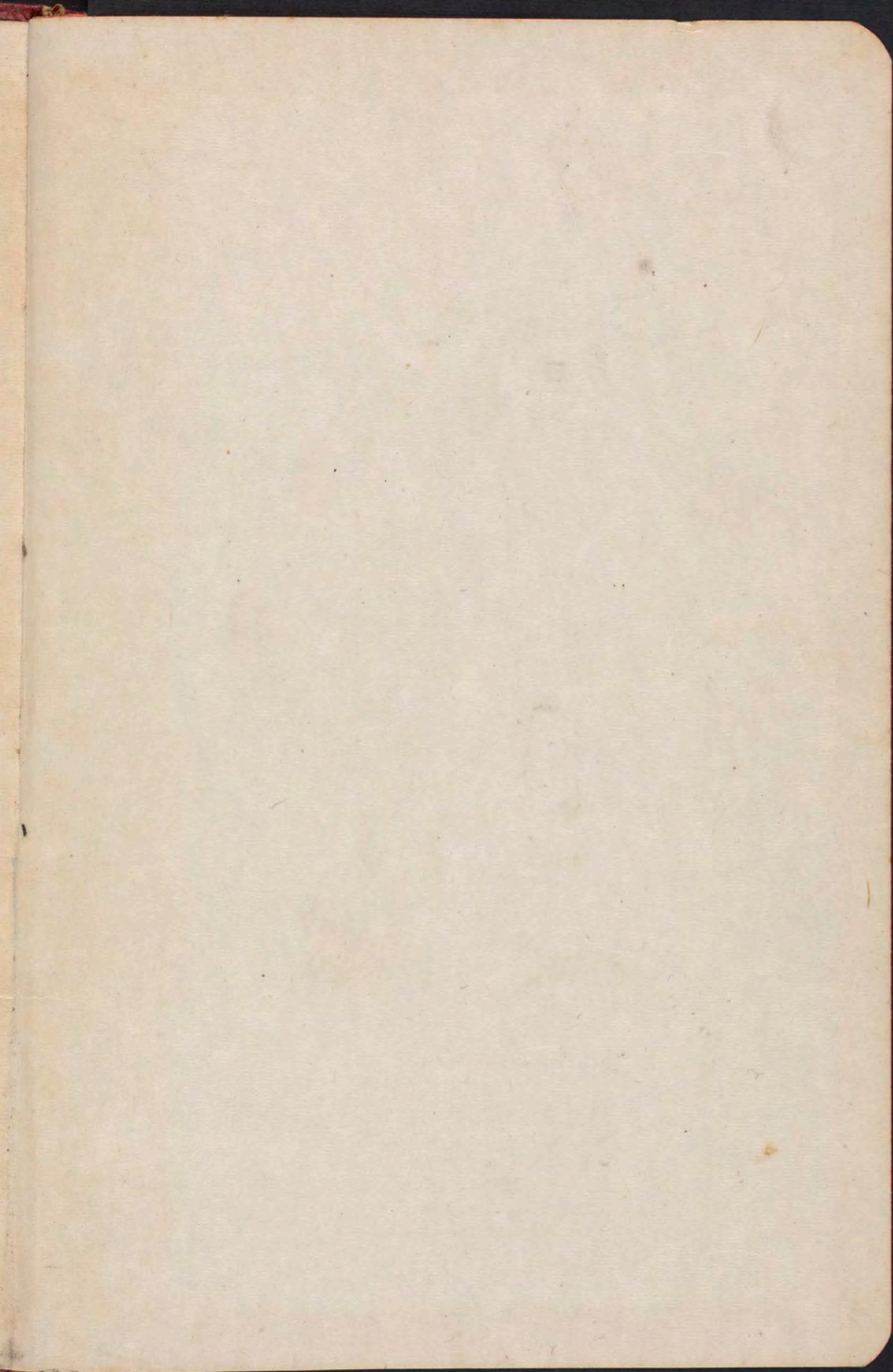


THE CANADIAN LINE
MEMO BOOK
NO. 720 $\frac{1}{2}$



AT 2 2ND AVE. DI. AND

OTTAWA - VANCOUVER.

SUMMER 1954

IF LOST, & FOUND,

PLEASE RETURN TO :

ROSEMARY GILLIAT. 84 5TH AVE. OTTAWA.

SUMMARY

JULY 31st

- AUGUST 1st ← OTTAWA - DEEP RIVER - TIMAGAMI
2nd ← TIMAGAMI - KIRKLAND LAKE - SMOOTH ROCK FALLS - MOONBEAM
3rd ← MOONBEAM - HEARST - KLOTZ LAKE - GERALDTON
4th ← GERALDTON - LAKE NIPIGON - PORT ARTHUR - KAKEBEKA FALLS - ENGLISH R.
5th ← ENGLISH RIVER - DINORWIC - KENORA - WHITESHELL GAME RESERVE M.
6th ← WHITESHELL (MAN.) - WINNIPEG - PORTAGE - LA - PRAIRIE.
7th ← BRANDON - MOOSONIN - SPY HILL
8th
9th ← ESTEN - SASK.
10th ← ESTEN - LANCER FERRY - LEADER - MAPLE CREEK - MEDICINE HAT - OLD MAN RIVER.
11th ← OLD MAN R. (TABER) - LETHBRIDGE - HIGH RIVER.
12th ← TURNER VALLEY - CALGARY - BACK
13th ← BOW RIVER - HIGH RIVER.
14th ← KANANASKIS - FOREST RESERVE.
15th ← KANANASKIS - BANFF - MORAINELAKE - KICKING HORSE - YOH0 PARK
16th ← YOH0 - GOLDEN - COLUMBIA R. - BOAT ENCAMPMENT - REVELSTOKE - 3-VALLEY LAKE
17th ← 3-VALLEY LAKE - SALMON ARM - KAMLOOPS - THOMPSON RIVER
18th ← THOMPSON R. - CACHE CREEK - LYTON - FRASER RIVER (NR ODLUM)
19th ← ODLUM - HOPE - CHILLIWACK - VANCOUVER
20th
21st ← VANCOUVER - HOWE SOUND - SQUAMISH - GARIBALDI
22nd ← GARIBALDI
23rd ← GARIBALDI - VANCOUVER
24th ← VANCOUVER - HOPE - MANNING PROV. PARK - COPPER MOUNTAIN
25th ← COPPER MOUNTAINS - SIMLKAMEEN VALLEY - GD. FORKS - TRAIL - W. KOOTENAY ORCHARD
26th ← W. KOOTENAY OR. - NELSON - BALFOUR FERRIES - CRANBROOK - ROCKIES.
27th ← CROWSNEST PASS - PINCHER CREEK - WATERTON LAKES - HAURE
28th ← HAURE - POPLAR MINOT
29th ← MINOT - GRAND RAPIDS.
30th ← SUPERIOR - BESSEMER - IRON RIVER - GLADSTONE / ESCANABA
31st ← ST LAMACE (MACKINAC) SAULT - STE MARIE
SEPT 1st ← S00 - THESSALON BLIND RIVER.
2nd ← MANITOULIN - TOBERMORY
3rd ← TOBERMORY - LUCKNOW.
4th ← LUCKNOW - PETERBOROUGH - LAKE BELMONT.
5th ← L. BELMONT - OTTAWA
6th
7th

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 & printing 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 coat & a slave some 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 were slacks & I wore a cotton dress. We got

water from the Yacht club, and a few sailing
boats stopped about in the wide Ottawa
river against the dark background of fir
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 Anne's. The town did not
look prosperous. Lumbering & pulpwood
are the main trades. The highway was
quite unimpressive 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 shabby
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 stop 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
the bilberries - or sawe caribou -
everything up the hill, we ate in
the pit - of all the absurd places
to have a picnic -! However it was

Wary from the murderous mosquitos by the stream.
At 10 we ate supper a man came & dumped
some old cardboard boxes & burnt them which
completed the touch of irony - our camping
in the Northland wilderness!

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

It seems unreal to think we have really
set off across Canada. Heba said we
would be going further than we would be if
Atlantic were dry & we were making up to
England. I am so pleased to have
made it as I thought the N.B.C. job would
prevent me going. Last thing I heard
from Crauleys 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, & nevertheless has
anyone offered to pay me & bring 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 N.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,
in the meanwhile we accompany Canada.

