Helen (Palmer) Wills Bk.
donated & archived by
daughter Sylvia (Wills)
Vosburgh. 1985 June.

Bits & Pieces Very Interesting

THE THREE SISTERS, CANMORE.

Taken from (1903) View Book

Named by Dr. Mercer Dawson in 1886
Geologist and Botanist. Joined Geological Survey
in 1875 and became the Director in 1895.

CANMORE—From her office, which is in one corner of her bedroom, Mrs. T. F. Wright, wife of the Anglican rector, is carrying on a crusade to convince the people of Canmore they should look ahead and not back.

At the same time, Mrs. Wright, who writes under the name of Grace Wright, worries about how her crusade is being accepted by the residents of Canmore to whom she is a comparatively new neighbor.

She worries because she believes there may be those who feel that as she has so much to say she should do more than just rake the community over the coals.

* * *

MRS. WRIGHT'S DESIRE to help others has been her life's work although this is the first time she has tackled a whole community for what she describes as apathy.

Mrs. Wright was born in Toronto and as a young woman was secretary and case worker at the Detroit Episcopal City Mission. She assisted the homeless, destitute, drunkards, dope addicts, prostitutes and unmarried mothers.

While at the mission she married Mr. Wright, a Canadian-born Anglican clergyman who had gone to the mission for a year's work but who stayed for several years.

In 1935 they went to England where Mr. Wright held various charges. During the war he was an RAF chaplain, serving in Scotland, Germany and England.

* * *

HIS SERVICE with the RAF continued to 1954 when he returned to Canada and a parish at Wembley, near Grande Prairie. It was there, when not concerned with a family of a son and two daughters and the church work that falls to lot of a clergyman's wife, that Mrs. Wright took to writing poetry.

Much of her work was recited over a Grande Prairie radio station and when the family moved to Canmore in 1956 she had succeeded in having some published in newspapers as distant as Ontario and in having some put to music for church services in that province.

* * *

THIS SUMMER MRS. Wright compiled a book of poems, "The Birth of Scouting and Other Poems," which has just been published.

The poems deal with such a variety of subjects as Canmore's horses, Peace River country, calories, the census taker, radio announcers and cockroaches.

So the title "Birth of Scouting" is somewhat misleading, but Mrs. Wright adopted it because she is devoting profits from sale of the book to further cause of scouts, guides and brownies in Canmore.

* * *

SHE broadened her writing to corresponding for various newspapers, which led to her becoming editor and advertising saleswoman of The Three Sisters Clarion, circulated semi-monthly in Canmore.

The Clarion, however, is published in Bowness which is quite some distance away and the result, as Mrs. Wright said, "is not the easiest way to run a paper."

However, in her editor's capacity she ponders the future of Canmore which in the manner of coal mining communities is uncertain.

* * *

IN ONE EDITORIAL she asked the question: "A bombshell—is that what we need to change Canmore's inaction to Canmore IN action?

"On almost every side one hears that Canmore is dead," she wrote, "that there's nothing doing and what's the use of trying. But what are you doing to wake the place up?

She tried to supply an answer by pointing out that Canmore is suited to industry, if it could attract some, and certainly was blessed with all natural benefits to develop the tourist industry, one of the biggest of all.

SHE FEELS that Canmore is slipping into an attitude of defeatism and to fight it is not only exasperating but in her case cause for worry over whether she expresses herself too strongly for a newcomer to the community.

It is awkward, too, for her to stir others to become active when her own activities are confined to her office which is in one corner of her bedroom because she has been an invalid for 18 years.

And maybe one reason the words she writes seem so bold to her is because she must view them through a large magnifying glass. November 1958

Ken Liddell

January 12-1963

THE little old goat no longer carries the coal to Canmore.

She is still sound of wind and pretty strong of body, but she's been playing merry ned with the switch points and the tracks lately because of some trouble she's been having with her feet.

So they've taken her off the track, or most of it, and the vallant servant, once a proud star of a Hollywood movie, has reached the end of the line.

At least she has been delegated to working around the tipple of Canmore Mines Ltd., and once a few regulations about clearances are ironed out, to accommodate her archrival the diesel, No. 4 will retire to the pasture of the iron horse.

* * *

AND WITH HER will pass the railway steam engine's service to Alberta, for No. 4 of the Canmore Mines is the last to remain active, so far as anybody has been able to ascertain.

It's not that the old girl, for whom a yard has been 3 miles long for 20 years, is not willing to carry on. To say her feet are bothering her is to use the term loosely. What has happened is the tires of her drivers have become a little flat with the result she has been cutting unwanted capers along the rails.

The major railways long ago disbanded their maintenance facilities for steam engines, so there is no place where No. 4's tires can be turned and she has truly outlived her usefulness.

* * *

WITH THE NEW YEAR No. 4 was retired to tolling around the tipple and a Canadian Pacific diesel yard engine, which works at the Exshaw cement plant, engaged to take the cars of coal to the CP yard at Canmore.

Space around the tipple is a little cramped. When regulations governing operation of switch engines in tight quarters are waived, the diesel will take over the whole operation.

At that time No. 4 will be retired with full honors and ultimately broken up for scrap.

"And it seems a pity," said William Wilson, executive vice - president of Canmore Mines, "for it is the passing of a romantic era. But I don't know that people care much. The world has no time for sentiment these days. Things are worshipped more because of their dollar value."

* * *

BUT IT IS A sad time for Steve Strban who was born in Canmore in 1907 and who has known no other employer but Canmore Mines.

His first job was clearing the mine's railway yard with a horse and cart. In 1930 he became a fireman on the locomotive then in use. In 1932 he became its engineer and he has nursed No. 4 since it was acquired in 1942 and given the number 4 because it was the fourth locomotive the mine has owned.

No. 4 was purchased from the Canadian Pacific for $5,000. At that time she was in service at Ignace, Ont. Whether she was a bargain even in that day has always been a matter of debate, for she required $27,000 worth of repairs.

She was built in 1905 and toward the end was such an heirloom that she appeared in a Hollywood movie, filmed at Canmore and called Canadian Pacific. Only last summer a man came from California to tape record her huffing and puffing and belly laughs.

* * *

IT WOULD SEEM that 56 years of trundling back and forth between the mine tipple and Canmore with cars of coal, now bound chiefly for Japan, would have given Mr. Strban ample time for thought.

Being a man with a sense of humor, he once replied, when asked what he thought about, "with all this beautiful scenery to look at all day, I should sit here thinking!"

A big man with a light touch on the throttle, he is also a man with a green thumb. He has had the patience to trim stalks of his sweetpeas so that a single sweetpea has appeared on a stalk (almost as long as his railway) and the result has been described as a sight more beautiful than any other sweetpea. At least in Canmore.

* * *

FOR MR. STRBAN, with his lengthy seniority, there will be other work at the mine. In the meantime, with his fireman and switchmen, he toddles about the tipple with No. 4 which must have thoughts of her own.

What, she must wonder, has happened to the yard at Canmore where she delivered the cars and on occasion accepted a horny-handed salute from a diesel breezing through with a long freight or The Canadian.

A tiny, lonely and nostalgic figure, her very appearance befitting the term "goat" which is applied to yard engines, she would return the salute and it was a bit of a struggle.

She would work up to it slowly, in the manner of a tired but faithful old dog that gives a single, squeeky yelp to its master.

By JACK GORMAN
[Herald Banff Bureau]

CANMORE — This, friends, is what is known as a wide-open town.

Nestled in the valley of the Bow, in the shadow of the famed Three Sisters peaks, this town of 2,200 is considered the largest unincorporated community in Alberta.

◇ ◇ ◇

CANMORE WAS PART of Banff National Park until 1929, when the park gates were moved about five miles west.

The town boasts several fine buildings, churches of all denominations, artificial curling and skating ice and golf course.

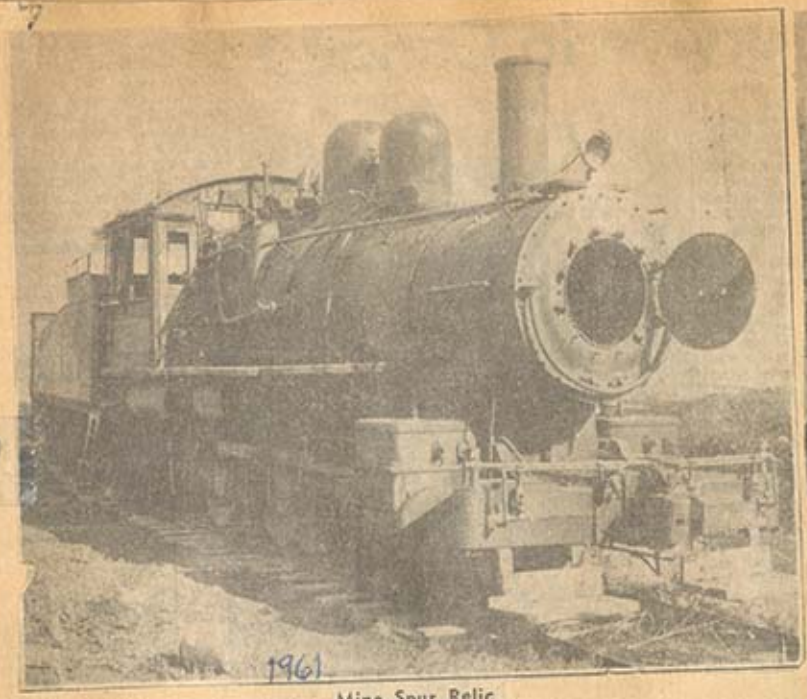
Mrs. Grace A. Wright, wife of the Anglican pastor, says it is believed the town is named after Malcolm Canmore, an ancient Scottish king.

The following was taken from Place Names and Altitudes - Canmore was named after Kenmore Village, Argyllshire, Scotland. Alt. 4284 feet

Another picture of the little log cabin with the sod roof taken March 15-1960. Since that time it has been taken away.

1950

LOG CABIN. When a new highway is opened, all sorts of unusual things are brought to light. Visitors to Banff have become quite intrigued by this log cabin, with sod on the roof, alongside the new Trans-Canada Highway just outside of Canmore.



Mine Spur Relic

1964

FAMED OLD OPERA HOUSE will be moved to Heritage Park early next year. Const. Charney Biln of the RCMP's Canmore detachment stands at the door of the log structure, built in the late 1800's. Moving plans call for the building to be torn apart, the pieces marked and shipped to Calgary and re-assembled there. Only changes planned for the 250-seat building are the addition of a basement, central heating and air conditioning.

Taken from Cross Canyon December 1961

July - 1961

Log Cabin to Go?

The famous Log Cabin/Opera House of Canmore may be torn down. Will anybody miss it?

In a brief survey Wednesday, The Albertan found that a few people will be sad to see the old landmark go.

But any move to preserve the building appears to be up to the people of Canmore.

The opera house, built in 1898 by local miners, is owned by Canmore Mines Ltd. It has been a tourist attraction for many years.

Until last year, it was used as a movie theatre. Poor attendance forced the business to close. The mine is now considering demolition. A decision is expected within a month.

PREPARATION PLANT AT MINE

... in shadow of Three Sisters

"It would be a pity," commented Rev. Ernest Nix, president of the Calgary branch of the Alberta Historical Society.

"If it's in any kind of shape at all, it would be a good idea to restore it for a museum."

However, Rev. Nix did not mention the possibility of the historical society making the move.

HAPHAZARD FASHION

Rhae Wilkinson, Calgary MLA who is known for her interest in old buildings, was mainly concerned with the haphazard fashion in which many historic sites are "preserved."

"Probably if it has any history or sentiment attached to it, it should be preserved," she conceded. "But the question arises, who will be responsible for the maintenance?

"Who's going to replace the broken windows and who's going to pay the caretaker? It's the after-care that concerns me in these cases."

Hugh Dempsey, archivist with the Glenbow Foundation and editor of The Alberta Historical Review, said the matter of preservation probably rests entirely with Canmore residents.

"There hasn't been any concentrated program in Alberta aimed at preserving old buildings," he pointed out.

"All those that have been preserved, such as the old mission at St. Albert and Edmonton's first house, have been preserved through strictly local efforts.

"It will probably be entirely up to the people of Canmore whether or not this building remains standing."

PALMER

Ken Liddell's Corner

Feb 15/63

IN A FEATURE story she wrote for The Calgary Herald in 1924, Mrs. Annie Larbalestier, who now resides in Blairmore, penned this thought: "The keeper of the gate holds the key to the link between the plains and the mountain fastnesses of the Rockies."

As she read the article the other day in the comfort of her home at 3216 1st St. S.W., Mrs. Annie Staple smiled over the recollections it brought to mind.

For in 1916 she was the first keeper of the gate at what was known as the Rocky Mountains Park but which today, of course, is Banff National Park.

And she was there, opening and closing a succession of gates, until 1945 when she retired as chief gate keeper.

* * *

BEFORE 1916 the hardy motorists of the day drove direct to Banff townsite to register with the Mounties. As traffic increased the police found this duty interfered with their other work. So the first gate, a rustic log affair with a cabin for the keeper, was built at a point between Kananaskis and Exshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Staple had come from England to Exshaw in 1907. In time Mr. Staple became the first game warden stationed in the eastern portion of the park. When it was decided to build the gate, Mrs. Staple was invited to become the gate keeper.

Tom Staple died three years later and along with raising a family (one of which was born shortly after Mr. Staple's death) and looking after the gate, Mrs. Staple found she had a real around-the-clock job.

* * *

MRS. STAPLE UNDERTOOK all the chores, including that of sealing guns, but she was spared that of asking the question, "any cats and dogs?"

She had enough to worry about as it was. She collected the fees of $1 a week or $4 per year. Those in for a year, presumably a season, were given a small metal plate with the year on it to attach to their car. Those in for a week, however, were given a numbered plate, as large as the provincial plate to which it was attached, and usually by Mrs. Staple. Those large park plates were numbered and Mrs. Staple kept track of 500 of them, one for the front and one for the back. When the party completed their visit, they turned in the plates upon leaving the gate and the plates were used again.

"After," recalled Mrs. Staple, "I had washed them."

The next step, before the stickers, was a metal buffalo head, which in itself was a souvenir of a visit to the park. Mrs. Staple has a pair mounted as bookends.

* * *

THE FIRST WASN'T actually a gate in the sense of a swinging affair. It was an archway. At night Mrs. Staple closed the opening by stringing a chain across the road and hanging a lantern on it.

When the park boundary was changed, the east gate was moved westward to a point about 11 miles from Banff. This gate was a rather makeshift affair (the keeper's home was sort of a tent of canvas and boards). Mrs. Staple was told she would be there for six months, but this stretched into six years, between 1930 and 1936. Then came the move to location of the present east gate.

"Banff is not what it used to be, at least for me and particularly in winter," she reminisced. "I remember those wonderful carnivals with the dog races all the way from Calgary."

* * *

AT THE FIRST GATE Mrs. Staple's summer office was a long table (left by the carpenters) surrounded by nothing but mountain air - conditioned scenery. On hot days she put the table in the shade of a tree. She bought a chair with her first pay.

She was given her first uniform in 1925, a navy blue dress with stand-up collar and a jacket with brass buttons. And a cap with her position printed on the band. The cap was hot and when the weather was likewise she took off the band and wore it alone as headgear. The uniform was a help, however. Some motorists had been inclined to ignore a woman standing at the gate she was supposed to keep.

She met many prominent people, from Churchill to the Duke of Kent; from Amelita Galli-Curri to Gracie Fields and the King of Siam.

But those who created the greatest excitement were three young men from Saskatchewan who arrived on the evening of Oct.7, 1935, registered and then announced they had no money to pay the park fee.

* * *

MRS. STAPLE, UNAWARE that she was dealing with three men who had murdered two policemen in Saskatchewan, told them they could not enter the park. As they turned to return eastward, Mrs. Staple noticed one side of the car was damaged, a fact she phoned to the Mounted Police at Banff who had also been alerted by a Canmore resident.

Mrs. Staple was ordered not to let anybody through the gate. Police came from Banff and in the subsequent gunfight that occurred at the site of the present gate, two Mounties and one man in the car were shot and killed. After an all-night manhunt on the mountainsides, the other two in the car were shot fatally the following morning.

And in all her years at the gate, recalled Mrs. Staple, who celebrates her 80th birthday in March, that was the only time she required protection.

MRS. ANNIE STAPLE
... in 30s uniform

MRS. ANNIE STAPLE
... as she looks today

Honor Pioneer Gatekeeper

Apr 10-1963 Crag

Over two hundred people gathered in Canmore recently to pay tribute to Mrs. Annie Staple of Calgary when Open House in honour of her 80th birthday was held in the IOOF Hall. Her son-in-law and daughter Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cole of Canmore, assisted by her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Staple of Banff, welcomed the many guests.

Another son, Mr. Albert E. Staple, with his wife and son, were present from Vancouver, B.C.

Letters, telegrams and cards were received from all over Canada. A letter signed by D. R. L. Dempster, Regional Supervisor, and D. B. Coombs, Superintendent, read as follows:

"On behalf of the Minister of Northern Affairs & National Resources, the Hon. Walter Dinsdale, and the Director of National Parks Branch, Mr. J. R. B. Coleman, we would like to extend to you the very best wishes on the occasion of your 80th birthday. We have read with interest in both the Calgary Herald and the Banff Crag & Canyon the story of your long association with Banff National Park dating from 1916 to your retirement in 1948. These must have been most interesting and eventful years in the history of the Park to which you yourself undoubtedly added much."

Pourers at the afternoon tea were Mrs. Robert Towers, Canmore; Mrs. Fred Gaskell, Seebe; Mrs. Fred Jeffery, Mrs. Edward Snaith, Mrs. Arthur Court, Exshaw; Mrs. Frank Wheatley, Mrs. Geoffrey Staple, Banff; Mrs. Gifford Horspool, and Mrs. James Baptie, of Calgary.

In the evening musical selections were given by Mrs. Alister Moore of Seebe and Arthur Court of Exshaw, with Mrs. R. E. Moore of Cochrane, Miss Janice Crowder of Seebe and Mrs. A. Court of Exshaw at the piano.

Mr. Albert Staple, on behalf of the family, gave a moving address to his mother and, on her behalf, Mr. Gifford Horspool replied in a fitting manner.

A beautifully decorated "Money Tree" was presented to Mrs. Staple on behalf of the Whitburn family, the well-known Calgary florists, who are closely related.

Mr. Crosby of Banff wrote his congratulations and thanks on behalf of the Brewster Transport Company Ltd. Another very interesting letter was from C. Elder of Calgary who was Adjutant of the Sixth Division Patrol Company in the Second World War. He said all the men were recruited from Calgary and district and in order to identify Orderly Room baggage quickly and easily when on the move, they had a template made of the buffalo head used by the Park Gate. This was stamped on the baggage and then painted.

One of these old buffalo heads was suitably mounted and presented to Mrs. Staple by D. B. Coombs, Superintendent of the Banff National Park during the afternoon. William deHoon, Supervisor of the Park Gate, and George Mandryk, were also present.

Mrs. Staple well remembers when the road from Calgary to Banff was little more than a mud track and vividly recalls the excitement when a record run from Calgary to Banff took only five hours. Even after the road was first gravelled the trip was long and hazardous and many times motorists were marooned along the way. The Cochrane hill in wet weather all too often proved an insurmountable obstacle and as traffic became heavier dozens of cars would be stalled on their way to or from Banff.

Mrs. Staple, who retired as chief gate keeper in 1948, is still active and keenly interested - and interesting. She is looking forward to meeting so many of her old friends at the Open House being held in her honour in the Canmore Oddfellows' Hall on Saturday, March 30th, 2 to 5 p.m.

HONORED at an open house party in Canmore on the occasion of her 80th birthday was Mrs. Annie Staple, pioneer gatekeeper of Banff National Park. On hand to help out with the festivities were Park Superintendent D. B. Coombs and Warden Bill de Haan.

