

BUNGALOW CAMPS IN CANADA



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FOUR years ago the first Bungalow Camp along the line of the Canadian Pacific was constructed. So popular did this solution of the Where-to-Go and What-to-Do vacation problem immediately become that other bungalow camps of a similar type were created. In 1923 five new bungalow camps were opened, bringing the total to eleven—three in Ontario, the remainder in the Rocky Mountains. Next year further construction is contemplated for both east and west.

Behind the Bungalow Camp idea is an impelling thought—that of taking men and women close to the real heart of nature and of providing for them at moderate cost physical and mental recreation, amid beautiful scenery, not otherwise so easily accessible.

H. W. BRODIE,
Asst. Passenger Traffic Mgr.,
MONTREAL

C. E. McPHERSON,
Asst. Passenger Traffic Mgr.,
WINNIPEG

C. B. FOSTER,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

C. E. E. USSHER,
General Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

W. R. MacINNES,
Vice-President in Charge of Traffic,
MONTREAL

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CANADIAN PACIFIC
CHRISTMAS 1923



BUNGALOW CAMPS IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

By Betty Thornley

THIS morning isn't in the least like other mornings. For it isn't hard to get up. Indeed, it would be impossible to stay in bed, even though the three fat red blankets feel so good. There's a thrill and a tingle to the air. Something says, "Come out!"

It isn't the bold slate-grey bird with a trim white cap on his head who just landed on the window-sill. And it isn't the gopher he chased under the verandah for spite. Maybe it was a mountain . . .

Anyhow, here you are, out on the floor poking a big armful of clean bright wood into the little round stove with the draught that nearly pulls you up the chimney. There are dollars and metropolitan dollars' worth of that wood in the box behind the door. But it's all yours—whew!—isn't the fire good? July? Yes, of course it's July. And if you had a paper (which Heaven and the C.P.R. forbid), you'd see that New York was prostrated and Chicago couldn't even moan. But it's chilly here at six o'clock—blessedly, gorgeously chilly. For you're at Wapta Camp in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, almost at the top, on the Great Divide, where people talk of heat-waves in the reminiscent tones of grandfather and the Civil War.

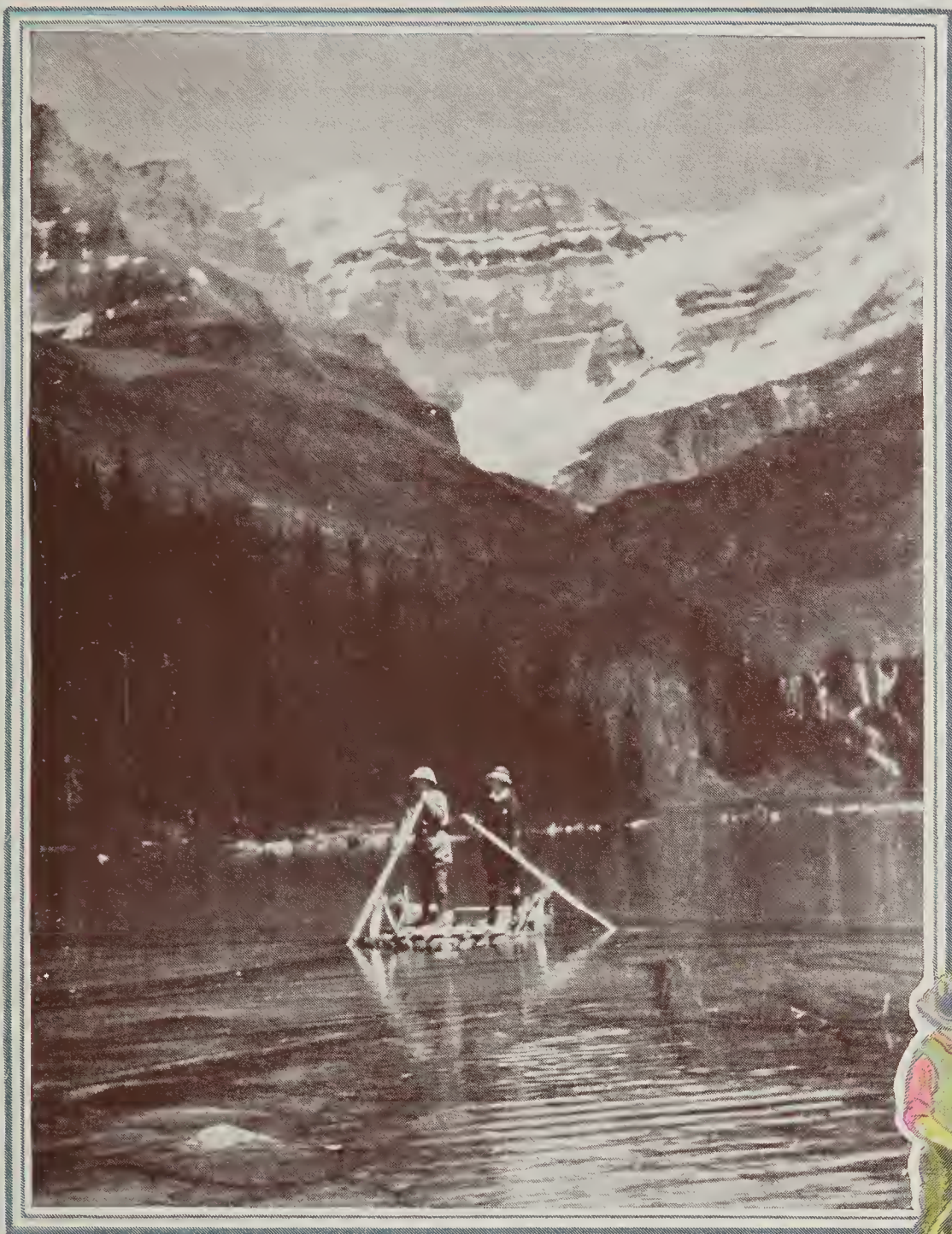
It's too early for breakfast, so you tuck some triscuits into your pocket and a bit of chocolate, and slip out of your brown and beige bungalow with the blue curtains. Over your shoulder you look at all the other little bungalows backed into the mountain with a green lake at their toes; you fill your lungs down to the last lazy quarter-inch with Rocky Mountain air; and if you don't fly then and there, it's because you know walking is going to be so much more fun. For this is your first morning. And you're going to Sherbrooke Lake. If you were sensible, like most people, you'd have breakfast first and ride up. But you can't wait to be sensible. You never could!

That Walk to Sherbrooke Lake in the Morning

The tops of the mountains are blotted out in cloud that smokes slowly off and up as you look at it. . . . The hills are red with Indian Paintbrush. . . . There isn't a sound. . . . The road skirts round the green lake, dives into the trees, goes up—up—and turns into a trail—up—up—till, at your first breathless stop, you can see Lake Wapta like a mislaid piece of a green puzzle-map, and a tiny foolish train with a puff of white marabou smoke, crawling around its giant saucer-curve.

Then you pass behind an outlying buttress, and there isn't any lake, any camp, any railroad. Just you. And trees. And millions of flowers. And something quick and soft that scuttles through the underbrush. And the trail. . . . Is there anything so fascinating, so beckoningly not-to-be-resisted as a trail errant?

Half an hour. Three-quarters. A crow caws. . . . And you climb into a ghost-forest, silver-grey dead trees on a great bare hillside, all their tiny down-curved branches eerily perfect. But no leaves ever again. They died years and years ago in a forest fire. Cr-r-reak, they say, cr-r-reak, as the wind sings over them under the far blue sky, and a marmot whistles. . . . The Dominion Parks Commission ought to take them on tour across the continent as an object lesson.



"The custom of O'Hara is to float out over the still cool depths"

And then at last you round the mountainside into a high upland meadow. The whole world is full of the sound of water—a thin elfin trickle underfoot from a glacial stream that has branched so often it chuckles at itself—a great breathless flashing roar whirling valleyward through the trees away off to the left—you can catch a glimpse of it here and there, a storm of white in its teeth. You're walking on springy moss full of white heather-flowers, moss that smells like all the Harris tweeds in the world, cut through with the thin cold of glaciers. . . . And you don't need the trail any more, because that chill malachite thing at the end of the valley is the lake itself, shut between brown mountains and the fir-green of the trees.

You come to the margin, and you sit on a dead silver-grey log and cup your hand and drink. Colder than ice-water. Better than any water there ever was, with a rim of glass at the lip. Then you go back and lie down with your nose in the heather. Your body's tired. Your soul is miles away from thought of any kind to which you've been accustomed. You've just sense enough to be drowsily thankful that nothing ever managed to kill you while you were growing up, and working hard enough to earn the right to go to sleep again at eight o'clock if you wanted to!



By and by, having eaten all the triscuits, you've moved to skirt back by the pointed-treed little forest that rises behind the lake. . . . Pale yellow columbines stand like elf-lamps on the brown floor. If you were your own remote ancestor, you'd doubtless kneel there in the doorway of that strange cathedral and say your prayers. . . .

So you go down the trail, heather in your pocket, your coat over your arm. Singing. Not out loud, like a Latin. But under your breath. You can't sing, you know—you never could. But you've just got to.

Four Weeks to Get Young In!

And all this soul-and-body entertainment, this smoothing you out and tuning you up, has taken place before breakfast—on your first day. And you've got four—f-o-u-r—agelong weeks of it ahead!

That evening, up at the community house with its gay flowers and chintzes everywhere, yellow and green and brown like the woods themselves, you join the ring around the blazing logs in the great stone fireplace. All you did, yourself, after your strenuous climb, was to get settled in your bungalow and take a little trot on a white horse called "Tommy" who knew the Yoho road as a lady knows her own drawing-room. But these people can talk loftily of trails and lakes and passes, of miles and guides and levels, after the manner of old-timers.

So, listening to them, you determine to set out for Lake O'Hara Camp in the morning. Tommy, faithful beast, will appear at nine sharp. . . . So you go down the hill to your bungalow early.

In the night you wake to the sound of rain on the roof—whispering rain—the soothingest sound in the world. Poor apartment dweller that you are, you haven't heard that sound since your childhood in the big old house with the dim attic where you used to go and lie on your tummy under the high-peaked window and hear the rain falling on Treasure Island and the Jungle Book. . . . You're years nearer to that time to-night than you were a week ago. . . . The mountains did it.

Across Nine Miles—O'Hara Beckons

The trail to O'Hara is a long trail, a rough trail, a muddy trail. But Tommy doesn't care. And you, sitting at ease on his philosophic back, mile after twisting mile, feel your mind float out between the trees, across the blue-grey distances, till it comes to rest on those eternal hills that hump their amazing backs into the sky. Why is it you can't describe a mountain or paint it, or photograph it convincingly? You can get the shape and the colour of



Bungalow Camp at Lake O'Hara

Frank Photo

it—in a sense you can get the height and the girth. But no one ever put the sheer *weight*, the unbelievable mass of the thing, on any bit of paper or board.