Timagami Mornbear

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 camp by - but our camp on the cliff top under the pine trees & among the birches was not too bad. The morning breeze had not stopped started & all the fir trees were reflected upside down to the last pine needle. We came to Harleyburg & 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 - (as outward view anyway). Andrew's father worked here and in Northern Ontario as a very young man. Dad he said the North in those 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 survey - which horrified the rest of us - but we decided we would

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 heaved a sigh of relief & were glad not to have to leave the sunshine & go underground. Kirtland 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. Muses active & dead heard their pit-head wheels into the sky - some were caged in - inside queer top-sided tubrets. A man in a brown suit stood at a 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 making the mine he was still there & the story still in the telling. We telephoned Mrs. Golding at Virginia Town & told her we had locked the front door, turned off the water & shut the windows & wished her a happy birthday. She sounded very cheerful & had had a good journey. We passed some little farms among the firs, & hay drying in little 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 Capris everywhere & no

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 fine ^(or radar station) what looked like an observatory on top of a sugarloaf hill. Anna drove. We came to some bad road. Pt Porquis Helen took over again - the Ontario Northland train stood at the station - an orange painted diesel engine pulled it. More bad roads. Pt Cockburn I would have liked to call on Senator Bradette, as he held me & Marge for any time we was there. But I knew Helen wanted to press on - More really bad road. Dust & ruts & 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 & the Abitibi Paper Co. Golden pyramids of peeled logs reflected in the blue water of the Mattagami River. Then the small bridge across the river which belongs to the paper company & the water is pumped down & makes water power. Dust road & ground very treas for Helen & she could not relax for a

moment. We wanted water so I asked of
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 &
Chickin 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 on
crowds, Coca Cola, ice cream & all the
usual batty hos. 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 parked
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 ran
all along one shore of the lake. We
found a thall covered with goldenrod
& pitched our tents there. I was
Cook. Stew for supper & so bed as
soon as we had washed up & done the
laundry - the mosquitoes cruised in
clouds. I sleep with Anna, Audrey
with Helen. The willow herb or
fire weed was like tea on the hills -
5-day. Helen says that bee-keepers in
Southern Ontario send their bees up
here - a fine white honey is
obtained from these flowers.
to bed - at 10-15.

~~Albuquerque~~ ~~Las Vegas~~ ~~Phoenix~~

GERALDTON

Aug 2nd A red sunrise which augured rain
& we got it later. We got up before the sun
was up & had quick breakfast & packed up
& were away by seven. The pony in the field
was thoroughly startled. I left a note of
thanks on the windscreen of Tom'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 & figures 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 - fake fronts to houses & shops
gravel roads all very rough. One almost
expected to see hitching posts & have cowboy's
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 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.

* Hears

He likes Hearst, but admits that he was intimidated when there were 12 ft of snow in ~~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 & said we didn't need it. She grinned all over her face & said "It's O.K you're very welcome." Hearst has a huge community hall, a new school and a pleasant looking Catholic holiday 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 size which some character had put on the verandah of his log cabin

we stopped for lunch in the rain - ate it in the car - sheets of water pouring down
saw no trace of treacherous fine rain - ate it in the car - sheets of water pouring down
the rain - ate it in the car - sheets of water pouring down

surrounded with little fir trees (of course I would have liked this job - but I know how maddening it is for a driver to have to stop every few minutes. Anna drove a bit, still in this 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 so 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 gutters, & the traffic about 3 cars & a my ourselves were held up by a crane & bull dozer working in the mud. Helen took over as the navigation looked tricky, however we slithered through all right. The man on the tractor was dressed in oil skins & soon wester & looked down at us & grinned. We came to Klote 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

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 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 recommended a track into the woods which led down amongst the largest juiciest bilberries we had ever seen to some old deserted cabins - one of them labelled: "The Mapin Mine Co". Some people were picking bilberries 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 mosquitoes 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.

Anna made a wonderful meal of stuffed peppers & we lay on a grassy bank in the sun & felt ventrily peaceful & contented. We had stopped earlier & so had more time to enjoy the evening. Anna went bird watching, & I took some photos. Audrey set up the throner in a cracked tree stump sat cross legged in the grass in front of 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 the busy little mosquitoes. 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 June 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~~ (ENGLISH RIVER)

Helen was tough & roused us before 6. We arose more than a little unwillingly as it was dark and cloudy & the mosquitoes were in clouds. It was only amusing to see them rush into the tent after our blood when we had already crawled out. Breakfast we ate walking around as the little pestiferous things attacked us furiously flung themselves into coffee, crawled inside our clothes & got smeared in our hair. So we made a quick get away

as possible. Very black at first but as we went on it got lighter & there were breaks in the clouds. Must lay in the hollows submerging 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 & his reflection. A good highway. We stopped for some spring water. 4 girls going West, & camped beside the spring were 4 young 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 & triangles 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 manner 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 glimpses of the greatest lake every hour & then, & a sight of the Sleeping Giant, & soon the elevators of the Lakehead came in sight.

The red rock formations 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 Beckett. Don was awfully, & all the little wild ducks had died soon after I left. There was practically no activity at the Lakehead at all. It seems rather ominous to me. We found one small vessel just finishing loading at Saskatchewan Port & then went along to the ore dock. I got a permit for us to go up on top to look at the view. A train had come in so the guys 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 left & 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.

for our going up there. When we got up, the foreman said you can go anywhere you like but just be careful. Then they sent us down alone. We found such a 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 Kakebeka Falls. Fine but not as lovely as Middletall on the Pigeon River. Absolute wilderness seems to be my preference in these stretches of beauty. There was a hotel & a crowd of everyone taking photos. We had lunch at a shady wayside table provided by Ontario Highways & then off again. Rolling farmland & farms - very Scandinavian to look at - & farmed by Scandinavian people, especially Finns. Again we crossed the watershed and were in the country where all rivers flow to the Arctic Ocean. Near a place called Sunbeam we came across big stretches 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 Uppsala to post letters & at English River to get petrol. Anne asked for a campsite & 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.

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

Whiteshell Game Preserve

Aug 4th. The worst 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 gray & 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 this ruff of prickles. He was too high up & on the far side of a stream so even with the 180 mm 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 Dinduruc to get a few

→ a sign post to Sioux Lookout

supplies. There was an H.B.C. store 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 & liked it. So he & his wife followed on & said they have been very happy here.

Some of the roads were rough but never for long. Help 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 birches & 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

scanned 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 & sitting on street corners - one woman with a papoose on a bead.

Numbers of police men were standing about in pairs, provincial and also a mounted - 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.

I forgot to mention that we took a look at
Hyden, that is a prosperous little place
its wealth probably dependent 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 fake 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 overcamped - every beach taken
over privately or by cabin owners.
We motored miles to Anna & I were
sent out on recess - 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 let's
go & visit the Fish Hatchery
which we did, a slow spoken,
slow moving young man took
us round. He looked like a

Westerner. It came on to rain & we wandered back to the car & decided to camp on a hilltop & found it was not in the middle of the bear country, as the ~~Kanga~~ said fish hatchery man said that camp up was not allowed in the game sanctuary. We ate supper in another gravel pit where we had left the car - then up the hill among the rocks - pink with grey lichens on them, & the spruce & larch & blueberries. Ferns & hair bells & a delicate pink & yellow road flux. 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 to. Anna said "I don't like Parks, cars always follow me around & men pop out of bushes."

Thursday August 5th Mr Portage La Prairie.

Dull again in the morning. Anne & I did a reconnaissance 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 bilberry pickers had camped along the verges & had signs up - one stating "Bilberries".

The roads were paved but not good. The highway's 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 we 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 slight reproach in the remark. I feel the same but I have to pay my way somehow, & to be kept

W. L. Bell. P. de. P.

by Crawleys for 4 years would certainly help. Well its no good worrying at the moment. He showed me some of Doreen Squires 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 directors 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 out 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 a 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 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 ~~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 back house where his wife was & she would give us some clear spring water.

