big R.C. Indian school, what looked like a monastery or convent, & up one side of the valley were a series of crucifixes – the stations of the cross leading up to a small white & red chapel on the top of the hill.

Boats were out fishing on the lake. Beyond lay Fort Qu'Appelle itself – wide street & dusty. Helen drove straight through as we were all tired & anxious to find a camp. A huge black cloud was labouring up towards us & we expected to get soaked.

Finally we drove up a steep side road among the downs & camped near the road, with the tents hidden away in amongst low poplar trees.

The name of Qu'Appelle has a haunting sound – like [Gardafini Finisterre].

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So dark grey & cold that it was a real effort to get up, & especially for Audrey & me as we had hardly slept at all – some small creature had walked over Audrey in the night & I had heard it scuffling about & also thought I heard people around & so stayed alert all night.

At least it was dry. All the lake near Fort Qu'Appelle was built up with summer cottages so we couldn't stop to wash & had to keep on till we found a muddy little creek. Small bright pink roses, the roses of Saskatchewan were growing beside the road. A delicate scent & brilliant yellow stamens. We were amazed again & again by the deep & lovely valleys of the Qu'Appelle.

We were in Regina fairly early & found a little Chinese shop open in which to get our stores and to fill up our water bottles.

The main streets rather depressed us, avenues of little elms & space below for grass but a few straggly green weeds grew there only. The garage men were rude & altogether our first impressions were bad. We passed various Ukrainian churches with the good people on their way there. Some in black, some with fairly brightly coloured scarves over their heads. I went & looked up the Anglican Caravan Mission to find out where the [team] is – the lady there said she thought probably at Manyberries in Alberta which would be considerably off our route.

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We drove out to have a look at the Parliament buildings & they are pleasant enough set among green lawns & neatly tailored flowerbeds full of petunias & snapdragons, and a lake at the bottom of the lawns. In this part of town were the richer houses with lovely gardens & twirling hoses playing to keep them green. Further out still were new development schemes, with modern attractive houses in all colours, immensely bright effect, but there were so absurdly crowded together, eave to eave, which seemed fantastic in this country of immense space – the country that comes up almost to the front door of these same houses. Approaching Regina from the prairies we could see the city from miles away – the horizon is so vast & the visibility so great, & the light so clean & clear. Outside the city, on our way out we were intrigued by the two big "Drive In" theatres – the screen could be seen quite clearly from the road – but the talk would probably be inaudible. The sun was out to stay by this time, & we loved this gentle rolling prairie country with hardly any fences, here & there often almost on the horizon would be a farm homestead, with a red barn, surrounded by a clump of stunted trees.

Black Angus cattle were grazing on the hills. Helen got a faraway look in

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her eyes & said she would like to buy a ranch here. Little blue ponds lay shining in hollows with ducks & all varieties of water birds dabbling in them.

On the verge of an unnamed lake beyond Lake Chaplain (the lake was beside Morse) Anna saw 4 avocets with golden heads & I saw a Willet. I imagine it is a wonderful place for birds. Poor Anna was jumping about in her seat & longing to stop. In that respect I am more fortunate, as Helen is very kind & stops pretty often for me to take photographs which can be done moderately quickly, but for Anna to get a bird photograph it takes 3 or 4 times as long as you have to wait around patiently for the right moment.

We lunched near one of these blue ponds & had a bit of a rest. The flowers were all strange to us here – there was a small yellow chrysanthemum with a yellow flower & sticky head, & mauve thistles & black-eyed Susans. We liked Saskatchewan more & more. Moose Jaw looked suburban – Swift Current has a branch of the Dominion Experimental Farm & we drove up to look around the green & white buildings, but being Sunday no one was about & no live stock on view. It looked as though the people who worked there lived there with their families. The rest of Swift Current we missed & got mixed up with the Massey Harris factories & dumps of gorgeously coloured agricultural

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machines. On the outskirts of the town new brightly coloured bungalows were being built – no inhibitions about colour in the West. Here we turned North, as Helen is going to visit some more Salkeld relations. We drove on a gravel highway, some rough bits & one 20 mile stretch all under construction at one time. Huge windy spaces & infinite skies & seas of green & pale gold ripening grain.

Even though it was Sunday a few farmers were reaping – all with machines of course. No fences in sight & few telephone poles. Not a weed in the corn, it is short in the stalk compared with British wheat, but what a marvelous sight to see these endless fields of softly rippling gold.

Then we came to another of these extraordinary valleys, the South Saskatchewan lies in a valley not unlike the Qu'Appelle, but even more dramatic & purple shadows were chasing across the folds in the hills.

It was dry grass land, with silvery sage growing over it. I felt this was North Dakota – not Canada at all & the impression was confirmed when I stubbed my bare toes on a prickly cactus. This was the site of the Riel Rebellion. There is a fine new bridge crossing the

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river now. We had supper on the far side overlooking the river & watched the light turn golden & the folds in the hills get darker purple shadows. Everyone was pretty tired.

Audrey had slept a good deal during the day to make up for her sleepless night & Indian clinking bottles & the wild furry animals.

Names off this highway "White Bear", "Tuberose" & "Wild Rose" "Plato".

The cars drive like mad around here & stones from passing cars are flung up at the windshield with fierce impact – we have 3 bad cracks already. On the roads we often pass cars that are completely covered with mud, brown right from the wheels to the top of the hood.

In the evening the sky cleared, the sinking sun shone on the fox tail grass & the combine harvesters on the horizon looked like prehistoric animals & each farm looked like a small dark island in the rolling ocean of green wheat.

We reached [Eston] & inquired for the Salkeld Farm at a garage – and Helen talked to her aunt & uncle on the telephone. She received her instructions – navigation instructions – 6 miles east, 6 miles south & one mile east – which brought us right to the farm. A scotch collie gave us a welcome and then Mr. and Mrs. Salkeld appeared at the door – it was dark by the time we arrived. We had tea, raspberries & bread & butter & honey, enjoyed the luxury of our first bath since we left & then we tumbled into bed.

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Monday 9th – NR. [ESTON.] SASK

This must be a typical Saskatchewan farm. A neat white farmhouse with red roof set in a belt of trees, and a winding drive & hedge leading up to the house. The green windbreak stretches round the whole island, as the buildings are all on the top of one of the gentle curves of the land. There is a big border of flowers, delphiniums, lupins, snap dragons, dahlias, sweet peas, tobacco flowers, hollyhocks and many others, all seemed to me as brilliant in colour as flowers in the East.

Fruit trees do not grow well here, there is a crab apple & peach tree. Helen's father brought some maple trees – but they will never grow big as they die down to the roots each year.

Also there was a vine that used to produce quite good grapes but that has since died back. The lawns round the house merge, into a big field in which stand the barns & graineries as they call them here. Mr. Salkeld & his boys are just in process of putting up a big new barn. Due to the slowing up in wheat sales the farmers are forced to store the grain on their own land as all the elevators are full. So Mr. Salkeld is building a big new barn that can serve as granary or garage for machinery or any other general purpose. It is a fine job, like an inverted wooden shop. This area was not homesteaded till 1910 – before that it was just prairie. They put the straw back onto the soil & that gradually breaks down rocks as a sort of compost. Helen & Anna the agricultural experts say that the farmers here do not do enough for the soil. Mr. S. was telling us that the general trend now is for people to farm their land from the nearest little town.

They live there & drive out to work their farms. One of the difficulties is education. There are not enough small schools in the country the way there used to be, the

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schools are larger in town. The little country schools are mostly closed & a lot of them serve as granaries. We passed one large 4,000 acre farm where there was a row of little metal salt boxes, 36 of them each holds 100 bushels of grain. All along the verges of the road were wild sun flowers turning with the sun – just a border of them as though they had been planted. The fields are almost without a weed. We went down to the river & saw a lovely glade of box elder trees that grows naturally. It was like an orchard, dim & cool on the grass shadowy. Down there were buffalo berries and sage & the sheen of the silvery dwarf willows. Cattle were just roaming there wild to all intents, grass for grazing and the river for drinking. Here the valley had gently sloping sides & it looked less intimidating than the country we saw yesterday. It is so strange to think how recently this country was opened up. Cactuses were on the hills but the flowers all over “A pity” said Mr. S., “they would have made a dandy photograph”. He was quite baffled by the fact that we wanted to photograph sunflowers (a weed here) & those common looking “graineries”. We were late back for lunch. We photographed a boy called Chester who is visiting from Manitoba with the 2 Scotch collies & I photographed the 2 grandchildren in one of the graineries. There is another grandchild aged 4 who talks a lot – she comes out with such comical expressions, such as “yes siree” or “I’m tellin’ yer” & is a local character.

We did our laundry & lay on the grass & picked enormous raspberries. The vegetable garden is immense & everything in it seems to grow to brobdinagian sizes.

Mrs. S. has a superb kitchen – huge modern

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white cooker with dozens of buttons to press, an outside frig, washing machine, light weight ironing board & so on. All well designed objects to make housework easy. It makes me sorry to think of what an English housewife has to go through & a little envious on their behalf when most Canadian women have these luxuries as necessities. We had another large meal, ironed, wrote letters & played a couple of games of Canasta before going to bed. A storm blew up & there was continuous lightning in the distance. We are wondering what the roads will be like for tomorrow & whether the gumbo will imprison us (Uncle G. had told everyone to expect 4 scientists from Ottawa!!)

Like Uncle Ray, Uncle Graham teases us about being unmarried - & says there one or two nice bachelors around, one who is building a house and who might hurry up & get the roof on if he had encouragement. Everyone in these parts gets married as soon as they're out of school & so they are puzzled by the four of us. There is Audrey who is the youngest & very attractive, slim with brown hair & large dark eyes. She has a soft voice & is altogether most gay & appealing & very very feminine. Anna is dark with clear blue eyes & a sweet mouth and a shy gentle manner. She forgets everything when she is watching or photographing birds & for the moment nothing else exists. Helen is rather boyish but is very popular with men--- & so all these Westerners wonder.....!!!

Audrey was sick when we arrived & was up half the night – but a day & another night's rest have restored her usual high spirits.

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Aug 10th

Tuesday. We left the farm soon after seven. All the family turned up to say goodbye – including kittens and dogs. Graham said “-well girls when you on your honeymoon stop off here” & to me “come at a different time of year & there'll be some other weeds to photograph besides sunflowers”. We received more vague instructions about so many miles south and east and south and so on, till the road changes and wind through some hills till you come to the ferry. Which to our surprise we did. A puppy came rushing out to welcome us & then the Ferryman emerged. The S. Saskatchewan River was high & very muddy. The ferry is run on a small motor and rope cables fixed between two wooden derricks take the force of the current – as this is strong & the little motor could not possibly stand up to it. The season last on average from April 15 – Nov 15 & the ferryman, Mr. Weeks, said that on an average there were 40 cars a day, and on a summer weekend as many as 300 sometimes.

There are 2 ferrymen. Ferry built on the spot, apparently a ferry boat usually lasts about 12 yrs. They are rolled up out of the water each Fall. (When we left the Salkelds Farm, we could see it on the horizon for 7 miles & could have seen it for much longer only the land was too rolling). Mr. S. said that very few farmers kept horses except for riding or ranching – but he remembered one of his neighbours who has used 20 horses harnessed to plough & a harrow. The usual thing is 6 horses – 2 to a farrow. He used to have 8 so that 2 could always be rested.

He was scornful about the man with 20 & said he was only showing off anyway & once the horses had run away with [lions?].

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We stopped at Leader for petrol & leaving Helen in the car the rest of us went into a drug store to buy films. The man there was intrigued with us & asked where we were going & where we were from. At first he said he had my size of film – but it turned out he was wrong. “You roll me over a barrel” he said when he found he hadn't any. As we were leaving

he said "there are 3 or 4 scent sprays behind the counter if you girls like scent". So we covered ourselves with "Miracle" & so on & went out reeking to the car to shock Helen.

The gulls follow the plough here as they do at home – they circle & circle lazily all day. Graham said that once a fellow in the neighbourhood put up his hand once & caught a gull to his own astonishment.

After Leader the road was straight for mile after mile after mile & the land slightly rolling. There was a good deal of grassland & the farms there were – were not very well kept up. Few trees planted around the house. The exception to this rule was a farm at Liebenthal where rows of flowers stretched a quarter of a mile from the road up to the farmhouse. We did not think it could be a market garden as there would be nowhere to sell the flowers & concluded, possibly erroneously that the people just liked flowers & so planted them by the acre in addition to wheat. A lake was marked on the map – but it was too far from the road for us to see it. I think Helen would have liked to keep to the side roads and go through Drumheller, but very generously she drove south to Maple Creek knowing I wanted to see if I could catch the Missionary Ladies at Medicine Hat for the Film Board. Maple Creek had some quite good looking old stone houses

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& some others faced with some shiny material stamped out in patterns. Long thin men hung around doorways & sat on steps, wearing blue jeans & cowboy hats & pointed cowboy ankle boots. No one was in a hurry. That is one thing I like about the West. There is more dignity in taking time to do things. Audrey did the shopping, and we walked up the street & had a look in at a log cabin museum where there was a heterogeneous collection of stuff, some of it very good, but badly displayed. There were queer things like the tattered sole of a boot of a man who was struck by lightning. A man of the N.W.M.P. stuffed in a glass case – the stuff of his legs was very bad, he was palpably a straw man. He wore red jacket & a scarf of lancers [topee], white pants & riding boots. There were also some birds & animals stuffed with greater care & knowledge. A very small stone arrowhead (Indian) which had been found embedded in a buffalo bone – an entirely inadequate weapon for such a large beast, but I supposed the Indians succeeded in killing them this way.

Huge branding irons, yokes for oxen & spinning wheels, Indian clothes & feather head-dresses & old photos of round-ups etc. – showing hundreds of horses in one photograph.

There was an ancient newspaper article framed telling of the Massacre of Cypress Hills. Apparently there had been trouble for years between the settlers & the Indians along the U.S./Canadian border (Montana lies a little way south). And on one occasion the Indians had stolen a lot of horses, also burnt down a trader's store & forced him to go. Various outrages of this kind. Then some Americans &

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a couple of Canadians took the law into their own hands & rode off into the hills to take vengeance. They went to an Indian encampment where the inhabitants were entirely innocent of the recent raids & where most of the Indians were ill with small pox. They massacred about 200 men, women & children in cold blood. The Canadians were furious & tried to get justice done as it was on their territory – but not for some years where the perpetrators caught. Some (the Americans) were tried in the States and acquitted & so the Canadians who were being tried in Winnipeg were allowed to go free also. But it sounded a most terrible affair - & it did not happen so long ago either. It makes me feel all the guiltier about what we – the white people have on our conscience – but because it was our fathers we don't know anything about it.

After Maple Creek we turned off on a side road & had lunch – Anna watching the Franklin gulls through her glasses. Then we took to the road again – more wild grassland with a few high hills in the South, probably the States. Here it was dry & dusty & very different from Saskatchewan.

We came on bits of the new Trans-Canada Highway being surveyed and broken. Huge machines were at work – and two of the men stopped them for me to take photographs. The construction men live in wooden huts on the highway.

We left the highway to go to Medicine Hat for my benefit, & the others went shopping while I went to see Conan Carter – but only his wife was at home & she didn't know too

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many of the answers. She told me that Qu'Appelle was the Indian name for "who calls" (!)