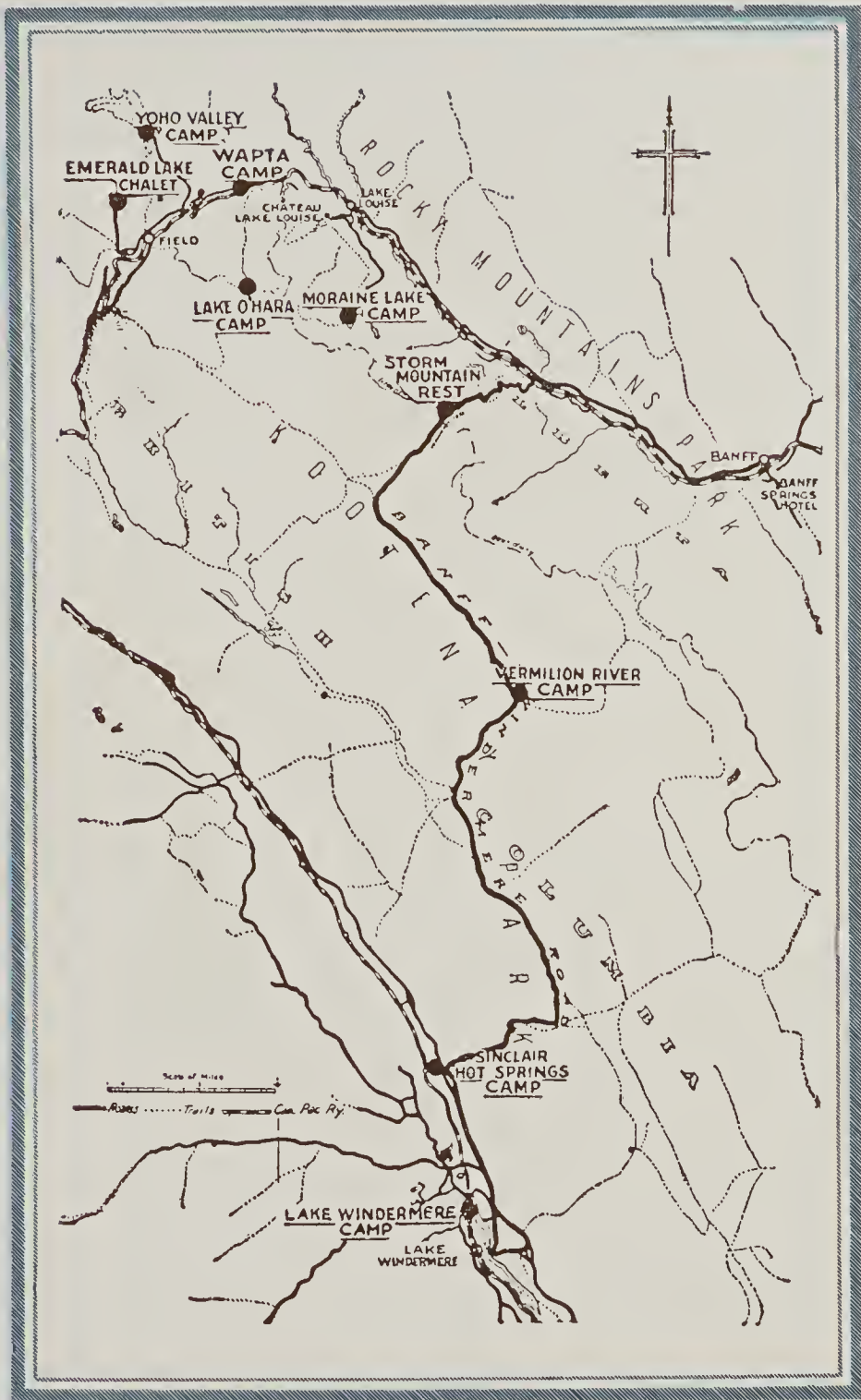
Here is the tame and solid earth of the plainsman's knowing, and it has suddenly protruded itself, it has risen up, it hangs over. Who can say it will stay there, this giant bulk that blocks the heavens? And yet, serene and still, the miracle continues with the snows upon its head!

In no way does the trail prepare you for O'Hara itself, roofed over with trees as the path is for most of the miles. You realize that you're somehow working in behind that right-hand rampart of Mt. Victoria, that you've seen from the verandah of the Chateau at Lake Louise. But it's all so immense. You begin to think O'Hara has retired up some secluded valley, laughing at tourists in its Irish-green sleeve. But you make a sudden twist to the left, Tommy climbs nobly with an eager look in his eye, and—you're there!

Some people say Lake Louise is the loveliest thing in the mountains. But they haven't seen O'Hara—a thousand feet higher, a million meadows' greener, and so much nearer to those still white peaks. John S. Sargent said he'd never get tired looking at it. Lucky man, Sargent, with a painter's eye that could carry it all away.

You aren't a painter, but you're bound to have some queer experiences with that little picture postcard of O'Hara that goes home with you in your trunk. You're going to find magic in its flat black and white pattern—something that you can stare your way into, so that you walk right out of your steam-heated apartment, walk with your eyes, back into the space and the colour, back into the breath of the spruce and the smell of water, and the high peace of it, back into that cool golden afternoon when you walked half-way round the lovely limpid thing hidden away where no one ever saw it, century after century.

There were six kinds of moss on one little fat flat rock you sat on. And you looked down through the water, so clear it hardly seemed to be there at all,



Map showing location of the Bungalow Camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies



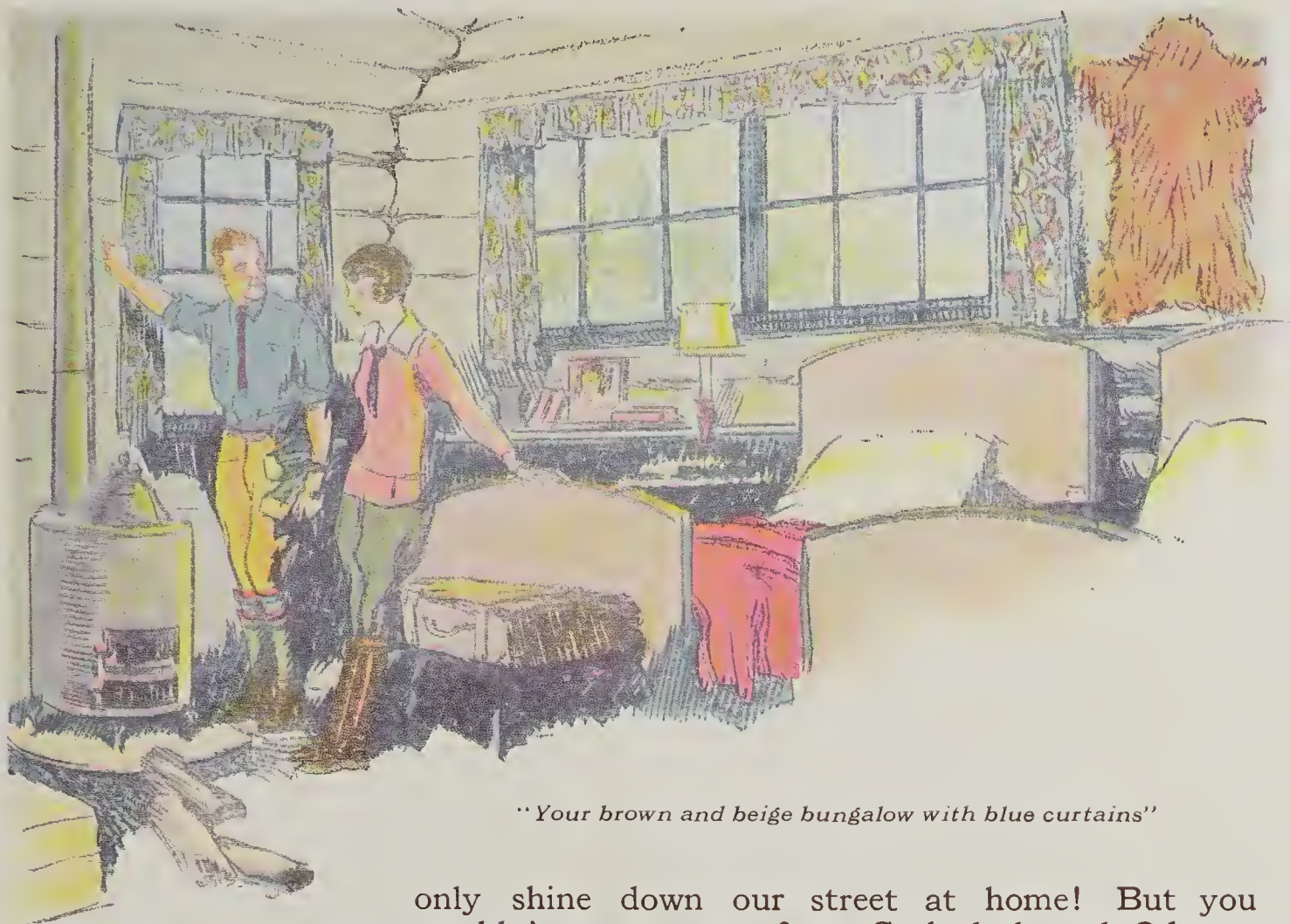
Armstrong Roberts Photo
Starting off on the trail to Lake O'Hara from the community house of Wapta Bungalow Camp

and you saw a white crab-thing a quarter of an inch long, looking like the bleached ninety-second cousin of a lobster, digging himself a hole in the pale grey dust that used to be Mt. Victoria, and burying himself head first. Then it came to you as never before, what an extraordinary thing this universe is. And you wondered if Mt. Victoria knew it, and the crab. Perhaps, being simple souls, they knew far more about it than you did. . . . All of which will come back to you, mountain and dust and crab, as you look at the picture postcard when you get it safely home.

Things to Eat, and Things to Do

Meals in the mountains are all good. But meals at O'Hara take on an extra special wonder by virtue of the fact that everything has to be brought in over that nine-mile trail. Yet you have whatever your heart could desire, including salad and fresh fruit. And when you catch a glimpse of partial explanation in the smiling yellow face in the kitchen, you think again of the strangeness of a world that has Canton in it—and those miles of tunnelled streets under the bamboo awnings—and this great spacious nothingness, given to God and the bears!

That evening is dedicated to the sunset and the raft. For the custom of O'Hara is to float out over the still cool depths to see those violent cerise banners flung across from crag to crag, and watch them distil into gold, and fade into purple as the stars come out. If there's a moon—oh, little moon over O'Hara, we could give a million million dollars for you willingly, if you'd



"Your brown and beige bungalow with blue curtains"

only shine down our street at home! But you wouldn't come away from Cathedral, and Odaray, and Hungakee, and the Wiwaxy Peaks.

Upstairs to Lake McArthur

Next morning, the trip to Lake McArthur undoubtedly divides the sheep from the goats, though we leave it to you to name your own company. The wise of this world lie snug abed till the conventional breakfast hour, after which horses appear. But the fools rise up at dawn (while one thermometer says 37° and the other 21°), and push boldly out into a dew-starred meadow with a little slim cloud out of the sky parked right in front of the dining-room, sitting on the grass!

After a breakfast that seems impossible when you return to sea-level appetite, you go up—up—upstairs till you see the camp shrink into little gay yellow toy-houses, and you feel as though you must be going to take lunch with Orion and the Great Bear. Then you come into an upland meadow with mountains on all sides, and a little clear stream trickling across it, lined and frilled with white flowers and yellow flowers; spaced, too, with nice well-behaved stepping-stones that wouldn't think of turning over.