May 1 - 1963

Story Behind Mountain Cemetery

Nov 21-1959

By TOMMY PRIMROSE

There is a story, quite a remarkable story, behind the little mountain cemetery which lies midway between Exshaw and Canmore.

(The story of the Robinson cemetery was told in the Sept. 26 edition of The Herald Magazine.)

The little cemetery, wherein are the graves of James Herrick Robinson and his parents, is geographically located in The Gap.

The Gap is just midway between Exshaw and Canmore, six miles from either point.

It was once a thriving little town with a modest population and a business section which included a CPR depot. And "The Gap" was not just a name given to the location. That name, from about 1890 until fairly recent times was to be found on approved maps of the North West Territories and Alberta.

The Gap was supported by a lime and cement manufacturing industry.

All that now remains of the little village and industry are a few foundations, the rugged cuts in the mountains where the limestone and rock were removed for manufacturing and many precious memories in the hearts of a number of persons now scattered here and there across Canada.

There are three sisters living in Calgary who were once known as "The other Three Sisters" of The Gap.

Their home was near the lime kiln and almost directly across the road and river from the famous Three Sisters of the Canadian Rockies.

The sisters, now living in Calgary, are Mrs. Elsie Dyer, Mrs. Kathleen Yardley and Mrs. Daisy Dallee, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, whose ashes are interred in the little cemetery, and the sisters of baby James Robinson, buried in the cemetery in 1911.

The sisters have many wonderful and interesting stories to tell of life in The Gap in days gone by.

It was a place surrounded by the beauty of the Rockies and it was a romantic place where strange and exciting things happened in the days of their girlhood.

The sisters all were born in The Gap and lived there until young womanhood.

They still cherish that part of the country as their home, although almost nothing now remains of what they knew there.

"It is almost as quiet and forsaken as it was more than 50 years ago when father and the other men first came there to work," one of the sisters says.

Often, each year, the sisters return to the little cemetery where their parents and brother are buried and they have a fondness for the area which time does not diminish.

The girls' father came from Silverdale, Lancashire, England, to The Gap in 1905.

In 1906 he returned to England and married his school-days sweetheart Annie, and brought her back to the busy little spot in The Rockies.

His father, Jim Robinson, came out with the girls' father and mother in 1906 and the two began operation of a lime kiln in The Gap. Later a brother, Jim and other relatives came from England and worked in the same area.

Among First Settlers

George Robinson was among the first settlers at The Gap.

After ceasing operation of his lime kiln, he was for many years an employee of the Canada Cement Company in the same locality and for a time also operated his own sand and gravel business.

Robinson was the chief powder man for the Canada Cement Company and was known as an artist in the business of blasting. He blasted the roads through the mountains in that part of the country, the rock in the quarries and often the ice jams on the Bow River.

In the many years of blasting, George Robinson never had a mishap or accident in the business and was often called upon to handle particularly difficult blastings.

George Robinson was highly respected in his profession as a powderman. He was also a respected and much loved friend and neighbor to everyone along the Calgary-Banff highway, both residents and travellers.

The Robinson's log house was more than an ordinary home. It was a stopping place for wardens and policemen and anyone who had difficulties along the road in the days when travel was slower and more difficult than now.

Robinson was the type of man who liked to invite others to his house and table. Mrs. Robinson was the type of pioneer woman who always had a welcome, a meal or a cup of tea for those her husband brought to their home.

Assistance

In times of community disaster or danger George Robinson was one of the first men called upon for assistance.

Sometime prior to the First World War three desperate characters, by the names of Manlik, Socaloff and Smith, robbed and murdered the timekeeper, a Mr. Wilson, of the Canada Cement Company at Exshaw. They escaped into the mountains with a sizeable payroll.

Robinson assisted in the hunting down and capturing of the three men.

The payroll was recovered and the fugitives were brought to justice.

Not long before leaving The Gap Robinson assisted in the capturing of three more desperadoes who had committed crimes in Manitoba. In their flight they took the life of an RCMP officer and were finally captured near Canmore.

Good Fortune

In 1912 the Robinson family visited England for a short time. Their return tickets were purchased for passage on the ill-fated Titanic but some business in which Mr. Robinson was involved made it, fortunately, necessary to cancel the passage.

The return was made later on the equally ill-fated Lusitania whose sinking several years later by a German U boat brought the United States into the First World War.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson loved The Gap, their friends and home there.

They were reluctant to leave but in 1937 their daughters felt it was necessary for their parents to be nearer to them and brought their father and mother to Calgary where they lived the remainder of their lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were always lonesome for their old home at The Gap. They often expressed a keen desire to return there and were never really contented in Calgary.

After their parents came to Calgary the Robinson sisters endeavored to maintain the old home at The Gap as a summer cottage for their families. But in very short order the house which had been such a hospitable shelter was looted and then carried away bit by bit until nothing remained.

Reminder

All that remains now to remind the three sisters of their life at The Gap is the peaceful little cemetery on the hillside.

When their baby brother was buried there in 1911 the ground was consecrated and the service conducted by the Rev. Mr. Forbes, Anglican minister at Canmore.

The parents always requested that their final resting place be in the little cemetery with their son.

In accordance with their wishes the ashes of the parents were placed beside the grave of their infant son upon their deaths in 1952 and 1957.

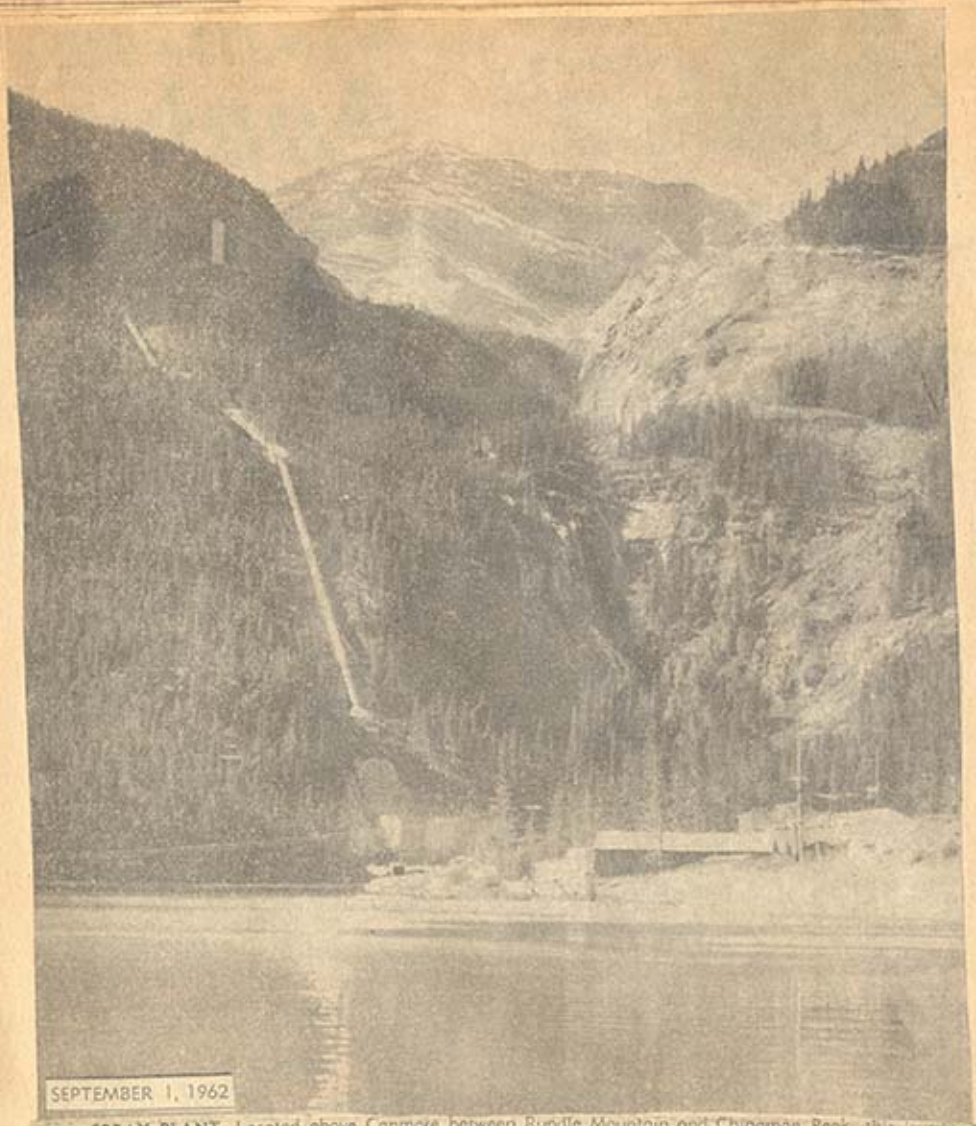
The Gap—Entrance to the Prairies from the Canadian Rockies

The mountain wanderer who finds the graves finds also a peace and spiritual quietness not always found in cemeteries. There is evoked the desire to stand quietly with bowed head while one absorbs the tranquility and spiritual reassurance of the sacred little spot beneath the mighty tree.

To the mind there comes the words of the old psalm, "Unto the hills around do I lift up my longing eyes," for this place is a place of comfort and the mountains around tell eloquently of the eternity of God. The little graveyard tells the equal eloquence of the eternity of man's love for those near and dear to him.

The little cemetery lies about midway between Canmore and Exshaw on the original road which led from Calgary to Banff. The road, where it passes the graves, is a single, narrow, seldom - used trail now. The graves are about 300 yards from the road on the side of one of the lesser - mountains which are a footstool of mighty old Grotto Mountain.

GRAVES NEAR CANMORE



SEPTEMBER 1, 1962

SPRAY PLANT. Located above Canmore between Rundle Mountain and Chinaman Peak, this is one of the three plants of the Rundle-Spray-Three Sisters complex developed to utilize Spray Lakes storage. This plant, recently extended to house a second generating unit, now has a rated capacity of 124,000 horsepower. The T-1 steel penstock and surge tower — a landmark for travellers on the Trans-Canada Highway — was fabricated in Calgary.

1957

Mar 11 - 1957

CANMORE BLAZE—These charred ruins at the foot of the Rockies were all that remained Monday of Leong's Cafe and Pete's Barber Shop in Canmore after a two-hour fire whipped through the two establishments early Monday morning. Damage was $20,000.

Canmore Landmarks Levelled

CANMORE — A barber shop and a restaurant were wiped out by a $20,000, two-hour fire here early Monday morning.

Destroyed were Leong's Cafe and Pete's Barber Shop, two of the town's landmarks. The fire, which broke out a 1:45 a.m., had levelled both buildings to the ground by 4 a.m. despite the efforts of RCMP and a fire fighting crew from the Banff National Park.

Smoke coming out of the buildings was first noticed by Mrs. Ed. Niskanen, who was on her way home. All fire fighters could do was to stop the flames from spreading.

The Leong's lost all their possessions in the burned buildings, which were owned by Bill Bobyk.

13

STREET SCENE IN MOUNTAIN TOWN
. . . after spring snowstorm

DIVER FROM CANMORE

April 12/60

[Special To The Herald]

HALIFAX — Lt.-Cmdr. Charles Stanley Smedley of Canmore, Alta., and Halifax, commanding officer of the diving vessel HMCS Granby, will retire from the Royal Canadian Navy late this year. He is at present on retirement leave.

LT.-CMDR. C. S. SMEDLEY

Born in England on Dec. 13, 1910, Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley entered the navy as a boy seaman on Aug. 28, 1928, at Esquimalt, B.C. His early training was carried out mostly in ships of the Royal Navy, including HMS Emperor of India, a unit of the 3rd battle squadron of the Home Fleet. He specialized as a torpedoman and diver.

During the Second World War he served in the Canadian destroyers Restigouche, Saguenay and Huron on North Atlantic convoys, in English Channel operations and on the Murmansk convoy run to north Russia. He was promoted to commissioned rank in June, 1944.

Following the war, he increased his diving activities and in 1948 qualified as a master diver following a course in Washington, D.C. He is one of the few officers in the RCN qualified to depths of 350 feet.

In 1950 he took command of the diving unit at Esquimalt, and in October, 1952, was appointed to Naval Headquarters in Ottawa, where he served for a year. From Ottawa he went to HMCS Hunter, the naval division at Windsor, Ont., as staff officer (administration). He served nearly a year in HMCS Stadacona, the RCN barracks at Halifax, before taking command of the Granby in October, 1956.

Any Apparatus

Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley is at home in any type of diving apparatus, from the steel-helmeted, lead-weighted standard rig, to the lighter, self-contained equipment of the frogman.

During his 30 years as a navy diver, Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley has taken part in every phase of underwater work, and in some cases has pioneered new techniques which have resulted in drastic reductions in the time required and the cost of certain underwater repairs to naval vessels. Jobs which have been carried out by Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley and his operational diving unit have included various types of repairs to hulls and underwater fittings of ships; hull inspections; harbor bottom surveys; moorings inspections; disposal of unexploded ordnance; underwater demolitions and recovery of lost gear.

On a number of occasions Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley and his unit have assisted civil authorities in the location and recovery of the bodies of victims of drowning accidents, the location of the wreckage of aircraft which have crashed in inshore waters or lakes, and other similar tasks.

Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley has carried out diving duties in seven of Canada's ten provinces, in England, Scotland, Gibraltar and the West Indies and has worked at depths from 25 to more than 250 feet.

Following his retirement from the naval service, Lt.-Cmdr. Smedley intends to establish his own commercial diving firm in the Maritimes.

THE WRIGHTS MOVING TO GULF ISLAND

Rev. T. H. Wright, Anglican minister at Canmore for many years, is retiring to Saltspring Island at the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright and their daughter Nancy will move to a house near Ganges on the island which is located near Victoria. Their son and his family live nearby.

Oct. 1967

Canmore Writer Gets Two Poems Published

June 26-1965

MRS. GRACE WRIGHT
. . . writer

Mrs. Grace A. Wright of Canmore is one of two Alberta authors whose work has been chosen for publication in the fourth of a series of writings for Canadian children.

Wife of the rector of the Anglican church in Canmore, and mother of three grown-up children, Mrs. Wright has worked on several newspapers, and was editor of the Canmore News for a year.

She is also a correspondent for The Calgary Herald.

From several thousand submissions from across Canada, 37 manuscripts were selected. The anthologies are for six to nine-year-olds and for ten to twelve-year olds.

Two of Mrs. Wright's poems appear in the book for younger children.

In the older group's book two stories by David J. Wright of Edmonton have been published.

A graduate of the University of Alberta and high school teacher in Edmonton Mr. Wright's work has been selected before.

Pat Parker
Oct. 14. 1974

Canmore Cemetery.

Upon a wild and lonely plain
The village grave-yard stands,
Surrounded by mountainous heights,
Thick wood, and bushy Lands.

Mountain pines, all charred with fire,
Lie scattered all around;
Fine epitaphs, grand monuments—
Are no where to be found.

Not a flower, blooms on the soil,
For nothing there will grow;
In winter time, when days are wild,
All's mantled o'er with snow.

Around those tombs, the piercing winds
Ne'er cease their mournful tone;
Still memory and hearts are warm,
For loved ones that are gone.

"Written before 1900 by Mr. Tolcher, Photographer" Pat Parker

CARD OF THANKS

Rev. and Mrs. T. F. Wright and Nancy wish to express their sincere thanks and appreciation for the wonderful Open House held in the rectory on October 22nd. They will always remember with deep affection the many friends who made their stay in Canmore such a happy and rewarding time.

God Bless you all.

1967

CANMORE OPERA HOUSE RELEGATED

A famous landmark has disappeared, and another link with the past has been broken.

On Thursday, July 8th with members of the Canmore Volunteer Fire Department on watch, the inside shell of the old Canmore Opera House was burned.

Over the past few months the furnishings and finishings had been removed and recently the exterior log had been removed, carefully marked, stacked and taken to Calgary. Commencing next fall they will be re-assembled at Heritage Park.

Built by the miners themselves in 1898 with pine logs snaked in from the forest and slopes of nearby Chinaman's Peak the building was originally called the Band Hall. The town band held its practice sessions there as well as concerts. Dances, amateur and minstrel shows entertained the miners and their families in the booming town of Canmore. At times talent was imported from across the sea. The Bohemian Girl was staged by the British National Opera Company, and another well remembered concert was put on by the International Welsh Choir.

The Band Hall's popularity waned in 1910 when a Miner's Hall was built on the other side of town. Silent movies were shown there. In those days coal oil lamps swung from the ceiling and these were put out one by one when the people had assembled to watch Mary Pickford, Flora Finch, John Bunny and other stars of that era. The early type of projector used the lime light system which no doubt left much to be desired so it is no wonder that, when electricity was brought to the Mine side, the Band Hall came into its own again when the movies were shown there. For some years patrons put up with the discomfort of sitting on hard kitchen chairs and viewing the screen from a flat floor. Only one projector was in use and this meant delays while new reels were being added. But the movies continued to draw the crowd and in 1922 it was decided to double the capacity of the hall by adding a "twin" section to the rear. This was done with the help of the Canmore Coal Company. The old floor was replaced with a sloping one and the kitchen chairs retired in favor of comfortable, upholstered ones. A new screen was installed, up-to-date cine machines and two new projectors were added to the equipment. It is at this time the name was changed to The Canmore Opera House. The business was in the hands of J. Diamond and Tom Lowdon. Later it was leased to William Ramsay, then timekeeper at the Canmore Mines Ltd., and Horace C. Reynolds, the present timekeeper, operated the projection machine for 21 years.

In 1932, sound equipment was installed, a new screen erected and other renovations made. The hall continued to flourish and in 1949 Mr. Ramsay sold his interest to George Mandryk, who is now a Banff resident. At that time Mr. Mandryk had the floor raised and new seats installed. In 1956 the new wide screen was installed but interest in the movies was waning and in 1960 the doors were finally closed.

From time to time suggestions were made to re-open the building as an art gallery, or small museum, but the unsound condition of the floors made this impracticable.

It was decided to demolish the building in 1963 but the directors of Heritage Park showed an interest in acquiring it for their park. As nothing more was heard from them demolition was slated for mid-May of 1964. The local correspondent of the Calgary Herald wrote an article to this effect, and, immediately upon its appearance, the Park officials made a firm offer to remove the building as soon as possible.

This has now been done - and only a mall heap of smoldering rubbish remains. The replica in Heritage Park can never take its place in the heart of the true old-timer.

Opera House Logs Arrive

Logs and artifacts of the Canmore Opera House have arrived at Heritage Park, and the building will be re-assembled just as it was built in 1898.

Over the past few weeks, all usable furnishings were removed and the logs were carefully removed, stacked and numbered. When the park closes for the winter, assembly will start. The Glenbow Foundation is storing the furnishings.

Once known as the Band Hall, it was built in 1898 by miners from the Canmore region. In 1922 when movies became popular, the hall was extending from 40 feet to 82 feet.

When reconstructed, Canmore Opera House will be furnished with benches similar to those used in the early 1900's.

"Modern motion-picture equipment will show old "flicker flashbacks," said Dave Turner, manager of the park.

LOGS FROM DISMANTLED CANMORE OPERA HALL AWAIT ASSEMBLY
project chief Bill Pratt surveys reconstruction job

July 16 1965 Calgary Herald

15

Sept. 1965

The Three Sisters Near Banff

—Photo by Bill Mercer, Herald Staff Photographer

Canmore

On Saturday, November 20, Mayor John B. Ekl of announced that the Village had purchased the strip of land known as the CPR Right of Way for Switch, containing 5.6 acres, at a price of $100 per acre.

This land, running along Ninth Street (in front of the Anglican Rectory) will be used for development of a wide mall where the town buildings will be located. A public thoroughfare will also be provided. Nov 24/65 Crag

Banff Crag & Canyon - Wednesday, August 4, 1965

Historic Canmore Trading Post Purchased Believed to be Oldest Building in Village

by Grace Wright

The Rundle Mountain Trading Company Ltd., owned by the Canmore Mines Company Ltd., since its inception in 1888, changed hands on July 31st. Three employees, Edward Niskanen, John Hrushka and William Cherak, have bought the company and will run it jointly with a slight change of name - dropping the Company - it is now Rundle Mountain Trading Limited.