While Anna & Audrey filled the bottles ~~the~~ Helen started turning the car & meanwhile two young women came up to us & said hello. They wore the usual flowered dresses & caps with the hair tucked 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 thin-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 here. Then we were taken to one of the living houses, four families live in each. Her 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 hand made, most exquisitely stitched. A young girl had been

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 4000 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 gals if they would be going & one said "We don't know yet - the council will be having a meeting this week." So supposedly the gals abide by the decision of the elders. There were hollyhocks growing against the white weatherboarded 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 back laundry house said they had come from Austria around 1870. The gals 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 though they groaned. We left after fond farewells & they asked us to come & see them again & wished us good luck. They were

so happy & contented, it really was an experience to see a glimpse of their Pines. 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 town, & we sent Anna in to ask if we could camp in one of their 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 to night. We lay in the sun, & rested & took photos & washed clothes & had a good peaceful evening, & Heba & I approached the Graves warden & were disappointed - but it was nice all the same. The pigs came trotting round as we settled down for the night & used the car bumpers as a scratching post.

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

Spy Hill. Saskatchewan. Aug 11

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 boxed 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 scarf & 10-gallon straw hat & fancy boots. We took his photo, & the small boy & then the man who owned the Percherons asked me if I would like to get up & have a ride, so of course I leapt on - it was queer indeed in a Western saddle with those 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 shaved off his "educated mule" & made it sit down

& 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 unbelievable theatrical, & we couldn't believe that people really were like this. A rather mean looking fellow a powerful looking man ^{blue shirt} was boss of the arena - he came from Veth bridge, & much to the others amusement asked me to a dance this evening. The rodeo ~~ed~~ 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 cowboy showed us the corral, & the track, & the wild bucking horses - they have built up their own corral which is quite a bit of carpentering. We saw all the horses most of the cowboy who were immensely friendly & did their best to persuade us to stay for the show. They did not think much of Brandon as their audience here had been so small. We decided to get better get on our way & not get involved too much with cowboy! We got back a little regretfully onto the TransCanada highway. We saw a great ~~flow~~ cloud of purple smoke on the horizon which turned out to be a burning oil well at Uiden. At Moosomin there was a diversion. Actually at the border of Manitoba & Saskatchewan the average road

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 slapdash - houses not painted, few gardens, junk lying about - wide wide streets going through the middle of the town. We thought it might be the influence of the depression years when not one had any money to spend & now when there is more they just spend it - on cars, cookers, television sets & holidays. We had some difficulty finding the Salkelds farm. We left the flat land suddenly & plunged into a deep valley through which flowed the Gu' Appelle River. The hills on both sides were like the South Downs. We stopped at Spa 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 & ask. So Helen went into a shop & I took a turn 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 sniffing my nose & see what happens." At that the whole village came to life & there seemed to be a man peering 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 well. She is white haired & obviously a perfect farmers wife - everything so clean, & such good food. Her people came from the N. of England & hers from Scotland. The best type of country people.

Bar S. Bar. ~~Cut~~ Cutarm Valley Farm.

This morning we were up before 7. Anna to
lunk 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, home made
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
brush - some ^{willows} 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 pommel for tying on the rope
& long leather ties to tie on a coat
or food package & water bottle when on a
long days' herding. It ~~cost~~ cost \$90 2nd
hand, but would have been \$200 new.
Taken ride first, & looked utterly happy
in the saddle - in blue jeans & Indian
sweater. The horse was a chestnut with
long flying mane & tail - named Konnie
* got 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.

606.

609

*

We took lots of photographs of the cattle - about 100 head altogether not counting the calves, they are pure bred Hereford, registered stock. He sells them for breeding purposes mainly. He has just got a new bull from Alford minutes 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 found 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 wolly dog bounced along in ecstasies almost beneath the horses feet.

We did a nice 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.

She 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 those taken at the wedding weren't so good as the ceremony was set for 'show' & no one had remembered to change it".

Mr. S. chipped in occasionally & said he always liked fixing the sails. (but when we said goodbye he didn't pick up enough courage to kiss all 4 of us.

Yesterday - evening after supper Uncle Rae took us in his car over the Cut Arm Valley for Helen to visit his son Johnny. He drove in a wild way putting his car at obstacles as one would a horse. We would turn suddenly into a field & go careering around in thick deep sweet clover grass over a shaky ~~it~~ the bridge made of boughs & we expected one wheel to go off into the waterlogged ditch. The car leaped & 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 towns had cars & the old chap said "You see, we'll be riding around in cars one day & they all laughed at him. When Uncle Rae'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 clear 5 acres a year, at the end of this time he got the title to the land, & then he bought another section.

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

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-conceivis characters
one sees in the big towns will not be the
people who run ~~to~~ Canada; we are going
to find it very hard getting back to a brown & blue
after this holiday.

We did not return to the Trans
Canada Highway the same way we came
in - but went instead via Estevan &
towards Fort Qu'Appelle. We stopped to
look for 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.

The elevators in this country were painted in bright colors. There were French settlements, ^{solid} stone churches with twin spires, & then we came to the Qu'Appelle valley again, where it was wider & deeper. Lebert 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 space, industry. Helen drove straight through as we were all tired & anxious to find a camp. A huge black cloud was blowing up toward us & we expected to get soaked.

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

The name of Qu'Appelle has a haunting sound - like Goretelli: Finisterre

So dark grey & cold that it was a real effort to get up, & especially for Audrey & the dog, 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 chorused & so stayed about all night. At least it was dry. At 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 of 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 garages then were made & 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 colored scarves over their heads. I went & looked up the Anglican Canadian mission to my friend and where the team is - the lady there said she thought probably at Manyberries in Alberta which would be considerably off our route.

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 ~~stretch~~ 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 they were so absurdly crowded together, house to house, 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 7 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 screens 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 or 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

her eyes & said she would like to buy a
lunch 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 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 Harrow for Jones &
dumps of gorgeous coloured agricultural

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 Sakkeld relations. We drove on
a gravel highway, some rough bits
& one or two stretches all under
construction at one time. Huge windy
spaces & infinite spaces, & 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 English wheat, but what a
magnificent 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
flashing across the folds in the hills.
It was dry grassland, with ~~slavery~~
~~some~~ sagebrush 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

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

Andrey had slept a good deal during the day to make up for her sleepless night & the 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 road 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 Esten & engaged 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 colie gave us a welcome and then Mr & 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.

Monday 9th - NR. ESTEN - 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 here as brilliant in colour as flowers in the East. Fruit trees do not grow well here, there is a crab apple & a 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 lawn round the house merges 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 ship. This area was not homesteaded till 1910 - before that it was just prairie. They put the straw back on the soil & that gradually breaks down rocks as a sort of compost. Helen & Anna, the agricultural experts say that the farmers here don't 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

Schools are larger and in town. The little country schools are mostly closed & a lot of them serve as graneries. We passed one large 4000 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 shadow. Down there were buffalo berries and sage & the stems 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 & 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 "graneries". 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 graneries. There is another grandchild aged 4 who talks a lot - she comes out with such comical expressions, such as "yes sree" 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

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, I tried to write letters & played a
couple of games of Canasta before going to
bed. A storm blew up & there was
continuous lightning in the distance, let
me wonder what the roads will be
like for tomorrow & whether the gumbo
will imprison us <sup>(Uncle G. had told everyone to expect 4
scientists from Ottawa !!)</sup>
died Uncle Ray, Uncle Graham raises
us about being unmarried - & says there are
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.

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 heads to photograph besides snufflers." We received more vague instructions about 50 many miles south and east and south and go 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. Soak. 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 an 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 ferryman. Ferry built on the spot, apparently a ferry boat usually lasts about 12 yrs. They are hauled 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 tracking - but he remembered one of his neighbors who has used 20 horses harnessed to plough & a harrow. The usual thing is 8 horses - 2 to a furrow, he used to have 8 so that 2 could always be reaped. He was scornful about the man with 20 & said he was only showing off anyway, & once the horses had run away with him!