The Missionary ladies were at Elk Lake, & so back 40 miles the way we had come. I didn't dare ask Helen, as she & the others were so tired. So I'll just have to wire the Film Board that I couldn't do it.

We decided to drive on to Taber & find the Provincial Park marked there on the map. Just before passing it we came to fields of sugar beet, which were being irrigated by revolving fountains – almost as good as Versailles against the sun – then the huge beet factory – a fine looking modern building shining with white paint. We turned off right to the Provincial Park on Oldman River by which time people's tempers were getting a bit short; but we found a very nice camping spot on the sand among the willow bushes, just on the bank of the river. It is a deep - sandy canyon - dry sparse grass growing on the cliffs, but on the valley floor it is green: - thick, groves of cottonwoods & willow. The river was a peacock blue strip in the yellow-brown landscape fringed with green verges.

By the time we got the tents up & the supper cooked the sun was down, so we missed any photographs. I went for a swim but no one else did. It was very pleasant, the current on the south shore was just so strong that by swimming one could stay in one place – on the far shore it was pretty fierce & one would have been swept downstream. Birds flying everywhere & chattering, and a few bats. There was a

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bright moon & Audrey went swinging on the children's swings provided in the park. There were a couple of cars there but they soon left & we had the park to ourselves.

We lit the candle & Anna sat on the table writing her dairy by its flickering light.

De Winton (Billy's Thompson's Farm)

Next morning tempers seemed again a little strained – but gradually improved. We drove in to the Experimental Farm at Lethbridge & looked around. Pleasant small buildings. 2 flower beds brilliant with petunias. A few horses grazing.

This area seemed richer in every way – more trees, more prosperous farms & buildings. Huge field of sugar beets being irrigated. Also crops of alfalfa, which I had not seen before.

At Lethbridge Audrey & I went off to do the shopping. There was music playing & flags flying and it turned out that this was Lethbridge fair week, & everyone was in town to see the fun. It seemed to be a great centre for cowboys, they lounged about everywhere – all in blue jeans, some with embroidered boots and all with 10 gallon felt hats in all colours. As we neared the centre of town we could see crowds in the street – some acrobats were performing in the centre of the main street with big crowds all around. Most of the kids were rigged out in cowboy outfits. Some cow girls were spinning ropes. The crowd was intensely colourful & extremely alive, & such a variety of humanity.

Here every other person seemed to be a personality – very different from Ottawa where all the girls & most of the men seem to be turned out after one pattern. They were Indians & Chinese, & dark

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looking central Europeans, & Hutterites in black clothes & Ukrainian women with scarves over their heads, & solid German peasants. They were all enjoying the acrobatic display with huge zest.

A children's pipe band & dancers were also performing on a wooden platform erected on the pavement – all the kids dressed up in full Scottish regalia.

We dragged ourselves away very reluctantly knowing the others would be waiting. Then on again through dry & dusty grass land to Fort McLeod and then a bit further on we crossed Oldman River again, which was rippling over grey pebbles and looked quite irresistible. So we stopped there for lunch and bathed there. The water was clean, cool & fast flowing. Anna & I found that by holding your body out by supporting one's weight on the hands – then we let the current take us downstream our hands slithering on the slimy pebbles so that one got the impression of skiing on one's hands. We had so much fun having races!

Other cars came & went – but as we were so near our next stopping place we relaxed (for once) from Helen's [Drang nach Westen]. She wants to be in Victoria by the 20th August to meet her sister who is about to go to the Yukon & so every time we stop she is anxious to be off again, & she gets us up in the morning at ungodly hours – especially when we change time zones & then it's five o'clock!

Of course it's the best time to get up if the weather is fine – but we've only had about one of these starting at dawn. This country side has not the same integrated feeling as Saskatchewan, it does not seem to have made up its mind whether to grow grain or run cattle.

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We were excited at our first sight of the Rockies, a jagged pale blue wall on the horizon – rather ethereal in the shimmering noonday heat. I announced a prize for the first person to see them – but didn't have to bother as I saw them myself.

We motored northwards along the foothills. Drove of American tourists in cars travelling at high speed shot by us – all heading for the playgrounds of the Rockies. Motels and drive-in theatres were all over the place – catering for them I suppose. We turned off the Highway at Aldersyde & from then on Audrey got teased as she hadn't the faintest idea where she was or in what direction her brother-in-law lives. Our map did not show the small country roads, so we just headed in approximately the right direction. We sent Audrey in to ask at a farm house but she was repulsed by a growling dog. So Anna went in, but no one was at home.

The next place we tired there as a rather slatternly woman - & the whole farmyard smelt – even the dog. We got some more directions & suddenly as we were coming to a farm Audrey twitched (rather like Mole scenting home in the Wind in the Willows) and said "if this is Fringers Farm we're right" – and it was & we were. And a mile up the road we found the letter box reading "Thompson". Even then Audrey didn't know which entrance we should drive in by – she was just beside herself with excitement, leapt out the car, tore into the house & there was a long pause while we waited outside in the car. Then she dashed out again. Come on kids. Come on come on & tore back in. Her sister Marg greeted us, a lovely friendly greeting & shook us each warmly by the hand. We sat for bit in the sitting room, then her husband Billy came in & Audrey made a running dive at him across the room & flung her arms round his neck. Marg then took us & the dog Skip in her truck to see their cattle. Up in the field they have the bluest pond teeming with wild birds.

The two kids were away in Calgary for a few days. Our hosts were wonderfully friendly & made us feel completely at home. All the travellers were exhausted so we didn't stay up long.

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The girls let me sleep in the single room & so I had a good night's rest (in double beds I wake up every time the other one turns). We did not set off till nearly 11. Last night there was a hail storm and the fields we had passed through yesterday full of ripening crops were flattened. It was a 100% loss for most farmers in this area, and it is a tragic sight to see these battered fields. In some only four inches of stubble remained of a good field of wheat. In one garden which had been full of lovely vegetables, everything was bruised & broken and the cauliflowers were stripped open and split. The Thompson's had the same trouble 4 days before. All their grain gone so it is a very bad season for them. They are fortunate enough to have cattle and a few pigs and chickens as well, so they hope to manage till next year. Bill drove Helen's car & was delighted at the idea. A passing neighbour's eyes nearly fell out & he stopped his car on the road to have another look, but as we have lost our Ontario number plate – there was nothing to be revealed.

Marg said "He'll think we've cashed in on our hail insurance". (As a matter of fact they had not bothered to insure against hail). We drove along the rolling foothills of the Rockies. Here there was still mixed farming – but the steeper the hills the more the land was given over to ranching. At Turner Valley one of the original oil wells, & the little town centres round this. There was the unpleasant accompanying smell of hydrogen sulphide which must be unpleasant to live with. Up on the hills there were a number of those strange slow mechanical birds dipping & raising their heads – the oil pumps. Somehow they are a little sinister working there all along in the green countryside.

It was a dull morning – we drove up the forest rangers' road leading to Big Horn & ate our picnic beside the road with a view before us that might have been the

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Bernese Oberland Lovely flowers grew along the roadside, wild delphinium, aster, rose, dwarf golden rod, rock rose, thistle, wild geranium & many others.

At Okotoks Helen had the car greased & the oil changed. I was intrigued by the garage hand filling the tank – he was a complete cowboy – 10 gallon hat – bright shirt – blue jeans - & highheeled patterned boots. Nearly every man goes a little bit western in attire – but the women are just the same as anywhere else. After lunch we went to visit Dave Blacklock who lives on the hill above Turner Valley. He is a wonderful person. He is a retired Mountie & lives all alone in a wooden cabin among the trees, and he is the gentlest kindest man I have met out here. He was a Scot from Gretna Green, Dumfries? But has been in Canada most of his life. He is tall and thin and looks an ill man. His legs are badly twisted and useless and he has to get around on crutches. He was unshaven, wearing dark pants and a well worn Cowichan fawn & brown sweater. He has blue grey eyes, & has a way of opening them wide when emphasizing a point. He came out on his verandah as our car full of women drove up – (Bill & his wife & the four of us). Bill said "Dave I've brought some girls to see you, and they want to see your animals". Dave said "Oh that's fine, and opened his eyes wide as each girl got out of the car & said "Hullo". A small boy was dragging his footsteps. Dave took us first to see his rabbits – two breeds, he calls them Dutch & English, the Dutch being the prettier of the two, white & soft brown in colour. We photographed one of them. One old rabbit was entirely tame and wandered around loose in the bushes, or dozed on the top of a hutch. Billy said the place has changed a lot probably because the old man is not too well. He had a rock garden with water falling

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from pool to pool, & stuffed birds were sitting in or suspended from the trees. The hillside is terraced a bit and even now there is a fine show of flowers – pansies & delphiniums. Dave said that rabbits make the best household pets he knows of - & he has kept dogs & cats. They are very clean & also affectionate. He sells quite a few to people round about & while we were there a small girl came in to ask if he would sell a baby rabbit to her mother. Then another girl arrived on a pony, tethered him & then joined the small boy as superior attachments of Dave's. I felt they looked on us as

outsiders. And what a wonderful person Dave is for children to have around. This girl had been on a trek with her mother a few days before. They had ridden & camped for 3 weeks in the Rockies & had the time of their lives. They had brought back some alpine flowers for Dave, some Twinberries & yellow Avalanche Lilies. The latter are not unlike a dog-toothed violet. They are fairly rare & grow in the snow, or at the snow's edge (rather like soldanella in Switzerland). When they are past their freshness the petals curl back & have the same shape as a turk's head lily. He let Anna take them outside and photograph them. Then he got the boy to bring out the golden Labrador. Before they appeared I made the great mistake of asking him about his "golden retrievers" as Audrey had told me that this was the breed he kept. He opened his eyes as wide as they would go & thundered "Lady, don't talk to me of retrievers – mine are Labradors..." but he was only teasing.

Dave's room was one of the most fantastic places I have seen. It was about 12 feet square – on one side a big stone fireplace he had built himself. I imagine he had built the cabin alone. The mantelpiece was piled high with figures of animals he had modelled from plaster & painted, you couldn't

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begin to see what was there. Every table & chair was piled high with objects & an impossible room in which to play Kim's game. There were vases of flowers, in some a single white blossom of Canterbury Bells – a huge thing the size of a rose which someone had brought him. There were bookcases full of books on blowers, birds, & animals. One patch of wall was covered with bright ribbons, first prizes won by his champion ~~golden~~ Labrador "Golden Gunner". It was dark in the room so one couldn't really see the dust that was probably lying there thick.

One table was covered with tools & incompleting model animals. Oil paintings were scattered everywhere on the walls that Dave had done himself including the one depicting the occasion when Dave had fallen through the ice when patrolling with his dog team & sled. He very nearly lost his life – but the lead dog struggled & dragged the other dogs along the ice till Dave was able to scramble out & so, save him. Billy thought his twisted legs might have been caused by this mishap.

Also a picture of a nearby rock called Gibraltar Mountain – where there are large deposits of anthracite coal – but it is too far away to exploit it. So they got a cabin built & went in with horses & sleighs taking dynamite to do their blasting. The man who drove that sleigh had some bad moments. The Indian refused to live in the cabin & set his own tepee up outside. They burned some of their mined coal in the stove, & one night the Indian felt something was wrong & went into the cabin and found all three of them laid out nearly asphyxiated by fumes given off by the coal. He dragged them out & brought them round in his tepee.

Another painting of a country doctor driving hell for leather in his buggy

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while the stork was flapping just ahead of him. On the wall too was a certificate from the Alberta Fishing & Game Society awarding him Honorary Life Membership. A whole rack of guns was on the wall, & Dave kept odd bits of fishing tackle in his pocket.

Golden Gunner was a stocky, little animal, very friendly, & he loved being handled. Dave was saying "there's one thing strange about that dog, he won't have anything to do with a drunken man – he just shivers & shakes". (I hoped that Golden Gunner wouldn't smell my breath as Helen & I had drunk a small mug of Canadian wine each at lunch time).

Dave said "watch him now". & he flung a stuffed duck out of the window into the wilderness below & some minutes later the dog was sent out to fetch it. He rushed off wagging his tail and almost dancing with excitement and in a very few minutes he found the bird in the bushes & brought it back triumphantly. He had not even seen the bird thrown, so it gave some idea of his capabilities. I photographed Dave with the dog & Audrey. I would have liked to take some inside the room – but there were so many people around & there wasn't time to establish any sort of understanding.

He had a small box fixed up under the eaves where a wren was bringing up her second brood. She arrived with a large green caterpillar but we had to move way before she could pluck up courage to fly into her nest in front of strangers.

Apparently when Dave built the fireplace, he got the idea out of some book – the design was suitable for a house at sea level & just would not draw at an altitude of 4,000 ft, so he had to tear it all down again, and with the help of an engineer who understood the trouble he put it up again & now it works perfectly.

On the walls there was also a mounted deer's head & a mountain sheep, and also some stuffed fish. In a cage was small canary, & he said

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that in his bedroom he keeps two wild finches that he is trying to train. Swarms of bantams pick around in the woods behind the house – quite wild.

2 years ago when the Thompson's visited the place he had a verandah at full of canaries – but due to his bad health he can't keep as many.

Tobacco cans & pipes lay about all over the tables

As a contrast to Dave's home we were taken to see the modern homes of Calgary. And they were indeed the most modern homes I have ever seen. Mostly bungalow type – in wood, stone, stucco & every kind of material. Huge picture windows and roofs & walls painted every imaginable colour. The effect was extremely gay & alive. The houses were all set in smooth lawns & some had the most lovely gardens, all the more remarkable when one considers the difficult climate here. Some had planted trees – but some still looked a little bare. Most of the houses were probably built from oil fortunes – one most probably so as there was an oil derrick rigged up at the entrance to light the way in to the front door.

We visited the zoo & spent a lot of time there. It is one of the better zoos that I have seen.

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Fri Aug 13th 1954

All dead tired to-day. Late in the morning Marg took the 4 of us down to have a look at the Bow River. We went down in the truck. The land on this bend of the river belongs to two Dutch brothers – nice hard working men who have one of their sisters to keep house for them. They have this beautiful stretch of land down in the valley as well as a large piece on top of the cliffs.

In the valley it is something like an English park – huge trees & neatly cropped grassland. It could be an English Estate. The brothers have cut a road down to the river, and taken down a stove to one of the loveliest glades so that their friends can picnic there - & are less likely to set fire to the place. We walked along a path beside a sort of canal, where beaver had been working. They had felled a huge cottonwood right across the water. The others saw a young beaver sunning himself on top of the beaver house, but Anna & I were left behind taking photos. We watched there some time but he did not reappear. Then we wandered through the park, visited a ruined log cabin which is referred to as the haunted house & then rested on a grassy bank beside the river. Billy got tired of waiting for us & drove down to collect us. The 2 kids had come home, so we met them, the boy is a bit scornful of all these females & the little girl is thrilled.

Audrey is still dead tired that I suggested (if her sister could bear it) we should stay another day) as we don't want to have a wreck on our hands. She is rather delicate compared with the rest of us.