Built in 1888, ten years before the old Band Hall, later known as the Opera House, it is possibly the oldest building still in its original use here. The current grocery and hardware departments are housed in the original building. In 1900, the old Anthracite store was hauled in to form the dry goods section.

In the early days the store also served as the post office but it has not been possible to ascertain the actual dates. Of course it was a trading post much used by the Indians who greatly outnumbered the white population in those days.

The original store was opened under the name of E. L. Little Company with D. W. Williams, Oskaloosa, Iowa, as manager. In 1911, the parent company was re-organized. The headquarters were located in Minersville, Pa., and the name was changed to Rundle Mountain Trading Company Limited at that time. In 1935 the headquarters were transferred to Canmore.

A. B. Latimer was appointed manager in 1911 and he served in that capacity until his sudden death in January 1944. That year Cyril Fowers was appointed manager and, upon his retirement in 1958, he was succeeded by his brother, J. Eric Fowers. Mr. Fowers, who started with the Company as a young lad 44 years ago, will now be leaving it. His future plans have not yet been formulated.

The new owners, all well-known in Alberta sports circles, are planning to make some renovations but they intend to run the store on the same basis as at present.

LANDMARK DESTROYED

[Herald Correspondent]

CANMORE — A Kananaski landmark was destroyed by a fire of unknown origin Sunday morning.

The Loder home, built in 1900 was owned and occupied by Edwin Loder of Loder's Lime from 1888 until his death in 1935.

The home, now owned by Mrs. Walter Loder, daughter-in-law of Edwin, has been vacant for sometime.

The home was used as a post office from 1900 to 1935, and in that year Mr. Loder was awarded the King George V jubilee medal for meritorious service in his capacity as postmaster. July 11-1966

Landmark Disappears

Under the speedy work of a Wearmouth crew the old Memorial Hall was demolished last week. Plans for the vacant ground have not yet been made known.

Built in 1923 by the Canmore Mines Ltd. to house single men displaced from the old Oskaloosa Hotel, it also served as a social centre under the direction of H. Stanley Young until his death in 1937

Although built as a World War One memorial it was soon called "Y" but it was never officially affiliated with the Young Men's Christian Association. The Ladies Auxiliary to the Canadian Legion were given a room of their own and the main hall was a focal point for wedding receptions, bazaars, large teas, dances and important meetings.

For the past few years the Bank of Montreal has operated a sub- ogency in the Hall once a week. These services will be continued in the Rundle Mountain Trading Company store for the present.

Sept 22-1965 - Crag

PUBLIC NOTICES

NOTICE TO TENDERERS VILLAGE OF CANMORE WATER SUPPLY AND DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM

Sealed tenders for the construction of a Water Supply and a Water Distribution System for the Village of Canmore, addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, will be received at the Village Office, Village of Canmore up to 5:00 p.m., M.S.T., June 6, 1966.

The work includes:

1. Miscellaneous piping to tie into water source inside Mt. Rundle Power House.
2. A chlorination and Pressure Reducing Station.
3. Approximately 2,200 feet of 10" supply line.
4. Approximately 21,000 feet of 6" and 8" mains.

Copies of the Drawings and Specifications may be obtained from the offices of the Consulting Engineers upon a deposit of $50.00 in cheque made payable to the Engineers.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified cheque or bid bond in the amount of 10 per cent of the total Tender Price payable to the Village of Canmore.

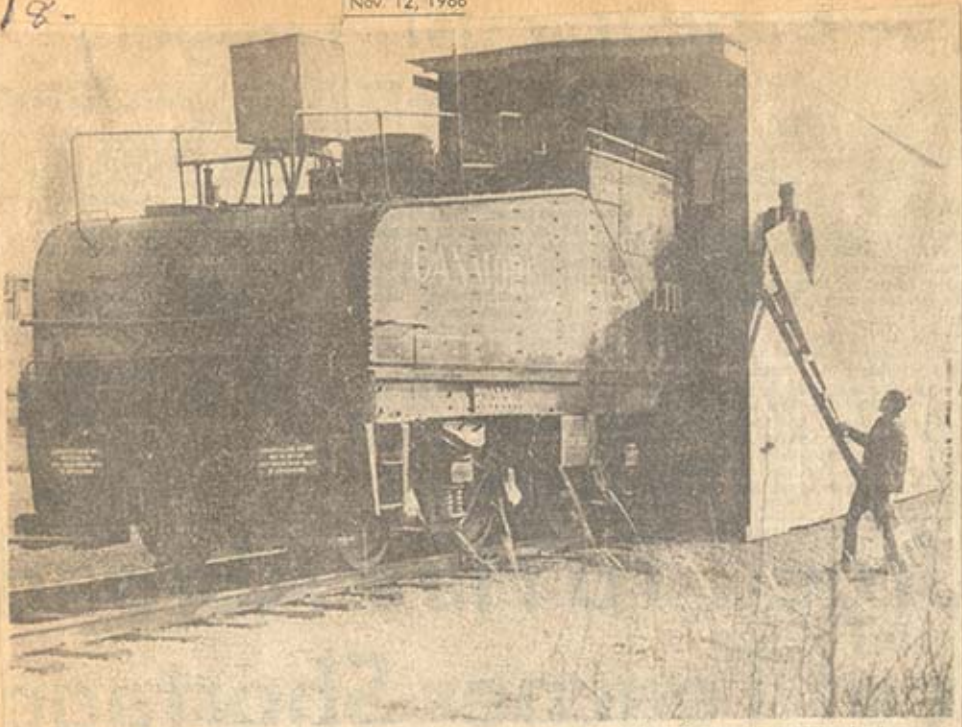
Tenderers are also required to supply a Consent of Surety Form in an amount equal to Fifty per cent (50%) of the contract sum.

The Owner reserves the right to waive informalities in, or reject any or all Tenders, or to accept the Tender deemed most favourable to the interests of the Owners.

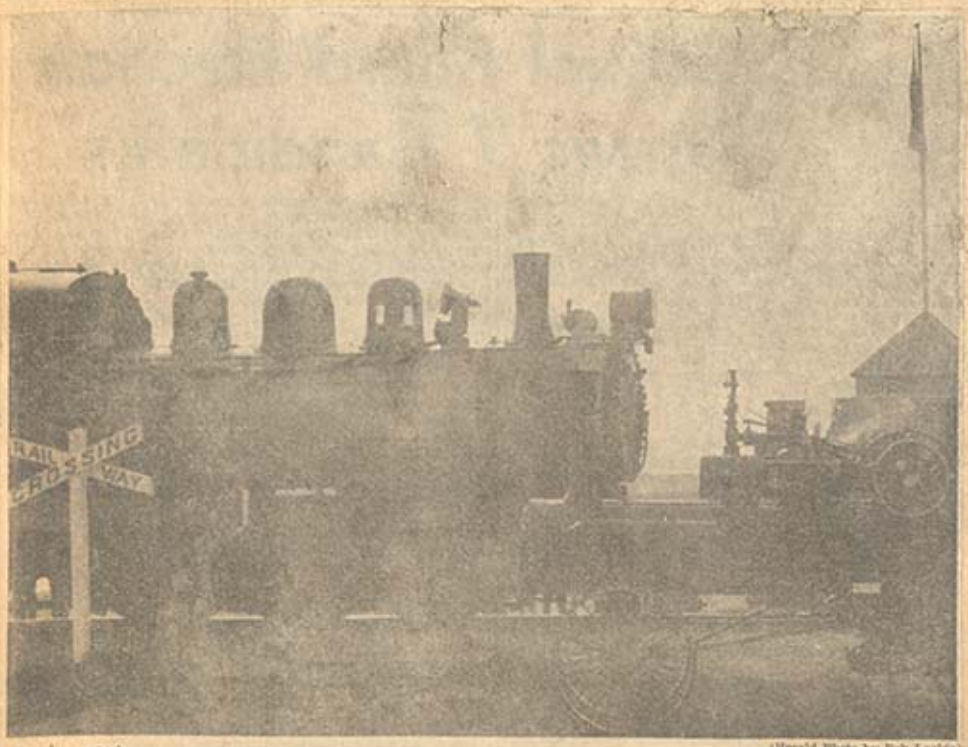
Mr. T. A. Collister
Secretary-Treasurer
Village of Canmore
Canmore, Alberta.

Underwood McLellan & Associates Limited
815 7th Avenue S.W.,
Calgary, Alberta.

Nov. 12, 1966



WINTER SHELTER. The Canmore Mines Ltd. train at Heritage Park gets its winter coat, as workmen board up the relic to prevent winter snow from rusting the iron horse. Other winterizing operations include sheeting up of the SS Moyie paddle-wheeler and anchoring the boat on Glenmore Reservoir, where it will freeze into the ice.



(Herald Photo by Bob Leckie)

Sept. 1967

LOCOMOTIVE TOLLING ITS BELL FOR THE LAST TRIP?
. . . Heritage Park may acquire another engine in 1968 to haul rail passengers

Age May Derail Heritage Train As 'Old Goat' Successor Sought

The Old Goat at Heritage Park may be rolling towards retirement.

The park's 1968 capital development budget of $153,500 includes $25,000 for a railway locomotive, and Dave Turner, park manager, said Thursday the Old Goat steam engine which now hauls passenger cars, is nearing its last gasp.

★ ★ ★

"We are a little concerned about it. It isn't in good shape. We have feelers out on the West Coast and southern B.C. for another locomotive," said Mr. Turner.

The Old Goat, built for steam in 1906, was rescued by the park from shunting coal cars around the Canmore mines. It has covered more than 16,000 miles around the one-mile track, which encirles the park townsite, since the park opened its gates four years ago. Sept 1967

meant delays while new reels were ... can never take its place in the heart ... of the town's ...

Cracker barrel-style service lives

it's alive and flourishing at this old store, where the floor creaks, but customers are happy

By Gerry Deagle
[Herald Staff Writer]

CANMORE — Rundle Mountain Trading Ltd. is as old as boiled milk and still coddles its customers like Grandma applying a mustard plaster.

A relic of the past, a museum of 19th Century commerce? Perhaps—but then residents of this tiny coal-mining community wouldn't have Rundle Trading any other way.

They figure change shouldn't come too fast, nor too soon, to their favorite general store.

Customers are served there today exactly as they were when Rundle opened in 1888 —just two years after the first CPR train reached the Pacific coast.

In fact, change has been so slight that older folks in the area are still recalling the day that Rundle replaced its horse-drawn delivery wagon with a motorized one.

And they're still pointing to the patch in the front office ceiling where shrapnel penetrated one night when robbers blew the thick-steel doors off the store's ancient jumble-sized vault. The safe still sits there — none the worse for wear.

"Some of our customers wouldn't even know the meaning of self-service," said John Hrushka, one of three men who run the tiny age-worn store today.

"They like to be coddled. I don't think they'd like self-service at all."

Hrushka, and partners Ed Niskanen and Willy Cherak, have been serving customers at Rundle since before the Second World War and now operate the store on a long-term lease from owner, Canmore Mines Limited.

"We know just about all our regular customers on a name basis," Hrushka added, "—even know the brands they use.

"When a person comes in, usually we know exactly what to pick off the shelves for them. Since we're here anyway, we figure we might just as well help the customers out."

Not only does Rundle offer rare personalized service within the store, but its door-to-door delivery system would make any city dweller long for the good old days of neighborhood grocery boys.

"Some of our customers haven't set foot in here for 20 years," Niskanen interjected. "They just phone in their order each morning and we deliver it.

"We know all their likes and dislikes."

Credit has always been easy too. From the first day that the store opened, coal mining families have been able to charge purchases directly against their pay cheques.

The system still applies today. In fact, credit is now granted on an individual basis to virtually all regular customers.

"We're getting a few people these days who take a job at the mine, load up with supplies, then high-tail it," said Niskanen, "but mostly families pay up when asked to."

Hrushka says tourists who stumble upon the old store, with its exterior wood paneling crying out for a new coat of yellow paint, are often amazed that it has managed to survive for so long.

"It's not as if we don't have competition," he says. "There are two or three other stores in Canmore, and then the big ones in Banff. But we get our flyers out as soon as they announce a sale."

Adds Hrushka, the ancient wooden floor creaking under his feet: "I usually take 5 or 10 minutes out to shoot the breeze with tourists. Sometimes even take them on a tour of our premises."

Shelves are stocked with goods ranging from grocery and clothing items, to hardware and gardening equipment.

"Nobody can compete with our meat department, west of Winnipeg," boasts Niskanen, adding that one of the original butchers — 80-year-old Charlie Skates — still pinch-hits when Cherak is away.

Niskanen points out that the range of goods has been reduced somewhat over the last few years—but through mail-order catalogues, people can still obtain virtually anything they desire.

"For instance, we used to sell shoes, furniture and women's fine, fancy stuff—know what I mean?" he says. "We've had to cut down a bit."

Made-to-measure suits used to be available too—with a qualified tailor coming in occasionally to supervise measuring himself.

"I've still got one of those suits," one of Rundle's long-time customers pipes up. "We used to be known here as the best-dressed miners in the West."

The store also used to boast a post office and a haberdashery.

"Just the other day, a young long-haired kid came through the door wearing an old cloth cap he had picked up at one of those new-fangled free stores," said Niskanen.

"It was about 6:30 in the morning and I was stocking shelves. The door was unlocked in case some of the miners heading to work needed snuff, or something for their lunch boxes.

"The kid was smiling as he entered and he says, 'Is this the place?' and I says, 'Yup —shore is'. I could see the cap's inside label, reading: 'Rundle Mountain Trading Co. Ltd.'

"Still trying to figure out who bought that cap originally."

In the store's heyday, livestock feed used to be sold too.

Another hold-over from those days can be seen in the basement of Rundle Trading, entered down a steep flight of age-worn stairs. A tiny coal car sits there on wooden tracks.

The railway spur into Canmore cuts within a few yards of Rundle and before roads were improved, the coal car was used to transfer winter supplies from boxcars into the basement storeroom.

Today, stock is delivered by highway truck—but that isn't to say that the big railway has completely turned its back on the little 84-year-old store.

Far from it.

Train crews can't resist it, and since it is only a hop, skip and a jump from the tracks, they regularly grind their huge diesel-powered coal trains to a stop out front.

Proof that even railway timetables can be bent a little —when the purpose is household grocery shopping at Rundle.

THREE MEN RUN '19th CENTURY MUSEUM OF COMMERCE'
... Willy Cherak, Ed Niskanen and John Hrushka know all their customers — and the brands they prefer

The station at Canmore, Alberta. The Canadian Pacific's customers in the West regularly include cowboys, Indians, prospectors, Royal Mounties—and, in this case, a Scotch heiress seated on a suitcase.

Farewell to the CPR Station Canmore

Heritage Park theatre as it was at Canmore

NOTHING MUCH HAS CHANGED IN 80 YEARS OF SERVICE . . Rundle Mountain Trading Ltd. started in Canmore back in 1888

A pile of rubble is all that remains of the old mine store which was demolished on August 25. The NuWest Development Corporation hopes to erect apartments and duplexes on the site.

2)

Hudson's Bay Company Pays Historic Tribute To King

IMPRESSIVELY mounted and awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen in Winnipeg are two proud elk heads and two rare black beaverskins. This is the historic rent which "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" promised to pay to King Charles II. The tribute was stipulated in the Royal Charter of May 2, 1670, but it was to be paid only when the King or his heirs or successors came to the Company's territory. The rent is now being given for the second time in 259 years, the first occasion having been when the Prince of Wales came to Winnipeg in 1927.

Both elks and beavers are choice specimens. The beavers are gleaming dark, the pick of the Company's collection of 16,000 skins. The elk heads are mounted on massive oaken shields from which the antlers spread for ten feet. Their total weight is something over 200 pounds, and as the many-pointed antlers make them awkward to handle, their presence will probably be merely indicated to the King when the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, P. Ashley Cooper, officiates at the formal ceremony at old Fort Garry of paying the tribute. A silver plate beneath each elk head bears the following inscription: "Yielded and paid to His Majesty King George the Sixth by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay under the terms of their Charter granted by King Charles the Second and to their first Governor Prince Rupert, 2nd May, 1670. Winnipeg, Canada, 24th May, 1939."

22

The Company Of Adventurers That Went In Search Of Furs

And As An Unforeseen Dividend Helped To Develop A Nation Called Canada

By DAVE STOCKAND
(The Canadian Press)

Three hundred years ago the parchment of a royal charter issued in far-off London set the course of Western Canada's early history.

Sir Winston Churchill's words, in 1957:

"Many great merchant expeditions set out in the last four centuries from shores of these islands and materially altered the history of the lands to which they sailed. Of these, none was more prominent than the Hudson's Bay Company."

The Hudson's Bay Company — the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay.

It started as a small group of investors in London transformed by royal decree into "the true and absolute Lordes and Proprietors" of an unknown region of North America as large as Europe or larger.

Today it is a mercantile giant. Its eight large department stores from Montreal to Victoria, a chain of 27 smaller retail stores and suburban branches, and a northern stores department with 217 outlets rolled up sales of more than $450 million in fiscal 1969.

Sweeping Powers

The Bay's decision as its big anniversary approached was to look light-heartedly at its past while introducing its robust history to a new generation.

Charles II's original granting of sweeping imperial powers to a small group of Londoners was easier decreed than done — but in the efforts to find beaver for the felters' guild to turn into hats for the fops and dandies of the time a start was in fact made toward Canadian nationhood.

Credit for this entirely unforeseen dividend belongs to those incredible colonial Frenchmen brothers-in-law, Medard Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers, and Pierre Esprit Radisson.

They arrived in London probably in 1666, the year of plague and fire, fed up with the bureaucracy of New France which had confiscated all but a small part of a fortune in furs which they had gathered from the Indians in an unlicensed foray into the wilderness.

In later years their allegiance was to run on an alternating current between the royal courts of Paris and London, but it was in London that they made their permanent imprint on Canadian history.

No-Portage Route

Douglas MacKay, a Bay man himself, wrote in his book, *The Honorable Company:*

"A more daring pair of unscrupulous international promoters cannot be found in the history of commerce. Glib, plausible, ambitious, supported by unquestionable physical courage, they were the completely equipped fortune hunters."

They knew the brooding forests of the New World as no other white men. They knew Indians — Radisson had lived as an adopted member of a Mohawk family after a war party captured him in a raid on Trois-Rivieres in 1651.

Unusual sentiments for the times, but Radisson was to write later of his years with the Indians: "I love these people well."

HENRY KELSEY. Hudson's Bay Company trader Henry Kelsey was the earliest known explorer to penetrate the interior west from Hudson Bay, and the first white man to see the buffalo. Kelsey, who saw buffalo in 1690 and 1691, was also the first white man to see grizzly bear on the Prairies (1690) and record the musk-ox (1689). By 1713 Kelsey had become governor of the Bay's York Factory trading post and second in command of all the company's Hudson Bay operations. The painting is by Charles W. Jefferys, done in 1927. (CP Photo)

The Radisson-Groseilliers story was based more on Indian hearsay than they were prepared to admit, and they tantalized their hosts with a non-existent knowledge of a Northwest Passage leading to the riches of the Orient. But they had grasped the commercially strategic importance of the huge bay named for explorer Henry Hudson.

Mariners with the nerve and navigational skill to thread through Hudson Strait during the short northern summer could sail directly to the heart of the continent, to the river arteries of canoe commerce spilling into Hudson and James bays from the country of the richest furs.

The bonus, barring marine disaster, was a no-portage return to the auction rooms and counting houses of old London.

Two years passed from the time of the Frenchmen's arrival in London before the first expedition was launched with the vessels Eaglet and Nonsuch.