We stopped at Leader for petrol & Peary 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 will never see a barrel" he said, when he found
he had not 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 "Moriade" & so on
& went out heading to the car to shock Helen

The gulls follow the plough here as they do
at home - they urinate & circle lazily all day.
Bradford 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 Liebesthal
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 & 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

& some others faced with some shiny material stamped out in patterns. Long thin men hung around doorway & 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 the Pig 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 stuffing of his leg were very bad, he was palpably a straw man. He wore red jacket & a sort of lancers tunic, 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 suppose the Indians succeeded in killing them in 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

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, & when 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 were 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 - Anne watching the Franklin gulls through her glasses. - Then we rode to the road again - more wild grassland with a few high hills in the South, probably in 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.

Large 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 & I went to see Caran Carter - but only his wife was at home & she didn't know his

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

The Missionary ladies were at Elk Lake, 200 back 40 miles the way we had come. I didn't dare ask Helen as she & all the others were so tired. So I'll just have to write the Rtn 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 a sugar beet factory - a fine looking modern building shining with white paint. We turned off right to the Provincial Park on Oldman River by which fine peoples 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 cotton woods & willows. The river was a peacock blue strip on 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 made 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

bright moon & Audrey went sunbathing 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 & Audrey sat on the table
writing her diary by its flickering light.

DeWinton (Billy Thompson's Farm).

Next morning tempers seemed again a little
strained - but gradually improved. We
drove into the Experiment Farm at
Lethbridge & looked around. Pleasant small
buildings, & flower beds brilliant with
ferulias. A few horses graze.

This area seemed richer in every way - more
trees, more prosperous farms & buildings. These
fields of sugar beet 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
streets - 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
guys 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 guys & most of the men
seem to be turned out after one pattern.
They were Indians & Chinese, & dark

porting central Europeans, & Austrians 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 grassland to Fort McLeod and then a bit further on we crossed Oldman River again which was rippling over grey pebbles and looked quite nice & stable. 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 straight, feet in the water could be done by supporting one's weight on the hands - then we let the current take us downstream our hands slithering on the stony pebbles so that one got the impression of ski-ing 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 Prang 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 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.

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. Droves of American Tourists in cars trundling 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 held the faintest idea where she was or in what direction her brother-in-law lived. 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 tried there was 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 Tringers 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 of 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 each warmly by the hand.

We sat for a 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 to 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.

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 person 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 balked 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 browned & broken and the carnations were stripped open and split. The Thompsons 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 highborn'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 was 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. Somewhere they are a little sinister working there all alone in the green countryside. It was a dull morning. We drove up the forest tangers road leading to Big Horn & ate our picnic beside the road with a view before us that might have been the

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

Mr Okotoko Nelson 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 clothing - 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 - (Billy & his wife & the four of us). Billy said "Dave I've brought some girls to see you, & 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 "Hallo." A small boy was dogging 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 so well. He had a rock garden with water falling

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 & delphinium.
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 & people found 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 hidden & camped
for 3 weeks in the Rockies & had the time of
their lives. They had brought back some alpine
flowers for Dave, some Twinberries & some
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 Soldanelle in Switzerland).
When they are past their freshness the petals curl
back & have the same shape as a turk's head
fly. 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 put the cabin alone.
The mantelpiece was piled high with figures of
animals he had ~~carved~~ painted, you could
modelled from plaster

begin to see what was there. Every table & chair was piled high with objects - an impossible room in which to play King's game. There were vases of flowers, in one 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 flowers, birds, & animals. One patch of wall was covered with bright ribbons, just 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 & uncompleted 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~~ along the ice till Dave was able to scramble out ~~and so save him.~~ Billy thought his twisted legs might have been ~~fixed~~ fixed by his ~~mistake~~ mistake. Also a picture of a nearby peak called Gibraltar Mountain - where there are large deposits of anthracite coal - but it is too far away to exploit it. The 3 prospectors who found it thought they would spend a winter there & mine some of 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 teepee 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 teepee. Another painting of a country doctor driving hell for leather in his buggy

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 Pstorsky 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 trotted 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 away before she would 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 4000 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

that in his bedroom he keeps two wild finches that he is
trying to train. Swarms of bantams pick around
2 in the woods behind the house - quite wild.
~~2~~ years later the Thompsons visited the place he
had a perched 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.
Large 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 palpably 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 tried to-day. Late in the morning
Mang 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 home for them. They have this
beautiful stretch of land down in the valley
as well as a large piece on top of the cliff.
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 & one
of the loveliest glades so that their friends
can picnic there - & are less likely to get
fine to the place. We walked along on
both sides of a sort of canal, where beavers
had been working. They had felled a
huge cottonwood right across the water.
The other 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, some met them, the boy
is a bit scared of all these females &
the little girl is thrilled. Audrey is still
so 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.

High River has a shop for outfitting cowboys. So we all went in to have a look. On the way they stopped at a small village store for my benefit, as there is a crazy old Englishman 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 wife 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 pushed 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 here are craftsmen making bridles & saddles & embossed high heel boots - This would have been a series of photographs 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 \$2.50 which doesn't seem much considering the workmanship - it was embossed or stamped rather with patterns in darker colours. They make saddles here to specifications. There were parrots, & silver spurs, & deep stormy caps & 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

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 bronco on it for her "mother" to whom she had been writing letters daily. Anna bought a red racket, and Helen got a denim cowboy hat and a leather topped belt with silver buckle on which was the low relief head of a long horned cow. I didn't get anything, but 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 and 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 all 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 ~~of the~~ 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 - Mary saw Mully beating 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 - the farmers have to fight their own fires. There is a signal of one long ring, & everyone on the phone grabs it - happens so - then they drop everything and come rushing to help. Mary said that however much talk there is of petty quarrels in the district - when anyone is in trouble the neighbours always rally round to help. There

is a wonderful community spirit in that respect. And if anyone is in it - 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 Mags 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

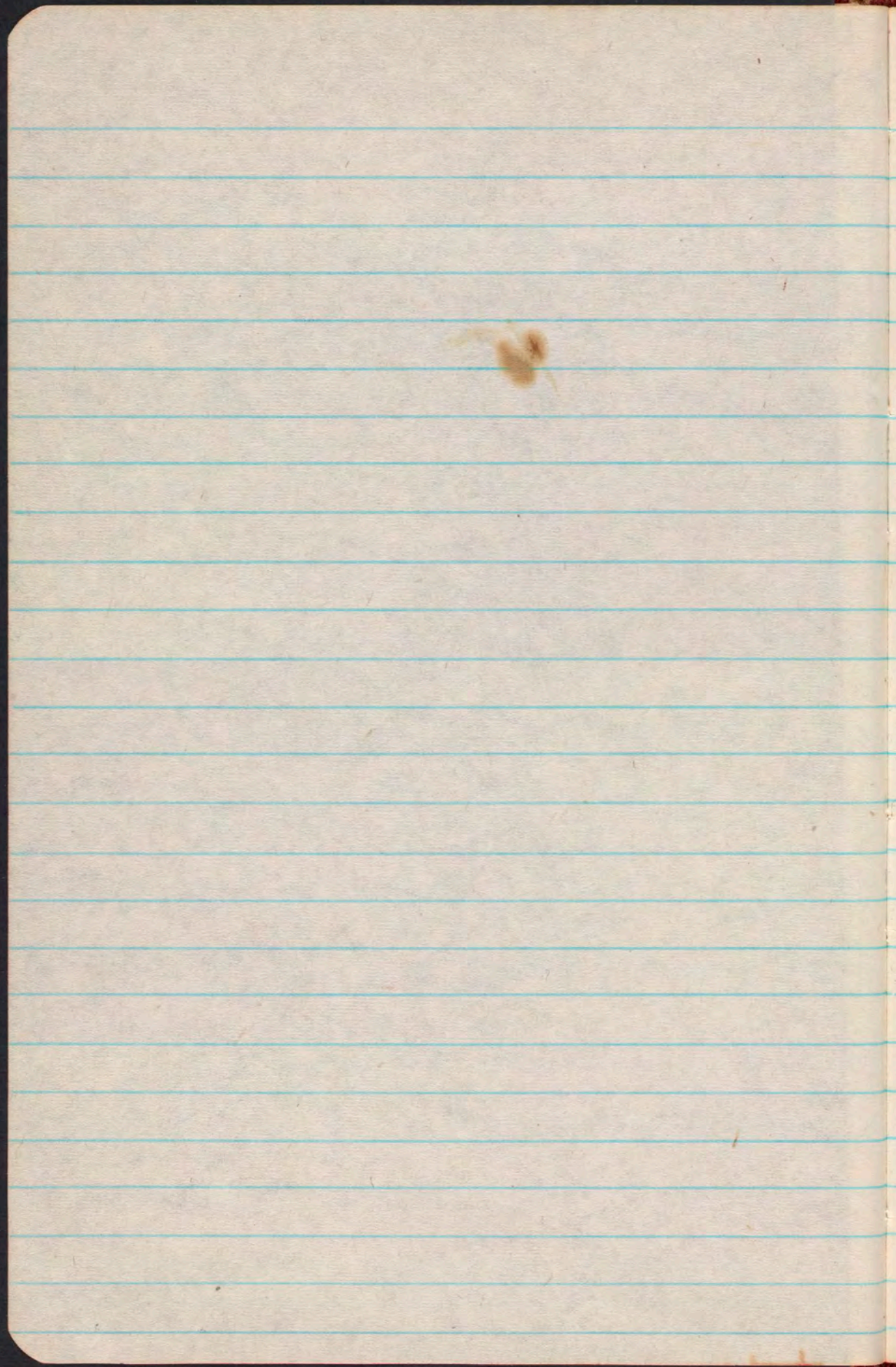
Fearful storm in the night - Big lightning & thunder - my telephone wire was lit & the bell rang & the line was dead next morning. It was still raining hard & everything sodden so we didn't hurry ourselves - gradually the skies brightened. Poor Skip looked miserable to see the car being packed & if you spoke to him he could only contrive a feeble wobble of the tail. As we piled into the car he lit a droll & 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 a while we got out of High River - Billy & Mags let the way in their truck towards the Kananaskis road. This was rough going - muddy & stony - and countless little gales that met on low Eastern spurs. We started winding in & out of the ~~hills~~ 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 by the 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