Then you hoist yourself up another brown aerial staircase, and you come out onto another meadow all strewn with huge grey rocks. On the hugest of these sits a fat brown marmot, as big as a dog, with cream-coloured head and shoulders and a pair of eyes that could see the moon at noon. . . . Look! There are three more furry heads up beside him, marmot kittens, as playful as real kittens and far more curious. Then he whistles like nothing else you ever heard (thin, high, shrill, eerie in that lost place), and there are no kittens. There never were, he wishes you to feel. . . .

You swing out onto a mountainside for your last and stiffest climb, with an immense and secret valley to the right, a valley that clouds could sail in, and hundred-year forests hide at the bottom of, a valley glissaded with enormous mountains, their heads all powdered, and so very near.



Armstrong Roberts Photo

Cabins by the lake shore at Wapta Bungalow Camp

You go around the corner of that mountain—up over a great rockslide—up—up—till your heart beats in your ears and your feet walk on top of each other, and—you're out on the last great tableland where there's neither peaceful stream, nor huge rock, nor whistling marmot—nothing but infinite silence, and white heather, and great tongues of snow in the hollows, and at the end of the meadow, a towering whiteness with a frozen lake at its feet. Frozen until the middle of July.

Blue. Bluer than anything you ever thought could be. Frosted blue, melted a bit at the edges, but even there, laced with long faint crystal fingers that might turn it back to ice as you watched.

Are You Hot? Are You Cold? Both!

And here is where you realize that fairy-tale combination you've always dreamed about—to be warm and cool at the same time. You can wade in crunchy snow—with blossoms on each side of it. While you feast your eyes on enough ice for all the long cold drinks of a thirsty world—the thin silk shirt on your back is still wet from the climb. And when you sit down against a huge and heavenly chilly grey stone—you have to tilt your brown felt hat-brim down to keep the shouting blue-glorious sky out of your eyes, and the high and shining sun!

Lie down in the heather, you poor complex, city-wearied thing. Let the little soft tinkling voices whisper to you as the mountain snow trickles down, not in a single stream, but everywhere at once, around this strange blue lake. Here is the home of the ultimate peace. Nothing to disturb the wonder of the



Lake McArthur—"The mountain snow trickles down the strange blue lake"

first day of creation before the Lord made the mosquito. . . . Go to sleep in the sun!

The Things They Do at O'Hara

If you're a true mountaineer, you'll stay many days at O'Hara, taking the Ottertail trail that branches off on the way to McArthur; climbing to Lake Oesa; perhaps even going up over Abbott Pass to Louise, though this trip is easier done from the other side; or over Opabin Pass to the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Quite half the people who stay at O'Hara come over the passes—with Swiss guides, of course—and the camp-fire is surrounded with tales o' nights, and in the morning, you mustn't be surprised if you're waked with the sound of a real yodel!

After O'Hara, a few lazy days at Wapta again (where you can have a blazing hot bath), and then there comes the morning when you call for Tommy to ride to Yoho Camp—thirteen miles—from which point you're going over the pass to Emerald Lake, where your bags will precede you by train.

On the Road to Yoho

There are few roads where you can trot in these so-rocky mountains, but this is one of them, and as you follow the old railway line, superseded to-day by the famous four levels of the spiral tunnels, you're glad that Tommy has wings as well as brains in his feet. The Kicking Horse River plunges along through its valley, beside the road at first, then far, far down in one roaring cascade after another, till by the time you reach the big pink rock opposite the mouth



Armstrong Roberts Photo

"Yoho Bungalow Camp is cradled in the roar of the falls"

of Yoho Valley, its brawling hardly rises up to you at all, out of the tall old forest that lines the bottom like green moss.

Mt. Stephen is behind you, an elephant-nosed giant with his head in the mists and a few thousand tons of blue ice on his shoulder. He has a full-grown silver mine scored into that long trunk, but it looks like a bridge of matches that ends in a swallow's hole. In front, the valley opens—enormous green gash in the world—a valley you'd not be surprised to see all the angels of God come riding down on comets. A far gleam of blue—light on a thousand acres of never-melted snow—the flash of the Yoho—and you have to choose whether you'll let Tommy keep to the road like a gentleman, or drop over the edge where the telephone poles go down, and follow the one-strand wire (like Eric's golden thread), till you come to the upper bridge into the valley. Whichever way you go, it's heavenly going.

There are motor roads, of course, from Wapta to Field—from Field to Emerald—from Field to Yoho. And if you're tired, or lazy, or not so young in your legs as you are in your eyes, you can let the specially-licensed chauffeur give you a most marvellous trip of it around those hairpin curves. But in any case, you come at last to the wide valley opposite the twelve-hundred-foot drop of Takakkaw—Takakkaw, like spun glass, like silver fire—Takakkaw that springs out of the enormous inert mass of Daly Glacier like the soul out of the body—only Takakkaw hasn't yet learned to go up, despite the fact that you never saw water so ethereal.

Yoho Bungalow Camp is cradled in the roar of the falls—you hear it all day



Armstrong Roberts Photo

"Sky high where the glaciers are"

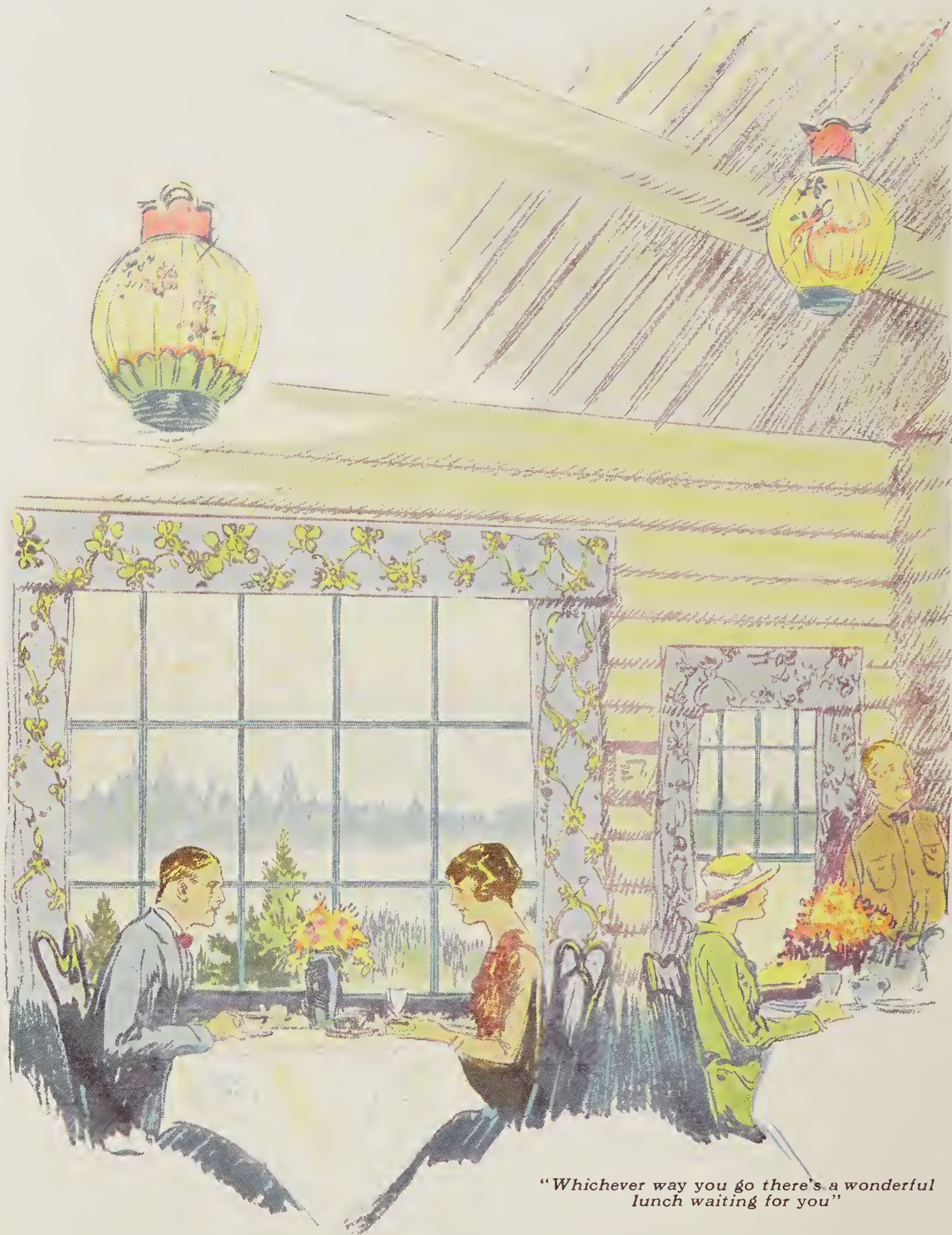
long as you explore the nearer points; its great undertone fills the bowl of the night as you lie in bed in the cheerful yellow lamplight, while the stove sisses a bit, and—

Do You Walk to Yoho Glacier—or Ride?

Before you know, it's morning. There are so many things to do, and you've such oceans of pep—what shall you do first? Walk the seven miles to Yoho Glacier? Or ride? Over the road that loses itself in acres of stones, criss-crossed by a raging little glacial stream divided into a dozen streamlets—on through a stately avenue of trees like the approach to a great castle—up a hill, where the road runs out into a trail—down the hill again, beside a little lost lake—and so on to Laughing Falls, not very high, but sweet and cold and chuckly—across the rushing ice-grey Yoho River on a two-log bridge—up another hill—then, suddenly, the glacier, humped up huge and white, a glacier you can walk on, for it has no crevasses since it lies in a cup. . . .

Lunch, in plebeian bites.





"Whichever way you go there's a wonderful lunch waiting for you"

Hot coffee. Heavens, how good it tastes! . . . And back home, they're trickling round the corner for iced something-or-other—what there is left of them.

For the Favourite of the Gods

If you're a favourite of the gods, you may get up on the right-hand wall of the Yoho Valley some day and walk that lovely upland meadow that slopes to Fairy Lake, sky-high were the glaciers are. You may even walk on the Daly ice field itself—mile after frozen mile, stretching from Mt. Balfour to Mt.



*Armstrong Roberts Photo
Tea House at Summit Lake, Yoho Pass*



Niles. It isn't so cold in the sunshine; and you could come down over behind Sherbrooke Lake and surprise them all at Wapta! But this, of course, you could never do alone, or even with an ordinary guide, for there are no trails there. Only instinct, in the brains of men who were born to know the way of the rocks and the snows. But one of them might take a notion to be nice to you. . . . You never can tell!