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High River has a shop for outfitting cowboys. So we all went in to have look. On the way they stopped at a small village store for my benefit as there is a crazy old Englishwoman who runs it. The shop is filled from floor to ceiling with every imaginable article a country family could want, clothes included. The owner took some time to appear – he rolled his eyes & didn't appear to be all there. He has a fairly educated voice – comes from Chichester – he says his father founded the 2nd largest golf course in England at Bosham & his uncle is a judge at Croydon. He was dying to know who we were – thinking at first that we were missionary ladies. He sold Anna 2 cent instead of 4 cent stamps – then hurriedly locked the door & she had an awful time getting hold of him again - & then he tried to short change her – it was probably just excitement at getting strangers in the place. On the way we saw a farmer driving a binder with 4 horses – an ideal photo but we had to rush to town before the shops shut. High River is a nice little town. The shop is a fascinating place. All the local cowboys come here – and of course droves of tourists. The place is full of 10 gallon hats, cowboy shirts, and in the shop there are craftsmen making bridles & saddles & embossed high heel boots – this would have been a series to photograph but it was nearly closing time, so I had to make do, with Terry the Thompson's boy, trying out the beautiful saddle which was in the window. It only costs \$250 which doesn't seem much considering the workmanship – it was embossed or stamped rather with patterns in darker colours. They make saddles here to specification.

There were lariats, & silver spurs, & deep stirrups & all the rest of the outfit, & it is not fancy dress – cowboys really do wear these things. Helen & I could have spent hours in the shop. The owner was extremely pleasant & talked & told

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us about one of the leading dancers from the Winnipeg ballet who had danced around in different pairs of high heeled boots.

We signed the visitors' book – Audrey bought a tie with bucking bronc on it for her "mother" to whom she had been writing letters daily. Anna bought a red jacket, and Helen got a denim cowboy hat and a leather tooled belt with silver buckle on which was the low relief head of a long horned cow. I didn't get anything as I hope to get a thick sweater like Helen's when we reach the coast. I just took photos this time. We walked around the town which is growing fast. There are the usual false fronted stores & grain elevators – but there is a smart new council house, and a modern school of 2 stories with windows the whole length. These Canadian schools must be lovely to work in, so light & airy. This one at High River is not yet completed. There are a manner of modern bungalow houses as in Calgary – bright colours splashed everywhere.

We came home as the sun was setting. It was dramatic – with the grey blue Rockies along the skyline.

We meant to go to bed early, but as usual didn't manage it. They were talking of the time the haystack caught fire – Marg saw Billy at it with his hat – for a moment she didn't know what to do – just rushed for water then to the telephone. There is no fire brigade in the district & farmers have to fight their own fires. There is a signal of one long ring, & everyone on the phone grabs its listens in – then they drop everything and come rushing to help. Marg said that however much talk there is & petty quarrels in the district – when anyone is in trouble the neighbours always rally round to help. There

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is a wonderful community spirit in that respect. And if anyone is ill – neighbours will always help. How much warmer a feeling than there is in the towns – people are so much more human.

As we returned from High River to-day we saw a farmer ploughing – two days ago there was his ripening wheat crop which was flattened the following night by the hail – as Marg said “it takes good stuff to make a farmer”. The hail broke windows in the schoolhouse & really did tremendous damage in the area. The only thing they all feel is that they are all in the same boat, & they just have to hope for better things next year.

Kananaskis Forest Reserve Aug 15th

Fearful storm in the night – lightning & thunder – some telephone wire was hit & the bell rang & the line was dead next morning. It was still raining early & everything sodden so we didn't hurry ourselves & gradually the skies brightened. Poor Skip looked miserable to see the car being packed & if you spoke to him he could only contrive a feeble wave of the tail. As we piled into the car he withdrew & lay down by the house & watched us go with sad eyes. The roads were muddy & we slithered all over the place. I didn't like having the 2 kids in the car with us in case we skidded off the banked road into the ditch. It was the trickiest bit of driving to date. After fuelling at High River Billy & Marg led the way in their truck towards the Kananaskis road. This was rough going – muddy & stony – and countless cattle gates that tied on low Eastern springs.

We started winding in & out of the foothills of the Rockies, with big ranches with the cattle brand marked on barns & roadside letter boxes. This was splendid rolling country, rich grass land with hills & clumps of trees & forest. Very varied & rich looking land. This is the country where Helen wants to buy her ranch. There was a small

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river winding all through the valley, & occasional cars parked at the edge, or we'd get a glimpse of a fisherman perched on a rock. Every now & then Billy waved an arm out of the window for us to notice something – the direction of the Duke of Windsor's Ranch, or the field of corn bales that he had painted. The road was very bumpy in places, and did not improve till we got into the Forest Reserve itself. There was a gate across the road, & people going through had to register in a book provided in a small shelter beside the road. The rangers' houses were smart and freshly painted. We passed through a heavy shower of rain but gradually the weather improved. We looked for and found enough blue sky for a Dutchman's trousers, & gradually it got brighter. We stopped for lunch near a stream in real alpine country. Peaks all around & clean mountain air to breathe.

Billy borrowed Anna's fieldglasses & tried to find us some mountain goats to look at, but he was unsuccessful. Little gophers popped in & out of holes all around us, standing up on their hind legs to get a good look & whistling away at each other. We had a pleasant lunch – bothered a bit by the flies. The little girl came around whispering that she'd like more to eat or some milk, she is so trusting, & when her mother say no firmly, the kid just accepts it, but goes on looking hopeful. She is the most wonderfully good natured child, one of the most endearing small people that I have met for a long time. When her brother teases her or snaps at her she isn't bothered, she just goes on smiling with those clear serene eyes & those fat pink cheeks. It was a long outing for the children & they behaved very well.

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Aug 16th Monday

This was the best camping spot so far – high on a hill overlooking the jade green Kananaskis dam & mountains all around – it was open with just enough small fir trees to make us feel hidden from the road – it was fresh air off the mountains smelling of fir & pine and we all felt happy. We did not start too early in the morning & the sun was up in a misty way throwing soft light on the mountain wall behind us.

I went down to the stream to get some water but saw no signs of beaver. Then we were away & just looked in at the rock & earth wall of the dam & then down through the woods to the dry prairie. We came to another dam & then hit the Trans-Canada Highway once again – here it was smooth & the going good. Soon we were climbing gently alongside the Bow River. We passed 2 big limestone works & reckoned these companies must rest assured of work for a million years with all that limestone at their disposal. They had bitten a chunk out of a mountain. The white deposit lay thick on the roof as though there had been a six inch snowfall. Then we began to see signs and cabins & motels & dude ranches & felt we must be nearing Banff. We saw a sign saying “TO THE BEARS” & went to find them. The Banff garbage dump was the only place we saw bears. It was quite repulsive – a huge pile of rotting vegetable matter in a state of decay – a sickly nauseating smell – however we braved it to look at two bears, a black & a brown one – both fat and with thick coats. They were both poking in the heap in a state of oblivious contentment & took no notice of us while we took photographs from a few feet. The smell became overpowering & we escaped wondering how people ever forgot or survived the smell of a battlefield. From there we followed a wide gravel road through the airfield and came to the buffaloes. They are in a fenced piece of land with cattle

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stiles so they can't get out. One can only go in by car & must not get out. We drove in & round & stopped by the herd to take photographs. Some of them gradually moved closer. There was one tremendous bull, & he was the most powerful looking creature I have ever seen & the wickedest looking. He lowered his great head & stared with his small brown eyes & was like a power contained – coiled on itself & the slightest thing would let it burst out. I would have been terrified to meet a creature like this on foot, & Helen got anxious about the car in case he should take a run at it.

We wondered again at the Indians who had killed these animals with bow & arrow or hatchet, & just relied on their horses to get them out of reach. A few cow birds were sitting on his back. This bull was the epitome of aggressive “orneriness” – the opposite extreme from the timid, gentle little beavers we saw at Calgary. We drove into town to get some petrol and to take a look at the sights. The main was filled with parked cars for its whole length on both sides – cars from every American state it seemed & Canadian. Smart women & vulgarly dressed women, rough looking men & imitation cowboys, but the whole place reeked of money. We made the mistake of going into a delicatessen shop to get our supplies & when paying were horrified at the size of the bill. We discovered we had been charged 50 cts a pound for grapes. I said we would rather not take them at that price, & the girl said “Well those are Banff prices” & that seemed to be the prevailing attitude.

We went up to the cascades, & the flowers were indeed lovely, but I felt it would have been better to have had a rock garden of the wild alpine flowers that grow in the park. However as a tourist attraction I've no doubt this was most appealing.

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What always strikes me as odd is this business of people motoring 1000's of miles into the wildest country in order to have all the luxuries they have at home in a different setting. But I suppose this is what they want. We found a very tame deer by the school chalets & he followed us around getting too close most of the time. His antlers were covered with fawn coloured velvet. We saw the monster hotel & were really rather glad to get out of the resort & onto the highway again.

We stopped by the road for lunch & were attacked by mosquitoes. All the principal mountains are sign posted from the road.

Our next stop was Lake Louise – we got depressed by the stream of cars heading the same way & more so when we saw the car park. However we braved the mobs & walked along by the green-blue lake – it is a wonderful lake in spite of the ballyhoo – but the ballyhoo kills that vivid apprehension one feels about a place. This was rather like Niagara Falls. Catering for the tourist in a big way. Rides on sleepy horses in the charge of a phony looking cowboy in red shirt & black hat & jeans. Canoes in brightly painted colours so that people could photograph each other. A teepee in a field. Then the monstrous hotel enclosed in an orange fence with a hotel porter in full dress uniform keeping the hordes out & letting the privileged guests in. We did not stay too long. We asked a garage man about the road ahead that is under construction & he said we would have to wait ½ an hour if we left right away & suggested that the best way he could think of to fill in the half hour would be to go to Moraine Lake. So we did & it was far far lovelier than Louise. The moraine itself is intriguing – the lake

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is the same chalky green colour, & there is a great range of mountains on the far shore. The chipmunks were the tamest creatures & took things out of your hand – Anna wasted a lot of film on them - & we all enjoyed this lake. It was all one could have expected of the Rockies. The road was slippery & muddy & it took us over an hour to get there & back. The highway rolled through the forests & suddenly started swooping downhill & we came to the officially marked Great Divide – where the waters run East & West & through a wooden gateway of peeled gnarled logs and into British Columbia. This was the Kicking Horse Pass. Somehow we had expected more, but were astounded at the engineering feats of the C.P. Railway. We were lucky enough to be passing as a train was going through the spiral tunnel - & we marvelled again at the men who had struggled to build this great railway. We drove down & down into the valley - & along the Kicking Horse River. We came to huge construction sites where land for the T.C. Highway is being cleared. A huge band of trees had been cut through the forest. I got some photos, but at the most interesting part a car followed us closely & Helen could not stop. Just after this we crossed the river & saw a sign saying Yoho National Park Camp Site - & decided to stop there – no one else was there. The hills were blue with their heads in the clouds. We got the tents up before a rain storm, & ate supper under the big well-built shelter. Helen & I finished the wine & all felt very mellow and enjoyed Anna's supper. Someone was working on the Highway by night which was rather an irritating noise, & the mosquitoes were vicious.

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Crossing a railway track we saw an animal poised with pointed ears on the steel – was large and long legged with pointed muzzle & we can only imagine that it was a wolf - much too big & long in the leg for a fox.

3 Valley Lake Aug 17th

In spite of having sealed out mosquitoes & having quietness and warmth I couldn't sleep at all till after 3 & felt rather grim in the morning - & no time to wash etc. & not enough hot water for a large mug of coffee – the only thing that gets me going in the morning! In one way and another an inauspicious start to the day! It was dull & misty as we left & the

mist hanging low above the valley hiding those neck rocking mountains. Yesterday driving along the Kicking Horse Valley – I had to get my head right down on the floor (in front) to see the peaks.

We soon came to bits of road under construction – engineers have been working at it already for two years. They have to blast out the side of the mountain – most of it above the C.P. Railway. We marvelled once more at the building of the railway through this impossible territory. The road was often just a rocky lane with towering rock walls above and jumbled masses of blasted rock below – other places were mud, with streams & pools of water on the road & one got the feeling that the whole lot might easily slip into the canyon hundreds of feet below.

The constructions gangs were coming in to start work – lorry loads of them all wearing white-painted steel helmets. They looked a very tough crowd – amongst them a few youngsters. There were signs saying “Blasting – No radio transmitting permitted” The lane was too narrow for

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cars to pass in some places. We had to wait for the Calgary & Winnipeg busses to pass. Cars are not supposed to travel between the hours of 8am & 5pm. When the gangs are working on the road, but there was no one out either end of the construction are to stop you. Presumably you might get held up all day if you risked going through – with blasting of lands up & bouncing boulders as hazards. We crossed a narrow wooden bridge above a canyon – with the Kicking Horse River & the railway passing below us. Railway repair gangs were working on the track dumping ballast over the side of the track where the turbulent river was undermining it.

We passed fearful drops down to the river & could understand why Helen’s mother had been scared. One could be with some drivers, but Helen is a really first class driver. There we. We got a fairly good stretch of gravel road before reaching Golden – including one hairpin bend beautifully engineered. Then we stopped for petrol & stores. We saw the sad & pathetic remains of a pale green car that had skidded the night before on the Big Bend going at 50 m.p.h. & wrapped itself around a tree. 4 passengers were in a bad way. The speed limit in B.C. is 50 m.p.h. & recommended speed on this stretch is 40 m.p.h. After leaving Golden we reached tall fir forests – soaring slender trees with a fringe of pink fireweed along the edges of the road to relieve the dark green. On a straight piece of road one got the impression of travelling between two green hedges, perfectly clipped. Yesterday, Anna offered the prize for the first one to see the redwood cedar & won it herself.

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This morning we saw a doe grazing on a bank above the highway. All day we drove through an endless forest and as we went further north the cedars became immense, it was the finest forest I have seen in Canada- great grey stems rising from a low green undergrowth of ferns & horses tails and mosses and some fallen trees all green with mosses. It was a dim dreamy light that filtered through the tall foliage. The strange thing is that this is the reality of a dream I had a long time ago, many many years of being in a Canadian forest and looking up at these trees, starting at the trunk & raising my eyes slowly till I could see the distant tops, a tracery of black against the sky. Only in the dream it was winter & there were snow flakes falling. The road was gravel, often good, bumpy in places. Not many cars on the road & most of them driving carefully – unlike the majority of highways. Helen said she would far rather drive on these winding, steep roads any day though it may be physically more tiring there is no nerve strain. The worst part of the trip as far as she was concerned was the stretch from Bradford to Brockville.

24th May- 31st October. The Big Bend road was open. We started feeling hungry early so stopped beside the apple-green Kinbasket Lake. The road is some hundreds of feet above the lake & the trees have not yet been cleared so we couldn’t get a clear view of the lake and mountains opposite.

It was a very rapid lunch as the mosquitoes attacked in swarms. We were travelling along the Columbia River & continued to do so for the vast part of the day. It winds around the range of Selkirk Mountains to make the Big Bend and the road follows beside the river all the way. At the turn of the Bend there is a small settlement of a houses brown as Boat Encampment which used to

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be a Hudson's Bay Co. Post in fur trading days. The furs would be carried overland from the Jasper area & then put on canoes & carried down river. The hide of a timber wolf was nailed on the door. The Columbia River swept around the curve, smooth & full of power – pale grey-green in colour with a background of dark green forest and blue mountains patched with snow. Anna checked our direction with her compass & proved that we had turned in a southerly direction. There was a raft moored in mid river with a tent & drilling rig mounted on it & a notice announcing that this was the proposed site of the Mica Creek Dam. The road took us up & down in the mountains often 700 or 800 ft. above the river with earth cliffs slopping straight down into the water. There are no railings on the road sides yet, but supposedly that will come in time.