A gale dismasted Eaglet and forced her pack but the Nonsuch, with Groseilliers aboard and the Bostonian Zachariah Gillam as her master, won through to James Bay and returned from the Indian trade with a rich cargo of beaver after an iced-in winter.

Nothing succeeds like apparent success and on May 2, 1670, Charles II signed the royal charter. His cousin, Prince Rupert, was named first governor of the company and this vast new unknown domain was named Rupert's Land in honor of the cavalier prince.

So the Company of Adventurers was a corporate entity, wrapped in the ermine robes of royal approval. But royal approval wasn't enough.

There was skirmishing with the French even when France and England weren't at war — which wasn't often — and trading posts changed hands in a dizzy musical-chairs game of temporary possession.

For all this, the adventurers of the Bay were still hugging the coast despite annual instructions from London to "choose out from amongst our servants such as are best qualified with strength of body and the country language, to travel and to penetrate into the country. . . ."

Douglas MacKay again: "If the natives would come to the sea, why push inland? The Englishmen, engaged by the season, had no consuming desire to become intimate with the ways of the forest. Indians were savages to be traded with and distrusted; and the interior was full of unknown terrors."

Yet under its charter the company had a legal obligation to explore.

A case in point was an early parliamentary inquiry into its affairs when a request was made for a map and a definition of boundaries.

The reply: "How or where these lands terminate to westward is unknown." The year: 1749, nearly 80 years after the granting of the charter.

Until the 1749 Commons committee hot seat the Bay's only hinterland explorer of true mettle had been Henry Kelsey, whose epic journey to the plains of the Assiniboine Indians had been undertaken more than half a century before.

At the hearing, a tradition of company secretiveness backfired.

When, so long after the event, Kelsey's journal was submitted as evidence of company good faith in fulfilling charter commitments to explore, it was denounced as a fabrication.

But it wasn't.

Kelsey, in 1690-92, had become the first white man to see the buffalo on the Canadian prairies; as several years before he had been the first white man to see the musk-ox.

Kelsey, apprenticed to the Bay at 14 and a continental explorer before he was 21, would be followed in inland adventure by Anthony Henday, ex-smuggler from the Isle of Wight, and Samuel Hearne, ex-Royal Navy man.

Henday's travels took him to the foothills of the Rockies and the country of the powerful Blackfoot Confederacy. Hearne reached the Arctic overland and witnessed in horror the slaughter of a sleeping camp of Eskimos by his Indian travelling companions.

It was an incident that added another reference point on the map — Bloody Falls on the Coppermine River.

A Rare Breed

Kelsey, Henday, Hearne — the names seem as one.

But Henday's mission to the Blackfoot followed by more than 60 years Kelsey's amble amongst the Assiniboine. And Hearne's return to Fort Prince of Wales on the Churchill River did not take place until June 30, 1772, "having been absent 18 months and 23 days on this last expedition."

The three of them and a small handful of others were a rare breed of Bay men until the French capitulation in Canada.

The capture of Quebec in 1759 and Montreal the following year left open for grabs the chain of forts the French had built from Montreal to the Rockies along the fur brigade "highway" of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and the waterways farther west.

The coureurs-de-bois were withdrawing in disarray, but it was a vacuum soon to be filled by the "Pedlars" from Montreal, the men of the North-West Company.

The Nor'westers:

They were freebooting despoilers in many ways but they put a swagger into Canadian history, feverishly building trading posts in the interior and forcing the Bay into abandoning its you-come-to-us approach to the Indian trade.

There were years of enormous profits for the bank-rollers in Montreal, but in the end they over-extended themselves.

Nor'westers Swallowed

The shortcut to the Indian trade still lay through Hudson Bay and on March 26, 1821, the Nor'westers were swallowed into amalgamation at terms set by their canny and tough Bay adversaries whose reserves had lasted longer. In fact, with their yearly division of profits, the Nor'westers didn't know what reserves were.

While roughly 92 per cent of the Bay's shareholders are residents of the United Kingdom, and London remains the official head office, day-to-day decisions are made at Canadian headquarters — Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg. Of the HBC board's 18 directors, 13 are residents of Canada.

Outside Canada the Bay operates fur auction houses in London and New York. The third auction house is in Montreal.

It remains the greatest fur-trading company in the world.

One pound note of the Hudson's Bay Company, familiarly known as a "Hudson's Bay Blanket." The notes were in two denominations, one pound and five shillings. English gold and silver were also circulated. Hudson's Bay money was withdrawn from circulation in 1870, at the time of the "Deed of surrender."

MOOSE FACTORY TRADING POST IN 1854
. . . established in 1673, at James Bay

STAMP HONORS EXPLORER. Explorer Henry Kelsey is featured on a new six-cent stamp to go on sale April 15. Apprenticed to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1684, Kelsey explored the Canadian West, living and travelling with Indian tribes for 40 years. The stamp is red, blue, yellow and dark brown.

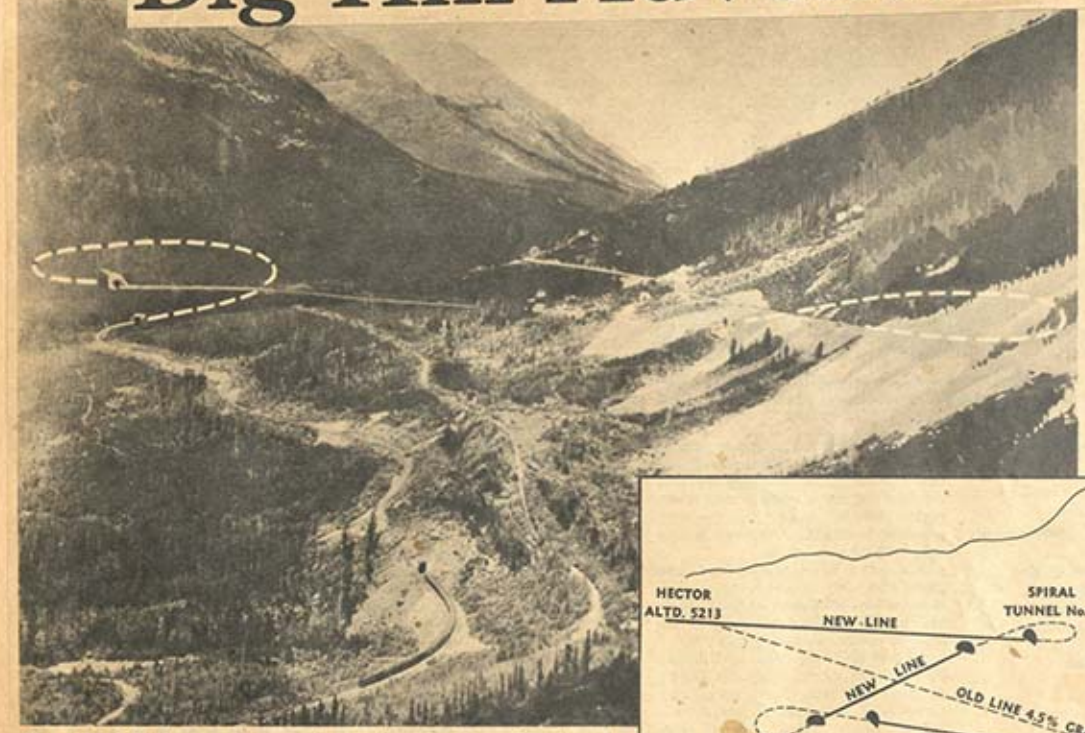
April 15th 1970

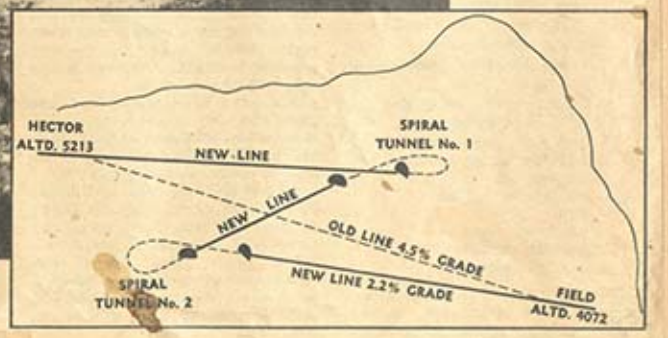
COMMEMORATIVE MEDALS. Special commemorative medals, struck in honor of the Hudson's Bay Company's 300th anniversary, will be presented to Lieutenant-Governor Grant MacEwan and Mayor Rod Sykes Thursday at 10:15 a.m. on the Bay's 6th floor. Lt.-Governor MacEwan will be officially opening the Alberta premiere of the Hudson's Bay Company historical exhibit. The medals, designed by sculptor Dora de Pedery-Hunt, show the company's coat of arms on one side, left, and the ketch Nonsuch on the other. The Nonsuch was the first company ship to reach England with a cargo of furs after the company was chartered in 1670.

April - 1970

24

Big Hill Adventures





The old C.P.R. line was dangerously steep between Mount Dennis and Mount Ogden. A daring plan to cut the grade in half by tunneling into the mountains attracted workers from every corner of the world.

NOT much is heard these days about the spiral tunnels at the Big Hill. But 50 years ago they were the marvel of the engineering world, the talk of the nation. Tales of high adventure drew men from every corner of the world to that part of British Columbia where the Kicking Horse River gallops swiftly between Mount Ogden and Mount Dennis.

I was in Calgary, early in my twentieth year and fresh out from Scotland, when I decided to go there. For me, adventure's promise was indeed fulfilled. It was a man's world at the tunnels and I hadn't been around long before I decided you hadn't seen a thing until you had worked there.

Adventure began for me when Kicking Horse Pass first framed itself in my window of the west-bound C.P.R. train. The conductor, knowing I was headed for Camp Number One, came around to tell me that as the train was moving slowly I could throw my dunnage off and jump after it. This I did, landing on my feet close to a long row of bunkhouses.

Blank looks greeted me at the office. They told me that no one there had sent to Calgary for a carpenter. But no time for haggling at this place. "Go find yourself a bunk at the east of the camp and stay there," I was told.

Within the hour a tall, lean fellow wandered into the bunkhouse. "You the new carpenter?" he asked abruptly. I nodded and he continued. "Good. You start work in the morning. Now why don't you scoot over to the blacksmith's shop and meet some of your new buddies?"

I took his advice. On the way to the shop I got my first inkling of what this new life would be like. Six men, dressed in yellow slicker pants, coats and sou'westers, hurried from a tunnel in the mountainside. They stopped close by, expressions of intense expectancy on their faces.

Suddenly — Wham! Wham! Wham! Wham! Four explosions shook the mountain. The men nodded after each blast. After the fourth had gone off, one of them said, "That's the lot. Let's go." Then they wandered off nonchalantly into the camp.

Arriving at the blacksmith's shop, I greeted my "new work buddies" with a barrage of questions. I was eager to know what this strange project was all about. A lot of talk was saved when a fellow carpenter sketched the project on the ground.

Two lines, roughly parallel and running from west to east, represented Kicking Horse River and the C.P.R. railroad where it climbed the Big Hill, which, with a grade of 4.5 percent, was dangerously steep.

Our job was to put in a new line with about half this grade. The idea was to divert the old track northeast in front of the Big Hill, take it across the Kicking Horse River, and tunnel a loop inside Mount Dennis. The line would then run back to the southwest, cross its own and the old tracks and curve through another tunnel in Mount Ogden. From this second tunnel the line would swing back in an easterly direction to rejoin the old Calgary line on the other side of the Big Hill.

Already crews were blasting away at both ends of each spiral tunnel. These headers were expected to meet with precision in the hearts of the mountains. The big technical problem here was that the tunnels curved continuously, but also had to be graded accurately. Everyone on the job had his own idea on whether it would work out or not.

I soon discovered why this complicated project was necessary. One evening, when the sun had just dropped down behind the mountains, a great noise swelled and boomed from the direction of the small St. Stephen's tunnel. Every man looked up from his work. This was really a big one.

The ground beneath our feet trembled. A powerful droning sound reverberated through the whole area. We dropped our tools and moved up to the huge bank of rocks and gravel that carried the line from the tunnel.

Suddenly a column of black smoke belched up as the lead engine emerged. Moments later a second pillar of black leaped skywards. Then, after a short delay, another and then another. Before the train came into sight a further two columns of sooty smoke burst up from the tunnel's mouth.

Six engines thundered the freighter towards us, pounding out every ounce of power they had. The exhaust from these great "moguls" was now deafening. By the time the train reached the Monarch Silver Mine a few miles up the track, it was merely crawling. Men began to throw sand onto the rails to make the wheels grip.

Suddenly the lead engine spun her drivers and the whole train stopped. The firemen peered out on our side. They were stripped to the waist and running with perspiration. Noticing us staring up at them, they grinned, their teeth flashing white against soot-blackened faces.

Getting all six engines to pull together was a tough job. We poured sand by the bucketful onto the shiny rails. Huge drive wheels would grip, tug the train a few feet forward, then spin with a grinding roar. The engines were sizzling hot and very touchy under full heads of steam.

The train crept and stopped for more than an hour. Eventually it moved slowly out of sight around a curve. The mountains seemed to echo its blasting power for an eternity.

Not Always So Lucky!

Hours later four of the engines returned down the Big Hill, petcocks wide open, steam hissing from under their great steel bellies. Their whistles shrilled to let us know that everythipg was now

all right. This time the firemen sat back puffing at cigarettes. "Keep at it, boys," their smiles said. "Between us we're going to beat the Big Hill."

But our luck wasn't always so good. One day we had a runaway engine on our hands. I was returning to the camp at the foot of the Big Hill when a whistle shrieked somewhere up-rail. A small engine hauling two box cars and a caboose was heading down to Field when her brakes failed. As I watched, the tiny train gained speed every yard.

The fireman jumped from one side, the engineer from the other. Meanwhile, two brakemen scrambled to the top of the caboose, cut it loose, and were working hard at the brake wheel. On raced the engine and box cars, now plunging down the slope at great speed.

Number three switchman, without a second to spare, flicked the switch and swung the runaway train onto the uphill safety line. Miraculously, it came to a standstill at the very end of the line. But the brakemen, unable to stop the caboose, had by now jumped to safety. As the caboose rattled onto the safety line, the engine began to freewheel back down the slope.

They met with deafening impact near the middle of the line. The roar echoed back and forth across the valley. The caboose
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The work was usually hard at the tunnels, but we had plenty of fun, too. Star performers in one of the bunkhouses were two Scotsmen. One of them, Scotty Angus, was from Aberdeen; the other, Geordie Chalmers, from Dundee.

One night Scotty was laying down the law about how to fish, pronouncing the word "feesh". Geordie from Dundee jumped at the chance of correcting Scotty's pronunciation.

"It's 'fush'," he said. Well, the argument that followed fairly rattled the timbers of the bunkhouse. Eventually, we were able to shut them up. But always one to get in the last word, Scotty leaned over the side of his bunk and said, "Ane thing ye'll learn if you ever come to Aberdeen, Geordie, is we don't call 'feesh' 'fush'!"

The day came when the upper and lower headers of number one spiral tunnel were close to joining. Each crew could hear the other working behind a narrowing wall of rock. It soon buzzed around the camp that the next blast might effect a break-through.

"How much?"

Excitement ran high. On our side, we all gathered near the mouth of the tunnel while the last charge was prepared.
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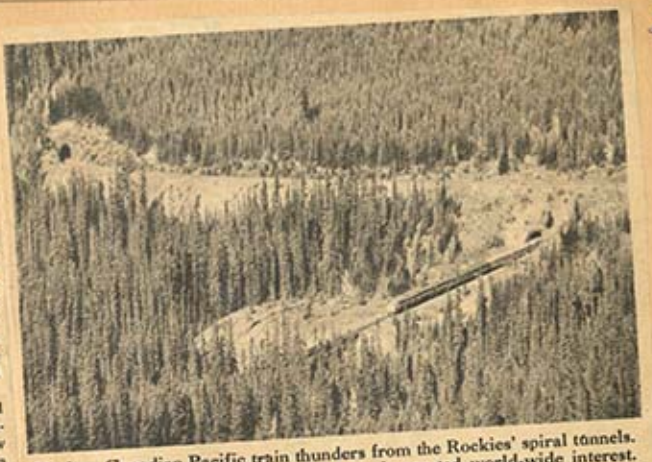


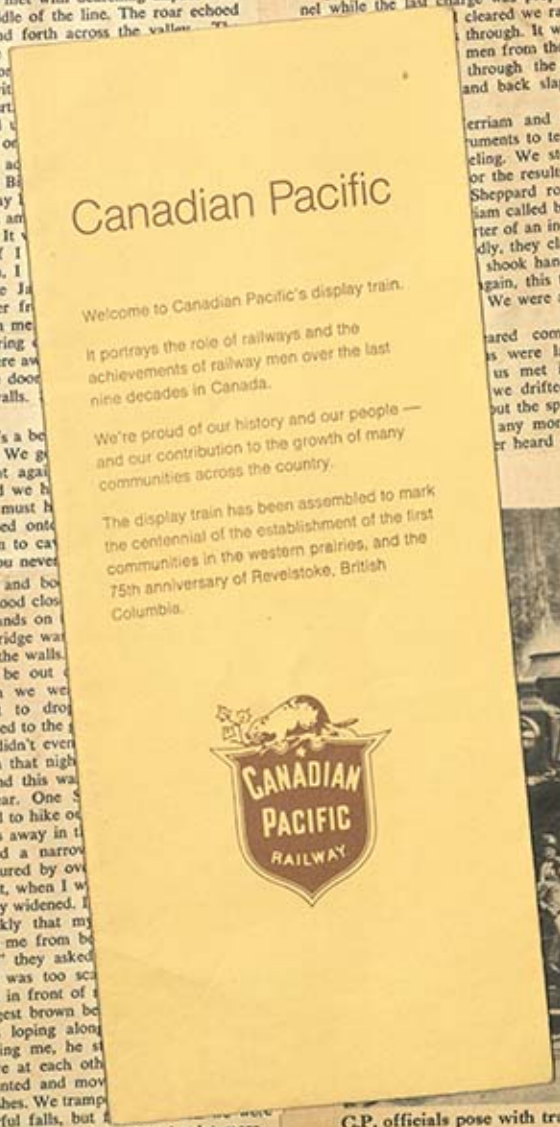
Modern Canadian Pacific train thunders from the Rockies' spiral tunnels. While being built 50 years ago, the tunnels created world-wide interest.

FROM THE CALGARY WEEKLY HERALD AND ALBERTA LIVESTOCK JOURNAL FOR JAN. 30, 1889

A fatal accident occurred at Big Hill near Field Station on the C.P.R. about one o'clock this morning. It appears one of the mogul engines was helping a freight train down the grade when it became unmanageable. The mogul jumped the rails and is lying 150 yards from the track.

The report of particulars are very meagre, but the sad truth has come out that brakeman Phelan was killed and Charles Fiddler, fireman, had both legs taken off.

But I often wonder what happened to the many fine men I met on that job. Fifty years have come and gone since then. I've passed my three score years and ten, and I was about the youngest there, so I don't suppose many of them are left today. It's saddening to think that all the wonderful adventures we had at the tunnels may soon be forgotten forever.



C.P. officials pose with train on the Big Hill in 1890. Upper track was a safety spur, used to head off runaways.

24

First Permanent White Settler of Alberta

22-1 1936 By Freda Graham Bundy.

AN OLD FILE of a now obsolete newspaper, "The Rocky Mountain Echo" contains a bit of Canadian history that is interesting because of its human appeal. It is a record or diary of one William Gladstone, a connection of the famous statesman of the Victorian era.

William Gladstone's father emigrated from Berwick-on-Tweed, Scotland, in the summer of 1832, landed at Quebec and going on to Montreal, made his home in that city. On the 29th of December, 1832, young William was born. He went to school in the village of Lachine, living there until he was thirteen years of age. After trying his hand at a variety of things, which he details in an amusing manner, he bound himself to the service of the Hudson Bay Company, at the rate of ten pounds sterling for the first two years, twelve pounds for the next two and fifteen for the last year.