The left-hand side of the Valley, though—ah, that's for one and all. Tommy sighs when he thinks

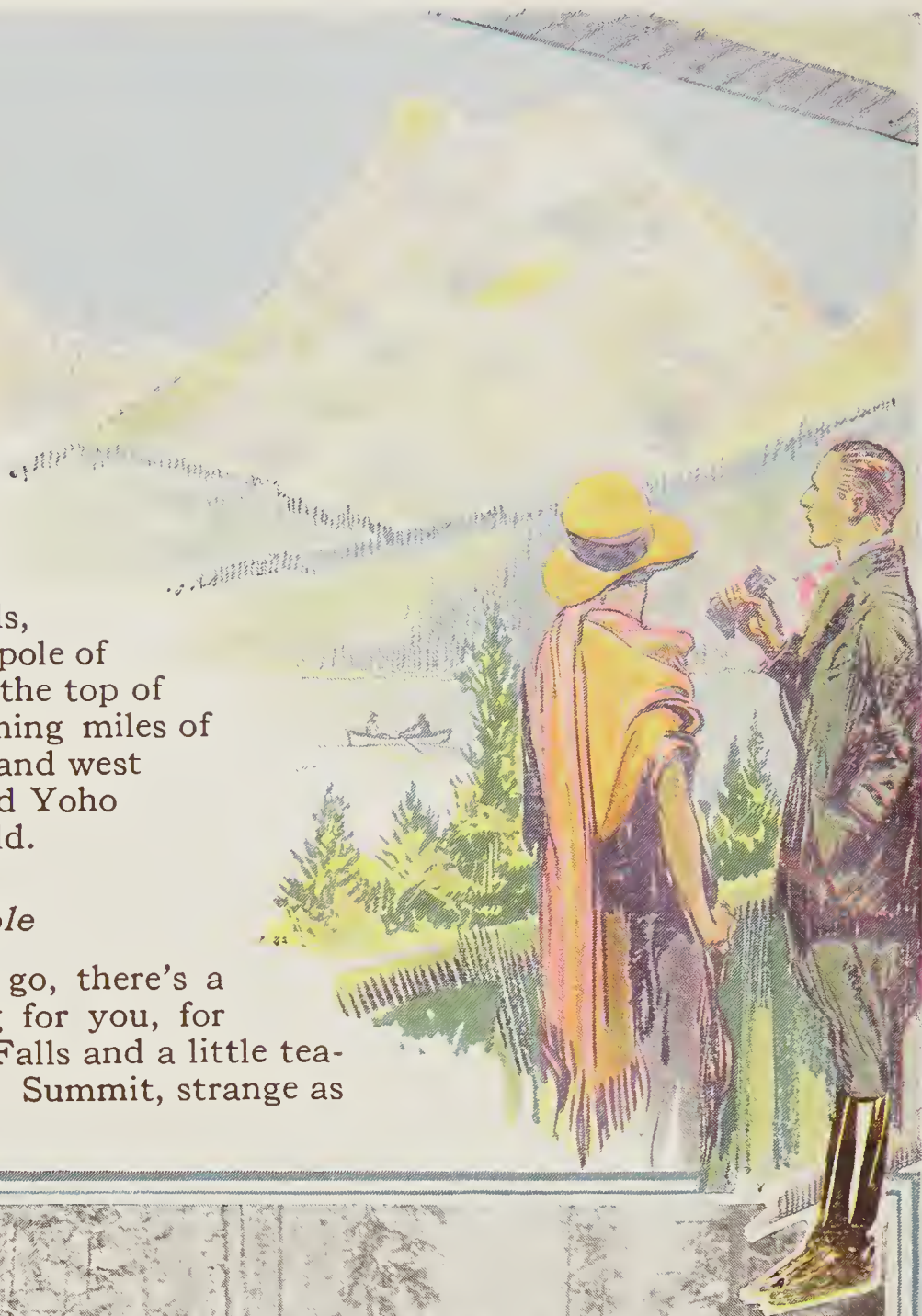


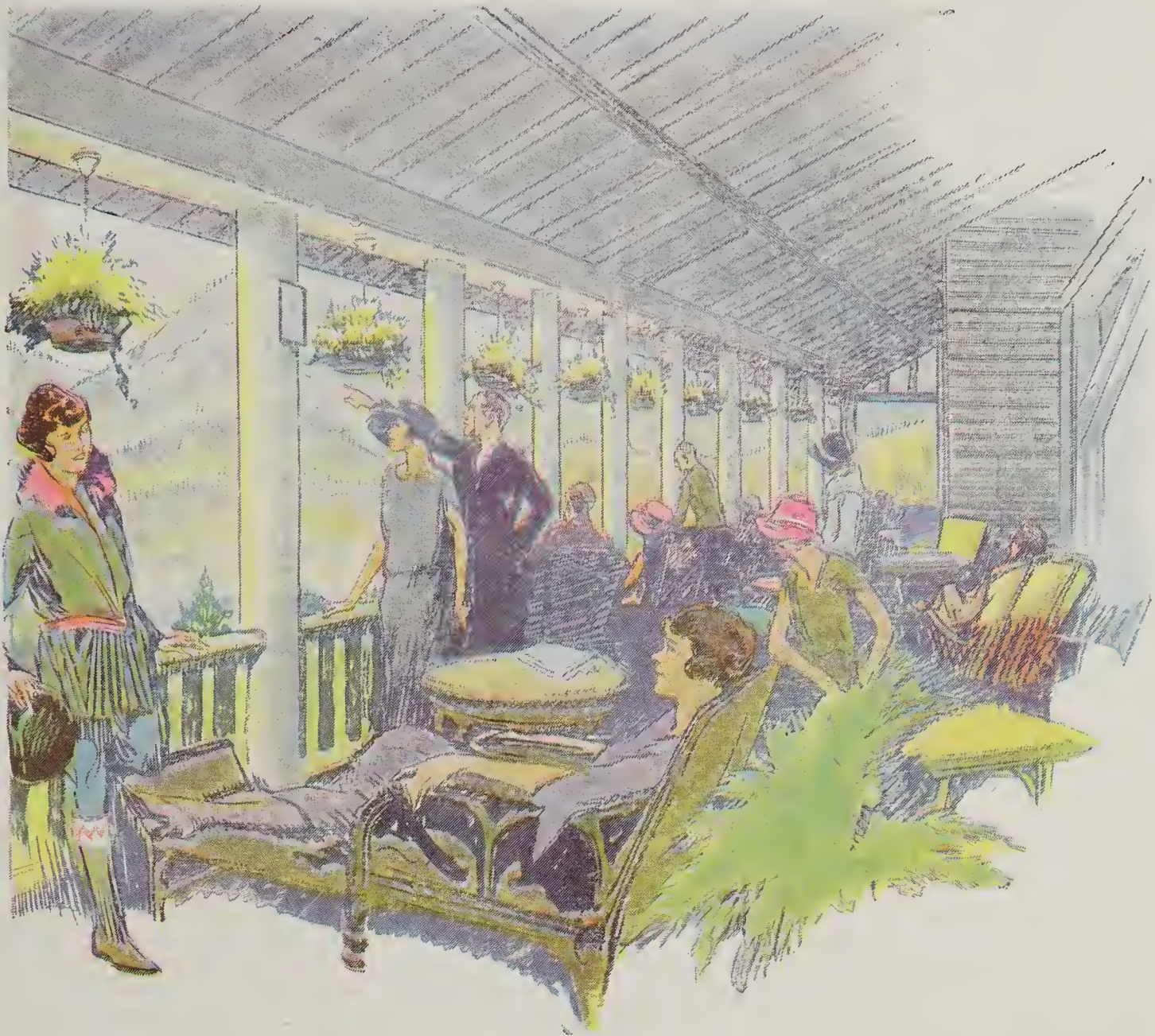
"You can go over Burgess Pass and come down into Field"

of it, for
the climb
is about
like going
up a flagpole.
But he does it,
to the High Line
Trail, and then you
have your choice of
going north to Twin Falls,
walking astride the ridgepole of
the world, up level with the top of
Takakkaw and the gleaming miles of
Daly—or turning south and west
toward Summit Lake and Yoho
Pass, the road to Emerald.

Lunch on the Ridgepole

Whichever way you go, there's a
wonderful lunch waiting for you, for
there's a cabin at Twin Falls and a little tea-
house at Summit Lake. Summit, strange as





Emerald Lake—On the verandah of the club house

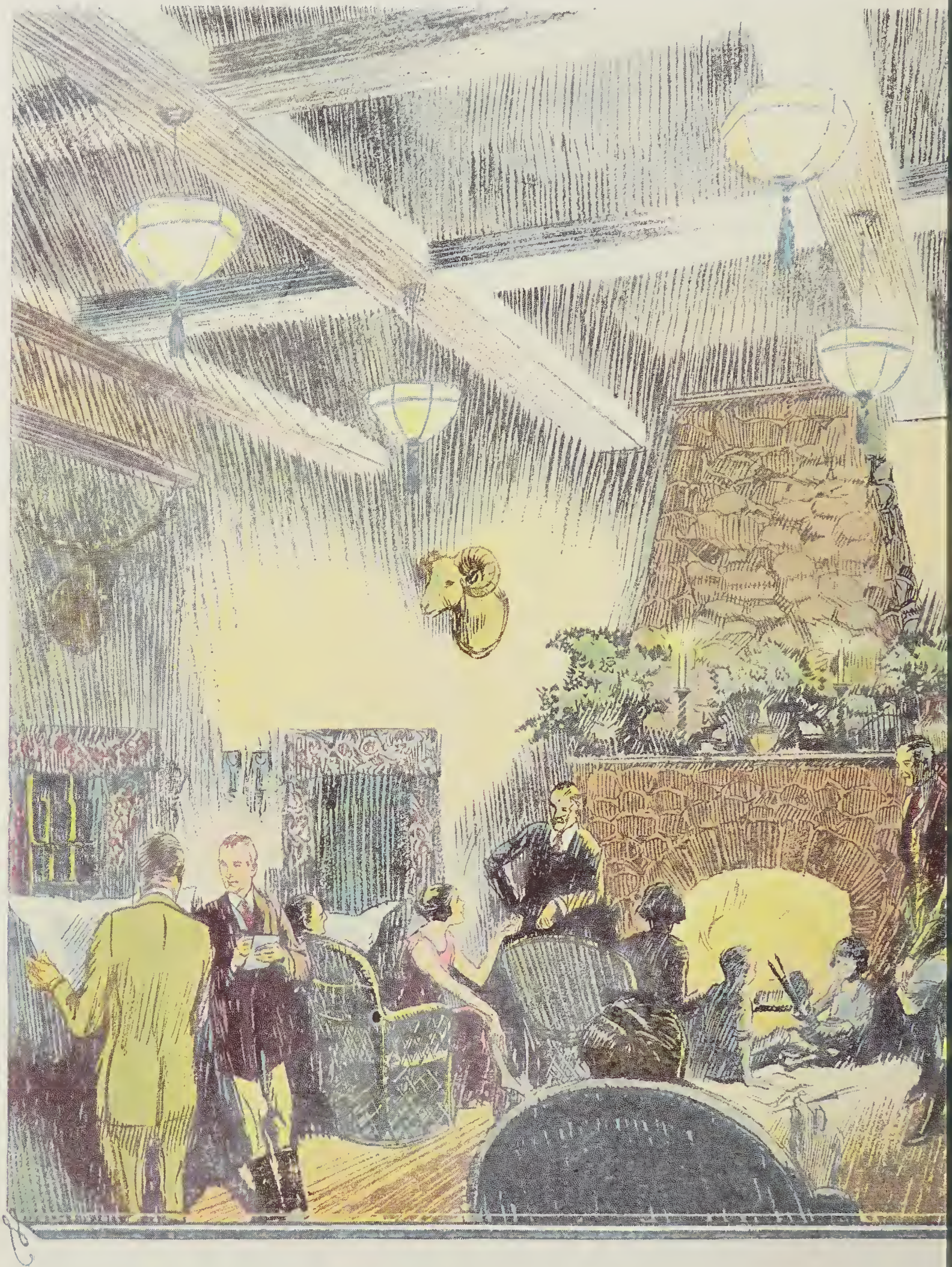
it may seem, is warm enough to swim in, walled round with solemn firs, though it's a bit like slipping into the heart of an emerald to dive into such preposterously green water.