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 ranger's 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 Tony'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 says 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 Kanaskie 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 rich 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 forget 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

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 ugliest 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 boys were sitting on his back. This bull was the epitome of aggressive 'ornerness' - the opposite extreme from the timid, gentle little beavers we saw at Calgary. We drove into town to get some petrol and take a look at the sights. The main street 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 50cts 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 parks. However as a tourist attraction I've no doubt this was most appealing.

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 that 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 monotonous 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 & wandered along by the green-blue lake - it is a wonderful lake in spite of the ballyhoo - but the ballyhoo kills that wild 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. Candles in brightly painted colours so that people could photograph each other. A teepee in a field. Then the monotonous 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 so long. We asked a garage man about the road ahead that is under construction & he said we would have to wait 1/2 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

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 took 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 them back. The highway rolled through the forests & suddenly started sweeping downhill & we came to the officially marked Great Divide - where the water runs 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 supper under the big well-built shelter. Helen & I finished the wine & all felt very merry and enjoyed Anna's supper. Someone was working on the highway by night which was rather an interesting sight, & the mosquitoes were vicious.

Crossing railway tracks we saw an animal
poised with propped ears on the steel - it was
large & long legged with pointed muzzle &
we can only imagine that it was a wolf -
much too big & long in the leg for a fox.
The colour was light buff.

3 Valley Lake Aug 17th

In spite of having sealed out mosquitoes & having
quicker & warmer I couldn't sleep at all
till after 3 or 4 feet rain in the morning -
& no time to wash etc & not enough
hot water for large mugs of coffee - the
only thing that gets me going in the morning!
By one way and another an auspicious
start to the day. It was dull & misty as we
left & the mist hanging low above the valley
hiding those neck ricking 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 tumbled 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 construction gangs were coming in to
start work - four 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 ~~water~~ radio transmitters
permitted." The lane was too narrow for

cars to pass in some places. We had to wait for the Calgary & Winnipeg buses to pass. Cars are ~~not~~ supposed to travel between the towns of 8 am & 5 p.m. when the gangs are working on the road - but there was no one on ~~the~~ either end of the construction area to stop you. Presumably you might get held up all day if you hooked going through - with blasting & landslides & bouncing boulders as hazards. We crossed a narrow wooden bridge above the 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. There we stopped for petrol & stores. We saw the sad & patterned remains of a pale green car that had skidded the night before on the Big Bend going at 50 m.p.h. & wrapped itself round 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 of road is 40 m.p.h. After leaving Golden we reached tall fir forests - soaring slender trees with a fringe of pink - furweed along the ~~road~~ edges of the road to relieve the dark green. On a straight piece of road we got the impression of travelling between two green hedges, perfectly clipped. Yesterday Anna offered the prize for the first one to see a redwood cedar & won it herself.

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 fern & horse-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 on the majority of highways. Peter 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 & Brockville.

24th May - 31st October the Big Bend road is open. We started feeling hungry early so stopped beside the apple-green kimbasket 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 rest 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 known as Boat Encampment which used to

be a Hudson's Bay Co. Post in fur trading days. The furs would be carried overland from the Joppe area & then put on canoes & carried down river. The hide of a timber wolf was nailed on a door. The Columbia River swept around the curve, smooth & full of power - pale grey-green in colour with a background of dark ever 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 the mountains, often 7 or 8000 ft above the river with earth cliffs sloping 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 met up 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, nearly 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 at 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 superior type, an orange net with a glass visor

for him to see through more clearly. We could see the mosquitoes buzzing round 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 soap open for us. Some of the older men did not wear gloves or veils. Further on we passed an old man walking - rather bent with tattered clothes & stoppy-brimmed hat, his trousers six inches too short & showing the tops of his ancient boots & scraggy ankles. He grinned at us sociably & waved. He looked like another of these old characters who prefer living alone in the woods.

At Silvertip Falls we got out to fetch water & the mosquitoes fell over each other in the rush to get us, & 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 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 driving for Helen - so we continued on the highway & camped in a deserted ^{Plumbe} 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 up the tent poles on the gravel.

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, ~~and we travelled~~ along the valley floor. The farms did not look particularly prosperous. We saw apple trees. The barns had straight sloping 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 a ~~bit~~ compared with those in Saskatchewan. We had to do quite a long detour to Grind ~~Rock~~ as a new bit of the highway was under construction & went into a sleepy village store & bought 2 lbs 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 funeral service - there was a truck standing in front of the church & the men lifting something from it. Such ~~strong~~ ^{powerful} 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 that once were the river banks. It is still quite a large river, but it must have been immense - or else glacial. Big red fire grew on the short dry grass. It was really disappointing that there was no sun so this landscape was full of colour - dry yellow grass & black fire &

blue dresses. It came on to rain while I was getting lunch ready and the others returned 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 a crossing - because so many crazy people try & 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 Kamboys 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 are 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 flourish 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. chrysanthemums & trees and palms. 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

the girl was away on six weeks 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 and normally the valley is dry & hot & this rain which has been coming down for 4 days 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 pipeline - then the ski-jump & then we got out on the hills which began to look really interesting. Range land - short grass & fine strolling hills not unlike the Alberta foothills that we liked so much - but there were hardly any cattle grazing & no ranches in sight. 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 no mystery to see much, though there was a great deal of colour in the landscape - yellow & brown grass, patches of green & red by ponds - grey & 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

bushes & set up the tent just before a shower
came on. Helen & Anna took the bucket
down to the Thompsons to get some water
but were stopped short by steep cliffs - however
they got some water out of the cliff.
Audrey & I climbed the hill behind the camp,
it was longer than we expected of course, &
steeper. The most exquisite blue birds filtered
up from the ^{silvery} sagebrush in front of us. We
climbed up to where there were 3 rocks, crumbling
in strange shapes like Henry Moore's *3 women*.
There was no grass so we just slithered down
on our feet as though skinning right down the
steepest slopes. We found some yellow flowers
& some yellow lichen which Anna proceeded
to photograph with her extension tubes - advice
from all 3 of us. Helen is reading Vogt's
"The Road to Survival" & is a bit depressed
about the state of humanity. I am being
escapist & reading "Kai Lung unrolls
his mat" & rather enjoying it.