There have been many books written by factors and officials of the fur companies, but an account written by one of the common employees is interesting as well as enlightening. In a graphic manner, Gladstone describes his work with the boatmen, the method of travel, food, treatment, etc. There were eighteen paddles to a canoe, fifty-four in the whole party and their route was from Lachine, up the St. Lawrence, through the Lake of Two Mountains, up the Ottawa to Bytown, (later Ottawa) through French River and into Lake Huron. They were ten days on Lake Huron and then to Sault Ste. Marie.

The diary relates: "From the Company's fort at Sault Ste. Marie, they sent a pair of oxen to haul our stuff. When we arrived at the Fort, they calmy ushered us in and locked us up to await the arrival of Sir George Simpson, the governor of Rupert's Land. There they kept us for the night, for fear some of us might skip over the river to the Yankee side. It was a sin and a shame to doubt our loyalty and we felt mad at being locked up, until we found some sugar and raisins in a corner of the warehouse. In our enjoyment of these good things we forgot that we were prisoners and some of us ate so much that our grandmothers came and made faces at us in our dreams."

The next stop was Fort Pitt, then on to Fort William in 36-foot canoes. About the food, Gladstone relates: "From this on the grub kept getting 'no better' fast. Instead of pork and peas, they gave us corn (such as is fed to mules) and tallow. I suppose we were intended to grease the corn with tallow to make it slip down easier. It was pretty coarse fare but it was all we had, except when we managed to get fish from the Indians."

They had left Lachine on the 29th day of April and reached Norway House on June 22nd, there to meet Sir George Simpson who had gone on ahead. "We found Sir George in council with all the chief factors. He was a little k i n g amongst them and whatever he said they agreed to in a hurry. There was no mistaking "the Big Boss of the situation."

A few years later he cited in the diary, an occasion when all the factors were not in accord with Sir George Simpson. "Some of them got to objecting to certain plans of Sir George's. He let them wrangle for a while, then he jumped to his feet and shook his fist in their faces. "You fools!" he shouted. 'What are you arguing about? I have had the minutes of this meeting in my pocket ever since I left London. I propose to boss this job and I'm going to do it.' And he did too. "There was quite a flotilla of York boats at Norway House, owned by the Chief Factor. These boats were 30 feet long and 10 feet wide at the beam and carried 10 tons of freight each."

The diarist tells of the currency in those days of the early West. "The only paper money in the country was issued by the Company—queer looking notes they were of two denominations five shillings and one pound sterling. They were called Hudson Bay blankets and were 5 inches wide and 10 inches long."

Life was not a bed of roses for this young lad and he tells of many hardships that he endured during those first few years in the North-West Territories. For instance—"That night was bitterly cold and I froze my feet badly. An old man at camp made me keep my feet in the water hole all night. I suffered a great deal but I believe the heroic remedy saved my feet."

Often the boats did not get in, supplies ran low and slim rations were the order of the day. In one place, he states—"They allowed us three drachms of rum a day and gave us plenty of pemmican and frozen potatoes." Then again—"Before August we killed and ate 25 dogs for want of other food. We used to make what we called 'rab-a-bo' by mixing flour with pemmican and boiling it with water, in a large kettle. When finished it looked like soup and we ate it with a spoon."

He speaks of meeting a minister; "The sky-pilot's name was Rev. Thos. Rundle. He had been with the Stony Indians for four years and was, I believe, the first missionary in that part of the country. He had a very small boat to cross the Lake with, but I heard afterward that he arrived safely at Norway House."

Within the next few years it was his privilege to meet many persons whose names became famous in early Canadian history. In the meantime young Gladstone had proved his ability as a carpenter and his work was generally in the shipyard at the various forts that were situated on the water. In time he became foreman of the boat building.

He mentions meeting Father Lacombe in '52. "We got to Norway House August 1852 and here, for the first time, I saw Father Lacombe. He and a Methodist minister, Thos. Wolsely, were taking a boat for Edmonton."

Later there is an entry. "Father Lacombe, who was just about to start for his mission at St. Albert, offered to share his supply of food with me in return for making his door and windows." And again, "I went to Smoky Lake to build the mission for Rev. Mr. Wolsley." In fact, according to records, most of the first buildings in Alberta were erected by William Gladstone.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

THERE WERE MANY, many times from 1845-1870 that the prairies and foothills were alive with game and many such instances are cited in William Gladstone's diary. He writes—"The country was swarming with rabbits and that night our party killed 75 of them . . . Elk were plentiful. That winter our men killed altogether over 600 of those beautiful animals. Elk meat is not nearly so good to eat as buffalo meat . . . It was a great country for game at that time and we killed plenty of red deer and antelope."

"I saw thousands of buffalo. A big herd is a sight never to be forgotten. In motion it is a sea of heaving backs and tossing tails and horns. One day I saw the Indians drive 800 buffalo into a huge pound . . . We filled two sleighs with buffalo tongues, over 1,000 in all that time and each of our 50-odd sleighs was loaded with half a ton of choice meat. They never let us have any of the tongues to eat, they were too much of a delicacy and commanded a big price over the water. I think we salted nearly 2,000 of them at Rocky Mountain house that winter."

There was one of the factors of whom young Gladstone was very fond and he speak of him thus: "He (Mr. Harrot) was one of the best men I ever knew. Forty years before he entered the Hudson's Bay employ as an apprenticed clerk at $25 a year. We used to have to take off our hats whenever we met a chief factor but they seemed to come off themselves when we met Mr. Harrot. One day, about the end of November, I was sitting at the gate, reading my newspaper when Mr. Harrot noticed me and asked if I was fond of reading. I told him, 'yes,' and he asked me to come to his room and get some books to read. He had 200 volumes and told me I could have one to read whenever I wanted it."

Another paragraph states: "This summer (1860) an expedition from England came to Edmonton to report on the country and its possibilities. Among the company was a Captain Palliser, Dr. Hector, Mr. Sullivan, Captain Blackistone and a French botanist. They had a large outfit of carts with them, which they left at our fort while they were exploring about the country. They did not let a flower or a fly or an insect escape their spectacles and their nets. The collection of bugs and plants that they made would have filled a museum . . . Soon after we got settled, Capt. Palliser's party came back to the fort and spent the winter with us so that life was not as lonely as usual. Dr. Hector had a good stock of books some of which he lent me. We used to have many a chat together and grew to be great friends."

No doubt William Gladstone was able to give this party valuable information concerning the Indians, wild animal life and the like, for when Palliser's party came through he had already been in the country twelve years and had travelled north, south, east and west. By this time he spoke Cree, Blackfoot, French and English.

Two years later he met the noted missionary, Rev. George McDougall and speaks of him in a highly laudatory manner. "September, 1862, Rev. George McDougall, with his son, came to Smoky Lake, to choose the location for his mission and which he called Victoria. Mr. McDougall had to go to Norway House and bring his family back. He set off in a small boat with two Indians. He is made of the right kind of stuff for a western missionary. Not many ministers would care to attempt a 1,000 mile trip with only a couple of Indians, but he was a bold man who feared neither danger nor hardship. He was a good hunter and handled an axe like a trained woodsman. I was accounted a handy man with an axe myself but it was all I could do to hold my own with George McDougall."

Gladstone gives a number of graphic descriptions of the quarrels between the various tribes of Indians. However, the Hudson Bay Company knew how to manage them, for in the early part of the diary he makes this statement: The Company always treated the Indians well and, we did not have any trouble with them for seven or eight years. Then they commenced to be bad, thanks to the white strangers who came among them and corrupted their morals and manners . . . It was the first time I had heard, 'Hei! Yei! Hei! Yei!' and it made the shivers run up and down my back . . . I saw 300 Indians drunk on rum at one time. It was a wild and woolly sight and made the hair rise on my head."

Not all the hunters in this new country were Indians and trappers. Gladstone tells of several who came from the Old Country to hunt big game and he tells of a certain count: "A French count had come from France to hunt mountain sheep — he arrived with a big outfit and also brought a game-keeper, a valet-de-chambre and fifteen men with him to look after his high and mighty comfort. And no less than ten carts to carry the 'necessaries.' About the last of August, the French Count came back. He was delighted with the result—25 mountain sheep, two grizzly bears and a great deal of other game."

Parties were not always so fortunate in securing game for the writer tells of a trip that he and the factor, Mr. Moberly, took. It nearly ended disastrously. They were travelling to Edmonton and were overtaken by a severe snow storm. To make matters worse, they ran short of food; "All we had to eat for the next eight days was a rabbit and a big owl. That owl might possibly have been in its prime at the time of the American Revolution. I am willing to bet it was over 100 years old. We boiled that owl all night and next morning Mr. Moberly tried to divide it for us. He hacked away for an hour without success and then with a sigh remarked that it couldn't be helped. Even the dogs couldn't make an impression on that owl."

This contradicts the idea that game was always so plentiful on the prairie that it was to be had for the killing. Gladstone tells of trading forts running short of food. Indian tribes, wandering and starving at times and even after he had married, he states, "Our grub was gone and for two weeks we lived on soup that my wife made out of the bark of the cottonwood tree."

Rich gold strikes were being made in Edmonton and Benton and, like many other young men at that time, Gladstone had a desire to be at the scene of activity. A few years prior to this he had taken up land and was trying to farm, much to the disgust of the Hudson Bay factors. However, he sold his farm equipment to Father Lacombe and started for Benton.

On arriving there he found that he could obtain $10 a day as carpenter and he promptly forgot about the gold mining. He gives a thrilling description of this notorious town of the early days. The noisy wildness of the place did not suit him and back to Alberta he went and this time helped to construct the barracks for the North-West Mounted Police who were to come into the country to maintain law and order.

He remained there for years, "chief" carpenter for Macleod, then went to Mountain Mill, south of Pincher Creek where he hand-whipped timber. Many of the pioneer homes of the south country were built by William Gladstone and, as time aged and mellowed him, he spent many hours telling of his early life and adventures, for his was perhaps the most colorful life of the pioneer West.

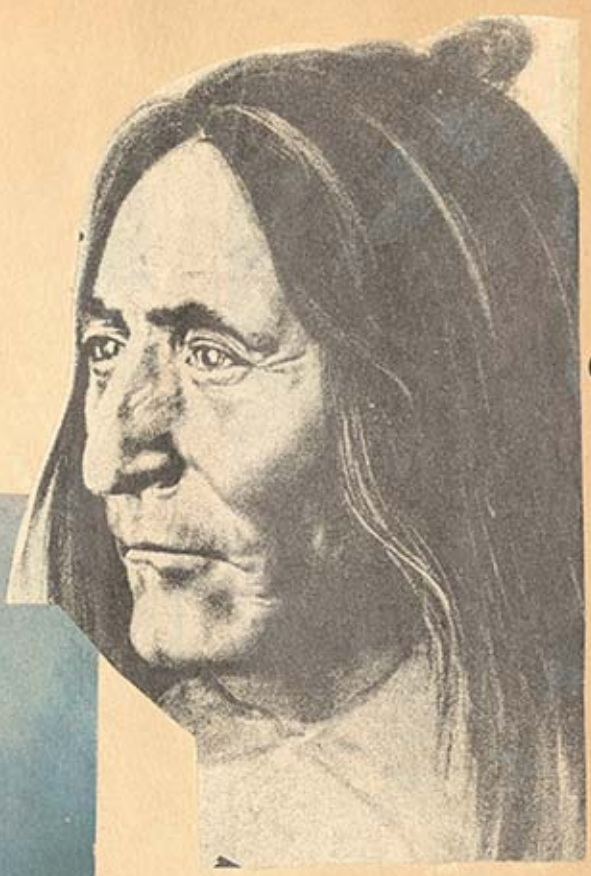
 Natural Color Photograph by Fred Payne Clatworthy

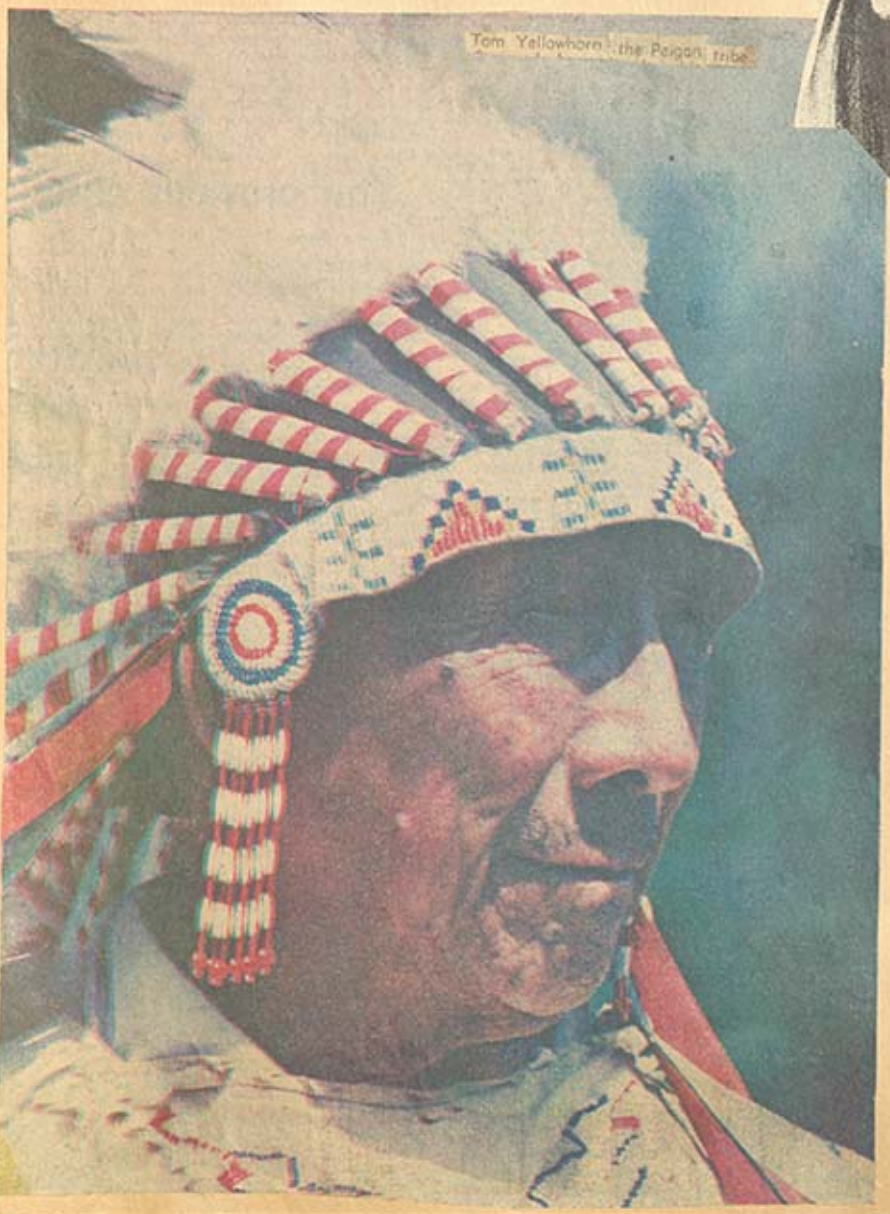
THE SIOUX WERE ONCE LORDS OF THE WEST

CHIEF MEETS CHIEF. Chief Walking Buffalo, former head chief of Alberta's Stony tribe, stops in Ottawa for a chat with Prime Minister Diefenbaker, himself an honorary chief of the Saskatchewan Sioux Indians with the same name of Walking Buffalo. (CP Photo) Nov 13-1959

Crowfoot

Born a Blood. Became a Blackfoot.





Tom Yellowhorn, the Peigan tribe

Buried a Statesman.

Crowfoot, born a Blood Indian, became the acknowledged spokesman for the whole Blackfoot Nation. He was a man who held the future of Alberta in the palm of his hand, but he foresaw that the Indian Culture could not withstand the impact of the White Man. He knew that his way of life was over, yet he attempted to salvage what he could. Having satisfied himself that the arrival of the Mounties meant that his people would be protected from themselves and from others, he persuaded his fellow chiefs to sign Treaty Number Seven in 1877. Alberta was opened for peaceful settlement. The Indians settled onto their reserves and Crowfoot passed into history as The Peacemaker, the Father of his People.

Chi[...]

He [...]

BY FRAN FRASER
(Special to The Herald)

"Give me high noc[...] then let it be night." —

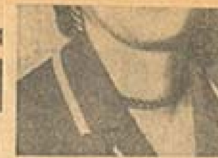
In a half century o[...] publishing, any newsp[...] up an impressive bod[...] tion, or legendry.

Some of it concerns [...] the paper has printe[...] it concerns the men [...] the stories, or edited [...] they were written.

Some of the men who [...] room history are reme[...] their efficiency. Some we[...] off-beat types who came, [...] little hour or two, and [...] way, — usually at the [...] the managing editor.

The Herald cherishes [...] of an Indian chief, (m[...] genuine) who became a[...] end in his own lifetime, [...] ed a degree of fame and [...] perienced by few news m[...] ed himself Buffalo Child [...] His real name was Sylv[...] Long, but Herald men re[...] best as the man who h[...] hall.

Long Lance arrived i[...] a member of the 38th Ba[...]



THIS WEEK'S KITCHEN EDITOR
A. EVELYN ERDMAN
Home Service Director
Canadian Western
Natural Gas Co. Ltd.

BLUEBERRIES ARE DELICIOUS any way they are s[...] which is quick and easy to make, yet unusual in that fresh be[...] service. Try it for a summer company dessert with iced tea.

Blueberries are one of our most versatile fruits, yet are maybe the least used in any variety of ways. Most of us will serve fresh blueberries with cream or in a pie or muffins but fail to realize these same berries combine wonderfully with other fruits for dessert or make up into delicious products by themselves.

When buying blueberries, make sure they are plump, fresh looking, clean, dry, free from leaves and trash, and fairly uniform in size for good quality.

Decay is usually indicated by the presence of moulds which are encouraged by the presence of moisture. This moisture may be caused by the breakdown of fruit from mechanical injury and should be looked for carefully.

Blueberries are very perishable and should be used as soon as possible after purchase. Keep them in a covered bowl in the refrigerator, and wash just before serving, not before storage.

Blueberry Cake Roll

¼ tsp. salt
3 eggs
¾ cup sugar
¼ tsp. lemon extract
¾ cup sifted pancake mix
½ cup sifted icing sugar
2 cups blueberries (fresh or frozen), drained.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees F. Grease sides and bottom of 10½ x 15½-inch jelly roll pan. Line with waxed paper and grease again. Dust with flour. Add salt to eggs, beat until thick and lemon-colored. Add sugar a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavoring and pancake mix. Stir lightly until batter is smooth. Spread evenly in pan and bake in preheated oven (400 degrees F.) for 10 to 12 minutes or until brown.

Sprinkle towel well with icing sugar. Immediately on taking cake from oven, loosen around edges and turn out on towel. Peel waxed paper carefully from cake. Roll cake in towel and let stand 10 minutes. Unroll and spread evenly with whipped cream filling (below).

Arrange blueberries on cream. Sprinkle one-half cup icing sugar over berries (if berries unsweetened). Roll up cake and wrap in waxed paper. Refrigerate cake roll several hours. Just before serving, sprinkle lightly with icing sugar. Yields eight servings.

WHIPPED CREAM FILLING

2 tsps. unflavored gelatin [...] 1 cup whipping cream [...]

Patterns

We present a Highland fling of fashion for all the bonnie members of the clan, starting with the wee lass.

Never out of fashion, this authentic kilt is an exact replica of the traditional dress worn by the clans down through the ages. Hip-stitched pleats deep and plentiful, hang crisp and straight, ready to swing into rhythmic motion at the slightest gesture or hint of a breeze.