I had been saying that morning that there were fewer hazards motoring in Canada than in Ceylon where jokers cut down trees in front of approaching cars. But someone must have been listening as we drove up to some men working on the highway verges, cutting down trees – and they felled one neatly just in front of us the foliage brushing the radiator. The man with the small portable saw who had cut the tree had of course not heard us coming & his buddies had their backs turned – they looked distinctly startled when they saw us – unlike the Sinhalese who just shrieked with laughter with our narrow escape.

Most of the men were wearing mosquito nets over their hats which was the first time I had seen this. One man had a supervisor type, an orange net with a glass visor

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for him to see through more clearly. We could see the mosquitoes buzzing around the men in clouds & felt they must dislike the sight of us – touring for pleasure while they had to work in acute discomfort to keep the road open for us.

Some of the older men did not wear gloves or veil. Further on we passed an old man walking – rather bent with tattered clothes & sloppy-brimmed hat & his trousers six inches too short showing the tops of his ancient boots & scraggy ankles. He grinned at us sociably & waived. He looked like another of these characters who prefer living alone in the woods. At Silvertip Falls we got out to fetch water & the mosquitoes fell over each other in a rush to get & swarmed into the car. We had never seen such concentrations of them. We enquired about camping sites in Revelstoke from the Information centre, where a friendly lady told us the one place we ought to go to for scenery, lakes & freedom from mosquitoes was the top of Revelstoke Mountain. She showed us a picture of it and it looked ideal – grass, lakes & firs. This range we had been circumventing all day was the Selkirk Mountains & an older geological formation than the Rockies & not so spectacular. Anna & I got quite excited at the prospect, but unfortunately Helen & Audrey were ready to camp right away & it had been a long day's driving for Helen – so we continued on the highway & camped in a deserted lumber camp on gravel pit we weren't sure which, but there were numerous decaying buildings and a garden gone wild & 3 horses grazing. It was hard work setting the tent poles in the gravel.

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Thompson River Aug. 18th

We slept a bit later than usual & it was the best night I'd had for some time. Again the mosquitoes were bad so we did not stay long. It was grey & dull and continued that way all day, so for a change not many photographs were taken. The hills got lower & we travelled along the valley floor. The farms did not look particularly prosperous. We saw apples trees. The barns had straight slopping roofs, up till now they have been the hip type and these were not painted, either stained dark brown or else just weathered grey. The crops had been beaten down by rain in many places, some were weedy & somehow the farms looked amateurish compared with those in Saskatchewan. We had to do quite a long detour to Grindrod as a new bit of highway was under construction & went into a sleepy village store & bought 2lbs of dried prunes for Anna. We drove down over a hill to Salmon Arm & looked down on the great sheet of water. Sawmills were working & clouds of white smoke pouring into the already misty atmosphere. Soon after leaving the town we came to the Indian settlement & saw a white haired Canadian priest at the door of a church with a crowd of Indians round him – he was wearing his surplice & I think he was about to perform a burial service – there was a truck standing in front of the church & the men lifting something from it. Such brief impressions one gets of different lives as one flashes by in a car.

We came to the South Thompson River & ate lunch beside it. This is a strange valley, we thought of great age – with shelves now grassed over what was once the river banks. It is still quite a large river, but it must have been immense – or else glacial. Big red firs few on the short dry grass. It was really disappointing that there was no sun as this landscape was full of colour – dry yellow grass & black firs &

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blue trees. It came to rain while I was getting lunch ready and the others retired into the car. A couple of Diesel trains passed & both engine drivers grinned & waved at us. Helen's grandfather was an engineer on the C. & told her that they always liked people who waved & also they greatly appreciated people who stopped at the crossing – because so many crazy people try to race the train. Soon after this I was amazed to see hops growing – in the fields beside the road, strung up on rope as in England. They belonged to the Canadian Brewery Co. Just 5 or 6 fields and there were some buildings nearby that might have served the purpose of [oast] houses? It would have been interesting to enquire further into this. Then we came to Kamloops which appears to be a flourishing town. Down near the river there is a row of old wooden false fronted buildings, & a small Chinese settlement, but in the main streets & up on the hill the buildings were very modern & the gardens brilliant with flowers – it was a lovely sight as I have never seen such a profusion of flowers in small gardens as here. Dahlias, gladioli seem to be the flowers that flourished best & the gentle rain falling did not diminish their brightness.

We drove out to Tranquille to visit a friend of Helen's who was in the T. B. Sanatorium there. We arrived in a heavy shower of rain but here too were flowers in abundance & green lawns, chairs everywhere & trees and colour. Some cactuses growing in a central flower bed. It seemed like a large settlement – numerous large & small buildings & farm all pleasantly laid out. The girl at the information desk said that Helen had come at the wrong time to visit, so Helen said it was a little difficult to arrange these things exactly when coming from road by Ottawa. But it turned out that

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(Newspaper clipping)

Impressed with Highwood Pass

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Thomson of Gladys Ridge have had four interesting guests visiting them. They are Mrs. Thomson's sister Miss Audrey James of Ottawa. Dr. Helen Salkeld of Lucknow, Ontario, Miss Anna Brown of Ottawa and Miss

Rosemary Gilliat, recently returned from Ceylon. The first three are employed with the Federal Department of Agriculture in various branches, and Miss Gilliat is a free-lance photographer whose work has taken her all over the world. The young ladies are touring Canada with station wagon and camping outfit, stopping wherever there are appealing scenes. They travelled the trans Canada route to High Rive, to finding roads very good except for a short stretch round Hearst in Northern Ontario. Continuing to the coast, they are following Big Bend highway.

These visitors have been greatly impressed with the Colmean-Kananaskis highway, and consider the scenery round the Highwood Pass comparable with anything to be seen in Switzerland. They took hundreds of pictures, and found the pockmarked Wintour maintain, just over the Pass quite fascinating.

Miss Gilliat and Miss Brown were the most absorbed photographers and would spend endless time trying to get closeups of wild life, particularly waterfowl. It seemed to them quite out of keeping with natural grandeur along the Kananakis highway when they had a clear away broken bottles in order to get unimpeded view of marmots and chipmunk and pay. The smashed bottle seems to be the trademark of civilized man.

The visitors were very complimentary about our countryside, finding the ranch country lovely. They were also favorably impressed with the bright roofing which householders seemed to favor in Calgary, and also in High River. They said you did not see the same cheery roofs so popular in many other places in the world. Although the weather was not particularly kind to them during their visit here, they seemed to be quite happy viewing the vast country and looking for new species of water birds.

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the girl was away on a six week holiday. So we returned to Kamloops, stopping on the way to buy a monster bag of yellow transparent apples for 25c. The orchards are irrigated as normally the valley is dry & hot & this rain is unusual. They say gentle rain reddens the apples. We climbed up the hill above the town passing hundreds of new little bungalow houses that are being built – then passed a Naval Weapons Store heavily guarded with barbed wire fences. Then part of the oil pipe line, then the ski jump & then we got out on the hills which began to look really interesting.

Range land – short grass & firs & rolling hills not unlike the Alberta foothills that we liked so much – but there were hardly any cattle grazing & no ranches in site. We had seen some fine fat cattle down in the valley where the farmers were irrigating their pastures, so concluded that perhaps all the cattle had been taken down for fattening. We stopped at various viewpoints high above Kamloops Lake but it was too misty to see much, though there was a great deal of colour in the landscape – yellow & brown grass & patches of green & reds by the ponds – grey and yellow rock & blue hazy hills. We liked this country immensely. After crossing the Thompson we climbed again & the colours brightening again – the dry grass was almost orange, studded with tufts of silvery sage & on the edge of the cliff there was a solitary white horse standing against the blue hills of the far riverbank. We passed the best country before we decided this was too good country to leave – but soon after found a camping spot among the aromatic sage

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bushes and set up the tents just before a shower came on. Helen and Anna took the bucket went down to the Thompson to get some water – but were stopped short by steep cliffs – however they got some water out of the cliff. Audrey and I climbed the hill behind the camp, it was longer than we expected of course and steeper. The most exquisite blue birds flittered up from the silver sage bush in front of us. We climbed up to where there were three rocks crumbling in strange shapes like Henry Moore's 3 women. There was no grass so we just slithered down on our feet as through skiing down the steepest slopes. I've found some yellow flowers and some yellow lichen which Anna proceeded to photograph with her extension tubes – advice from all three of us. Helen is reading Vogt's "The Road to Survival" and is a bit depressed about the state of humanity. I am being escapist and reading "Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat" and rather enjoying it.

August 19th C.P. Railway Track Nr. Odlum. Fraser River

On opening the tent Anna said "It's a clear sky and the sun is shining". It was the best morning for a long time. I hung up our washing on a sage bush to dry. The whole atmosphere is aromatic with sage and other shrubs. We took time to enjoy the sunshine before packing up. We passed a mounted cowboy rounding up cattle. This was a strange barren country – no grass, just bare earth with sage brush and yet as Helen said, it should be possible to grow certain crops here, Alfalfa flourishes. Normally it must be

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very dry and farms and ranches were often built in damp looking hollows. The first place we came to was Cache Creek and we looked into the two stores that both have relics on display, both of Cariboo Gold Rush days and Indian. The Indian relics are supposedly prehistoric – some 7000 years old – the skulls found around here are of marked Asiatic type. Graves are often found on the flat barren hill tops marked by a ring of stones. Cache Creek itself is a meandering stream with the old road going alongside. Also on display are old oxen yokes, wheels from carts, animal skulls, mule shoes etc. etc. I hope someday it will be possible to go up this Cariboo region. I suggested that Helen should take off again next year via Calgary (& the Stampede), Edmonton, Dawson Creek & the Alaska Highway to Fairbanks and back look up in at [Mays] & Dawson City, and then through the Cariboo! Beyond Cache Creek there were some fine stretches of new Highway with the Thompson on our left down in the valley.

We saw some signs saying "Corn" and stopped by one of these wayside private markets and bought some and fresh tomatoes. The road rolled up and down through magnificent country, yellow and grey and pink rocks and the green Thompson pouring and tumbling in its hurry to get to the sea – there were some wonderful fierce white rapids and we could hardly believe that people had come through these rough waters in boats and canoes.

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At Lytton we left the highway and went down into the town and went to look at the meeting place of the Thompson and the Fraser. They go a little way side by side, the Thompson a dark green and the Fraser a muddy brown – and when the two rivers have mingled the colour is brown. I was disappointed in the look of the Fraser. A small orange plane had come down at the sands, we supposed it had made a forced landing. Just before getting into Lytton we had stopped to watch a Canadian Pacific goods train pass just below the road. We waved at the engine driver and foreman and they waved back and gave us a double toot on their whistle which seemed a friendly gesture. We decided it must be on account of Audrey who had just put on her "Cache Creek" shirt with a Cariboo on the front.

Then a Canadian national train crossed the bridge as I was photographing it and the engine driver also tooted – they are a sociable lot. But the C.P. I feel fondest of, as I feel they were the true pioneers of Canada and it does seem absurd that the C.N. went ahead and built another railway on the opposite side of the river, and the height of absurdity comes when the two lines cross the river at the same point and resume their journeys on opposite sides of the river. The C.P. built their bridge across for some reason, and so when the C.N. came to build their line later they were forced to follow suit. There were some very narrow bits of road and some really precipitous drops to day. We left the car and walked down to look at the Salmon Fish ways built at Hells Gate Canyon. We sat down in 15 minutes, stayed ½ and hour there and took ½ an hour climbing back gain as it was over 600 feet down.

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There is nothing much to be seen down there at present – the time to go would be during the salmon run in the spring. There are huge concrete structures providing a sheltered passage for the fish away from the turbulence of the water

pouring through the narrow canyon – at a speed of some 25 knots. There was a notice by the river saying that the average depth of the Fraser is 250 ft. deep which seems astounding.

We were all hot and exhausted at the end of the climb and began to think about camping places. We stopped at Yale and bought some meat at the General Store which was a large cream false fronted wooden building kept by a half caste Chinese (we thought). A poor old Indian woman with a tragic expression sat just in the doorway. We saw two big fish racks filled with drying salmon; there seemed to be a considerable number of Indians in this area. The others saw a whole picnic party of little Indian children. At Lytton the higher and older part of the town looked rather ramshackle and the Indian people were living there. We saw one man and a young boy, both on horses with Western saddles.

We tried one or two side roads with not much success and then Anna met an elderly man coming out of a side road in his car. He said we could camp on his place which was kind. The main drawback being that the C.P. track passed 25 yards away from the camping place and the whole place quivered and shook as a train went by. Also, I nearly trod on a grass snake which depressed me. However we were all so tired that it was obvious we should camp there regardless of the drawbacks, but I must confess I thought it a pity to camp in this indifferent place with

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the Fraser River within reach and all the wild country around! Anna cooked us an excellent supper. The sweet corn we bought this morning was the best I have tasted. It came on to rain so we got into our tents early, but it soon got dark and we lit the candle. As we were writing up our diaries we heard the clanging of a bell and soon another train came steaming past – our tent flaps were open and the candle lighting the interior of the tent – I waved at the engine driver and he waved back and gave me a special toot which of course pleased me very much. At one thirty in the morning the rain came down in torrents and I thought how lucky we were to be so warm and dry in our tents – but 15 minutes later I began to wonder. Our tent (Anna's and mine) is only 5 ft. 5ins. long, and our sleeping mattresses are 6 ft. and protrude from the tent. These air mattresses are stitched in ribs and the rain was pouring on the ends and being channelled along these depressions, like irrigation channels and pouring into the tent! My sleeping bag, blanket, pillow and nightdress were soaked right through and I had to drain the mattress, get into my day clothes and sleep rolled up in a second hand dry blanket. Anna was slightly better off and the others better still, they only got wet where they were touching the sides of the tent. It rained right through the night and trains went roaring by at regular intervals shaking the ground. So it was not the most restful of nights. The rain brought out myriads of gnats which attacked us during breakfast.

August 20th 1954 (My birthday) VANCOUVER

We found that we had camped just short of Hope. From there on it was evident that we were approaching Vancouver. Motels of every variety were spread out every few

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hundred yards. It was still raining, but this eased off as we got further west. The country looked more and more English, small fenced fields and grazing land with huge trees like English parkland, weeping willows by ponds and rivers. Hydrangeas, pansies, nasturtiums, roses, gladioli, geraniums blazing with colour in every little garden, also snapdragons and sweet peas, hollyhocks and dahlias, begonia and clematis.