Aug 19th^{CP} Railway Track Mr. Odum - Fraser River
Opening the tent Anna said "to a clear sky
& 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 & 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, & yet as Helen said
it should be possible to grow *Centuri* grass here,
Alfalfa flavipes. Normally it must be

very dry & farms & ranches were often built in damp looking hollows. The first place we came to was Cache Creek & we looked into the two stores that both have huge displays of Indian relics, both of Cariboo Gold Rush days & 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 great 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 all kinds of things, wheels from carts, animal skulls, mule shoes etc etc. I hope some day 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, & back looking in at Mayo & Dawson City, and then through to Cariboo! Beyond Cache Creek had we some fine stretches of new highway with the Thompson on our left down into the valley. We saw some signs saying "Corn" & stopped by one of these wayside private parties & bought some and some fresh tomatoes. The road rolled up & down through magnificent country, yellow & grey & pink rocks & the green Thompson pouring and tumbling in its hurry to get to the sea - there were some wonderful fierce white rapids, & we could hardly believe that people had come through these rough waters in boats & canoes.

At Lytton we left the highway & 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 & 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 on the sands, we supposed it had made a forced landing. Just before getting into Lytton we had stopped to watch a Canadian Pacific goods ^{steam} train pass just below the road. We waited for the engine driver & fireman & they waved back & gave us a double toot on their whistle which ~~was~~ a friendly gesture. We decided it must be on account of Audrey who had just put on her "Cache Creek" shirt with a Caribou 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, & it does seem absurd that the C.N. went ahead & 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 & resume their journeys on opposite sides of the river. The C.P. built their bridge across for some reason, & 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 lay.

We left the car & walked down to look at the Salmon Fishways built at Hell's Gate Canyon. We got down in 15 mins, stayed 1/2 an hour here and took 1/2 an hour climbing back again as it was over 600 ft down.

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 trapezoid is 250 ft deep which seems astounding. We were all hot & exhausted at the end of the climb & began to think about camping places - We stopped at Yale & 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 Luffton the higher and older part of the town looked rather ramshackle & 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 sidetracks with not much success, & 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 laid. The main drawback being that the C.P. track passed 25 yds away from the camping place, & the whole place quivered & 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

the Fraser River within reach & 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 & we lit the candle.
As we were writing up our diaries we heard
the clanging of a bell & soon another train
came steaming past - our tent flaps were
open & the candle lighting the interior of the
tent - I waved at the engine driver & he
waved back and gave me a special toast
which of course pleased me very much.

At one thirty in the morning the rain came down in
torrents & I thought how lucky we were to be so
warm & dry in our tents - but 15 minutes
later I began to wonder. Our tent (Anna's &
mine) is only 5ft 5ins high, and our sleeping
mattresses are 6ft & protrude from the tent.
The air mattresses are stitched in ribs & the rain
was pouring on the ends & being channelled
along these depressions, like irrigation channels
& pouring into the tent! My sleeping bag,
blanket, pillow & nightdress were soaked
right through & I had to drain the mattress
get into my day clothes & sleep rolled up in
a second half-dry blanket. Anna was slightly
better off, & the others better still, they only
got wet where they were touching the sides of
the tent. It rained right through the night, &
trains went warping 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.

Aug 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 spaced out every few

hundred yards. It was still raining, but this eased off as we got further west. The country looked more & more English, small fenced fields, ~~with~~ and grazing land with huge trees like English parkland. Weeping willows by ponds & rivers.

Hydrangeas, pansies, nasturtiums, roses, gladioli, geraniums blazing with colour in every little garden, also snapdragons & sweetpeas, hollyhocks & 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 & slits at the side.

Market gardens ^{orchard} galore & some rice farms with Guernsey cattle grazing. The crops, here too, beaten down by rain. Here were immense deciduous trees - one that looked like an elm & dwarfed the sheep grazing beneath it.

The Fraser was now slow & sluggish - its banks far apart and low - mud flats almost - it did not feel like the same river.

We saw hop gardens again & some vineyards after passing through Chittiwack. The

Fraser valley here is wide, completely flat & apparently very fertile. As we got nearer to the city we got more & more depressed - the senseless advertising - the garages, the motels (never had we seen so many of the latter - 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. Fortunately enough Marg was just walking along the road as we arrived. She took us into a lunch & there was the usual cross

section of students - the exotic long haired drama students - the glamorous domestic science - the more staid & 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, & washed ourselves & our clothes & got reasonably organised. Helen & her sister went off with their Uncle Bert, & Anna & friends but all came back Anna to get ready to go out to dinner, and Helen to ask Audrey & 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 & the Pacific coast with a college friend, & they liked it so much that they both gave up their practices & came West. He plays golf regularly & until recently skied & boated and played tennis.

He took us out to Stanley Park - Helen driving - & showed us round there - We saw the great and graceful bridge of the Lion's Gate, & the Totem poles & the lumberman's arch, & Prospect Point, & 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 & large ships and yachts & rowing boats, & tugs & barges moved across the bay constantly. We saw the ferry boat going over to Blaine Island. Thinking of the sunset Uncle Bert remembered the difficulty he had 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 round the bay and the lighthouse on the point started flashing. It was strange to think that we had driven right across the

continent - that this was the Pacific Ocean ^{or nearby} & beyond Vancouver Island lay Japan & the rest of Asia. Stanley Park looked so green & shady & somehow retained a certain wildness. We saw people riding, and shooting at targets with bows & arrows, also playing bowls, & playing tennis by artificial light. Cricket is also a popular game here, as is rugby. 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 ~~the~~ some entomologists who went here last year. But we were so late to night that I somehow wonder if we will be around in time to catch the 9.30 ferry to-morrow morning. I am 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.

Aug 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 ship as one feels so tired all day but that is not too serious. We were up at 8 o'clock & completing the arrangements for our trip to the Garibaldi Park. We decided to split up - Helen & her sister & Audrey go to the Island to-night & 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 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 & grandmothers of apparently attached 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 ~~fat~~ Wallace Pyse Band dressed in all their smartest kilts & jackets. Helen's eyes got larger & larger & I think she began to get really envious as the pyes gave her thumbs up & down her spine.

The ship loaded with cargo & passengers till she was sitting quite low in the water. We waved farewell to the others who were heartily 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 Bread and Butter. Two Toronto nurses were taking photos up till the last minute, one of them using a so-called poteroïd camera - 60 secs after the photo is taken you have the print in your hand. The pipes continued as we passed by Stanley Island & under the Lion's 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 dykes were having a regatta being towed on barges. But what intrigued us most was a home made bathhouse built on a landing barge - It had 2 stories & out the upper story 2 girls were reclining, one grabbed a telescope to look at us as we went by. The whole thing looked utterly & thoroughly unsafe & I would never get a certificate of seaworthiness. 100 men in a motor boat the size of a moquito were towing the cumbersome vessel behind them. At the front of the barge was parked an ancient Chevrolet of the 1920 vintage. One can just imagine the fun

built of plank
most unpainted

These 4 were having - feet move anywhere at infinitesimal cost. We stopped again at Britannia Beach and Wood Fibre.

At the first 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 domestic part of the building. The ore brought in is crushed in the plant - according to the sailor. It was already raining by this time. Woodfibre 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 from 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 had worked here 12 years - his home ~~was~~ 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.

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 newspaper's 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 shudders 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 in to Squamish, & the train 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 worth while 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 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 at river bank through a

valley which began to close in on us until we
were winding along in a narrow gorge with
rock walls straying up and dropping down
very precipitously. It was a wonderful
landscape - rather like ^{the} 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 hurrying itself down the gorge in
gully. 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 of the car.
The two nurses from Toronto, both wearing
those dreadful garments known as pedal
pushers & imitation Cowichan Sweaters &
little brown liner hats. Then an enthusiastic
movie man & the two students & the photographer
followed by a bunch of Indian children &
some tow-haired Canadian kids. Last
a bunch of tall drunk young men & their girl
friends 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 the mountain
side and a very few minutes later a
mountain 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
finest hats & suits & high heeled shoes.

Some a little scruffy like ourselves - the fishermen & mountain climbers included. When we got to Gambaldi we piled up with all our luggage & a type told that we had to register at the Post office. We had SIX bundles - due to sleeping bags, an mattress blanket, tent, and 3 coppers & tripod & 2 telephoto lenses & food for 3 days. So we rather staggered up 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 license to camp & make fires & we registered our names & home address.