The flat front panels, flicked with fringe and fastened with buckled straps, can be lapped in either direction.

Choose a clan tartan or any of the distinctive patterns that are available in wool, cotton or synthetic blends.

From these corresponding body measurements, select the size best for you. Sizing is comparable to that used for better ready to wear.

MEASUREMENT IN INCHES

SIZES	WAIST	HIPS
N-1343 Girls		
6	23	28
8	24	29
10	25	30
12	26	31
14	27	32
S-405 Junior and Misses		
5	21½	32½
7	22½	33½
8	23	34
9	23½	34½
10	24	35
11	24½	35½
12	25	36
13	26	37
14	26½	37½
15	27½	38½
16	28	39
18	30	41

In 54-inch fabric, girls size eight requires 2⅛ yards, misses size 12 requires three yards for kilt.

To order Pattern N-1343 for girls, NS-405 for juniors and misses state size, send $1.25 for each. For air mail handling add 25 cents.

Authentic Scotch Kilt

S-405 JUNIOR & MISSES
N-1343 GIRLS

Pattern Books Nos. 21 [...] are available for 60 cents [...] Address Spadea, Bo[...] Dept. CCX-1, New Y[...] Spadea Patterns [...] terns using ready-[...] Please allow two [...] ery.

26 D

Stoney Indian Chief
Paul Francis 82 yrs.

Chief Paul Littlewalker of the Blackfoot Indians in his ceremonial dress. This Chief has been a catechist on the Blackfoot Reserve at Gleichen, Alta. for over thirty years. From ancient times the Blackfoot Indians have been known as one of the most elaborately dressed tribes. Their clothing of skillfully finished skins and their black moccasins are beautifully embroidered with beads and brightly coloured porcupine quills.

BEAUTY OF THE WEST

Equally impressive in its own distinctive way is the majestic splendor found in Alberta's national parks. Here the Rocky mountains provide a rich background for the Indian chief posed in full ceremonial regalia outside his colorful teepee in a camp near Banff.

←

. . PROGRAMME OF . .

23rd Anniversary of Indian Day,

Banff, July 18th and 19th, 1913.

FRIDAY, JULY 18th.

10 a.m. GRAND PARADE OF 1,000 STONY INDIANS from Banff Race Track to C.P.R. Hotel and return . .

2 p.m. At Banff Race Track.

1 ¼ MILE DASH
2 ¼ do (Squaw)
3 1 do
4 ½ do (Boys)
5 NOVELTY CIGAR RACE
6 ½ MILE DASH (Squaw)
7 NOVELTY SADDLE RACE
8 ¼ MILE MEN'S FOOT RACE
9 COWBOY RACE
10 SQUAWS' FOOT RACE

7-30 p.m. Pow-wow at Indian Village.

SATURDAY, JULY 19th.

10 a.m. GRAND PARADE of NORTH and SOUTH BANDS of STONY INDIANS, from Indian Village to C.P.R. and return.

2 p.m. At Banff Race Track.

1 ¼ MILE DASH
2 2 do
3 ½ MILE SLOW RACE
4 BUCKING COMPETITION
5 WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK
6 BOW AND ARROW COMPETITION

OTHER RACES ARRANGED.

SUNDAY, JULY 20th.

Service at Indian Village, at 3 p.m., Sermon Preached in Stony. Native Sacred Songs and Prayers -:- -:- COLLECTION.

PEAKS NAMED FOR SWISS GUIDES

Please Keep This

By Margaret Jones, Golden Star

A lengthy correspondence that started in November, 1970, between Mr. Sydney Vallance, retired Q.C. of Banff, and the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names (Department of Energy, Mines and Resources), has resulted in the recent naming of a group of mountain peaks after five famous mountain guides. The mountain is Mount Lyell, in the Rocky Mountain Range, which straddles the B.C.-Alberta border, with its five peaks all over 11,000 ft; its vast icefield, and the renowned Glacier Lake, fed with water from its icy slopes.

Henceforth, the Lyell peaks will be known as Peak Rudolf, Peak Edward, Peak Ernest, Peak Walter and Peak Christian. These men, known to explorers, climbers and lovers of nature all over the world, are Edward Feuz, Walter Feuz of Golden; Rudolf Aemmer now living in Interlaken, Switzerland; Ernest Feuz and Christian Haesler, both now deceased.

The decision to name the Lyell peaks after the Swiss guides is a matter of great pleasure and satisfaction to Mr. Vallance, who is a Past President of the Alpine Club of Canada. He has climbed with the guides on many occasions, and was, in fact, with Christian Haesler when he climbed Peak 5 of Mount Lyell. The choice of location is a fitting tribute to the men whose story has become a legend in the mountain parks

The story began in 1897, when the CPR, recognizing the need for well qualified guides, brought Edward Feuz, Sen., and Christian Haesler Sen., to the fabulous mountain areas of Alberta and eastern B.C. Their sons, in the persons of Edward, Ernest and Walter Feuz, and Christian Haesler, joined them soon after, and with Rudolf Aemmer, they carried on the tradition. They came to Golden in 1912, to the Swiss Village houses built for them by the CPR.

From the time of their first arrival, Swiss guides were employed by the CPR in their summer resorts. During all their years of climbing in the Selkirks and the Rockies, the guides never encountered any serious accidents. The names of the original two guides are already commemorated in two peaks in Glacier National Park, Mount Feuz and Mount Haesler.

Now the five peaks of Mount Lyell will write another chapter in the book of history; as long as there are men and mountains, the story will be remembered with gratitude and affection.

THE FIVE GUIDES HONORED RECENTLY BY the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources are shown above. They are (left to right): Ernest Feuz, Rudolf Aemmer, Edward Feuz, Christian Haesler and Walter Feuz.

BOW RIVER HISTORY

* * *

Many Famed Pioneers Explored Its Valley

By DENNY LAYZELL
(Herald Magazine Editor)

It might well be called the River of Romance but because it is on our doorstep we take it for granted.

Famous men, in bygone eras, explored its length, fur companies built trading posts on its banks, mining communities were established, it proved the foundation upon which industrial empires were founded and it is a life-line through one of Canada's most colorful cities — Calgary.

It is the Bow River.

So much do we take the turbulent Bow for granted that few people can tell you where it derived its name—and yet the name has a close connection with the historic past.

Douglas Fir

Far down the Bow Valley, from the river's source at Bow Lake, the great mountain tree called the Douglas fir made its way. And it is from this tree that the river takes its name, for in the early days the wood of the Douglas fir was used by the Indians of the plains for making bows, long before the advent of the white man, when flint was used for arrow heads.

David Thompson was probably the earliest white man to see the upper reaches of the Bow River for he wintered in the area in 1787 and stated in his writings the river derived its name from a species of yew on its banks.

He had no way of describing it as a Douglas fir for it was not until 1826 that David Douglas, a noted botanist, crossed the mountains by way of Yellow Head Pass and first described the tree which finally was called Pseudotsuga Douglasii, which may be freely translated as "like a yew, but not really a yew".

The next time Thompson visited the upper portion of the Bow was in 1800 when he journeyed from Rocky Mountain House to a Peigan camp near where High River now stands, travelled up the Bow as far as The Gap, returned again to near Calgary then went northwest to Rocky Mountain House which had been established in 1799 by either Duncan McGillivary of the North West Company or Angus Shaw, his chief. At about the same time James Bird of the Hudson's Bay Company was erecting Acton House nearby.

It was in 1821 when the two companies amalgamated that Acton House was abandoned and the HBC took over the larger and more strongly fortified Rocky Mountain House.

Nothing in the way of exploration or trade seems to have happened on the Bow from the time of Thompson's last visit until 1832 when Chief Factor John Rowand from Edmonton House was delegated to close the fort at Rocky and build one on the Bow for trade with the Peigans in competition with the American Fur Company.

Old records indicate that in August, 1832, Governor George Simpson of the HBC reported to the company in London that trade for the season of 1831-32 in the Saskatchewan district had declined owing to the fact the American Fur Company had established a fort at the forks of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers and had gained strong influence over the Peigans who normally traded at Rocky Mountain House.

During the summer of 1832 Rowand undertook an expedition to the Missouri in order to persuade the Peigans to return to their old trading post. Evidently he was not successful for on Aug. 10, 1832, Gov. Simpson reported to the company—"The Peigan hunting grounds are nearer the American establishment than the post we maintained for their convenience" and suggested "establishment of a post for their accommodation on the headwaters of the Bow River, which is near the most southern limits of our territory, or attaching trading parties to their camps, as Mr. Rowand on the spot may consider more advantageous."

Peigan Post

Historic records of the Hudson's Bay Company state that "On the 1st day of October (1832), I, Mr. Patrick Small and 16 men started with the remainder of the outfit (from Edmonton) and on the 10th reached it (Peigan Post) when I had the pleasure of finding Mr. Henry Fisher and party well advanced with the work of the place—saw fort bastions, Indian house, store and dwelling house up".

He added "Fisher is perfectly acquainted, having accompanied Mr. Rowand on his excursions last summer" and went on to record he was returning to Edmonton with four men, leaving Chief Trader John Herriott, Fisher, 22 men and their families, and four free half-breeds at Peigan Post.

Evidently the post was not occupied at all times for records indicate that on July 31, 1833, Herriott "found the fort standing but in very bad state. The Indians had burnt every bit of plank and otherwise injured the buildings very much".

However, the post was repaired and occupied until early in 1834. On January 6, 1834, Herriott advised the chief factor that advance parties had been sent with loaded sleighs to Ghost River.

On January 8 another dispatch stated, "there being no advantage to be reaped by remaining at this place, but on the reverse abundance of trouble and expense, I have determined on leaving it and returning to the old Rocky Mountain House to secure the trade of the Blood Indians where we shall be able to bring them more to our own terms than at this place and in the evening, everything being ready, we took our leave of Peigan Post which we left to the mercy of the Circees (Sarcees) who lost no time in taking possession".

Abandonment

After the abandonment of Peigan Post the whole country was left to the roving Indians for several years until the Bow Valley was again visited in 1841.

That year George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, passed the Bow on the start of his fabulous journey around the world. He rode from Edmonton to the steep banks of the Little Red Deer River, on to Lake Minnewanka, passed over the Bow near Hole in the Wall, west of Banff, and crossed the Rockies.

Several months later James Sinclair passed over much the same route in taking a party of Red River Metis to Oregon. They followed the early stages of Simpson's route, crossed the Bow near where Canmore is now located, then travelled up the summit of Whiteman's Pass and across it.

It was the same year that Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle made his first trips from Edmonton House to the Banff region. And, it may be recorded, he was really the first Protestant preacher engaged in mission work in the Bow River valley.

He was to be followed by such religious pioneers as the McDougalls of Morley and Father Lacombe. And in 1845, records show, Father DeSmet came over Whiteman's Pass south of Canmore, on his way from Oregon, crossing the Bow near Canmore.

28B

HERALD OUTDOORS

By DON THOMAS

The urgency to stand atop a mountain in the dead of winter, braving Arctic-strength gales may seem unlikely, even suicidal, but it's gripped a number of young Calgary climbers lately.

Two teams of the high altitude fiends have been to 11,000-foot summits over the past three weeks, achieving that undiluted joy of mastering a mountain and, at the same time, one's inner fears.

The first winter ascent of the 11,832-foot Mt. Forbes near Saskatchewan Crossing, 40 miles north of Lake Louise, was made Feb. 28 by a party of climbers ranging in age from 21 to 24.

Third successful winter climb of 11,879-foot Mt. Assiniboine, 25 miles south of Banff, was logged Feb. 20 by another team of three young climbers.

Another group this weekend plans to climb Mt. Victoria six miles west of Lake Louise and there is talk of two more major climbs being made before spring.

While it won't qualify as a winter ascent, members of the Alpine Club of Canada in June will attempt Mt. Logan, Canada's highest mountain, in winter conditions.

Seventy years of climbing in the Rockies have wiped out chances of the young hotshot climbers achieving any firsts in ordinary summer mountaineering, except by the most difficult new routes up sheer faces.

But, as one of the new generation of climbers notes, there is a wide open field for records on first winter ascents. And tinged by the added hazards of iced-over rock, avalanches, and highly unpredictable weather.

* * *

THE DIVIDING LINE between those who make winter climbs purely for the thrill of getting to the top and those who use the mountain as a platform for a ski hike tends to get a bit fuzzy.

Skis—whether the downhill type with touring attachments or the classic wooden Nordic cross-country type—are basic gear for winter climbers.

And with the resurgence of cross-country skiing in recent years more people are going deeper into the mountains that ever before.

The high altitude Bow Glacier hut has been consistently jammed with up to 30 skiers this year although designed to house only about 20.

More of the city's hiking and climbing clubs are getting into ski touring programs that include climbs of such 'easy' mountains as Fairview and Hector in the Lake Louise area.

Several trips will be made along the high glacier traverse from the Bow Hut south on the Waputik Glacier on the Continental Divide down to Wapta Lake in Yoho National Park.

And the 20 mile plus trips into the Assiniboine area from Sunshine Village and on the circuit from the Sunshine parking lot over Healey Pass to Egypt and Shadow Lakes are becoming commonplace.

* * *

FIRST WINTER ASCENT of Mt. Assiniboine was made by three young members of the very active Calgary Mountain Club, Dec. 23, 1967.

Three climbers out of the party of six along on that trip were turned back on the mountain, including Charlie Locke, a veteran of several difficult climbs and a 160-mile ski traverse between Lake Louise and Jasper.

Two weeks ago he and Jim Tanner, Doug Eastcott, and Bob Saunders, teamed up for the first ascent of Mt. Forbes. The party spent four days on the trip, using their skis up to the 8,000-foot level.

Route up the glaciers was slow as they had to pick their way among avalanche paths and strap their skis to their packs to get over steep pitches.

The summit was reached about 3 p.m. Feb. 28 under perfect weather conditions, says Jim Tanner. Cloud had spilled into the valleys below and it was like standing on a rocky island.

* * *

DESCENDING ASSINIBOINE PEAK JANIS PROVIDES ANCHOR FOR LEAD MAN . . . three young climbers made first winter traverse three weeks ago

(Photo by Pat Morrow)

GETTING INTO MT. ASSINIBOINE is a long, 22-mile slog even in summer.

Skip King, Janis Kraulis and Pat Morrow took off for the mountain Feb. 18 carrying 50-pound packs. Skip and Janis were on the lighter Nordic skis while Pat was on heavy downhill gear and spent a night under a tree on the way in.

Early Feb. 20 the three set off from the Alpine Club cabins near Lake Magog, climbed the avalanche-prone snow gulley at the head of the lake and set up their tent at 9,000 feet, just below the north face.

Leaving the tent around 7 a.m. they made quick progress up the mountain until they reached the steeper summit snows and rock bands. Most of the day they were in the mountain's shadow with a high windchill factor.

Summit of the mountain was reached about 4 p.m. in a vicious wind, says Pat Morrow, at 18, the youngest in the party.

Originally they had planned to climb back down to their tent but decided to go down the opposite side, a safer route. Dark and snow flurries were approaching as the trio dug a snow cave with their hands and feet.

Though out of the wind, none of them slept much, says Pat, since all they had for warmth were their bulky down-filled jackets and wind-proof pants. They laid their ropes out underneath them but as the snow melted under them, the ropes were stiff and icy next day.

That day was spent slogging through heavy snow down the mountain and back around it to their tent. Route out from the area took two days.

* * *

MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB of Canada have set their sights on Mt. Logan, Canada's highest mountain, about 200 miles west of Whitehorse in Yukon Territory, for their 1971 expedition.

Expedition leader Phil Dowling, of Edmonton, past-president of the ACC and a veteran of 15 seasons of climbing, says the team will attempt the first traverse of Logan from Seward Glacier on the south over to Logan Glacier on the north.

At 19,850-feet Logan is only 500 feet lower than Mt. McKinley, North America's highest peak. It is considered by many mountaineers to offer more difficulties than McKinley.

Just one range west of the St. Elias Range, where the ACC climbed 10 peaks to honor Canada's Centennial in 1967, the mountain is located in one of the last great glaciated regions of the earth.

It was first climbed in 1925 in one of the epic mountaineering adventures of all time, partly because of difficult weather conditions in the area and because of the inaccessibility of the area.

* * *

WINTER ASCENT ANOTHER FIRST

By BOB TATE Dec 23 1967
[Herald Staff Writer]

The latest in a group of firsts — the winter ascent of Mount Assiniboine—has been completed by members of the Calgary Mountain Club.

Three young, but experienced climbers of a six-man assault party reached the 11,870-foot summit 28 miles southwest of Canmore in the Canadian Rockies Dec. 23.

The first successful winter conquerors of the jagged peak were 21-year-old Don Gardner, 22-year-old Chic Scott and Eckhardt Grassman, 26—all of Calgary.

Other members of the party which took five days to reach, scale and return from the well-known peak were Charlie Locke, Archie Simpson and Brian Greenwood.

30 HOURS

The successful threesome spent 30 chilled hours on the mountain during which time the temperature stayed above zero but winds whipped around the peak at close to 100 m.p.h.

The climb was one in a series of successful climbs by the Mountain Club members. It was not the toughest.

Gardner, Scott and Locke, along with Neil Liske, completed the first known traverse across the high line between Lake Louise and Jasper last May. The difficult 160-mile trek cost $1,000 and took 21 days. Included in that climb was the necessity of special skis and advance food and equipment caches.

Scott, a former city golf star who finished second in the Calgary junior in 1963, compared the high-line success to winning a major golf title.

BIGGER THRILL

"At least I was more thrilled than I think I would have been winning the Canadian junior," Scott said.

University of Calgary students Locke and Gardner have recorded a complete double-horseshoe traverse of 24 peaks between Moraine Lake and Lake Louise. Each peak is higher than 10,000 feet and half of them more than 11,000 feet above sea level.

Greenwood, a mountain guide, teamed with Locke to climb the vertical north face of Temple Mountain overlooking Paradise Valley in another regarded ascent.

Don Lyon of the Calgary Branch of the Alpine Club of Canada called the most recent climb of Assiniboine "a good ascent. It was the first winter success and one of the few attempts made on the mountain at this time of the year."

TOP CLIMBERS

Lyon said the Calgary club group is "among the best rock climbers in the area."

He termed Mount Assiniboine: "Not a difficult climb in good conditions but the danger during the winter is of sudden storms. The mountain juts above most others in the area and catches any weather disturbance that comes by. The danger arises because of the length of time required during the winter which makes it possible for extreme changes in weather."

The climb normally requires about 12 hours under good conditions.

The Calgary party solved the problem of running into a sudden storm by beginning the actual 5,000-foot ascent in the middle of one.

WAS COLD

Although members of the team modestly declined to provide much detail on the ascent, they would admit that "it got pretty cold up there."

Scott, Grassman, Simpson and Greenwood made the 30-mile trip into the Lake Magog base of Mount Assiniboine a day before Gardner and Locke. They drove 14 miles into Spray Lake, then combined the use of skis and a Ski-Doo to cover the remainder of the distance through the Bryant Creek Trail and over Assiniboine Pass.

Locke and Gardner, a fine cross-country skier, went in the following morning.

The assault began at 6 a.m. on Dec. 22 with Locke remaining behind at base in a cabin at Lake Magog. The first phase of the climb, about 2,000 feet, covered a couloir running up the head wall of the mountain and was perhaps the most risky.

AVALANCHE THREAT

"The danger here was of avalanches and with the wind blowing about 30 m.p.h. and snow falling we considered holding off," said Greenwood. "But it turned out all right."

Simpson and Greenwood accompanied the trio of eventual conquerors half-way up the actual peak before turning back.

Gardner, Grassman and Scott continued up the ridge with the wind growing stronger as the summit neared. It was attained at 3 p.m. and the party quickly began to descend. Darkness forced a halt in the descent, about 1,200 feet below the summit.

Huddling beneath nylon bivouac sacks on the mountainside, Gardner, Grassman and Scott endured a 15-hour bivouac. There was no sleep.