After lunch begins the ride over Yoho Pass, which soon terminates (for the compassionate) in a walk, zigzag, zigzag, down a scarred tremendous valley with a gushing fall on one side, and Emerald Lake as green as green glass, square cut, at the bottom. Great ramparts of snow-striped mountains cut the skyline to the south, and it's the biggest panorama you've seen—a thing of far distances and dizzying colour—a giant world in which you creep like a little brown upright fly leading a white four-footed fly, zigzag, zigzag, down the interminable playways of the mountain storms.

Camping de Luxe at Emerald Lake

Emerald is the camp de luxe, where some of the bungalows that cluster around the Chalet have private baths. There's a clubhouse, too, with a floor as good as any hotel floor in the mountains, and an orchestra. There are tennis courts, and ladies in real riding boots that couldn't possibly be climbed in and aren't going to be, and boats on that astounding green lake, and fish in it.

Anything that you could do from Yoho could be done from Emerald too. And if you're the Emerald kind of person, here it is you'll settle with a sigh of content. If you never do anything but perch on the clubhouse verandah and



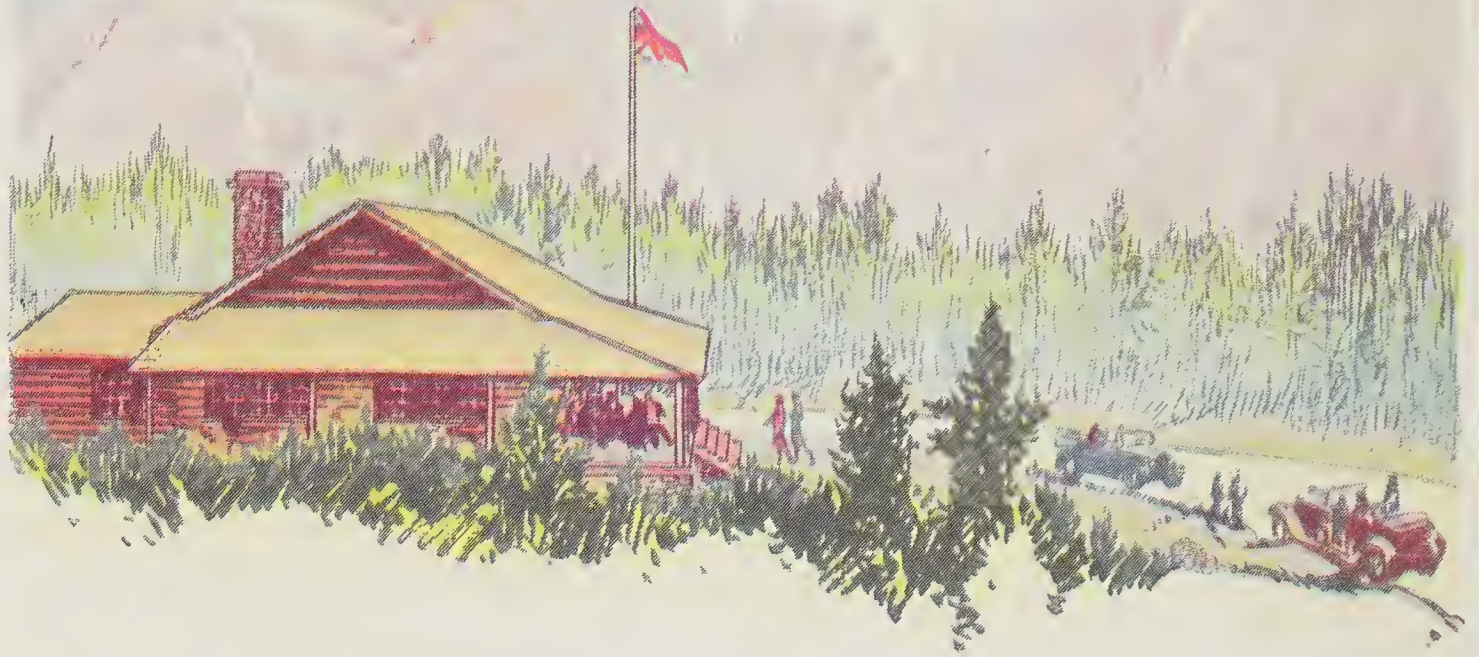
At Wapta Bu

“That evening, up at the Community house with its ga
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low Camp

wers and chintzes everywhere, yellow and green and
and the blazing logs in the great home fireplace."



The top of the world at Storm Mountain Rest

“From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range—Castle Mountain, too, and looking down the road to the southwest, peak after peak, peak after peak”

look down at the lake, it will be quite worth any journey you may have taken. But you can be as strenuous as you like, for you can go over Burgess Pass and come down into Field; you can climb Mt. Stephen, the most-climbed peak in the mountains, and dig your own geology from the 150-foot-thick fossil beds; you can go back to O'Hara, to McArthur, to Oesa, to the Ottertail; you can even take the train to Leancoil and explore the Ice River Valley, a place where very few people know enough to go at all.

On the Banff-Lake Windermere Motor Road

But perhaps you want an entire change of scene, something to do that doesn't in the least concern itself with horses or climbing. If so, you'll take a trip down the Banff-Lake Windermere motor road, that 110-mile dream-come-true that lets the traveller into land so new that many of the mountains aren't named yet, and almost none of the trails are fixed for guideless tourists. Once beyond the five-mile-on-either-side-of-the-highway that constitutes the long ribbon of Kootenay Park, anyone who wants may shoot sheep and bear and goats in season, to say nothing of deer and moose; and anyone who wants may fish at any time, inside the Park or out, and never come trophyless home.

The road was opened on June 30th, 1923, and history began there, so far as the modern world is concerned. But, if you chance on an old-timer you'll hear tales of Kootenays and Blackfeet, of the Priest's mine and the Ochre beds, of long-dead prospectors and silent chiefs, that will make a shadowy background—a bit melancholy, but wholly picturesque—for the white-floored, tree-bordered, mountain-crowned miles of the present.

You can start from Banff or from Louise, but the road proper begins midway between them, at Castle Mountain, and pitches southwest and steeply upward into the untrodden wilds.



The Top of the World at Storm Mountain Rest

You were a chattering party when you left the hotel—a heterogeneous crowd intent only on another trip. But somehow, as the motor climbs, climbs, and the miles reel off under your tires, the talk dies away.

This new world into which the road has bored its way is a world older than Time, yet, in some vivid and tremendous fashion, still unfinished. That scarred skyline seems as though it might break in a black wave and sweep down on life as we know it, with the crash of suns—surely nothing so vital, so full of power, could be fixed forever . . . done. These huge creatures of granite and snow that crouch together above the tiny track, these mountains in among whom you've dared to come—you've never seen so many together, so close—herds of mountains, one behind the other, looking over each other's shoulders, enormous, inert, yet—*alive*. . . . You feel as though you'd slipped through the hole in the wall—gone into the land where we only go in dreams.

At last you swing around a curve, and the biggest mountain of them all sweeps into view. Some of the peaks must despise the names they've been given—names of mere men and women, chance likenesses to unimportant things—little names that mean nothing in the shadowy mind of so vast a creature. But this mountain is well named. Storm.

A million tons of rock went to its making, a million years to its rearing, a million storms to the carving of its great head, powdered with snow. No trees to soften it, except the trees in the hills that break about its feet. Always a cloud behind it. Always a wandering wind.

And yet—opposite the mountain, perched by the side of the road, five hundred feet above the valley floor, there stands Storm Mountain Rest. And in the paradox of those first and last words lies the secret of the place. All that there is in us that thrills to the storm—all that craves rest—yearns to the wind-bare hilltop, where the little bungalow sits, inscrutable, and takes us in for tea.

From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, and all the burnt-cinder pinnacles, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range with cloud shadows drifting across them—grey, violet, mist-coloured, black. Castle Mountain, too. And, looking down the road to the south-west, peak after peak, peak after peak—treed or treeless, black or snow-crowned—vista after vista that flings together miles of far-off mountain-top in a little dip between two nearer giants. If you aren't a real Alpinist, you can never see another such view in all the Rockies or the Selkirks. It has an austere grandeur that makes it kin to those snowbound miles far above timberline that few people but the Swiss guides ever see.



Sinclair Canyon on the Banff-Lake Windermere automobile road

No wonder you decide to break your motor trip to stay overnight—over many nights. There's the three-mile trail to Boom Lake—and right on over into the Valley of the Ten Peaks if you're adventurous enough. The motor road goes on to Vermilion, and from that point you can get back, over many spectacular mountain miles, to Lake O'Hara and Wapta Camp. Storm Mountain Rest House will one day be the centre of many trails that ray out like the spokes of a magic wheel. But the fishing won't be any better in the creek than it is to-day, and the sunrise will be no more wonderful than it always has been from this solemn top of the world, where the day begins with a primeval immensity that shakes whatever soul you happen to have. The dripping grey chill, the hush, the mist in the valleys, and then, pink over the Sawbacks—flames over the Sawbacks—the sun! No man who stays in bed till the fit and proper time is ever as cold as you are just before the miracle. But

no man with his nose in the pillow ever felt like an archangel at any time, and—you did. No wonder the morning stars sang together. They were lucky to be able to express what they felt!

But there comes a day when the road beckons, and off we go by motor, under a high blue sky, to meet the Vermilion River, born almost on the toes of Storm, but destined to rush into the cold arms of the Kootenay far to the south. Having met it, we wind about and about in its company, thankful that it dug such a spectacular yet convenient valley for itself just where we wanted to go.

Always we can see peaks that have never been climbed—when the road engineers came first in 1910, the country hadn't even been surveyed! Always we can look down long valleys that cry for our cameras. . . . But the motor whirls on, carrying us deeper into the shut-in world of gorge and crag and glacier.

At Marble Canyon there is a gash in the rock three hundred feet deep, and a trail to the Paint Pots, those mysterious round wells of colour from which the Kootenays of the old days used to get their sacred ochre, and trade it to the plains Indians for more mundane things. To-day, an efficient little tea-house makes the X that marks the spot where many a motor-tourist stays for a meal, or for the night.