So many signs of the Chinese around here. Shops with Chinese signs, Chinese children playing, a Chinese woman going shopping wearing European clothes including beret, but a hip length black Chinese blouse with high collar and slits at the side. Market gardens and orchards galore and some nice farms with Guernsey cattle grazing. The crops, here too beaten down by the rain. Here were immense deciduous trees and one that looked like an elm and dwarfed the sheep grazing beneath it. The Fraser was now slow and sluggish – its banks far apart and low and mud flats almost -- it did not feel like the same river. We saw hop gardens again and some vineyards after passing through Chilliwack. The Fraser Valley here is

wide and completely flat and appropriately very fertile. As we got nearer to the city we got more and more depressed – the senseless advertising – the garages, the motels (never had we seen so many of the later – it seemed to be an endless built up area of auto-courts. In fact from Hope on the road was almost continuously built up on one side of the road or both. We were really depressed by the time we got to the University. Funnily enough Marg was just walking along the road as we arrived. She took us into lunch and there was the usual cross

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section of students, the exotic long haired drama students – the glamorous domestic science – the more staid and earnest biological & so on. There were a few Indians (Asian). This was the last day of term for the summer school students. After lunch we laid out all the gear in the sun to dry after last night's soaking and washed ourselves and our clothes and got reasonably organized. Helen and her sister went off with their Uncle Bert and Anna to friends but all came back, Anna to get ready to go out to dinner and Helen to ask Audrey and me out to dinner. Uncle Bert's invitation, so off we went. Uncle Bert is a dear, aged 76 but wonderfully youthful and energetic. He is thin and dignified looking and is still practising – he is a doctor. He studied in Toronto but came out West in 1910. He came to have a look at Seattle and the Pacific coast with an ex college friend and they liked it so much that they both gave up their practices and came West. He plays golf regularly and until recently skied and boated and played tennis. He took us out to Stanley Park – Helen driving and showed us round there. We saw a great and graceful bridge of the Lions Gate and the totem poles and the Lumberman's arch and Prospect Point and the huge cedar stumps. In fact, he showed us the sights and then took us to dinner at a little place overlooking the bay and a lovely cloud scattered sunset.

Small ships and large ships and yachts and rowing boats and tugs and barges moved across the bay constantly. We saw the ferry boat going over to Vancouver Island. Thinking of the sunset, Uncle Bert remembered the difficulty he had in trying to describe a sunset to a blind friend of his, who had a certain apprehension of what colour meant although he had been blind since he was 3. The lights began to twinkle all around the bay and the lighthouse on the point started flashing. It was strange to think that we had driven right across the

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continent and that this was the Pacific Ocean, and beyond Vancouver Island lay Japan and the rest of Asia. Stanley Park looked so green and shady and somehow retained a certain wildness. We saw people riding and shooting at targets with bows and arrows, also playing bowls and playing tennis by artificial light. Cricket is also a popular game here, as is rigger. The English influence is certainly strong. What a lovely playground for Vancouver this park is. The city can go on expanding all round the bay & up the hills. It is far too big already – but the setting is so magnificent it is no wonder that people congregate here and keep building. A huge new bridge has been completed recently that carries 8 lines of traffic & speeds up things considerably. Montreal is desperately in need of a bridge like this. We saw the yachts & the Ferry docks & drove along the main street which really is a gay sight at night with its brilliant illuminations. I stopped at a Chinese shop to get our stores. Anna & I are thinking of going to Garibaldi Park while the others go over to the Island. We thought we would like to camp in one place & really have a good rest & have a leisurely time taking photographs. Also she had heard very enthusiastic reports of the Park & Mountain from some entomologists who went there last year. But we were also so late tonight that I somehow wonder if we will be around in time to catch the 9:30 Ferry tomorrow morning.

I'm so glad we saw the bay this evening as now we are all in favour of Vancouver. This morning's gloom about the place has quite vanished.

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August 21st, 1954

Anna came rolling home long after midnight after an evening out with her friends. I did not think she would be back. Due to the strange bed I didn't get to sleep (again) till 4 a.m. Lack of sleep is really the worst problem on this trip as one feels so tired all day but that is not too serious. We were up at seven & completing the arrangements for our trip to the Garibaldi Park. We decided to split up – Helen, her sister & Audrey go to the Island tonight & stay till it is time to go back & we stay in Garibaldi – that is if we are not driven out by the rain. As Uncle Bert quoted, "When you can see the mountains in Vancouver it is going to rain. And when you can't see them it's raining". This morning we could only see the lower half. We woke up poor Marg by going into her room to collect our stuff & when we got back from breakfast we met her & 2 rather glum characters – Helen & Audrey who had been awoken to take Anna & myself down to the boat. Naturally they were both very tired & I think had expected we would go on Sunday & were counting on sleeping in, it was rather unfortunate. Then we had trouble with traffic lanes but by the time we reached the boat tempers were improving. The boat was small & people were crowding on to her – a most motley collection of people. Holiday makers, fishermen with their rods, mountain climbers, a clergyman, some drunken men about to fight, numerous pairs of elderly ladies, families & quantile of apparently unattached children. The main part of the crowd was made up of a host of picnickers – a group of dry dock workers on an outing led by a Wallace Pipe Band dressed in all their smartest kilt & jackets. Helen's eyes got larger and larger & I think she began to get really envious as the pipes give her chills up & down her spine.

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The ship loaded with cargo & passengers till she was sitting quite low in the water. We waved farewell to the others who were heartedly enjoying this musical comedy departure. As we cast off the pipe band started in with "A hundred pipers and a and a" & I felt we were part of a scene from Brigadoon. Two Toronto nurses were taking photos up till the last minute, one of them using a so-called polaroid camera – 60 seconds after the photo is taken you have the print in your hand. The pipers continued as we passed by Stanley Islands under the Lions Gate Bridge. It was grey & misty & the visibility almost nil. The picnic party left the ship at our first stop & were led off by the pipe band at the head & all the assembled villagers at the pier joined in behind. It was a most colourful crowd. Some dinghies were having a regatta & freight cars being towed on barges. But what intrigued us most was a home made boathouse built on a landing barge – it had 2 stories built of rough planks (unpainted) & on the upper story 2 girls were reclining, one grabbed a telescope to look at us as we went by. The whole thing looked rickety & thoroughly unsafe & would never get a certificate of sea worthiness. Two men in a motor boat the size of a mosquito were towing the cumbersome vessel behind them. At the front of the barge was parked an ancient Chevrolet of the 1920 Vantage. One can just imagine the fun

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these 4 were having – free to move anywhere at infinitesimal cost. We stopped again at Britannia Beach and Wood Fibre. At the forest there were the terraced buildings of a mining company – they take out lead, silver & copper, according to one of the passengers & one of the crew. There is a tunnel that goes back 3 miles into the mountain. We could see goods wagons on a trestle high up at the topmost part of the building. The ore brought in is crushed in the plant according to the sailor. It was already raining by this time. Wood Fibre looked like a prosperous little settlement & rows of small company houses climbed the hill. They were different colours and looked well designed from a distance. Here too was a huge plant where timber brought in front Alaska is processed & turned into cellulose & other products.

There was a ship berthed beside a warehouse taking on 6000 tons of cellulose destined for Russia, according to a French workman from the plant. He has worked there 12 years – his home is near Quebec City. He is very contented, pay better than anywhere around, food good and living conditions good. There are 30 French bachelors living together in a

bunkhouse. The married men get houses. It is nice to hear for a change of a workman being thoroughly contented with his lot. He earns enough to go & visit his parents in New Brunswick twice a year. In summer he flies & in winter goes by train. He went off to get a drink & as the bus left Squamish he waved farewell from the window.

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A young man came up & excused himself etc. but he wondered if I were a professional photographer as he was himself. It turned out that he works for the Vancouver Sun. Every weekend he goes out to some country place & takes photographs at the newspapers expense, whether or not they use any photographs his expenses are paid. His name is Bruce Moss & he is a New Zealander – 2 years from home. He dislikes the Vancouver rain, but shuddered at the thought of the cold Eastern winters. I tried to reassure him but he was not convinced. He does not really like living in Canada but has the work he likes which he could not find at home. He introduced us to two students who were heading for Garibaldi Mountain & we found out a bit more about the place. They decided to share a ferry with us for the first 2 miles. We were very late getting into Squamish, & the rain started as soon as we were on board. This was the celebrated little P. G. E. The Pacific Great Eastern & our trip would have been worthwhile for this experience of travel alone. The engine is a bright orange diesel, this is followed by a couple of oil tankers & freight cars, then come the 2 passenger coaches (gothic almost in design – how Emmet would love them) and the last piece of the rolling stock is a flat observation car without a roof.

The rain was pouring down as we started off – but later it eased off & we moved to the car. The train bumbles along rather slowly on account of the curves. It is another of these remarkable pieces of engineering, not unlike the railway from Skagway to Whitehorse, we went along a river bank through a

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valley which began to close in on us until we were winding along in a narrow gorge with rock walls soaring up and dropping down very precipitously. It was a wonderful landscape – rather like more exaggerated Victorian prints of travels in Switzerland – and here it was true to life. Small fir trees clinging to the rock face by every delicate root, and white water hurling itself down the gorge in fury. The mountains were hidden in mist a few hundred yards above us & because it was dark the rocks looked more black & forbidding & the water whiter & angrier. Other passengers filtered out to the car. The two nurses from Toronto both wearing those dreadful garments known as pedal pushers & imitation Cowichan Sweaters & little brown linen hats. Then an enthusiastic movie man & the two students & the photographer followed by a bunch of Indian children & some fair haired Canadian kids. Last a bunch of half-drunk young men & their girlfriends who drank whiskey & coke & did their best to get totally drunk.

The guard came along to collect tickets & they offered him a drink which he accepted – but it may only have been coke!! Shortly after this they flung the bottles out on a mountain side and a very few minutes later a Mountie in uniform came back & started asking them questions – they played innocent but he knew there was something wrong & we saw him keeping an unhappy eye on the bunch. He was very young & obviously took his responsibilities very seriously. He was escorting a family of Indians somewhere & treating them very considerately. There was quite a crowd of Indians on board & all kinds of people, some dressed for town in their smartest hats & suits & high heeled shoes,

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some a little scruffy like ourselves – the fishermen & mountain climbers included. When we got to Garibaldi we piled out with all our luggage & were told that we had to register at the Park office. We had six bundles – due to sleeping bags, air mattresses, blankets, tent and 3 carriers & tripod & 2 telephoto lenses & food for 3 days. So we rather staggered in the road & saw the horror written on the faces of the 2 mountaineers & a certain amount of consternation in case they

should be expected or asked to help carry our load up the mountain. The warden gave us a licence to camp & make fires & we registered our names & home address.

A lorry appeared shortly afterwards & he took the 4 of us a couple of miles up the hill over an execrable stony lumber rail & over 2 half rotten wooden bridges under which poured a thundering stream in spate due to the recent rain. The man charged \$5 which seemed a fairly stiff price for a short ride. There we were dumped at the first of Garibaldi on the site of a disused lumber camp. We told the 2 men we would look around & probably camp nearby & they were clearly relieved & went galloping up the mountain.

Anna said she had been amused at the disappointing faces of people on the balcony of Alpine Lodge – who had seen us setting off for a wicked week-end with 2 young men – on a mountain. We decided to camp right away. I made supper & Anna put up the tent in the protective barriers of two huge fallen trees, and on top of a stony cliff overlooking the roaming torrent we had crossed on the way up. There were little shrubs protecting us from view & it seemed quite nice & secluded rocks everywhere but our air mattresses protected us

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from the jags. The rain & the torrent lulled us to sleep & we were unconscious for nearly 12 hours. It was raining as we made breakfast & I discovered that my ski jacket is not waterproof & was soon soaked through to the skin. We went & sheltered in a deserted shed which kept the rain off, though it was cold. We decided to disregard the rain & go climb the hills. The path led up the stony valley floor & then up into the cedar forests where it was dark & damp & pale green lichen grew on the trees & the trees dripped down on us. It was a very silent forest & I don't think I would have liked being there alone. There was no sound at all but the dripping of trees. As we climbed we found wild flowers that were new to us. Near the bottom of the hill they were over, but the higher we got the more we found in flower or in tight bud. The flora changed the whole time. In one small green valley we found some tall orange lilies growing among the bracken & much higher up some flamed coloured columbine. There were also some delicate white ground lilies with six white petals. We did not pick any going up. A solitary man came hurrying down through the forest & passed us without acknowledging our greeting. Sometime later our two students passed us on their way down. They were very disgruntled with the continuous rain & I think all 4 of us must have looked bedraggled. They said they had camped at a place called "Top O' the Hill" & slept well but been tormented by mosquitoes. After hours more walking we came out on Black Tusk Meadows – which were like any Swiss Alpine meadow – filled with flowers, short grass & Spruce trees. There were patches covered with pink bell heather & others with white. The most brilliant colours were reflected in a stream & masses of scarlet Indian paintbrush intermingled with clumps of wild sky blue lupins. The mosquitoes rose in a swarm from their marsh nearby & greeted us. We picked some of these flowers & hid them beneath a spruce tree to collect on our return & a large grey mouse was also hiding there.

We climbed & climbed & at last the rain stopped & we got sudden views of blue mountains patched with snow. We found large drifts of snow lying in sheltered places, but it was hard packed and rather dirty. We found notices showing us the way

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to Parnassus & Garibaldi Lake etc. & went on hoping to meet the ranger who was up there somewhere with a lady. But we found more meadows & snow fields across the valley & white marsh marigolds with blue petals on the underside & icy clear streams. The spruce trees here were battered and twisted & very black & looked as though they spent a good deal of time under the snow. We had only had a few prunes & chocolate since breakfast & felt a bit tired. As it was 4:30, I thought it a good idea to start home if we wanted to get in before dark. The top of Garibaldi was still in clouds, but we saw some green steep colours leading up to it & occasional glimpses of crag through the shredded curtain of mist. So back we went, collecting a couple of every wild flower to take back with us in case we didn't get up again with cameras.

The way seemed longer going down & we thought we would never get there. We had been walking steadily for eight hours by the time we got back. We met a young man on his way up & asked him the time. He looked terribly amused & we realized afterward, we must have looked more than a little odd drifting down the mountainside – two dishevelled women with bunches of flowers in our hands. Our little tent among the rocks looked most welcoming & we had supper & crawled into bed and slept eleven hours.

Monday. We just finished breakfast before the rain set in & it came down very heavily. We were both rather disgusted with it. I got soaked through again & was reduced to wearing my bed clothes. We wrote a bit & around lunchtime it cleared. So we ate hurriedly before it came on again. Couldn't get any of our clothes dry. I lay down in the tent & read for a bit. At last the rain stopped – but it remained overcast, but we enjoyed ourselves taking close up photographs of the flowers we found yesterday. This occupied the whole day. It was the first time since our holiday started that we haven't had to rush & so we appreciated this & took infinite pains and a ridiculous amount of time – this went on till it got too dark. A small brown female hummingbird buzzed in like

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a bumble bee, took a look at the flowers, saw us & hummed away again.

Tuesday 24 It rained most of the night & everything we own is damp. The tent is mottled all over with mildew & is an unpleasant sight. However, it cleared enough for us to have breakfast & Anna started photographing another flower. I made the mistake of trying to air the bedding – but it was like pulling the plug - & down came the rain. So we went for refuge as usual to the lumberman's hut. The chipmunk had been back since the day before & eaten the currents we had put out for him. We are relieved that in the end Audrey did not come with us as she would have been so utterly miserable in all this constant damp & discomfort. Tomorrow we have to pack up & go back to Vancouver, & we can imagine the face of the man at the baggage room who we hope will check in our 6 wet bundles. Our camp site looking rather like a Buddhist shrine – with little piles of boulders & stones with moss & flowers on top – votive offerings to some God, perhaps to the rain god to induce him to withhold his gentle persistent rain. We can imagine some university professor discovering our outdoor photographic table tops & getting excited about some unsuspected Indian encampment - & digging & finding nothing...We asked the lorry driver if there were many animals about, "bears" he said, "but you only have to shout at them or make a noise & they will go away". The deer are scarce. The first 2 nights we buried our food pack under a pile of stones, but last night we kept it in the tent so as to try & keep it dry.