'COULDN'T SLEEP'

"We just huddled together and talked to pass the time," said Scott "because we knew we couldn't sleep." Frostbite is the biggest danger of winter climbing.

Morning brought lighter winds and warmer weather and the final phase of the descent was completed at noon.

What's next for the Calgary Mountain Club?

"Don't ask us," the fellas say. "We don't forecast any climbs. If we make them so much the better but there's always the possibility that we will not accomplish what we say."

SUCCESSFUL ROUTE. The broken line above indicates the route taken by a Calgary Mountain Club party which recently scaled Mount Assiniboine for the first time during winter. A six-man team began the climb which proved successful for Chic Scott, Don Gardner and Eckhardt Grassman, all of Calgary. The summit was reached Dec. 23. 1967

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CLUBHOUSE HOLDS MEMORIES FOR GENERATIONS OF CANADIAN CLIMBERS
. . . now other sites are being considered for the Banff headquarters

Alpine Club Sells Banff Site

Climbers Lose Link With Past

By DON THOMAS
Herald Banff Bureau

BANFF — This summer will be a time of nostalgia for members of Canada's oldest climbing fraternity as the Alpine Club of Canada clubhouse draws alpinists for the last year.

Earlier this year the general membership across Canada approved sale of the 61-year-old building, a Banff landmark, to the National Parks Branch.

The large, rambling, stone and wood building has been a magnet for Canada's ice-axe-and-crampons set ever since it was built on the side of Sulphur Mountain in 1909.

A large dormitory, 12 small cabins and other facilities, including a separate self-contained kitchen open year-round, were added later and members from other provinces could receive full meals and lodging before setting out for the high country.

HIGH COSTS

Lately there has been much more winter activity in the Banff area while the buildings were designed only for summer use. Costly renovations needed for winter use, on top of other heavy maintenance estimates, convinced ACC leaders to negotiate with parks officials to sell the buildings.

While the club has the right to lease back the facilities next year it is unlikely to do so. However, alternate sites for the club headquarters are still being discussed.

The clubhouse commands a sweeping view of the Bow Valley, Banff townsite and the Bow River, yet trees almost entirely screen it and few visitors notice it.

The three-storey building reeks with the atmosphere of a time when climbing was largely a gentleman's (and gentlewoman's) sport and Banff drew a swarm of enthusiastic climbers from across the continent and England, eager to make first ascents.

A huge stone fireplace dedicated to a young climber killed in an avalanche dominates the expansive living room area built in a time when space was an integral element of design.

HISTORIC PHOTOS

There is a collection of photos from the Centennial climbs in the Yukon's St. Elias Range. Numerous old black-and-white and tinted photos show dramatically how much glaciers in this area have melted over the past half-century.

In one corner there is a clutch of knobbly walking sticks left by older members. Against another fireplace and on a wall on the second floor is a collection of odd-looking, long-handled ice-axes bearing names of the pioneers in Canadian mountaineering.

There is an illuminated scroll dedicated to A. O. Wheeler, the club's first president and well-known early figure in the Geological Survey of Canada.

On the stairway a large plaque looking more quaint than heroic remembers those of the club who died in the First World War.

In the upstairs library and den you can study your next day's climb by poring over a thick sheaf of topographical maps or curl up with a yellowed, 1920's-era adventure yarn.

Until last year a cook and dining room staff were on hand to serve meals. This year, members must prepare their own meals as well as bring their own bedding.

But a full-time hostess has been engaged for the summer. She is Mrs. Judy Cook of Toronto, a vigorous young climber who is believed to be the first woman to lead the summit assault on 13,200-foot Mt. Waddington.

The huge mountain in B.C.'s Coast Range is ringed by a large icefield and is notorious for its bad weather. Last summer Mrs. Cook was one of the ACC's 11-person 1969 expedition under president Phil Dowling, of Edmonton.

The summit of the mountain looks strikingly like Mt. Louis near Banff, except that the near-sheer cliffs are also glazed by masses of unstable ice.

On the descent Mrs. Cook and another climber were trapped five days on the mountain in 20 below weather without food or water when the fine weather suddenly broke and a snowstorm lashed the area.

The two were finally rescued without injury by a helicopter but Mrs. Cook wryly confesses she isn't eager to repeat the experience.

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The Old

Cliffe Whyte took the top picture of Sunshine Village in 1935, while Bruno Engler took the lower photo last month. To understate the case, there have been a few changes made.

. . . and the New

Cyril Paris Recalls Early Sunshine Days

When Cyril Paris talks of the early days of skiing in the Rockies, his vision turns in and back almost forty years. There's a slight glaze to his eyes, a vague smile on his lips and with no ado at all he has vanished from the present.

"I didn't have too much to do with the making of Sunshine" he recalled when interviewed recently. "If you want to know about the early Sunshine, see Peter and Kathryn White, Jack Hayes, Bob Watt or my brother Herb. They'll have stories to tell you.

With a little persuasion Cyril did recall that as far back as 1928 they would drive to the cut-off at Sundance Canyon then ski up to Sunshine via the Healy Creek and Pony Trails.

"No skins" said Cyril in answer to the interviewer's naive question. "There were no skins in those days. Just wax. W'd give the skiis a good waxing and away we'd go. It would take a full day to get up to Sunshine. If we had to break trail it would take much longer."

According to Cyril there were two cabins in the vicinity of the present Sunshine. They were small log cabins something like the present Half-way Hut between Temple and Skoki. One was the Alpine cabin and the other the Wheeler Walking Tour cabin.

"We'd head for a cabin and if we were lucky we'd make it by nightfall" said Cyril. "If we were stuck in the wilderness, we'd dig a hole in the snow, put our around sheets down and get into our sleeping bags. We'd sleep with our ski boots in the sleeping bags. Couldn't leave them out or they'd be frozen in the morning."

BANFF'S BILL WONNACOTT

Banff

Dec 5 - 1963 - Herald

Early History Of Skiing

It sounds like ancient history to skiers who are debating the values of wood and metal but skiing as a sport started in Banff on skis made by a local carpenter.

The first pair of skis in the park, according to unofficial park history, were probably those sent from Montana to George Paris before 1900.

They were made of oak with simple toe-straps.

In 1913 a special train from Calgary brought the first group of winter sports fans to Banff. But they stuck to curling and snowshoe tramps.

Then in 1917 local citizens organized the first Banff Winter Carnival from Feb. 5 to 17. Now defunct the carnival was the major attraction for years.

The first one included ski-touring and ski jumping, along with a toboggan slide, snowshoe races, hockey for men, women and young boys, speed skating and fancy skating, swimming races at the Cave and Basin, trapshooting, broomball, dancing and fireworks. And an ice palace was built of block ice at the main intersection of Banff Ave.

That was the start of the annual winter migration of cold weather sports fans, at the average rate of 2,000 a day, into the park.

The first ski jumping was introduced by Gus Johnson who built a jump on Tunnel Mountain for the first carnival. In a couple of years Banff boys built two jumps on "Learns' Hill" near the cemetery. In 1920 an A class jump was built on the ridge of Tunnel Mountain facing the Animal Paddock but increasing automobile traffic required it to be abandoned and Mount Norquay became the centre of ski jumping and downhill skiing.

In 1936 the park built a large jump on the Norquay slope near the ski club cabin which had been erected there in 1928. This clubhouse burned in December 1937, and it was necessary to use Marquis' for the first Dominion ski meet to be held at Banff that winter. A second dominion was held in 1940 without benefit of lifts or tows.

Prior to the introduction of downhill skiing techniques there had been considerable mountain touring by the young people of Banff, and it did not take long for them to pick up the new idea when it was brought to the park by the Marquis d'Albezzi, who took a party to Mount Assiniboine in 1927, and by an Austrian boy, Vic Kutschera, who come to Banff in 1930. These pioneer skiers in the mountains travelled far and wide. In 1930 a group applied for sites to build ski cabins in Skoki Valley, and in the Ptarmigan Valley on behalf of the Norquay Ski Club; moving spirits in this group were Clifford White and Cyril Paris. Skiers from distant parts of the continent soon found and flocked to Skoki, which was enlarged in 1936, after it was sold to the Ski Club of Canadian Rockies Ltd. In 1938 - 39 this company built Mount Temple Chalet at the mouth of the Ptarmigan Valley.

In the Sunshine area there was private activity each season for some years with occasional parties camping in the old cabins.

The original cabin in the area had been built by the CPR in 1928, when they also obtained a site at Shadow Lake, both for summer use.

J. I. Brewster obtained both of these sites from the CPR in 1936. The old Alpine Club cabin at Sunshine was destroyed in 1937 and development of Sunshine Lodge proceeded, as a winter and summer resort. Mount Assiniboine Lodge also operated regularly in winter during the 1930s, for skiers travelling from Banff.

• • •

Jim Boyce and Cliff White had everything shipshape at Skoki Ski Camp for the holiday season and reported a record number of guests from Calgary and other points. JDH 8/1937

• • •

CYRIL PARIS RECALLS

Cyril's smile grew broader when he talked of the fellows who were commissioned to water-hauling duties at the cabin. "They'd climb up to the water dam with five gallon cans on their pack-boards. They'd fill their cans then schuss down the frozen waterfall to the cabin. We'd all watch and make bets as to whether or not they'd make it."

We'd spend as long as two weeks at a time in the area. We'd go off to Assiniboine over the Citadel or Brewster Passes. Sometimes we'd go up by the Spray. We skiied with up to fifty pound packs on our backs."

Cyril might not have had much to do wth the early work at Sunshine but he and the late Cliff White Sr. were two of the earliest out at Skoki. He also helped to pioneer the skiing on Mount Norquay.

The early days were good days but the present is fine too. Cyril will testify by taking to the slopes on average of three times a week during the winter and spring.

The Palliser Expedition

Exploration Began 100 Years Ago

Oct 21. 1957

P. 1. CAPTAIN JOHN PALLISER
... early explorer of Canadian West

Competent Scientists Accompanied Explorer

By ALLAN R. TURNER
(Special To The Herald)

One hundred years ago the British government dispatched the Palliser expedition to explore the area now forming the prairie provinces and the neighboring mountain region of British Columbia.

Today Palliser's name is associated with the arid "Triangle" which he delineated in the prairie region.

All of the members of the party,— Palliser, Hector, Bourgeau, Sullivan, Blackiston — are memorialized in the names of mountain features in Alberta.

Beyond that the story of the expedition is largely unknown to the general public.

In this centenary year it is appropriate to review the origin and accomplishments of this first major scientific examination of the Canadian West.

Manifestation Of British Interest

The expedition was a manifestation of British interest in the Hudson's Bay Company territory. In view of the approaching expiration of the Company's licence to exclusive trading privileges, there was widespread discussion of its rights, and a parliamentary committee was appointed in 1857 to examine its charter and the possibilities of its territory for settlement.

About the same time Captain John Palliser proposed to undertake an exploration of the territory and brought his project to the attention of the Royal Geographical Society. This body immediately took up the idea, added the suggestion that competent scientists accompany him and approached the British government for support. With the provision that its collections and findings be placed at the disposal of the government, the Lords of the Treasury agreed to finance the expedition, and appointed Palliser to head it.

Palliser had special qualifications for the position. Born in Ireland in 1807, he had been a captain in the Waterford Artillery Militia, and 10 years previously had spent several months in a hunting expedition in the American West. The book which he had written describing his experiences had merited a second edition. He had penetrated British territory only on the White Earth River, near Turtle Mountain, in what is now Manitoba.

Scientists Selected For Expedition

However, this experience in similar country, combined with a demonstrated ability to get along with the Indians, augured well for his success in the proposed undertaking. John W. Sullivan, selected as his secretary, was a mathematician with experience in the use of instruments for determining geographical positions and, as such, proved a valuable assistant to Palliser who had also taken steps to familiarize himself with their use.

On the advice of leading scientists, the government added M. Eugene Bourgeau, Lieut. Thomas Blackiston, and Dr. James Hector, to the personnel of the expedition.

Bourgeau, of Swiss origin, was an eminent collector for the French botanical society. He was able to accompany the expedition only until 1859 because of previous commitments which subsequently took him to Asia Minor and Mexico.

Blakiston, an astronomer, travelled via Hudson's Bay, transporting with him his delicate scientific equipment, and joined the party after it reached Fort Carlton. Because of a disagreement with Palliser's conduct of the expedition, the nature of which is not apparent in the published records, Blakiston severed his connection with it in 1858.

Of all the members Hector undoubtedly achieved the greatest fame. Only 23 years old at the time, he was a medical graduate of the University of Edinburgh and already recognized as a brilliant student of geology. Later he emigrated to New Zealand where he headed the Geological Survey, 1865-1903, and was knighted for his services.

Ordered To Explore Mountains

The Colonial Secretary issued instructions to Palliser to proceed via Sault Ste Marie to Fort William and thence by the canoe route to Fort Garry, exploring the watershed of the height of land en route. For the remainder of the season, 1857, he was to explore the country on either side of the South Saskatchewan River and spend the winter at Fort Carlton.

In 1858 he was to explore the Saskatchewan valley to its headwaters, ascertain whether practicable passes existed over the Rocky Mountains within British territory, and then return to England.

Subsequently these instructions were expanded to permit the expedition to continue its explorations in the mountains during 1859, returning to England early in 1860.

Palliser was asked to record the physical features of the country, report on its natural resources, and its capability for agricultural settlement. He was adjured to keep a journal embodying the results of his surveys and observations. This journal and various despatches from Palliser, published by the British government, 1859-63, provide the basic record of the expedition. That Palliser and his colleagues took special pains with the journal is evident in the wealth of detail it contains on such matters as topography, flora and fauna, natives, fur trade posts, settlements, and missions, as well as the itinerary of the expedition, astronomical observations, charts and a large scale map of the route.

In carrying out an extensive a program in remote and relatively unknown country, often over difficult terrain, in face of natural hazards — hordes of fierce mosquitoes, violent electrical storms, scarcity of water and fuel on the open plains, to mention a few — and confronted by the possible hostility of warlike Indians, Palliser and his colleagues demonstrated remarkable courage and adaptability.

They gave much credit to Sir George Simpson and the various officers under him in command of Hudson's Bay Company posts along the route for assistance in making it possible to carry out their instructions.

Palliser, in addition to his careful planning and leadership throughout, did much to ensure their success by establishing friendly relations with the Indians. He was able to conciliate the Blackfoot chiefs by meeting them at Rocky Mountain House before entering their territory.

In addition Dr. Hector, through his medical ministrations, secured the respect of the Indians. Even then the Metis crew balked at entering hostile Blackfoot country in 1859, but Palliser was able to field a strong party by engaging the services of several Americans who had failed in an attempt to cross the mountains in search of gold.

The operations of the expedition were carried out at a modest cost, although not without some financial difficulty. Initially, the Treasury provided a grant, payable at Palliser's order, to the amount of £5,000 over a two-year term, with a promise of an additional grant of £2,000 if necessary.

While Palliser had made every effort to reduce expenditure to a minimum, at one point in 1859 he became over drawn on funds deposited with the Hudson's Bay Company and was able to carry on only through the intervention and assistance of the Earl of Southesk, on a hunting trip in the west, and Thomas Woolsey, a missionary. However, a further grant from the Treasury was authorized enabling the expedition to conclude its work early in 1860. While the records are not precise, they indicate that probably not more than £8,000 was expended on the survey.

Sailed On May 16, 1857

On May 16, 1857, Palliser and his men sailed from Liverpool on the "Arabia" for New York, and eventually reached Sault Ste. Marie on June 10.

They engaged the streamer "Illinois" to transport their canoes and 16 voyageurs across Lake Superior to Fort William near which they landed on June 12. They were then ready to proceed the following day on the long and arduous canoe route to Fort Garry.

Thus the stage was set for an exploration that was to lay the foundation of scientific knowledge of the Canadian West. From it would come the description of the three prairie levels or steppes, the advocacy of settlement in a fertile belt along the Red, Assiniboine and the North Saskatchewan river valleys, the designation of a desert "triangle", which was of course to prove a misconception, and the confirmation of the existence of mountain passes and a possible line of communication to the British Columbia coast within British territory.

In addition to these major observations such widely-varied experiences as a pow-wow with 300 Ojibway Indians at Fort Francis, discovering an error in the position of a boundary marker at Pembina, a visit to the strange rock formations at La Roche Percee and the discovery of soft coal there, the finding of a connecting link between the waters of the South Saskatchewan and the Qu'Appelle, and the naming of the Kicking Horse Pass because of the near fatal accident to Dr. Hector at that place are by-products of the expedition.

The colorful details of the expedition as well as its conclusions on the area will be explored in succeeding articles.

Palliser's Botanist

Volumes have been written about the dashing Capt. John Palliser who headed the first technical survey of Western Canada. More should have been written about the highly skilled and able workers associated with him, men like Dr. Hector the geologist, Thomas Wright Blakiston the meteorological observer and Eugene Bourgeau the botanist.

All had broad interest beyond their specialties, Blakiston proved to be a devoted naturalist and succeeded in collecting many bird specimens and publishing an important paper entitled: On Birds Collected and Observed in the Interior of British North America.

But it is the French botanist, Eugene Bourgeau, who deserves belated attention. Known as a tireless fellow, he was nominated by Sir William Hooker of the Royal Gardens at Kew, to be the official botanist in the expedition. Although Bourgeau sailed from Liverpool with Palliser in 1857, he was obliged to return home at the end of the second season of exploration.

Sorry to see him go, Palliser said he possessed the most untiring energy in camp and "no fatigue ever deterred him from immediate attention to the securing and preservation of his specimens, as his collections sent home abundantly prove."

Bourgeau's collections sent to Sir William Hooker from time to time during 1857 and '58, consisted of dried plant specimens prepared for the herbarium at Kew, seeds and roots for planting, herbs used as medicines by the Indians and, finally, mounted insects for the British Museum.

The collections of dried plants included 819 species belonging to 349 genera and 92 orders, said at the time to represent about 40 per cent of the total flora of British North America. Some of the specimens were quite new to botanists of the Old World.

Bourgeau reported on the trees, the grasses, flowers and native fruits. He was even called upon by the natives to investigate a mysterious "talking plant" growing in a prairie slough. The strange thing, as described, seemed like an umbelliferous sort and poisonous. The Indians were frightened by it.

The natives, Palliser said, "insisted that this plant which continuously kept up a muttering noise, invariably became silent at the approach of man. Determined to sift this strange but universal belief among the half-breeds regarding a poisonous plant gifted with a voice and that voice under its own control, Bourgeau set out accompanied by G. Hector with a dark lantern on their nocturnal search.

"After frequently failing to reach spots from which the sounds proceeded, they at last effected a stealthy approach and, quickly turning on the light in the direction of the sound, now almost at their feet, they interrupted a noisy little frog in the midst of his croaking."

In the pursuit of his botanical studies, Bourgeau was concerned about application as well as fact. Variations in soil fertility caught his attention and, with good soil around them, Fort Carlton and Fort Edmonton struck him as being suitable for settlement. And about the native grasses, Bourgeau was more optimistic than Palliser. "The prairies," said he, "offer natural pasturage, as favorable for the maintenance of numerous herds as if it had been artificially created."

"No fruit tree has yet been introduced," he added. "One might, under favorable circumstances, try nut trees, also apples that belong to varieties that ripen early. Different species of gooseberries, with edible fruit as well as raspberries, grow wild here."

One of Western Canada's new varieties of apple should be named "Bourgeau."

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EARLY EXPLORERS. The two prominent men of the Palliser expedition were Capt. John Palliser, left, and Sir James Hector. These men led parties which made detailed studies of the Bow River country.

Pioneer Doctor-Explorer

THE first medical man to reach Alberta may have been a Hudson's Bay Company employee who has been now forgotten, but certainly the first doctor to make a lasting impression on the young west was the Edinburgh-born surgeon and geologist, James Hector.