A pony appeared shortly afterwards & he took the 4 of us a couple of miles up the hill over an execrable stony lumber trail & 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 foot of Gambaldi 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 disapproving 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 the mountain. We decided to camp right away. I made supper & Ann put up the tent in the protective barriers of two huge fallen trees, and on top of a stony cliff overlooking the roaring torrent we had crossed on the way up. There were little shrubs protecting us from view & it seemed quite nice & secluded. Rocks everywhere but an owl mattresses protected us

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 water proof & 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 vein & go around the hill. 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 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 flames coloured columbine. There were also some delicate white ground lilies with six white petals. I did not pick any going up. A solitary ^{young} man came tumbling down through the forest & passed us without acknowledging our greeting. Some time later our two students passed us on their way down. They were very disgruntled with the confining rain & I think all 4 of us must have looked bedraggled. They said they had camped at a place called "Top of 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 feather & others with white. The most brilliant colours were reflected in a stream; masses of scarlet Indian paint brush 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 & rather dirty. We found notices showing us the way

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 margolds with
blue petals on the underside - & icy clear streams.
The spruce trees here were battered & 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 collons leading up to it
& occasional glimpses of crag through the shredded
curtain of mist. So I went back up 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 a two way up & asked
him the way. He looked terribly agitated & we
realized afterward we must have looked more
than a little odd walking down the mountain side
- 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 & 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 lunch time
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

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 matted 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 lumbermen'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. To-morrow 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 looks rather like an 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 any 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 stores, but last night we kept it in the tent so as to dry & 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 nip open the sleeping bag to get at the bacon. But I do not suppose there 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 having for it to stop and were reduced to eating cold spam.

day lunches in bed. Both mattresses were quite deflated, & we spent an uncomfortable night tossing on the wet ropes. Around 3 a.m. I looked out & saw a sky full of stars, & the morning dawned fine. We had planned 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 brush & 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 eating 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 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 pattered about & photographed a few more flowers & in common with everyone else just sat & waited 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?"

Evidently this erratic little train is held in some affection. One truck was there - 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 van & 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 in 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 1869 by a naval survey party, who were in the 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 woman to whom we had offered a lift, and it turned out that she was Mrs Clifford Fenner, 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 - & costs only 12 dollars.

The flowers are exquisite beyond belief - 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 work 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 place. 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. Jenner 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 Suzer - 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 Gairbaldi. 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 bows of the ferry like a ghost.

The Ferry Captain wore a uniform, nurse extremely smart. We rowed & pushed across the water & then struggled with buses - it took us 3 1/2 hrs from the time we first landed to get up to the house, which is a new one in an uplit road. We were not very popular when we arrived. Joyce was a friend of Annas 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, r crocker, r 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, it could not understand why on earth we should want to camp when one can stay at comfortable mats equipped with T. U.

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 has 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

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 Louis 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 A.B.C. & got a couple of extra "Beavers" for Pa. I saw a fat business man running, who 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 car's head eastward & the long trek home to Ottawa began. The same dull drive to get out of the City of Vancouver & its suburbs & lunched on a side road in the Fraser valley - ferns grazing nearby with rattling bells (rough roads here). As we passed home & started climbing, it drew away from the

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 herding 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 Summitkameen valley where a lot of fruit is grown & soon we were right in the thick of the orchards.

Apples & pears, peaches, plums & apricots were grown here besides other fruit such as watermelon & vegetables of various kinds. Some of the growers had set up markets 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. border at O. . . . but turned East again & climbed up high above the lake & valley & had a birds 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.

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 turn 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 these 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, acres of
all colors & 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 end of the colony.
We drove on and after a while came to
the main community of Grand Forks which
is obviously distinct from the 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 in to the States, especially with my
British passport, but there was a general
character there who peered in & said, "to
our dismay" 4 school masters on holiday eh?

We were all very hurt, especially our glamorous girl
Andrey, & we told her next time she mustn'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 every 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 salt low 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 centered round the monster
sprawling ore-crushing works. The
chimneys were smoking & causing a haze
over the town - the haze 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 pretty 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 colors
but we didn't have time to investigate.
The company has its own power plants &
these 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 lifeboats slung on davits. The sun was
going down fast. Helen very kindly stopped
on the far side of the river for me to get some

photos of Doukhobors houses - but they were a little too far away. The whole of this ~~left~~ 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 "Rece" (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 picking 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.

Saturday Aug 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 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 one 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, it's 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

camera herself — but when my mother says no she means no — Gabe 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 laxity. 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 tried 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 cafe & 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 sympathized, 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 Lake Kootenay — where 100's of acres have been reclaimed since 1920.

Now there are fields & orchards growing there
& it looks like excellent land. I do not
know if the reclamation is continuing - we
glanced by the notice too quickly for notes read
it. The first grain elevator appeared
again - & it seemed queer, as although
there were some fields, the forests & moun-
tains came down very close. Cranbrook?
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 they 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

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 rampant of rose coloured rock with a sprinkling of new snow on the highest peaks & above that the paler 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 intervals. 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 long load of young men passed & the driver looked at each of us as they went by & talking of men, Audrey made one of her remarks when they went her way 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 sawmill. But we'll never know. We took on some more petrol & then looked again in earnest for a camp site. We tried one but it was too near the road - but even finally found a track, & camped among some fir-trees with our tent opening onto a view of the Rocky Mountains.

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 they were wolves. (But they failed to get Audrey).

The first place we passed through was Natal - linked with Michiel that 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 house like this - nearly everywhere else we have seen signs of Canadiana growing prosperity - neat smart homes even in the depths of the country. This reminded me of some English industrial towns. Crow's Nest Pass was a let down - 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 is a lovely landscape. We came to Frank's Slide, where half a mountain had fallen away & tumbled into & across the valley killing people & burying 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 banner of the Rockies reflected in a pond. At Pincher Creek we went into town to

post our outgoing mail, & a very friendly old man broke off 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} mustaches & beard & his long hair fell down over the back of his collar. Apparently a book called "We found Pearce" 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 of 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 the area is in the Black-foot 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 tepees pitched around which

else was going on we couldn't see as we whirled by. There 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 grassland & 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 Haug Elk's 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 & sloppy 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 persuaded to bed by the mosquitoes.

clear and noises a building
Nothing moved in the landscape, only the swishing tails of

Aug 31st

Sunday - We were off at quarter to seven & covered about 580 miles - quite the dheardest day of the trip. Great heat (over 100) monotonous grass - desert by way of landscape & we were already tired by 11 in the morning. We were passing the real buffalo country, that is now of course all open range - some are owned, & 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 m.p.h. - & 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 & turned 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, & pegged 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 in the landscape, only the swishing tails of occasional horses in the sky

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, not smart modern buildings, or many ^{N.D.} attempt at gardens. But Williston was different & bigger of course, but all the streets seemed to have avenues of trees planted in neatly kept lawns. There were flowers & 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 unfavorably with the regions of Saskatchewan & Alberta a short way to the north. Montana looks more neglected than North Dakota from what one sees - 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 in a side road we had gone a quarter of a mile & they back. They moved away as we approached

but Anna got a couple of shots with the 240 mm lens,
change the way the horns curl backwards over their
heads. All day we thought of the song
"Where the deer & the antelope play....."

.. And the ~~clouds~~ ~~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 camped
in a lot in the evening, this was a big town, full
of pleasant buildings, trees & grass. It
was in a hollow, an other big green oasis with
the grain elevators standing proxy for minarets.
The approach to the town was marked by the
advertising signs - on the right hand side of the
road for 2 or 3 miles there was one every few
yards - I thought how much better it would be
if all these advertisers got to gether & 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, where the
dipping oil pumps were gaily painted
birds, red, green, & blue, the smartest one
being a blue bird with a yellow head.
We were 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 Dent'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,
& it was trying to cook steaks by torch
light. The mosquitoes nearly drove us
frantic & we had to get into the tents
to eat supper. But it was a quiet
& peaceful night.