I thought of Billy's story of the men encamped in the Rockies – they had sleeping bags only – one man said "well I'm determined there's one thing the bears won't get & that's the bacon & he stuffed it at the bottom of his sleeping bag. In the early hours his friend heard him yelling & saw a bear dragging away a kicking bundle & trying to rip open the sleeping bag to get at the bacon. But I do not suppose this is a true one. Though I am keen on wild life, I am not keen on meeting bears, because of their uncertain temper. It came on to rain so hard that we gave up waiting for it to stop and were reduced to eating cold spam

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sandwiches in bed. Both mattresses were quite deflated & we spent an uncomfortable night tossing on the wet rocks. Around 3 a.m. I looked out & saw a sky full of stars & the morning dawned fine. We had planned on going up into the woods again, but by the time we finished photographing the flowers it was too late. For the first time we saw the snow splashed hills around us. Most welcome sun – we spread every single article we owned out to dry on bush & log & stone. The effect was rather like a jumble sale in an English village.

At 10 minutes to 12 our faithful cook drove up. We were just cooking soup & so invited him to join us. When we got down there we heard that the train was going to be late, so we went in search of Lake Lucille – but heard a train's whistle & so came pelting back – only to find it was a lumber train piled high with great logs of wood. So we set off again &

found the lake – but it was nothing very special. We puttered about & photographed a few more flowers & in common with everyone else just sat & waiting patiently for the train which had been held up by a landslip further up the track. Two girls did balancing walks along the rails – the postmaster’s son lay on the tracks with his ear hopefully to the rails. The postmaster rang up the next station from time to time for news & then sat on the platform with his feet on the rail talking to 3 or 4 cronies seated likewise & his dog at his back. There are only 6 children attending the village school & 5 of them were there in common with most of the villagers who I suppose attend the arrival & departure of the P.G.E. daily. One man said to me, “You won’t think too hardly of the P.G.E. when you go home will you?”

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Evidently this erratic little train is held in some affection. One truck was there and two most ancient vehicles of battered appearance – one wondered they could still run at all. We picked blackberries & chatted to people. At long last we heard the wail of the train up the valley & everyone became animated. Two girls staged a murder act on the rails as the orange diesel roared around the bend. People shouted at the various train crew & those of us travelling got on board. This was a big train & had come through from Prince George – there were lots of passenger coaches, one modern one called “Barkerville”, also a dining car & baggage car & some cattle trucks & at the tail end the delightful observation car which was crowded with people. The wild canyon was even more exciting seen in sunshine, and everywhere new peaks reared up, some newly covered with snow. Two young stewards in white coats whom we thought to be college students earning holiday money were also on the car armed with cameras. The journey downhill was rapid & I had to snatch at photographs. At last we saw Garibaldi, a fine looking mountain standing alone. Apparently it was named in 1860 by a naval survey party who were in Howe Sound in honour of the Italian patriot. Much of it is volcanic. The park was set apart in 1920.

It was still fine at Squamish & we had a perfect voyage down the sound. Black Tusk stood up aggressively to the left of Garibaldi seen from the sea. We sat up on deck & watched the people & the fjord. It was so different from our voyage up in the drizzle. I went up & spoke to the English women to whom we had offered a lift, and it turned out that she was Mrs. Clifford Fennel, wife of the Park Superintendent. I had seen him on the train on Saturday & thought he looked like an interesting character. They were up at Taylor’s Cabin. We learned that we had just missed Garibaldi Lake which is one of the most exquisite lakes. Mrs. F. said that country around the lake had the strange haunting atmosphere that she had found only in the Western Hebrides – & we found out all sorts of things – that the best way to get there is to fly in by float plane from Vancouver – landing on the Lake – it costs only 12 dollars.

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The flowers are exquisite beyond believe – all around the lake & glacier – this year not as good as usual due to continuous bad weather. They both spend a lot of time in the park together & alone. He was working in England, some job connected with hardwoods, & decided something had to be done as there were no hard woods left – so they came to Canada 6 years ago and have not regretted it. The pay is not too good so she has to work as well. He is keen on photography & they are both interested in the flora & fauna of the lake. It was a pity we did not meet them on the train, as knowing what she told us, we would have been more ambitious. Taylor Cabin was full of youths working on the trail & various other people – but we never saw a soul up there. It is very tantalizing to know we got so close to this wonderful alpine country & I wonder when we shall get the chance again. Mrs. Fennel was extremely kind & asked us to get in touch with her next time we were in B.C. She told us also about the charm (already suspected) of the Cariboo country. She was down on the author of “Ravens & Prophets” saying he knew so little about the country, had travelled there by bus in the winter which was the worst time to see the country, & had not met the people he should. Also she said, “No one should attempt to write about a country after only two years here – it isn’t possible.” She comes from Sussex. Very pleasant. She seemed a little sad somehow. He is a keen mountain climber & has done climbs in the Swiss Alps & many

here, including of course Garibaldi. I should imagine that she is a very competent climber herself. Our voyage went very quickly while talking to her & soon we were passing under the Lions Gate Bridge.

Anna & I struggled up to the station with our many bundles & changed out of our disreputable clothes so that we could face her friends in North Vancouver. It was quite dark by the time we got on the Ferry & we were enchanted by the reflections in the water of the Vancouver waterfront. A cruiser sailed across the [bays] of the ferry like a ghost.

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The Ferry captain wore a uniform & was extremely smart. We souged & hissed across the water & then struggled with buses – it took us 3 ½ hrs from the time we first landed to get up to the house, which is a new one in an unlit road. We were not very popular when we arrived. Joyce was a friend of Anna's in college days. Now she is married & has a small daughter. Her husband only graduated in 1950 but he has a good job in B.C. Packers. They have this new & lovely house with every conceivable machine – washer & dryer & cooker & boiler & oil heater, radio & television set. They have modern furniture & just about everything they can want – but Joyce is not happy. We were a little depressed by all this materialism. They dabble in stocks & shares & obviously money means quite a lot. It seems to be a modern trend. We felt sorry for them & quite obviously they were feeling sorry for us, & could not understand why on earth we should want to camp when one can stay at comfortable motels equipped with T.V.

Aug. 25th

We were up early, it was drizzling outside as usual. It was rather interesting to see all this new development on Forest Hills just below the Ski Lift – all brand new houses of the "Trend" type. Flat, bungalow style, huge picture windows so there is no privacy unless you pull curtains. Around the house where we were staying the earth was still exposed, everyone in the area had just moved in & had not had time to grass the soil over or make gardens. A few months before it had been bush & forest & in a few years it will be a long established section of the rapidly expanding city. Somehow it was a little odd to see these airy – almost California – type houses designed for sunshine - & the red & white

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umbrellas in the gardens (of the houses in areas built a year before) the sun verandas & the brightly painted garden chairs & wonder just when, if ever the weather would be fine enough to enjoy all these. Frankly these houses do not look suitable for the climate. The architecture here & in the West is so much more imaginative than anything one sees around Ottawa, & it is all so clean & new. The East seems a little dowdy in comparison.

Fortunately Norm was driving into town, so he took us with him & we avoided that awful slow journey back. He took us over the Lions Gate Bridge. We changed back into our disreputable clothes & waited for the others but they did not get in at 9 as expected so I went up to the H.B.C. & got a couple of extra "Beavers" for Pa. I saw a fat business man running & he dropped an expensive looking cigar out of his pocket. I wondered if Helen (being the only smoker) would like to try it – but before I decided an old man saw it & swooped on it & I felt he had found a treasure & was glad.

In the station two Mounties were taken two men off to prison, each was manacled to his prisoner. This human indignity always depresses me. We met the others & I took a photo of the four of us & car in the drizzle & among the puddles outside the station. And so we turned the cars bonnet eastward & the long trek home to Ottawa began. The same dull drive to get out of the City of Vancouver & its suburbs. We lunched on a side road in the Fraser Valley – cows grazing nearby with rattling bells (rough roads here!). As we passed Hope & started climbing & drew away from the

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Pacific the drizzle stopped & there were small patches of blue sky. We passed through the Manning Provincial Park, saw a few snow peaks & notices which said that rhododendrons were protected flowers – we saw lots of bushes – but of course none in flora at this time of year. We got more heavy showers. There had been a very bad forest fire at some fairly recent time in the park & 1000's of acres were ruined, just black stumps & blackened skeletons of trees – it is a tragic sight. The park authorities had put up a gallows & noose beside the road, with a lighted cigarette in the noose & an inscription to the effect that the man who caused the fire ought to be hanging in there too. We passed a huge copper mine on the opposite hillside at Copper Mountain – the largest copper mine in B.C., we were informed.

Just after this we came to more of that rolling mountain pasture, ranch land where cattle were grazing & there were clumps of tall firs with brick red trunks. We thought this would be a good place to camp & stopped to look. Helen & I walked up a track & had just decided on a good spot when I saw the rotting carcass of a dead horse – so we went on further & found a grassy knoll with two of these huge red pines towering over them. The short side branches were covered with moss – like green velvety antlers & the trees were full of squirrels that chattered & squeaked & tore up & down the trunks in a frenzy of excitement. By the time the tents were up the sun was hidden behind clouds. Anna & Helen & I went for a stroll to the cliff edge & looked down the valley & tried to take photographs of those in the dimming light. There was no breeze & those great pines were so tall & silent.

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Aug 27th Friday – West Kootenay Orchard

The morning dawned dull, grey & extremely cold, it cannot have been far off freezing, so we ate breakfast at speed & soon were packed up & away. We drove down through the range country & left the great red pines behind us – and drove along a valley floor – the sun came up and suddenly it was a fine day after all – the sun dazzling us with its shining reflection on Green River (which was however brown).

We saw sagebrush & alfalfa & a cowboy rounding up cattle far below in a field – red Herefords. Then came a few scattered fruit trees & little fruit stands beside the road. We bought some peaches & later some corn. This was the Similkameen Valley where a lot of fruit is grown & soon we were right in the thick of the orchards. Apples & pears, peaches, plums & apricots were growing there besides other fruit such as watermelon & vegetables of various kinds. Some of the growers had set up motels in their orchards to add to their income. Many of the stalls were attended by children. Later we came to a still more prosperous fruit growing region, a southerly offshoot of the Okanagan Valley. Here the orchards were better tended, & the houses hidden away among the trees were larger & many had smooth lawns & a garden full of flowers. It all looked prosperous & well cared for. We came to within 2 miles of the U.S. boarder at Oo.... but turned east again & climbed up high above the lake & valley & had a bird's eye view of all the orchards. We stopped in dry sage brush range country for lunch. It was my cooking day & somehow I felt a bit disgruntled for no good reason.

Soon after we dropped down towards another valley & then I noticed a big farm settlement dominated by two large & identical 2 storied, houses facing each other & linked by a single storied building forming 3 sides of a quadrangle.

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Besides these buildings there were numerous barns & sheds & outbuildings & strips of vegetable gardens. There was something unusual about the layout. Soon we saw another settlement of the same kind with the twin pink houses & then lots more & suddenly I had a feeling that this was a Doukhobor settlement. So we stopped at a store to buy a few things & I asked the woman why there were so many identical houses in the area. She replied rather unwillingly & in a thick foreign accent, "Oh those are Doukhobors & so they all built the same way." As we went out of the door she broke

out in Russian to her friend & we concluded they belonged to the sect themselves. She had a very nice little garden beside the store, asters of all colours & a neatly mowed lawn & white painted fence. I am most interested by these people & would dearly have liked to learn & see more & of course take some photographs. But as usual we had to press on & the store was at the very end of the colony. We drove on and after a while came to the main community of Grand Forks which is obviously distinct from Doukhobors & probably hostile to them from all I've heard. The town has a fine looking modern school.

The next stop was at the Canadian Customs, to declare all our cameras going out so that we could bring them into Canada again. We thought we might have some trouble going into the States, especially with my British passport – but there was a general character there who peered in & said (to our dismay) “4 school marms on holiday eh?”

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We were all very hurt, especially our glamour girl Audrey, & we told her next time she musn't wear her dark glasses. Then came a long stretch in Washington State along a lake & the slow moving clear blue Columbia River. Somehow a dignified & very feminine sort of river. Then we were back in Canada again without any trouble at all. First stop Rossland which is apparently proud of the fact that it runs the highest ski tow in Canada. We bought an apple pie from a German bakery which proved quite delicious. We also got some U.S. dollars. Next came Warfield & the terrible trail – the whole centred round the monster sprawling ore-crushing works. The chimneys were smoking & causing a haze over the town – the town exists because of the consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. Some of the houses look quite old. There is a large Italian community & many shop signs were written in that language. It was a dirty industrial town in spite of the company's efforts & we were thankful to get out of it. Up on the hill was a modern building it looked like a factory painted in bright colours but we didn't have time to investigate. The company has its power plants & there were 7 rows of high tension cables leading into the town. It was getting late but there was no likely place to camp on that bleak but also built up mountain-side, so we kept driving & came to a ferry across the Columbia River. A small boy came & sold us a bagful of plums for a quarter – they were ripe & sweet. It was a free ferry – equipped with two neat little life boats slung on the davits. The sun was going down fast. Helen very kindly stopped on the far side of the river for me to get some

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photos of Doukhobors houses – but they were a little too far away. The whole of this west bank of the Columbia was settled by these people in this area.

We saw a rough track going up a hill to the left & Helen & I ran up to do a “Recce” (work unknown to Audrey) & found to our surprise a lovely flat grassy plateau with fruit trees growing there, and no house in sight. There was a car there with a young family – the man up a tree picking apples. We asked them if we might camp, & he said “oh yes, you're very welcome this was the West Kootenay Orchard & anyone can come here.” Evidently it is deserted now & is just a picnic place, we saw there had been camp fires. The sun was about to go down between the hills where the river flowed, so we rushed to the edge of the plateau to take a few photographs of the valley – where the Kootenay joins the Columbia. It was a fine cold evening, but the wind was too fierce to get the stove working efficiently & the meal I was cooking took a long time, sausages & mash, then sweet corn, followed by the fresh apple pie that I had bought at the German bakery. We were so late camping that it was dark before we had washed up. The stars came out & a whole line of lights twinkled all along the Eastern shore of the river.

Our mattresses still deflate slowly during the night but even so we had a wonderful night's sleep – the best of the trip so far as I was concerned.

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Saturday August 28th – NR. FERNIE

Again dull & cold when we awoke & it was quite an effort to crawl out of our warm sleeping bags. We ate breakfast in the shelter of the car – on account of the same steady cold wind. All the fruit in the orchard was too unripe to eat. The sun had only just touched our camp as we left. The other 3 decided that due to the cold weather it was a suitable time to make me a presentation. Anna had remembered somehow on Aug. 21st that I had a birthday somewhere around that date – so the other 2 had very sweetly conspired to buy me a pair of Cowichan Indian mitts while they were over on the Island.