Big Game at Vermilion Crossing

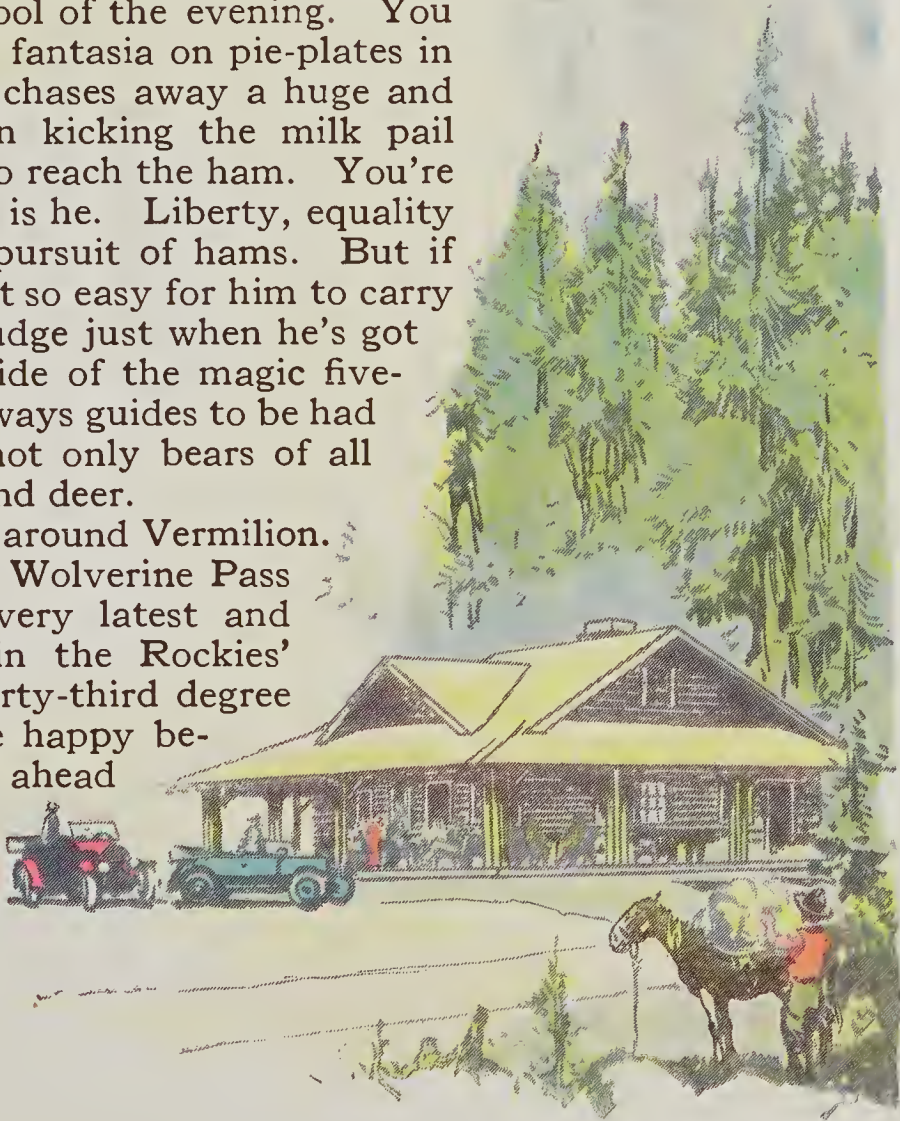
A few miles farther on, at Vermilion Crossing, the river turns sharply to the southwest, and here, in the bend of



*Armstrong Roberts Photo
On the verandah of Sinclair Hot Springs Camp*

its cool and foamy arm, there's another camp, a tepee village set where the Kootenays themselves used to rest before they crossed. This is the very middlemost middle of the big game country. If you want to see a bear, you have only to wander off the road in the cool of the evening. You may even be surprised by a fantasia on pie-plates in the grey dawn as the staff chases away a huge and furry clown who insists on kicking the milk pail around because he's failed to reach the ham. You're in the Park, you see, and so is he. Liberty, equality and fraternity include the pursuit of hams. But if you're a hunter—well, it isn't so easy for him to carry a foot-rule in his eye and judge just when he's got his hind-leg on the wrong side of the magic five-mile line. And there are always guides to be had who know where to locate not only bears of all sizes, but sheep and goats and deer.

Fishing, too, can be had around Vermilion. And now that the trail over Wolverine Pass has been completed—the very latest and most spectacular wrinkle in the Rockies' multiple face—even the thirty-third degree mountaineer is bound to be happy because he has a four-day trip ahead of him that not only includes the bleak grandeur of the Pass, but the toes of Mt. Goodsir, the Ottertail Valley, McArthur Creek, and Lake McArthur itself, with O'Hara as the final goal.



*From Vermilion to
Sinclair Canyon*

*At Vermilion Crossing
"The River turns sharply, and here in the bend of its cool,
and foamy arm there is another camp"*

As the Vermilion and the Kootenay approach each other, the most picturesque part of the trip begins, and the road winds along the high ridge between the two rivers, cunningly graded and skilfully bent, caught to the mountainside as only a genie or an inspired engineer could do it. Here, too, is where you see that terrific object lesson, five miles long, that weird study in black and grey, in lines and spots, that used to be a forest before Kootenay



Armstrong Roberts Photo

"Lake Windermere lies warm and still under skies that are always blue"

Park was established. But now it's an infinite series of slim skeletons that will soon be as silvered as those at Sherbrooke Lake. No wonder the Parks Commission has placed a black-rimmed signboard at each end of that pathetic cemetery. Carelessness. That's what did it. . . . And when you take these jackknife turns it's just as well to remember that there are other forms of the disease than those concerned with cigarettes.

And then comes the level valley of the Kootenay and the long forest aisles—a different world and a kinder. Here is where you'll see a deer, perhaps—or a deer and two little fawns, startled and big-eyed and keen to get away, but not really frightened. Here is where you see flowers among the timber, and campers among the flowers.

And then you climb again to Sinclair Pass, sweeping upward in great curves. You pass the Iron Gates, those grim rose-henna guardians of this inner world. You drop down to Sinclair Hot Springs in the narrow gorge of the canyon. And you go for a swim in the pool. Imagine wanting a temperature of 110° in July! But the high winds of the mountains have made it seem the pleasantest thing that could happen to you—or perhaps the very pleasantest is the cup of tea and the flaky little hot biscuits you get in the pretty community house of the bungalow camp on the top of the hill after you're all dressed and civilized again.

Lake Windermere Camp at the End of the Road

Next morning it doesn't take long to drop, circling like a great bird, to the valley levels where Lake Windermere lies peaceful after all the emotional climaxes of the mountains.

There's something hard to describe about this huge trench that the Columbia River has dug between the Rockies and the Selkirks. The two ranges tower, white-headed above their bench lands and their river reaches, facing each other across a great green gulf, mountains of another world, as aloof and ever-beautiful as one's memories of childhood. Lake Windermere lies, warm and still, in the middle under skies that are always blue. There are flowers and flowers and more flowers. There are lazy bells again, as the cows graze. . . . But none of these things quite accounts for the feeling of Elysian ease that makes the very soul of the place. When you go in swimming, you turn over on your back and float, and look into the high blue. When you fish—well, you do catch something every time, but you wouldn't much care if you didn't. When you motor, you're willing to loaf. Truly, a lotusland.

There's a golf course. There are tennis courts. There are motor launches on the lake, and rumours of an old river boat that will take her serene course under the orange moon while the people dance. There's the David Thompson

Fort where town gatherings and dances are held, and you can study the Indian in the craftwork he has left. There are guides and horses and outfits for you to go shooting in season, either into the Selkirks or up Vermilion way. Or



Bungalows at Lake Windermere

you can find ducks yourself, hundreds of them, almost anywhere in the valley.

And as for side trips—nobody who has ever seen a cool and breathless picture of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers will want to miss that astonishing thing if he can spare the time, and is good for fording rivers. But even if he isn't, there will still be Toby Canyon with its three-hundred-foot high bridge and the Paradise mines beyond, eight thousand feet in air—and Radium Hot Springs—and Swansea Peak—and—that's just a beginning. Indeed, as you settle down in your bungalow at Lake Windermere Camp by the lake shore, it comes to you that this isn't a place to visit and rush away from. It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration. Which is what the old-timers felt when you were too young to know where the Rocky Mountains were.

In the Valley of the Ten Peaks

But there's one more bungalow camp we haven't seen, and if you're a true bird of passage you'll fly north again over the Banff-Lake Windermere Road (or round by train from Invermere to Golden, where you'll be on the main line), and when you finally get off at Louise, you'll motor over to the Valley of the Ten Peaks where the green-blue waters of Moraine Lake lie below the high-pitched mountains and the ramparts of Babylonian brick. A glacier reaches over the top of the world like a huge white paw, blue-green at the tip; and there's a bungalow camp on a bench of the hills above the lake.

There are trails that time has smoothed into a kindness possessed by few trails in the Rockies—the trail around the lake—the trail to Consolation Lake in its still, park-like valley where there are always birds, and flowers, and good

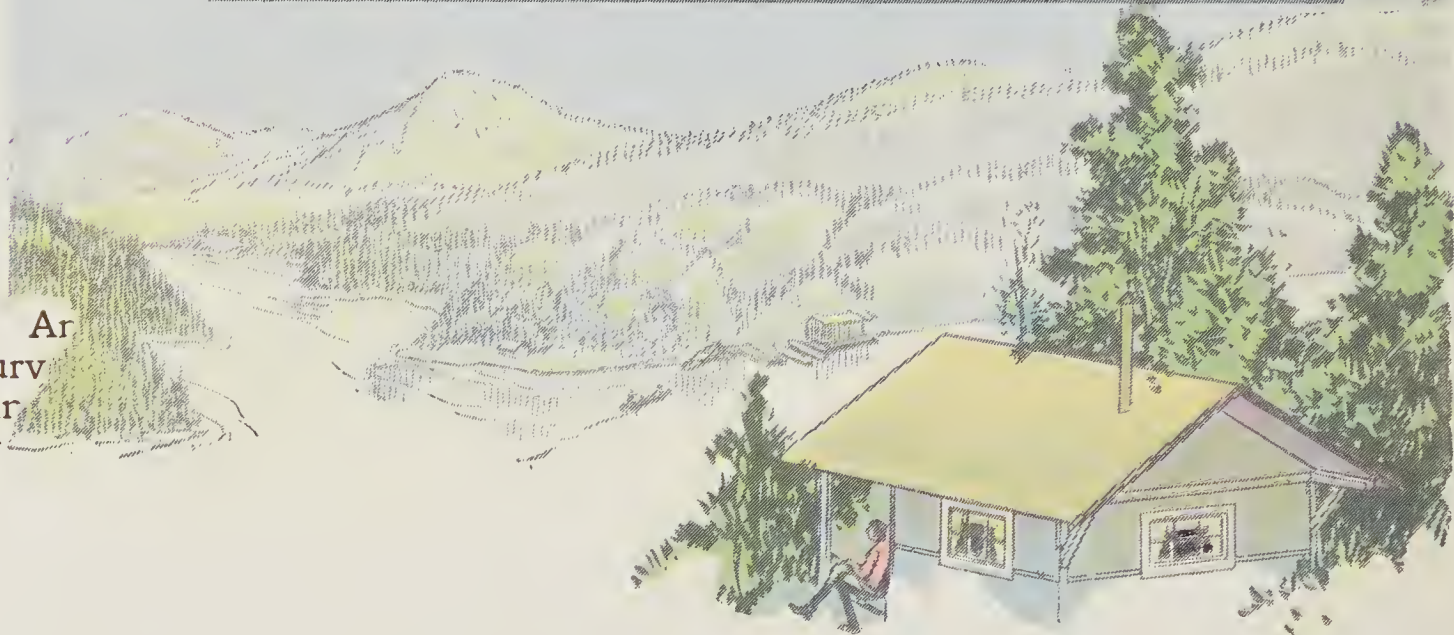
fishing, and marmots peering at you over the tops of their ancestral halls—the trail to Wenkchemna Lake and Pass—the trail over Sentinel Pass to Lake Louise with lovely Paradise Valley on the way, and the grim pit of Sheol, and Saddleback, where you'll have one of the world's best cups of tea no matter when you make port, and a chance to buy interesting souvenirs, as unexpected as flowers in a bird's nest.



*Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp
"On the bench of hills above the lake"*



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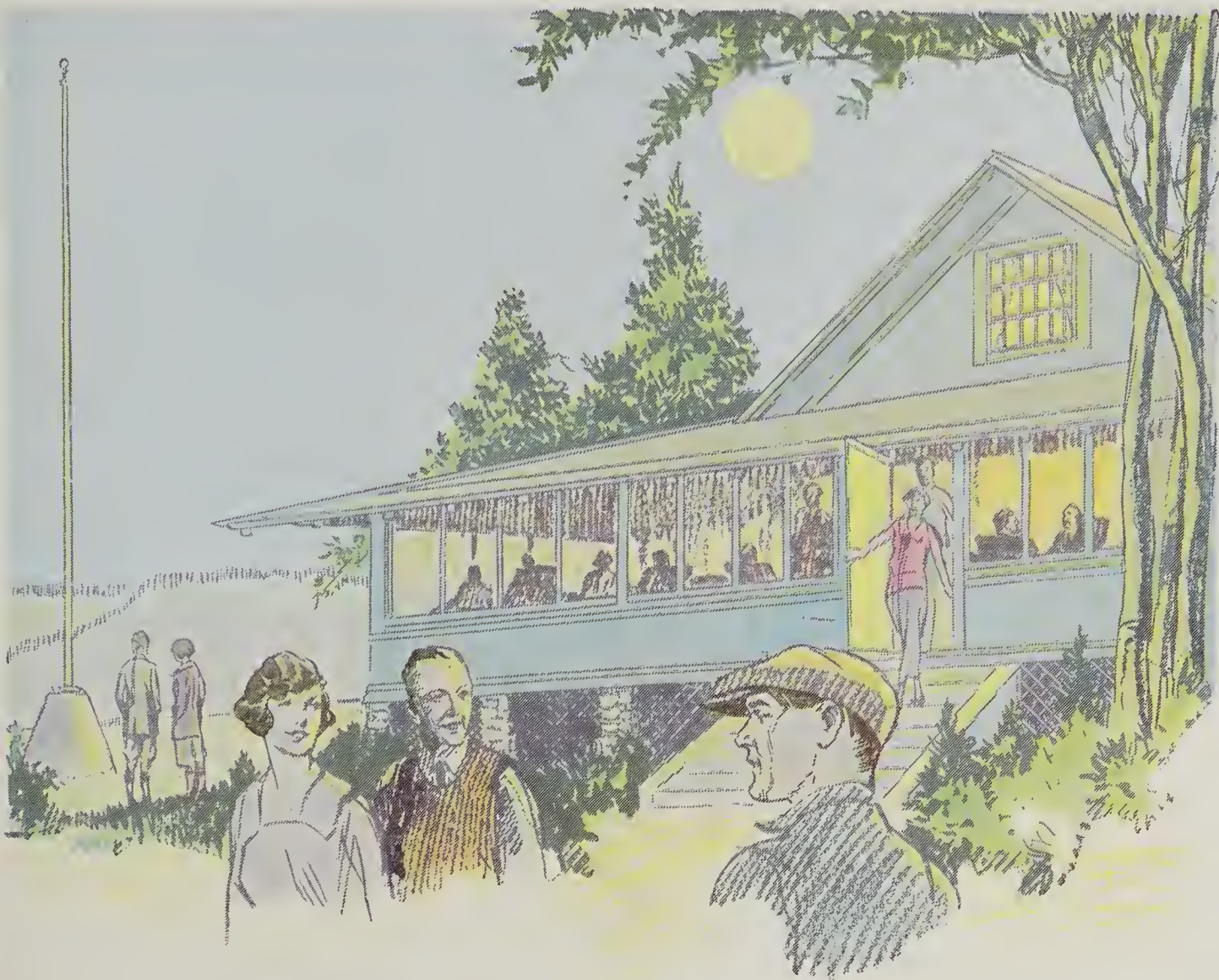


BUNGALOW CAMPS IN ONTARIO

By Madge Macbeth

WEST is West and East is East, and there's no especial reason for wanting the two to meet—for holiday purposes, anyway! Indeed, the farther they are apart, and the more links there are in the chain of Bungalow Camps, the greater the joy of the tourist.

He snatches up a map and looks at Ontario. A fine large province, this . . . rather less thickly settled than he had imagined. An ideal place for a playground, with its sweep of deep forest cut by a network of silvery waterways, like glittering tinsel on a background of sombre velvet. Yes, a fine large province, with fine large lakes, and literally hundreds of luring rivers—aquatic trails through which he can travel and re-capture the appetite lost somewhere between the Delicatessen at the corner and the Italian Restaurant where they serve a table d'hôte dinner for sixty-five cents (Saturday and Sunday excluded); soothe frazzled nerves that jangled painfully at the sound of even the softest voice; and win from Queen Night her priceless gift of Sleep. Like a magic carpet, his fleet canoe will bear him whither whim dictates, and unlike the sturdy mountain pony, it demands no food and little attention. The trails are as old as the sea, infinitely varied and hauntingly



*At French River Bungalow Camp
"This cabin commands a magnificent view of the river for about two miles"*

lovely . . . trails that in the sunshine remind him of gleaming mercury, and under grey shadows look like a strip of gun metal; trails that are broken by turbulent rapids, where tongues of water rise, turn to curdling foam, break and bluster onward, plunging over and around the rocks with crazy continuance—month after month, year after year—rushing, foaming, scolding, laughing, dangerously daring . . .

And there, are still, shadowy reaches where sky and hill and tree lie mirrored. And they whisper to the paddler—

"Come! You want to taste a bit of heaven . . . Here is solitude without loneliness; quiet without monotony; here is ineffable peace. And that is all there is to heaven. . . . Come!"

And whoever listens to that siren call is conquered.

Anything to Get Away

Somewhere near. He is too restless to sit cooped up in the train. What's this—French River—a Bungalow Camp—only 215 miles north of Toronto? Fine! Khaki clothes, fishing tackle, a bathing suit—the gods are good!

He gets away.!

French River Camp

The train rumbles hollowly across a splendid steel bridge. A strange note in the primordial quiet. On one side, a lusty hill shuts off the view. On the other, a broad river slips between high rock walls, bound upon some mysterious business down in Georgian Bay. The train stops. The passenger alights. This is French River Station.



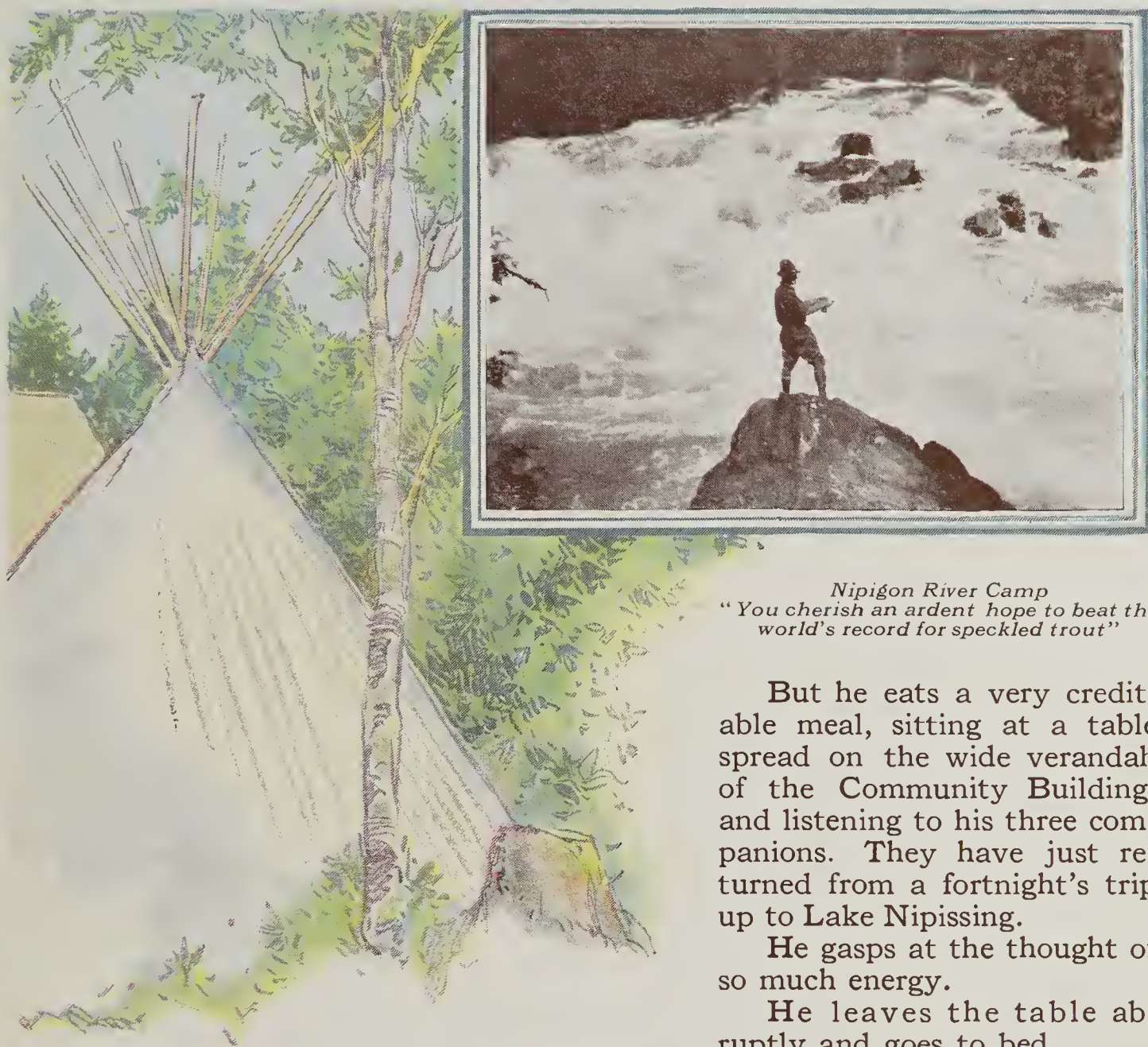
Across the track there is a road, and a road is generally worth exploring. This road leads up to the crest of that lusty hill, and there, like a crown, on the brow of some mighty giant, rests the Camp; in the centre, the Community House, flanked by rows of cabins.

His cabin commands a magnificent view of the river for about two miles. There, on the 75-foot bluff, he is sure that Etienne Brulé must have stood more than three hundred years ago, and thrilled at the wonder of the panorama that unfolded before him; he recalls that Champlain followed the French River down to Georgian Bay and was said to have made camp on this very spot.