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

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 lilies. At intervals there are signs along the road - the majority being dreadful little jingles advertising "Burma Shave!" & some exhortation to remember Christ. "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 & then like this. We passed Grand Rapids & the Mississippi & drove up a side road soon after & went in to 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 & a nest of five 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

Near Gln

June 17th During the night we had a bad thunder storm. 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 turned it 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 farm, as the little white horse under the outbuilding was his bath horse. It was dull & hot in the morning - we missed Duluth & I am very anxious 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 1/2 an hour in Superior for the girls to do shopping for fish & news etc. which was cheaper here.

We passed some of the great ore docks, & also grain ~~and~~ elevators - but at the lakehead, none looked too busy. There was only one ship tied alongside one of the ore docks - all the rest were empty. They are larger than the one at Port Arthur. We noticed 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 our 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 fore 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 - three prairie lin the 15. didn't ever have sweet clover bushes in Saskatchewan.

Industry to employ women

"Wanted, ~~work~~ ~~for industry~~, none in area now" an advertisement beside the road outside Iron River by the local Chamber of Commerce.

There are noticeable touches of gold in the greens 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

so did not cover so much ground as expected. As we were cruising along at our steady 65 m.p.h. we suddenly were electrified by the most appalling & deafening shriek - we all jumped in our seats, & a helen said it sent the Adrenalin right down to her toes. We thought it was an overtake car but it was one of those wretched modern monsters - 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-Apped 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 sleeping monsters which helped make Canada into a great country.

We turned down the usual sideroad & 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 the owners had money. The place was swarming with young people & as we set up camp & had supper they kept trailing past on motor bikes - or rather motor scooters, young lads of 12-14 riding them, with gals 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 "The big black bears will get you" as they roared past & there was much giggling & peering. 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 motor bikes 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 kept out.

Sept. 2nd.

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

milling. 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.

Tobermory ~~Sept~~ ^{Friday} Sept 3rd

We found on asking that we had picked a lovely camp site, or bay 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 migrating dog appeared from nowhere at the first whiff of bacon & cake wagging & smiling his way to each of us in turn. We thought he might belong to Indian people. From the turnoff from the Sudbury highway we travelled on the most tortuous 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. Anyday it stoned us almost to a standstill at some places & we dipped & soared as though on a switchback. Helen got a bit worried in case we would not get to the Manitowish Ferry in time.

The country was interesting - rocks & pine & small lakes, whole hills of rock, very barren land & good for nothing except as a scenic attraction, & at every turn off these would be a signpost with 10 or 15 names of camps & lodges, resorts for fishing & shooting & bathing & bathing.

The only big industries we passed was the American pulp Company & the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. or Canadian Silicate Co. We passed a memorial to Roosevelt who spent holidays in the area. We saw a large heron stalking gracefully along the edge of a pond & when he saw us he delicately curved neck straightened in fear. The land of the present - as we came to the current & crossed the Manitowish proper. I expected the island to be rugged wild, but it was well cultivated & there were parks - like other, grass & great trees - it looked very lush & green. On the road walking forward was the toughest looking character we had yet seen. He was average height but tremendous in powerful looking with heavy shoulders. He had a really rough & cruel looking face, & dark skinned, we couldn't decide if he were Indian or Siam-bunt 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 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 Labor Day week-end & so everyone was on holiday, & most of course preferring to do the 3 hr crossing in daylight.

We turned tail + drove along till we found a quiet place on the shore of Lake Huron, + settled down to have a peaceful week till the evening. It was lovely to be resting for a change. We took out an mattress down to the beach + slept a bit + read + ate + swam in those clear clean waters.

Anna + I photographed flowers, in particular a blue gentian that grew well there. We washed clothes, + I put in some 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 crossed the bay. We 3 went on board + waited anxiously for Helen's drive on - she was almost the last + I 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 Laker Mary 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 farm house. We took down the tent + backed the car back onto the road verge for breakfast. A wet pink glow on the clouds + then grey again. The road to Warton was straight but related to the one to Manitowish - sickening humps and drops. At Warton 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, his my knocking + a nice neighbour said they'd never be back in Warton. This was sad, as I doubt if

The tip of the Bruce Peninsula to Warton is pretty wild flat country - more wet 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 grey sky. Helen drove us round Chukwino 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 boy friend of hers lived + with large farm + many proper cows + a red (but he was no good) + the house where the girl with the illegitimate child lived, + the home of the local million-aires etc. + explained that the town was built at the time of the Indian Mutiny + hence its name + its streets called after British Generals who served in that affair. Then we came to the Salkelds farm - a small + mainly place rather hidden away on a hill dress - an avenue of tall slender maples + spaced in apple trees in the oak wood. We went in to meet Helen's mother who showed us all out again so that she could get over to lunch - so we went out to the field where Helen's father + brother + Amy were piling the hay wagon. Mr Salkeld is one of those men that one has respects at sight, a clear eyed direct way of looking at you. Mary is a silent person.

We all sat in the field & talked till lunch time. After Helen went on & 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 in the afternoon. 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 out over 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 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 most of the town. It was mainly a grain port, no oil, but with the seaway being built this means shipping port 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 Sri got them from back in 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 tones set in mortar gully & distinct in the general appearance to the buildings. Maaron, the dentist, from Toronto had arrived when we got back she is very sympathetic sort of person, & made up all day talking about an Australian girl - she looked at the girls and 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 April 1st at night & long low building the lines broken by a small old clock tower. Completely modern inside & out, & it is quite the most beautiful 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 work shop for the boys filled with every kind of saws & lathes, all electrical equipment from the States with for the girls a room for domestic science equipped with electric stove, washing machine, cycle, iron, light wood furniture all of simple modern lines. Another room full of desks & Remington typewriters for these fairly typing & shorthand. A signboard with hand in sink & burner at every desk. A large hall with a stage at one end, gravel glass windows down one side of the hall filled with shatter proof glass - only the end one had been hit by a barbarian catapult & it had not broken the glass but cracked it into a thousand little cells, patterned like frosted glass. The only thing to be done would be to employ the catapult on the rest of the windows so that they all looked alike. Children at this school have everything - one hopes some poor people should be turned out here. After we walked along Lucknow high street which has a picture of Canada's present prosperity - all around the American cars.

Equipment we took with us.

Spade.

Axe.

Bucket

2 water containers - screw tops

Frying Pan

3 saucepans

knife, fork, spoon, mug each.

2 tents

ground sheet, air mattress, sleeping bag, blanket each

Coleman cooking stove + container for naphtha gas.

Poles cut for tents & pegs.

Hunting knife

candles

matches

} r other obvious stores.

Clothes. Jeans or slacks. windbreaker. mac.
Shoes, sandals.

Sept. 1 Sunday - Lac Belmont (On the Hill)

We slept till 8 & finally waved our fairwells at 10.30. When we thanked Mrs Salkeld she said "I'm just tickled pink to have seen all you gals" - & Mr S. said maybe he'd come 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 all still a bit tired & there wasn't much conversation. We called in at Bradford to see the 'lab' where Helen works on her can't not fly. This area is a drained swamp that has very fertile soil - it is absolutely flat - & a lot of Dutch people have settled 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 lands & are only there for the summer while there is work to do. There are various highways 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 & leafy veg are chilled & packed for transport. Helen described

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 there to 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 going on since Helen left & ended every other sentence with "Well then you are Doctor it's a grim life." He told Helen he would either end up as an Alcoholic or a priest. The former seems more probable. 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 - asked had too much trouble & was just through with the car. So one of the locals just got out his tractor & towed it into his lane & hopes no one will ever claim it.

At Peterborough Helen very kindly detained 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 Coffin 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 craft go through nowadays - but once of course it was an important link on the Ontario - Huron cross country waterway.

Anna took a quick look - but the other I have given up photographing. And we 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 Belmoult but when we got to the lake the place was full of summer cottages, & there was the usual resort atmosphere of hot dogs & coke stands & outboard motorboats. Some

39 76c. owed to Kitty Anna \$20. + 60 Helen \$1.
+ Book +

turned around + came back up the hill + found a lovely 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 Salkelds — 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, + the 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 in to Ottawa through Carleton Place. We stopped for me to take the long-wanted picture of Audrey draped around one of the "Soft Shoulders" notices. She was rather self-conscious as the cars went by + one of them took 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 almost as soon as she left. Mrs. Golding 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 Dorothy Knobel - English-born + English-born + Twin 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 out 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