We drove along the Kootenay River & saw the many power dams built by the consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. to provide the power for their plant at Trail. There were at least 4 of these big dams & power stations – really huge undertakings & it gave me an inkling of the firm's size and financial –set-up. There was a small ferry at Nelson, another free one, & then further on at Balfour we drew up behind a double queue of cars & a small 10 – year old blonde came up to sell us a newspaper & said “Well, its bad news – 2 hours to wait.” We had missed one by 20 minutes or so, but had at least been spared the sight of it chugging out under our noses. The child kept us entertained for some time. Her father works on the ferry. She gets 50 papers to sell a day and makes 2 cents on each. This season she has made 38 dollars, but of this 18 went to buy her mother a new camera. She wants a

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Camera herself – “but when my mother says no she means no” – She said that she usually gets her own way, but not always – like some kids around who do anything they like & get anything they want – but she doesn't approve of this exactly. We asked about the snow & heard they get a lot, & told us of the time when it fell waist-deep in a night, & all 32 kids who attend struggled to school only to find that the teacher was not going to come. One can imagine the scorn of those 32 youngsters, & might wonder if she ever lived this down. “There are lions & tigers in the woods” she said, “but I have only seen bears.” We decided she probably meant cougars but her version sounds better.

We washed at a café & got water, & sat in the sun & the time went very quickly indeed. This ferry was by no means free, it cost \$2.25 for the car & ourselves. It is operated by the Provincial Government & takes about 40 cars at a time. We were ferried across Kootenay Lake. A very chill wind blew over across it from the mountains. The crossing took about 40 minutes. We stopped half an hour later beside the lake for lunch. We picnicked on the beach, & on one journey down I slipped on the grass & fell with all my weight on my elbow & knocked myself out for a few moments. The sun was out & the temperature very different from this morning. We sunbathed, washed our clothes, & Audrey washed her hair. That afternoon we went through many little villages, nothing very distinctive – except the valley floor at the end of the Lake Kootenay – where 1000's of acres have been reclaimed since 1920.

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Now there are fields & orchards growing there & it looks like excellent land. I do not know if the reclamation is continuing – we flashed by the notice too quickly for me to read it. The first grain elevators appeared again - & it seemed queer as although there were some fields – the forests & mountains came down very close. Cranbrooke? itself is up on a hill – I suppose it was overlooking the lake once. It seemed very festive – everyone dressed in their best clothes – but we did not know why unless it was the annual fair. This was the centre of another fruit growing area. But here the growers were united in being lazier & certainly thereby losing a certain amount of custom. There were no/or very few stalls beside the road, instead at the gate were notices which read “Drive in – you pick your fruit.” And Helen being in a hurry to get back to Ottawa wasn't going to bother with that so we didn't get any fruit. The trees were larger here & looked very fine, presumably the orchards had been planted at an earlier date.

We were surprised to see notices of two or three very nice looking properties (fruit orchards) up for sale, and wondered why. We went to a small village store which had nothing much, & a second which was slightly better, then came to _____ & I walked into a crazy sort of store run by young people – the girls & boys serving all wore Mexican straw hats in brilliant stripes with a silk knot under the chin - & all were extremely vague & didn't know or care where anything was. But

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further on in the same town we found a shop where the people were more or less normal. From here we could see the barrier of the Rockies – it was pale blue to the top of the tree line, then a rampart of rose coloured rock with a sprinkling of new snow on the highest peaks & above that the pale blue cloudless sky. There was lovely rolling grassland here – very short grass & trees well back on the hills in clumps – some of it open range land with cattle grazing at large over it. There were also warning notices of deer, but of course we never saw any. This would have been ideal to camp in, but due to our hold up at the ferry & our extended lunch hour we had not covered much ground so we drove on into the valley leading between the hills. Above the Elk River we stopped for water & a lorry load of young men passed & the driver tooted at each of us as they went by & talking of men, Audrey made one of her remarks when her words run away with her & she says what she never intended – “Well,” she said “girls will be girls, and boys will be boys – and we love it for them.”

We began to climb & got into the shadows of the mountains as the sun was going down but couldn't see anywhere likely to camp. We saw a tattered old man with one leg on crutches standing in the road waiting for a lift & we wondered if he would get one. I said he was probably an ex-service man from the first war, Helen said nonsense, he'd only been clawed by a bear, & Audrey said oh no he'd lost it in a saw mill. But we'll never know. We took on some more petrol & then looked again in earnest for a campsite. We tried one but it was too near the road – but eventually found a track & camped among some fir-trees with our tents opening onto a view of the Rocky Mountains.

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Sunday, Aug. 30th

We opened our tent flaps onto a view of the Rockies with the sun creeping down from the peaks. We were all awoken during the night by a mournful high pitched baying – I wondered if it might be wolves as it sounded like the huskies wail & they are supposed to be part wolf. The others said that they were wolves. (But they failed to get Audrey.)

The first place we passed through was Natal – linked with Michel that it looked like a mining town. Crowds of dirty little houses huddled together each one alike – it has been rare on this trip to see any houses like this – nearly everywhere else we have seen signs of Canada's growing prosperity – new smart homes even in the depths of the country. This reminded me of some English industrial towns. Crow's Nest Pass was a letdown – we climbed gently up a valley & then it suddenly inclined away downhill & we were over the pass. It was more picturesque on the far side, past Crow's Nest Lake - & some jagged mountains & one lonely fortress, called I believe, The Sentinel. Another mining town equally depressing – what man can do to a lovely landscape. We came to Frank's Slide, where half a mountain had fallen away & crumbled into & across the valley killing 70 people & burying the a village. The road is taken through the landslide - & these terrible great boulders piled high on both sides of the road. Even at this distance of time it gave us the shudders to think of the mountain toppling down & thundering over the village. From here we came down to the prairies again, but not for long. We stopped for a shot of the blue barrier of the Rockies reflected in a pond. At Pincher Creek we went into town to

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post our outgoing mail, & a very friendly old man broke of his conversation with 2 friends to lead me across the street to the Post Office & show me the hole in the wall that passes for a letter box. "You're most entirely welcome" he said when I thanked him.

We saw a very venerable old man wearing a cloth peaked cap & he had flowing white moustache & beard & his long hair fell down over the back of his collar. Apparently a book called "We found Peace" was written near here, verdict of those who had read it – badly written but interesting. We reached Waterton Lakes Park - & showed our Buffalo sign from Banff so passed through without paying again. At the frontier we had no trouble with either Canadian or U.S. Customs officials. We lunched by a lake in the U.S. Glacier International Park which was rather used somehow – picnic remains left everywhere - & flies. So we didn't stay long. It was getting very hot. We climbed again & came over the Hudson Bay Divide – the waters flowing towards the Bay or the Atlantic. As we came down to the prairies of Montana it got hotter & hotter & became rather trying. I would have loved to stop at Browning as the annual meeting of the Plains Indians was on. All this area is in the Black Feet Indian Reservation. Hundreds of them were pouring into town, in cars, trucks, on horseback & on foot. The whole town seemed to belong to them, all the shops and petrol stations & so on. It rather pleased me to see them come into their own for a change. Everyone seemed in high spirits, especially the boys, riding two on each horse, bare-footed, in blue jeans & shirts & straw hats – cowboy style on the backs of their heads. An arena had been set up with teepees pitched around – what

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else was going on we couldn't see as we whirled by. These were big areas of prairie here in the reserve, not much of it cultivated.

In the town there was a red brick building which was the museum of the Northern Plains Indians – a few Indians were strolling in – this too I would have liked to have seen; but time presses. After this we drove eastward through the dried up country under the blazing sun. It was the first really monotonous part of the trip – just flat grass land & occasional fields & hardly ever a tree in sight. Where there is a farm or village there are sometimes trees & there is the parallel of the desert with its oases but I am sure the desert must be less monotonous than this. Where there are alternate fields of stubble & fallow there are sometimes delicately shaded impressions of gold and light brown & the palest blue sky, so soft a colour that it is almost white. The road went on & on & Helen kept her foot down on the accelerator till 6 o'clock when we started looking for side roads. We landed up at 2 different entrances to Havre Elks golf course, then found ourselves involved with the airfield. Next we tried a side lane which was very muddy in places. I got out to take a look & slipped & fell in six inches of rich & slappy Montana mud. It was funny but I was so tired & fed up anyway with the heat & the long drive that it was just about the last straw!! I pulled out both feet with a plop & tried to get some of the squelching off in a puddle – slacks & shirt & everything I had on down to the skin were thick with mud. We turned in at a farmers gate & Anna asked Mr. & Mrs. Mooney if we might camp – they were quite willing. I went in to get a pail of water & thanked her for it. "You betcha" she said in acknowledgement. We ate & were pressured to bed by the mosquitoes.

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Aug 31st

Sunday We were off at quarter to seven & covered about 500 miles – quite the dreariest day of the trip. Great heat (over 100), monotonous grass – desert by way of landscape & we were passing the real buffalo country, that is now of course all open range – someone owns it & we saw occasional herds of Herefords - & some polled Herefords.

There were practically no ranches – just this gently heaving ocean of muddy olive green grass. *

We drove steadily at 65 mph & Helen stopped every now & then for us to read the “Historic Sites” signs put up by the Montana Govt. They were all written in very slangy style & we wondered if this were the language used by the Western University Professors?

At lunch time we decided that shade was more important than water & arrived off on a side road towards some trees but a river separated us from them & then we drove about 5 miles before the next bushes were sighted, some small scrubby willows, but they provided the most welcome shade & there was a nice little breeze blowing. After lunch I asked to stop at the next town with a Post Office as I wanted to send off an air letter to Pa. Poplar was the first town. A fat aggressive youth asked what I wanted so I said “How much is it for air mail to England?” He had never been asked that one before & leafed to & fro unsuccessfully before giving up. He called in the Post Master, Mr. Sanderson who also went through the book. I told him it cost 15 cents from Canada & after much poring he said in surprise “yes, that’s quite right” & went back to his work. Then I asked for a stamp for an ordinary letter so he produced a stamped envelope & then I said, how much was it for a Post Card. “Where’s that” he said. We were both fed up with each other by this time, I repeated it

*Nothing moved on the landscape, only the swishing tails of occasional horses on the skyline.

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3 or four times as clearly as I could – but I suppose the English accent floored him, I was getting desperate – “Not a letter but a POST CARD”, “Oh” he said, “you want a post card & produced a stamped post card. “Please, I want a stamp for a post card” I said hopelessly & by some miracle he understood. We parted exhausted. I must confess I find it depressing that this language of ours has changed so much since the Plymouth Fathers left that we cannot understand each other.

Most of the little hamlets we passed through looked rather uncared for they still had the feeling of the frontier about them, cow boys lounging outside bars, dusty sidewalks, no smart modern buildings, or any attempt at gardens. But Williston, N.D. was different – bigger of course, but all the streets seemed to have avenues of trees planted in neatly kept lawns. There were flowering & nice houses, a well designed church was going up. It was the first place we had come across in this part of the U.S. that seemed to be making an effort & to be proud of its own appearance. This part certainly compares unfavourably with the regions of Saskatchewan & Alberta a short way to the north. Montana looks more neglected than North Dakota from what one seems from the main road. We saw a notice saying “Watch for Antelope” & shortly afterwards we saw a pair grazing in a field beside the road. By the time Helen had found a parking space on a side road we had over a quarter of a mile to trek back. They moved away as we approached

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but Anna got a couple of shots with the 240mm lens. Strange the way the horns curl backwards over their heads. All day we thought of the song “where the deer & the antelope play...And the skies are not cloudy all day...” It was just like this – not even the smallest speck of a cloud. I was cook & so got a large steak for each of us at 25c each. We came to Minot in the evening. This was a big town full of pleasant buildings, trees & grass. It lies in a hollow, another big green oasis with the grain elevators standing proxy for minarets. The approach to the town was marred by the advertising signs – on the right hand side of the road for 2 to 3 miles there was one every few yards & I thought how much better it would be if all these advertisers got together & each planted a pair of trees instead & made a green avenue welcoming you to the town & they could still have a large sign advertising themselves & the fact that they had contributed to enhancing their town. We passed another oil district in the evening & here the dipping oil pumps were gaily painted birds, red, green & blue, the smartest one being a blue bird with a yellow head.

We are driving away from the sun all the time & so we suddenly realized the sun was going down much sooner than it should & realized we would not reach Devil’s Lake by night. So we turned up a side road to a farm & asked the farmer’s wife if we might camp on their property. She was quite willing & we drove further away from the road & camped on the

grass. It was dark before we had supper, the sun went down orange into the grass & I was trying to cook steaks by torch light. The mosquitoes nearly drove us frantic and we had to get into the tents to eat supper. But it was a quiet and peaceful night.

We left soon after the sun came up out of the Eastern prairie. I have never before been so conscious of

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East & West. As we drove away hundreds of wild ducks rose from a pond & their wing beat sounded like the wind in the trees. The country looked greener the further east we went & there were occasional bushes, trees & even small woods. The farms were better kept & out buildings neatly painted. There were small blue ponds occasionally as in Saskatchewan, fringed with water birds. At intervals there are signs along the road – the majority being dreadful little jingles advertising “Burma Shave” & some exhortation to remember Chris, “Jesus saves”, “America repent or perish”.

There are so many animals killed on the road, rabbits, birds, badgers, skunks & ground squirrels, probably they are out at night; we were wondering if in generations they would become road wary.

Audrey says when she dies she would like to be buried under a tree on the top of a hill. We asked what sort of tree, “Oh – I think an oak tree, as they grow to be pretty old & the squirrels would dig around me for the acorns” And it would be nice to have people sit down in the shade & say how lovely & cool it is under this tree. If I were the tree I’d just glow with pride.” Audrey entertains us every now and then like this.

We passed Grand Rapids & the Mississippi & a farm that had a nice meadow with an oak tree in it & asked the farmer if we might camp. He was quite agreeable & said some Canadians had camped on his farm the previous year. “It’s cold eh in Canada” he said. And did Anna like the States, “Yes indeed” she assured him. He had a very thick foreign accent – but we did not know from which country he came. He worked the farm all alone as far as we could see. There was a flock of white Leghorn hens, some jersey cows & calves 2 fine big chestnut horses that wandered curiously around, but keeping their distance from the tent. This time we camped in daylight & had a leisurely supper.

Camp near GLADSTONE. ESCANABA

Sept. 1st

Strange to think that the summer is really over. No summer has ever passed so quickly for me, but I suppose it is not surprising since I have been on the move since

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Near GLD

June 17th. During the night we had a bad thunderstorm. Our tent nearly took off in the first gusts. Helen took hers down & the two of them spent the night in the car. We stayed where we were but my air mattress stuck out by my head this time & the water poured in & flooded my half of the tent. However I moved over & slept the rest of the night wrapped in my blanket. The storm went on a long time – some very near bangs & I remember wondering if this would be IT & resigning myself & going down further into the blanket so as to see & hear as little as possible. The old farmer had got up in the night to see if we were all right – Helen saw him peering out. He asked how it was when we went to get some more water. We came to the conclusion that he was probably a Finn, as the little white house under the oak tree was his bath house. It was dull & hot in the morning – we missed Duluth...I am very curious to see this place but it meant holding the others up so said not to worry. Also the weather was not too good. We stopped ½ an hour in Superior for the girls to do shopping for [filters] & viewers etc. which also cheaper here. We passed some of the great ore docks & also grain elevators – but at the Lakehead, none looked too busy. There was only one ship tied at outside one of the ore docks – all the rest were empty. They are larger than the one at Port Arthur.

We notice the red earth & soon were in the ore country & could see mines scattered around the low hills. We went into a little store near Bessemer to get some supplies. A very pleasant woman was serving, she followed us out of the store & said "I suppose you wouldn't take another one along with you? I'd just love to go along" – and she wished us good bye & added "have fun girls, have a good trip." It was green again like Ontario, & here in Michigan there were numerous roadside tables. From a practical point of view it is nice to have bushes – those prairies in the US didn't even have sweet clover bushes as in Saskatchewan.