He is sitting on his very own verandah, his feet on the rail, his Dunhill plumed with a bluish mist, and he thinks intently . . . of nothing, scarcely realizing the measure of his own contentment.

And over his shoulder he can see the interior of his very own cabin with its hardwood floors, its screened, chintz-curtained windows framing an indescribable bit of pinkly-amber sky. Lazily, he notes the electric light, the running water, a spacious clothes closet, and bed.

The throb of a deep-toned bell rouses him. From all quarters campers are hurrying along the rocky boulevards to the dining-hall. They give indisputable evidence of being ravenous. He sighs . . . a little disgusted.



Nipigon River Camp
"You cherish an ardent hope to beat the world's record for speckled trout"

But he eats a very creditable meal, sitting at a table spread on the wide verandah of the Community Building, and listening to his three companions. They have just returned from a fortnight's trip up to Lake Nipissing.

He gasps at the thought of so much energy.

He leaves the table abruptly and goes to bed.

For a while he lies there, thinking how his very soul is sick with weariness, and wondering when it will be morning. He is conscious of a blurred symphony of night-song, he feels intensely sorry for himself . . . this terrible insomnia . . . and opens his eyes to find hot sunlight splashing across his bed.

He Essays a Short Trip

Everybody is making ready to fish. Guides, both Indian and white, ply between the kitchen and the dock. In the dining room a few people are eating a hasty breakfast with open fly-books beside them. "I'm going to Meshaw Falls," volunteers one. "Nice jaunt for a day."

"I'm going to try the Little French," calls another. "Possibly, I'll be back for lunch."

There passes a guide with a huge pack on his shoulders. "Thought I'd try to woo a muscalunge from the Second Rapids to-day," announces a third.

The Tired Tourist watches them depart. Then he repairs to his verandah, tips back his chair and prepares to take the complete rest he came for.

But in the middle of the morning he is drawn down to the dock, where a merry crowd of amphibians is bathing. Before he knows exactly how it happened, he is swimming too, and the waitress went twice to the kitchen to replenish his plate with bass that an hour ago had been heading for Lake Huron. A little later, seeing a guide who looked as though he had nothing to



Armstrong Roberts Photo
"You scramble down the slippery rocks below the falls and cast"

do, he suggests a trip to Recollet Falls, about four miles distant, where seven ill-starred priests lost their lives when their canoes were whirled to the rapids below

The Lust of Conquest

The river narrows as it glides between escarpments of moss-patterned rock. The Tired Tourist thinks he will make a cast or two.

"I've got one," he breathes, as though the fact were cause for great amazement.

"Big fellow," comments Friend-Guide, ready with the net.

Sunset finds fish still rising gamely. He can't stop. This is the happiest day he has known for years. And the hungriest.

And now he's the Club nuisance. He's bronzed and fat and dynamic to a maddening degree. His stories are outrageous—he caught a muscalunge—and the description of that fight, of landing the monster single-handed,

will fatigue an audience as long as breath stays in his body.

French River has much to answer for!

THE BUNGALOW CAMP AT NIPIGON

A wrack of sullen cloud cast shapeless shadows on Lake Helen when I stepped out of my cabin in the morning. The sort of day you can go without a hat, and without fear of adding to your wrinkles. Dazzling sunshine is all right for the face of a landscape, but that of a woman is mortally apt to suffer!

A smart little launch bore us down the Nipigon River to see the picture rocks on Lake Superior.

Imagine a great sheer cliff, upon whose face a mountain goat would not dare to climb, decorated with a succession of cabalistic symbols executed in a colour medium whose durability is unknown in modern pigment.

The Indians claim that the pictures are the work of a manitou, who simply laid his finger on the rock, and thus gave out The Word that would remain for all time. If they know the translation of the hieroglyphs, they pretend ignorance.

The Nipigon Trip

But it is inconceivable that one should spend all one's time near Camp, or even exploring the beauties of the Jackfish and the Steel Rivers. The Reservation can be visited in half a day, and also the amethyst mine. One simply must go up river and take the Nipigon trip—which means that there is eighty miles, or ten days, or a cramfull soul of delight, to make this summer different from any other one has known.

Virgin Falls

The sky turns to tenderest rose. A single star, like a lonely beryl, guides us through the Virgin Islands, and presently we hear the thunder of Virgin Falls. The Indian guides grow silent . . . listening to the grandeur of Nature's sonorous song.

We disembark from our launch and pick our way through a pungent trail to a place of matchless beauty . . . a sparsely-wooded cliff overlooking a seethe of black-green water that lies in great smooth pools, apparently without motion. On all sides of these vast glazed cups, masses of tinted foam rise; they look like churning chalcedony. And below, in the liquid madness that men call rapids, clouds of moonstones form and break . . . monotonously . . . variedly . . . day and night through the centuries . . .

Royal Sport

"Up the Nipigon" roughing-it-de-luxe takes on its true meaning. You have a tarpaulin floor to your spacious A tent. You have a folding cot, and a pile of soft clean blankets. Also, you have a pillow. It sounds absurd, but you have a basin of hot water brought to your door in the morning, soap and a bath towel, too. You have a dining tent, a substantial table, and folding chairs. Your meal is cooked by a man who has titillated a royal palate—that of the Prince of Wales. Yes, His Royal Highness took this very trip, camped on these very spots, and possibly caught some of the very same trout that will take your lure, and with cunning acquired by long experience, spew it out to disappoint another angler!

You scramble down the slippery rocks below the Falls and cast. Like a squat shadow, Friend-Guide stoops and nets a fine fat trout.

"'Bout four pound," he says, although the thing looks twice that big. You cherish an ardent hope to beat the world's record for speckled trout, which was made in 1915 in Nipigon waters, when a monster weighing 14½ pounds was taken.

Another . . . and another. They seem to rush over that dark green wall with no other intention than of swallowing your fly. There! This fellow is a five-pounder, maybe more. You stop fishing to eat half of your catch!

Shooting the Rapids

The increasing alertness of the two Indians that man one's canoe, the sharp cry from the bow as the nose of the boat is caught in a swirling cataract, the short stabbing with paddles that but a moment since were rhythmic and slow. Icy spray in one's face, rocks flashing by, the strange sensation of



The Nipigon Rapids—"Icy spray in one's face, rocks flashing by—one races as swiftly as the water"



Devil's Gap Camp, Kenora.—“The cabins nestle amid a grove of delicate birches”

being stationary, for one races as swiftly as the water. A warning from the stern . . . a wall of foam ahead . . . one shuts one's eyes, and opens them to find placidity . . . the rapids are past.

Wide Landscapes and Smiling Skies

The fifteen miles from Virgin Falls to Flat Rock were all too short. So was the night we camped there. Such fishing! Such a sunset. . . . Turneresque in its flaming glory! Such a bonfire and satisfying rest! Over a trail broken by the wild creatures of the forest, we made a portage, next day, and paused only long enough to catch a pike that would not be driven away, then whirled through a beautiful stretch of water called White Chute, and presently arrived at Pine Portage, one of the most celebrated fishing grounds on the river. We fished right in the rapids, our canoes anchored by a huge stone, and held as steady as two stalwart guides could hold them. Where are there words to describe such sport?

Homeward We Flew

And like a covey of homing birds we flew towards Cameron Falls and Camp Alexander. A smart wind was blowing. The Indians unrolled their packs and took from them a pile of blankets which they rigged up as sails. The river widened into a lake. All the light in the world seemed caught, imprisoned there. Landmarks rushed past. . . . Island portage, Split Rock, Old Indian, Hiawatha's blanket. . . . The breeze stiffened into a gale. We sang . . . we shouted . . . we were wild with the joy of it all. This was life . . . life!

Both glad and sorry we danced up to the dock on Lake Helen. Our mounted fish were lifted carefully ashore. Sun-burned, wind-burned and fat—oh, Jimmie's incomparable flap-jacks!—we tried to give an out-going party a hint of the pleasure that would be theirs. And words, those tricky beggars, failed us. We could only cry, “Fine! Glorious! Unforgettable!”

DEVIL'S GAP CAMP

KENORA

LAKE OF THE WOODS



Lac des Isles, an old explorer called the Lake of the Woods, and with reason, for its fair expanse is dappled with eleven thousand islands—eleven or thereabouts. What difference does one more or less really make? And threading your way between a dozen of them, the launch rounds a sharp curve, and there, guarding a narrow channel, stands an immense rock, whose natural suggestiveness to an inhuman face is strengthened by the judicious use of a little paint. In brief, you are confronted by a terrorizing presentment of the Devil. The head rises as from a subterranean pit, and the sinister smile seems to follow you as you proceed down the channel.

The Bungalow Camp blocks one end of the Gap. Its cabins nestle amid a grove of delicate birches, on the side of a gentle hill topped by the Community House. On the farther side, however, slender pines croon their fragrant lullaby to the wayfarer, and offer him the priceless anodyne of sleep.

There is never a dull moment at Devil's Gap. Fastidious fisher-folk may prefer to engage guides and explore some distant part of the lake where they sedulously—and successfully—woo large and small mouth bass, pike, pickerel, salmon trout, muscalunge and sturgeon. But there is really no necessity for venturing far afield. "Just around the corner" from Camp, one can get one's eldest boy to row one in a good safe old tub, and bring back a catch in half an hour that would turn old Izaak himself green with envy.

Picnics are a never-failing pleasure. And there is rest without ennui for those who remain at Camp. The waterfront is a gay boulevard where launches, bright with colour and the joyousness of the parties they convey, continually ply. Even rainy days are bright. Through a silver mist, the lake looks dream-like, tender, visionary.

Kenora Famed for Water Sports

Kenora has two annual events that are unique . . . one is the payment of Treaty to the numerous bands of Indians in the district, and the other is the Regatta. The sailing, paddling and rowing are truly splendid, but the swimming—especially of the children—is a feature you will not easily forget. From the handsome residences that adorn the lake, they assemble, little tots of meagre years and colossal courage, apparently as much at home in the water as a child of the Marquesas.

On Saturday nights the waterway surrounding the Camp is blocked with boats of all sizes and design. From all quarters young people, and people who are almost young, crowd to the weekly dance. A good orchestra supplements the Camp piano, and a generous supper is provided for the two hundred guests who come to serve the great god Jazz.



Armstrong Roberts Photo
Community House at Devil's Gap Camp, Kenora

The Golden Memory

And like a wonderful fade-out you will carry home a last glowing memory, if you have stayed late at the Camp—if you have hunted in the magnificent stretches of wooded density that are innocent of association with the lumberman . . . or without the pursuit of deer, and moose, and caribou, or the numerous smaller fur-bearing animals—if you have merely sailed through the unscorching flame of autumn. Something of the Persian Fire-worshipper awakes in you, something intensely devotional burns . . . and as you turn your back reluctantly upon the most gorgeous landscape it has ever been your privilege to see, you murmur in the vein of Endymion, "Oh may no wintry season bare and hoary see it half-finished; but let Autumn bold, with universal tinge of sober gold, be all about me when I make an end."



Armstrong Roberts Photo
Golden Memories—Lake of the Woods