"Wanted, Industry to employ women, none in area now" an advertisement beside the road outside Iron River by the local chamber of commerce. There are noticeable touches of gold & red among the green of the forests as we get further East. It is just about a year since that lovely flight North to Whitehorse.

We came to Lake Michigan as it was beginning to get dark & so after all I have seen all The Great Lakes This summer. We had trouble with losing another hour

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& so did not cover as much ground as expected. As we were cruising along at our steady 65 mph we suddenly were electrified by the most appalling & deafening shriek – we all jumped in our seats & Helen said it sent the Adrenaline right down to her toes. We thought it was an overtaking car but it was one of those wretched modern monsters of the Diesel engine letting out one of its fiendish shrieks. Frankly it was so loud it was enough to send a car driver off the road & would be sufficient to stall the average car on a railway crossing from sheer paralysis. Certainly these Diesels – have no Train-Appeal at all. The Canadian Diesel is equipped with a shriek more akin to that of the steam train. It is sad though about the passing of the old steaming monsters which helped make Canada into a great country. We turned down the usual side road & found a camping place beside a brook. We drove in to the farm to ask permission to put up our tents there for a night & found the most unwilling farmer of the lot so far. He hesitated, but eventually gave a rather grudging assent. It was just an average – sized farm as far as one could see, but obviously its owners had money. The place was swarming with young people & as we set up camp & had supper they kept roaring past on motor bikes – or rather motor scooters, young lads of 12-14 riding them, with girls sitting behind, the girls made up to the eyebrows wearing blue jeans, skin-tight sweaters & scarves knotted around their necks. There was something repulsive about the way these young girls were turned out. Some of the boys yelled at us 4. "The big black bears will get you" as they roared past & there was much giggling & jeering. Kids will be kids anywhere – but I did not care for the way they were allowed to behave at their age – having so much freedom so young & being allowed to gallivant around at night & own motorbikes, as the others said it is just typical of the American way of life that the Yanks are always talking about. We had been asleep a long time before we heard them going home. One can only hope that these manners will not be aped everywhere on account of American influence in world affairs – because they seem entirely undesirable. The older generation is different, perhaps the young ones will improve with keeping, but I feel skeptical.

Sept. 2nd.

We slept very well & peacefully and woke to a real September morning – "season of mists & mellow fruitfulness" – a golden ground, mist was rising with the sun – making the trees into black & grey shadows & we could hear the tickle – tonkle of bells as the farmer drove his cows in for

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milking. Driving along the highway there seemed to be a succession of Christmas trees – the dew was on every needle like ice with the sun shining through, & on the highest fir – fingers were dewy cobwebs, star-like. We soon drove into thick fog again & although Lake Michigan lay beside us for many miles we could only see pale sand dunes & see paler waves breaking.

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Tobermory Friday Sept 3rd

We found on awaking that we had picked a lovely campsite on an inlet of Lake Huron. There was a hill of solid rock behind us & grass sloping down to the water – woods on the shore across the bay. The place looked as if it had once prospered but was now quite deserted & the big wooden, dark brown houses looked down on the bay with empty eyes. I wondered if it had been made part of the nearby Indian Reservation & so neglected. We woke late & so there was no time for bathing or enjoying the place. The small ingratiating dog appeared from nowhere at the first whiff of bacon & came wagging & smiling his way to each of us in turn. We thought he might belong to Indian people.

From the turn off from the Sudbury highway we traveled on the most contorted road of the trip. It twisted & writhed its way around every rock – it might almost have been an Indian track made into a riding trail, made into a stage coach road, made into the present highway. Anyway it stoned us almost to a standstill in some places & we dipped & soared as though on a switchback. Helen got a bit worried in case we would not get to the Manitoulin Ferry in time. The country was interesting – rock & pine & small lakes, whole hills of rock, very barren land & good for one thing except as a scenic attraction & at every turn off these would be a signpost with 10 or 15 names of camps or lodges or resorts, for fishing & shooting & boating & bathing. The only big industry we passed was for American Pulp Company & the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment co & a Canadian Silicate co. we passed a [memorial] to Roosevelt who spend holidays in the area. We saw a large heron stalking gracefully along the end of the pond & when he saw us his delicately curved neck straightened in fear. The land flattened out as we came to Little Current – crossed into Manitoulin.

I expected this island to be rugged & wild, but it was well cultivated & there were park-like areas, grass & great trees – it looked very lush & green. On the road walking towards us was the toughest looking character we had yet seen. He was average height but tremendously powerful looking, with heavy shoulders. He has a really rough & cruel looking face & dark skinned, we couldn't decide if he were Indian or sunburnt or a half-breed, because he only saw his face for a few seconds.

We reached the ferry at 10:30, half an hour before it was due to leave and found that there was no more room for us – Helen was furious – some people had even been turned away who came at 9:30. It was on account of the Labour Day week-end & so everyone was on holiday & most of course preferring to do the 3 hr crossing in daylight.

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We turned tail & drove along till we found a quiet place on the shore of Lake Huron & settled down to have a peaceful wait till the evening. It was lovely to be resting for a change. We took our air mattresses down to the beach & slept a bit - & read & ate & swam in those clear clear waters. Anna & I photographed flowers in particular blue gentian that grew well there. We washed clothes & I put to sea floating on the mattress which was a lot of fun, the others followed suit later. The sun only came out in the evening. We got to the ferry in good time, & it arrived 2hr late, so it was quite dark when it ferried into the bay. We 3 went on board & waited anxiously for Helen to drive on – she was almost the last & got rather fussed thinking there might not be room – but all was well. We sat in the bows wrapped up in my blanket & sang & the time passed pretty quickly. We were almost first off & drove just out of Tobermory till we saw a side road & drove into the first field we could find & put up one tent at high speed. Audrey slept in the car & Helen under the stars. It was after 12 when we were ready for bed.

Saturday

Again we woke to discover where we had camped – in a big field with a background of woods – very close to the farmhouse. We took down the tent & backed the car back onto the verge for breakfast. A wet pink glow on the clouds & then grey again. The road to Wiarton was straight but related to the one to Manitoulin – sickening humps and drops. At Wiarton I wanted to find Captain Fred Davis, a well known Great Lakes Skipper, now retired, one of 3 brothers, all

Captains. I found the house but got no reply to my knocking & a nice neighbour said that the man was away on holiday. This was sad as I doubt if I'll ever be back in Wiarnton.

The tip of the Bruce Peninsula to Wiarnton is pretty wild flat country – more rock than soil with scrubby forest as the only growth. Further south land had been cleared & farmed, but it must have been quite a struggle to roll all those boulders aside when first the land was cleared. Further south we saw Lake Huron from a ridge, an infinite sheet of grey water almost merging with the low grey skies. Helen drove us round Lucknow before taking us home & showed us the school where she started her career. It is a small town of about 900 people it looks busy and animated. She pointed out where a boyfriend of hers lived with large farm & many prosperous acres (but he was no good) & the house where the girl with the illegitimate child lived & the house of the local millionaire etc. & explained that the town was built at the time of the Indian Mutiny – hence the name & its streets called after British generals who served in that affair. Then we came to the Salkeld farm – a small & friendly place rather hidden away amongst tall trees – an avenue of tall shady maple & spreading apple trees in the orchard. We went in to meet Helen's mother who showed us all out again so that she could get our lunch – so we went out to three fields where Helen's father & brother, Larry were loading the hay wagon. Mr. Salkeld is one of those men that one loves & respects at sight, a clear eyed [alive every] of look up to you. Larry is a silent person.

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We all sat in the field & talked till lunch time. After Helen went out & helped Larry get the hay in – she drove the tractor. The two girls went to sleep as usual & Mr. & Mrs. S. took me in to Goderich with them. He had to mend a pipe in a tenant's house she had to do some shopping & they very kindly took me down to the harbour & around the little park on the hill where there is a good view of the harbour & lake & anchors & chains make the railings for the park. One huge hard forged anchor is mounted on a plinth – the cross bar on which it rests is much taller than a man. It dates from sailing ship days but no one was around seemed to know its history. Goderich has a little octagonal park at its hub, with shops built around the eight sides. This is the heart of the town & from here the streets radiate out to make the framework for the rest of the town. It was mainly a grain port & is still, but with the seaway being built this trans shipping point ship to rail – may be by-passed. At present the town looks prosperous enough – nice houses, well kept lawns & gardens & well dressed people all out shopping for the long week-end. We bought an enormous basket of peaches for 69 cents Pa S. & I ate them going back to the car. It is all such fresh green country after the steppes of Montana, small farms & well cared for, some pleasant old stone houses of grey, black, red & yellow stones set in mortar giving a distinctive weathered appearance to the buildings. Marion, the dentist from Toronto had arrived when we got back. She is very sympathetic sort of person, & made us all laugh talking about an Australian girl – she looked at me & said “she had an accent like yours – only worse.” After supper Mr. S took the 4 of us into Lucknow to show us the high school which was built a year ago. It is floodlit at night a long low building the lines broken by a small long clock tower. Completely modern inside & out, & it is quite the smartest school I have ever seen & it does seem rather wonderful that a small town like Lucknow can have such a fine school in which to educate its children, especially as it is a country community. There are about 160 pupils, girls & boys. Mr. S is on the school committee & introduced us to the principal who happened to be there with his wife.

There is a huge workshop for the boys filled with every kinds of saw & lathe, all electrical equipment from the States. For the girls a room for domestic science equipped with electronic stove, washing machine, cake mixer light wood furniture all of simple modest lines. Another room, full of desks and Remington typewriters for those learning typing & shorthand. A science lab with built in sink & burner at every desk. A huge hall & gym with stage at one end, grand glass windows down on the side of the hall filled with shatter proof glass – only the end of one had been hit by a barbarian catapult & it has not broken the glass but cracked it into a thousand little cells patterned like frost glass. The only thing to do would be to empty the catapult on the rest of the windows so that they all looked alike. Children at this school have everything one hopes some good people should be turned out here. After we walked along Lucknow's high St. which was a picture of Canada's present prosperity, crowds & crowds of people shopping – all driving big American cars.

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Equipment we took with us

Spade

Axe

Bucket

2 water containers – screw tops

Frying Pan

3 saucepans

Knife, fork, spoon, many each

2 tents

Groundsheet, air mattress, sleeping bag, blanket each

Coleman cooking stove + container for naphtha gas

Poles cut for tents & pegs

Hunting knife

Candles

Matches } & other obvious stores

Clothes. Jeans or slacks. Windbreaker. Mac. Shoes, sandals.

Sept () Sunday Lake Belmont (on the Hill)

We slept till 8 & finally waved our fair wells at 10:30 when we thanks Mrs. Salkeld she said “ I’m just tickled pink to have seen all you girls” & Mr. S said maybe he’d some along with us on the next trip next year. But next year Helen & Anna will probably be in Europe. Audrey married & where I’ll be is anybody’s guess.

We are still a bit tired & there wasn’t much conversation. We called in at Bradford to see the ‘Lab’ where Helen works on her carrot rust fly. This area is a drained swamp that has very fertile soil – it is absolutely flat & a lot of Dutch people have settle there. It is a vast market garden for Toronto & the vegetables looked beautiful long green rows stretching into the distance. Helen said many of the people just build a cabin on their land & are only there for the summer while there is work to do. There are various highroads to Toronto through the area & many of the growers have set up stalls where people can drive in & buy their vegetables a little cheaper & very much fresher than they can in Toronto. There is also a big vacuum freezing plant & leaf vegs are chilled & packed for transport - Helen described

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the process – the lettuces are packed in crates & then chilled almost to freezing point by putting them in a vacuum where the pressure has been so reduced that the temperature drops right down.

We came cross country from the No. 7 Highway on roads that were not marked on our map – but we just kept going in an Easterly direction as far as possible. At the lab, there was a young Englishman – the dark Celtic type, small & neat, one of those witty & rascally types. His flow of talk reminded me of Phillip, a well educated voice, full of life & amusement at life, entertaining, and hopelessly flippant, one of the people who will get by anywhere, who will amuse you & exasperate you at the same time. He described goings on since Helen left & ended every other sentence with “well there you are Doctor, it’s a grim life.” He told Helen he would either end up as an Alcoholic or a priest. The former seemed more probably. Apparently a man off the Barry Highway walked up to one of the lab men recently & started handing him car tools & told him he could have the car, - as he had too much trouble & was just through with the car. So one of the locals just got out his tractor & towed it into this lane & hoped no one will ever claim it.

At Peterborough Helen very kindly detoured for me to take a look at the lift lock there & photograph it. A tree-lined canal leads up to it – then great towers block the way. When a boat comes through a huge box or coffer is lowered full of water, down to the level of the canal. The lift is a prodigious one at one hoist. I do not imagine much traffic except pleasure crafts go through nowadays – but once of course it was an important link in the Ontario-Huron cross country waterway. Anna took a quick look but the other 2 have given up sightseeing. Audrey just can't wait to get home, and as Helen said during supper to-night, perhaps it is just as well that this is the last day. People are beginning to bicker a little. Pretty good really that a month of camping has not been more fractious. We just can't believe that it is at an end. We turned off the Highway to find Lake Belmont but when we got to the lake the place was full of summer cottages, & there were the usual resort atmosphere of hot dogs & coke stands & outboard motor boats, so we

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[inside back cover]

76c owed to Kitty Anna \$20 + 60 Helen \$1

turned around & came back up the hill & found a lonely grassy hill, & built the tent under pine & oak trees. Ontario looks so fertile & cared for after the wild landscapes we have seen – but the people are so different. They all turn and stare at us as though we were very odd indeed & there is nothing friendly in their look. Out West, in Alberta especially, everyone waved or honked at us & everyone seemed so much more carefree & happier & didn't bother at all about keeping up appearances – so we think we ought to move West! We ate a supper provided by the Selkelds – sweet corn, potatoes & Huron perch caught by Helen -& tomatoes. It was a fine evening so Anna decided to sleep outside the tent. The crickets were singing away & the moon very bright, & I for one am sad that it is our last night out in the country.

We ate breakfast under the spreading green oak tree, & packed up a little regretfully for the last time. It was one of the best mornings of the trip, clear & cool and every tree standing out sharply, & birds warbling & making syrupy contented noises in the early sun. Helen drove fast to try to get Audrey home as soon as possible. We went via Perth and back into Ottawa through Carleton Place. We stopped for me to take the long-wanted picture of Audrey draped around one of the "Soft Shoulder" notices. She was rather self-conscious as the cars went by & one of them tooted joyfully, but she was good and let me get the photos. As we got nearer our destination our spirits dropped more & more, & we got glummer & more silent – except of course Audrey who has been looking forward to her return as soon as she left. Mrs. Goldring gave us a warm welcome & soon we were immersed in our mail, 5 weeks absence had piled up quite a lot of letters & parcels for me, also colour film for Anna & myself. Audrey's friend Jim could not be found, so poor Audrey waited & waited in vain & was almost giving up hope when he came, then they went off at once. Helen was very downhearted, but we went over to Hull to buy some supper & beer to celebrate our safe return & drove along to have a look at Gatineau Point. After supper we gave Mrs. G. a preview of the photos to date & got a lot of pleasure out of them ourselves. And so we are back after 7700 miles- a most happy holiday.

[written sideways towards the bottom of the page] Doukhobor Doukhobour Dohkobor

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[back cover]