Dr. Hector came to the territory which later became Alberta in company with the Irish captain, John Palliser. The famous expedition started during 1857 with the team working the area between Lake Superior and the great bend of the main Saskatchewan River. During 1858 they moved farther west to the North Saskatchewan, and from Fort Edmonton set out on a southward trek embracing most parts of the well-known Palliser Triangle. Their report on the start of this trip mentions such notable landmarks as the Eagle Hills, the Battle River, and the Red Deer and Bow Rivers.

* * *

Palliser split the group into four separate parties after they had reached the Rosebud Creek mouth of the Red Deer, the leader going south-east to spend most of the summer on the prairies and returning to Edmonton on September 20. Dr. Hector's part of the tour proved most interesting. He followed the Bow River up into the mountain zone, explored the Vermilion Pass across the Great Divide and went as far west as the Kootenay River.

On the way back he [illegible] the ravine of another mountain stream, and at one steep [illegible] of the trail near what is now Wapta Station in B.C., he copied the habit of his Indian guides and grabbed onto the tail of the packhorse ahead of him for help up a steep incline. The horse resented this and lashed out with a hind hoof, kicking the eminent doctor in the stomach. Hector was knocked unconscious. For over six hours he lay senseless on the ground, while his men feared for his life. When Hector finally regained consciousness, he realized further travel that day was impossible for him. However, the party was very short of food. To turn the enforced delay to some practical use, Hector directed his helpers to search through the nearby woodlands in quest of game.

It was this painful accident which gave us the name of the now famous "Kicking Horse" pass and river.

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On again, northward until Hector reached the highland sources of the North Saskatchewan River, where his party found a well-defined trail leading to the old established trading post of Rocky Mountain House. From there the doctor rode eastward through rolling and parkland country now dotted with the towns of Leslieville, Condor, and Eckville, skirted through the Medicine Lodge Hills where Crees once held their Thirst Dances (west of Bentley,) passed the south end of Gull Lake and up the eastern shore to reach Fort Edmonton during October.

This was not the end of his year's travels. On November 26 Dr. Hector rode south to the banks of the Red Deer, reaching the stream north of what is now the hamlet of Ardley. There he reported seeing the burning coal seams, and mentioned the sulphurous smell which filled the river valley for miles around. His Indian guides told him that the river coal-banks had been burning at this region for as long as they and their fathers could remember. (When Dr. Tyrrell made a geological survey of the same area 30 years later, the fires were completely out and had left a colorful residue of bright red shale.)

Dr. Hector rode upstream along the north banks of the Red Deer as far as the well-known crossing near the mouth of the Little Red Deer, downstream from what is now Red Lodge Park. Presumably he found some well-defined Indian trail marked in the snows at this region, because here Hector turned north and went overland, managing to make it back to Fort Edmonton in time to celebrate Christmas Eve with the rest of the Palliser party.

Even then, the energetic geologist was not finished with exploring for that winter. During January of 1859, Hector went west to Jasper House on the upper Athabaska and on to the pass first used and named by David Thompson 40 years earlier. He then returned to Edmonton once again.

In May of '59, the Palliser group rode south to Buffalo Lake and east to the beautiful Hand Hills, where they met several bands of Blackfoot Indians busily engaged at hunting buffalo. Hector went eastward to the mouth of the Red Deer, to the site of the abandoned Chesterfield House at the junction of the two rivers. He crossed the South Saskatchewan near here to ride over the prairies to the wooded Cypress Hills, then went west along the 49th parallel to Kootenay Pass, down to Fort Colville in what is now Washington State, and descended the Columbia River to its estuary in the far Pacific.

At the end of his service with the Palliser Expedition, Hector was appointed government geologist for New Zealand in 1861 and spent over 40 years in that important post. He retired in 1903. The following year he came back to Canada to revisit some of the Alberta territory he had seen during wilder times.

Before his retirement the transplanted Scot had been knighted. The worth of his work to both the British and New Zealand governments had earned him this honor. Just as we have many Hector memorials among the natural features of our country, several topographical landmarks in the lovely Pacific islands now bear Hector's name. At the age of 73, the man who may have been Alberta's first doctor and certainly was Alberta's first geologist, died in 1907 at his New Zealand home.

Observing With Palliser

Turning back the calendar and attempting to join Captain John Palliser's party as it crossed and crisscrossed these prairies and parklands in the three years, 1857, '58 and '59, could provide a good mental exercise. From such an adventure could come a glimpse of the virgin countryside with its undisturbed order of grassy ranges, generous forests, clean streams and abundant wild life.

What Palliser saw in vegetation was not all lush and verdant. It's possible his years here were drier than normal. "The sage and cactus abound," he noted, "and the whole of the scanty vegetation bespeaks an arid climate." Of another part of the prairie he wrote: "The grass in this arid soil, always so scanty, was now actually swept away by the buffalo who, assisted by the locusts, had left the country as bare as if it had been overrun by fire." Altogether, Palliser was impressed unfavorably by the sparseness of growth on much of the plains, leading him to define what is now known as the Palliser triangle, an extension of the "Great American Desert."

Be that as it may, there is nothing in the voluminous Palliser journal to indicate that he saw a dust storm, a polluted stream, a ravaged forest or a dying race of animals. He did see wild life in an abundance that would bring astonishment to citizens of today.

"Every stream or lake offered immense quantities of nutritious fish. And more conspicuous still were the numbers and kinds of birds and land animals. The buffalo herds were undiminished and Palliser's men saw the great animals moving in what seemed like solid masses, making the entire countryside look black. The captain and his men could hunt fresh meat whenever it was needed. They hunted often and nearly always with success. Sometimes the circumstances were strange.

Under date of Oct. 1, 1857, Palliser noted: "Our Indian, Nichiwa, ran buffalo also that morning, killing a good cow but complaining of having lost his ramrod, went back some distance to look for it; at length he abandoned the search and returned to cut up his animal, in the body of which he subsequently found the remains of his ramrod. . . He had loaded with the ramrod and forgotten to withdraw it before firing."

Anyone travelling with Palliser would see bird life in super-abundance. He would see the now-extinct passenger pigeons in flocks of millions. Palliser mentions shooting ducks, geese, "prairie hens" and cranes. One can only wonder if the latter were the whooping cranes now so close to being lost.

Palliser's men shot representatives of the red fox, silver fox, kit fox, muskrat, beaver, red deer, mule deer antelope, elk, moose, wolf, porcupine, black bear and grizzly. Game animals were widespread but the greatest concentration was near the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan River, an area which Palliser saw as neutral ground between Assiniboine, Cree, and Blackfoot Tribes — a sort of "No Man's Land" to native hunters.

Grizzly bears were seen there but the largest numbers of these were encountered on the lower Bow River where the journal mentions the killing of three in three days. On July 17, 1858, the men saw five grizzlies.

What seemed like the greatest annoyance from wild animals came from wolves which were seen following the buffalo herds almost continuously. The record for Nov. 3, 1857, notes the finding of "one of our horses killed last night by wolves," and, drawing conclusions about agricultural prospects, Palliser doubted if sheep and pigs could be kept because of the wolves "which roam everywhere through wood and plain."

It's pretty plain: settlement and the attending events of little more than a hundred years dealt harshly with the wild races.

...nearly water-tight as possible; we

...ever to be of impor... give to commerce."

left, succeeded in shooting a female grizzly!

The Black Outcroppings

Early explorers and fur-traders must have been delighted to find coal outcroppings near their chillier camps or wintering trading posts, and probably made good use of the fuel to keep themselves warm in the old wild days of the west. Yet strangely, the mention of coal was long delayed in official reports and personal journals that got back to eastern depots or over to London headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. Perhaps the pioneers were too concerned with the business at hand: harvesting rich crops of beaver pelts from Indian trappers. Creature comforts at this camp or that trading post didn't matter so much as the overall profits of each trip.

The great Alexander Mackenzie was the first to mention the presence of coal in the west. He spotted the black outcroppings on the banks of Great Bear River during his historic trip to the Arctic. The year was 1789, the very first record of coal being recognized and written about in Western Canada.

Three years later that self-educated individualist, Peter Fidler, recorded the presence of coal on the Red Deer River area — which gives me a slow ol' prick in home territory! Fidler noticed the outcroppings on the banks of what is now Rosebud Creek, and carried some of the fuel into his teepee to burn. This horrified his Indian friends, because all western tribes had a very strong taboo against using coal.

Fidler named the creek very appropriately "Edge Coal Creek." Prior to his time, the two principal Indian tribes in the territory had their own names for the stream; the Crees called it Saskatoon Creek which early whites changed to Service-Berry Creek; while the Blackfoot knew it as the Creek of Many Rosebuds. For a time, early explorers honored their fellow - trader by calling it Fidler's Creek and his own 'Edge Coal' name was soon forgotten. Eventually the modern map - makers came west. Each seemed to have a different notion as to what the little river should be named, but finally the long established Blackfoot name won out and it is Rosebud Creek today.

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Dr. James Hector had some interesting things to say about coal on the Red Deer River. He served in the combined position of surgeon and geologist to the Palliser Expedition, and Hector did some winter travelling in 1858. On January 16th of that year, the Edinburgh doctor was at the northern loop of the Red Deer River and was greatly intrigued by the burning coal beds. A three hundred foot length of seam was on fire, glowing red hot, and there was a constant sliding and caving in of the banks to expose fresh fuel to the fire.

"For as long as Indians can remember, this fire has never been extinguished, summer or winter. A heavy, sulphurous, and limey smell pervades the air for miles around." wrote Hector. He added that the coal seams extended along the Red Deer River at that region for over fourteen miles.

Now the area is known as the Ardley bend of the river, where there are several surface-mines supplying district farmers and townsfolk with low-priced fuel. Where Hector spotted the burning coal, there are now some marvelous seams of bright red cinders — called 'red shale' by local residents. The red stuff is in brisk demand as a colorful addition to driveways and garden walks for homes in Central Alberta.

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When Dr. J. B. Tyrrell made his three year geological survey of the Red Deer from 1883 onward, he was most interested in all coal outcroppings on the main stream and its tributaries. He had the Palliser Report and Hector's findings to help him, plus knowledge of Fidler's find on Rosebud Creek and Father De Smet's report of coal on the James River tributary of the Red in 1845. Dr. Tyrrell could find no coal on fire at the north loop of the river, but mentioned the great seams of red and yellow cinders left by the burnings witnessed by Hector.

Hector had written: "Farther down the river (from the burning seams) the coal is succeeded by white marls and sands, with beds of calcareous grit which weather to a bright red color. Among these beds occur a great profusion of fragments of silicified ligneous wood."

Dr. Tyrrell was even more technical during his longer and more intensive search of the Red Deer. He took time to record altitudes at various parts of the river, and described the widths of the stream and the speed of its current. At what he called 'Red Deer village' in 1884, Tyrrell reported the stream as being 475 feet wide, and noted the fertile appearance of the valley near the tiny hamlet. This the scholar took time out from his geological studies to catch a few butterflies on the banks of the Red Deer, several varieties of brown fritillaries and some brightly colored sphinx moths. He named the sagebrush encountertd downstream from Tail Creek Crossing as Artemisia cana, and identified the spiney cactus of the badlands as Opuntia missouriensis. Then he got back to geology and noted the gray clays and sandstone, the steep sided buttes and grassy flats. From Tail to Rosebud Creeks, the average fall of the river was three feet to the mile, with a 2¼ mile current and a mean depth of three feet of water. Once again he mentioned Fidler's coal find, and Tyrrell's 1886 report to the Canadian Government estimated the Rosebud's coal seam at containing 12,300,000 tons to the square mile!

By
Kerry Wood

Palliser Expedition

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In 1857, on instructions from the colonial secretary in England, Captain Palliser was delegated "to explore that part of British North America which lies between the northern branch of the Saskatchewan River and the frontier of the United States, and between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains".

Palliser and his chief assistant, Dr. (later Sir) James Hector, reached Fort Garry in July, 1857, and continued westerly explorations that year before returning to Fort Garry. In May of the following year they again returned to Alberta and camped at a place they called "Slaughter Camp". This was on the Rosebud River close to the present town of Irricana.

Here Palliser split his party, going straight south with one or two men himself, while Hector and the rest went up the Bow River. It was not until August 4 that the two parties met again about four miles above the ruins of Peigan Post where Palliser found his men camped with very little meat and in fear of the Blackfoot.

Old Bow Fort

On August 17, 1858, Palliser wrote: "The old Bow Fort (Peigan Post) is situated in latitude 51-9 north—long (by a mean of two sets of lunar observations) 115-4-22 and its elevation above the level of the sea (by boiling point thermometer) 3,963 feet."

(Some 50 miles west of Calgary a sign erected by the historic sites committee of the Government of Alberta reads: "In an attempt to lure the Peigan and Blackfeet Indians away from American traders on the Missouri River, the Hudson's Bay Company constructed a fort four miles north of this point in 1832. It had a brief existence. For the Blood Indians, who were supposed to trade in Edmonton, were jealous and would not let their allies come to trade. The fort was under danger of attack on several occasions and was finally abandoned in January, 1834. It was also known as Old Bow Fort".)

"The only portion remaining of the buildings are the stone chimneys; the rest of the fort, which was only of wood, has long since been burnt by the Indians", Palliser added.

Mountain Site

"Its site is at the base of the Rocky Mountains which tower above it to a height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, the white summits of which, from a sprinkling of snow which had recently fallen, formed a pretty contrast with the dense, sombre forests at their feet.

"The Bow River flows by in all the wildness of mountain character, foaming at intervals over ledges of rock in its valley, then rushing onward between high banks, clad with luxuriant vegetation.

"The Bow Fort was established by the Hudson's Bay Company for the purpose of trade with the Slave Indians, a name applied by the Crees to the Blackfoot, Peigan and Blood Indians. These tribes are considered by all who have known them as the wildest and most dangerous of the aborigines in British territory.

"The fort was ultimately abandoned by the company owing to the expense involved in keeping a sufficient staff of men for its protection. The barter was chiefly for provisions and buffalo robes and very few of the fine furs were obtained so that by the time the goods were transported and the few furs sent to Lake Winnipeg very little profit resulted.

"Besides, frequent attacks were made on them by the Blackfoot and several of the company's servants lost their lives in defending the establishment."

The next year Palliser again travelled in the area and during the explorations the party was again split and Hector journeyed some distance up the Elbow River, which at that time and almost until the arrival of the CPR was known as Swift Creek. Striking off to the northwest he crossed Jumping Pound Creek, which he called Tent Creek, crossed the Bow near Peigan Post, went west up Pipestone Pass, over the local divide to the North Saskatchewan River and down to Edmonton.

By Grant MacEwan

Crag n Canyon

Unveiling of Palliser Expedition Plaque

September 22-1965

A plaque commemorating a controversial scientific expedition (1857-59) which was variously dubbed at the time as a (useless exercise) and (a great scientific achievement) is to be unveiled September 25 at the new National Historic site at Lake Minnewanka, Banff National Park, at 3 p.m. it was announced to-day by the National Resources Minister Arthur Laing. The plaque recommended by the Historical Sites and Monuments Board of Canada has been provided under the Federal Government's Historical Commemoration program.

Led by John Palliser of the Royal Geographical- Society, this expedition included Lt. Thomas Blakiston, Magnetic Surveyer; John W. Sullivan, astronomical observer; Eugene Bourgeau, a botanical collector and Dr. James Hector as combined geologist, naturalist and Medical Doctor.

The group investigated the canoe route from Lake Superior to the Red River, explored the Southern Prairies and a large part of the boundary territory and located four passes through the Rockies; the Kananaskis, the Vermillion, the North Kootenay and the Kicking Horse (named after Dr. Hector was kicked and injured by his horse). In 1859 it rediscovered the Howse Pass originally found by Thompson in 1807.

Under the sponsorship of James Ball, then British Under-Secretary of State, the expedition was underwritten by the Colonial Office to the tune of 5,000 pounds and drew bitter criticism from Hudson's Bay Comoany men and various Colonial Office officials.

There is no doubt, however, that this expedition, even if it covered ground already explored, led the way for more systematic observations. Early maps were corrected and the geological surveys made were the basis of the first complete description of the country west of the Great Lakes. Its presence in the west was also uesful in reinforcing British claims to the territory north of the American border.

Many names on the Canadian map recall this expedition: the Passes, Mounts Hector, Ball, Blakiston, Sullivan etc.

The Honourable Harry Hays, Minister of Agriculture, will give the address and unveil the plaque. Other speakers will include: The Honourable A. Holowach, Alberta Provincial Secretary, Mr. W. R. Roberge, President of the Banff Advisory Council, Mr. H. A. Dempsey, Editor of the Alberta Historical Review and the Reverend J. E. Nix.

Mr. R. Y. Secord, Alberta member of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada will act as chairman.

on the area will be explored in succeeding articles

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PALLISER FELT COLONISTS MUST COME FROM SOUTH

By ALLAN R. TURNER
(Special To The Herald)

The initial task facing the Palliser expedition was to cross the barrier of land between Fort William and Fort Garry.

They embarked upon this journey June 12, 1857, proceeding by canoe to the Kakebeka Falls, thence up the Kaministiquia River and through the long chain of waterways to Fort Frances, across Lake of the Woods, down the Winnipeg River to Fort Alexander, eventually reaching Fort Garry July 11.

The route with its numerous portages, traversing rocky countryside, proved so arduous that Palliser concluded it would never be practical for overland communication to Red River. Access to the settlement from Canada must be from the south, via the United States.

The most singular experience of this section of the trip was the meeting at Fort Frances with 200 Ojibway Indians.

Fort Frances, a small stockaded Hudson's Bay Company post, was at the time surrounded by an encampment of the Lac la Pluie Indians, the spokesmen of whom demanded an audience with Palliser. This was duly arranged to the accompaniment of beating drums. Benches were assembled to form a pentagon upon which the armed Indians took their places, Palliser and his companions being conducted to seats within this enclosure.

Lengthy Session With Indian Chief

After a ceremonial pause lasting fully five minutes, Palliser was subjected to nearly three hours of Indian oratory. The leading chief, who carried a calumet or peace pipe, thus signifying a friendly parley, referred to the starving condition of his countrymen and the deceitful way in which the Long Knives (Americans) were acquiring the lands of his neighbors to the south, desired to know what the great Queen intended to do with his people when she took the country from the fur company and objected to Hector and Bourgeau collecting specimens in their country.

Palliser in reply explained the purposes of his expedition, being careful to emphasize that he was only passing through the country and promised to bring their condition to the attention of Her Majesty's advisers. The reply was evidently satisfactory for the party suffered no molestation in its progress through the area.

From Red River the plan of operations was to proceed south along the west bank of the river to the boundary line at Pembina, west to Turtle Mountain, and then north-west to Fort Ellice. The Hudson's Bay Company had engaged men and horses for Palliser. Some of these were despatched under the second guide, Henry Hallett, directly to Fort Ellice to rest up.

Praise For Red River Carts

The main party—Palliser, Hector, Bourgeau, and Sullivan, their personal servant, James Beads (transferred from Sir George Simpson's service to Palliser), the head man, John Ferguson, and eleven others, together with 29 horses, two American wagons, and six Red River carts—set forth for Pembina on July 21, 1857.

Palliser commented in some detail on the serviceability of the Red River cart: "Admirably suited to the exigencies of the country, its peculiarity consists in the total absence of all iron or metal of any kind in its construction; consequently whenever a cart breaks down it can be mended again as long as any timber can be found in the neighborhood; even out in the plains, far from all timber, a breakdown is not an irremediable evil, as long as buffalo are not far off.

The ever-ready expedient of killing a buffalo bull is then adopted; the broken shaft or wheel is then tightly lashed with green hide, which soon dries with an iron pressure, securing all splinters and other damages; indeed I might almost say that as long as the wood in the body or wheels is not rotten, the cart is never unrepairable."

Pembina the party found to be a small fort, "and like all the Hudson' Bay Company trading establishments it is stockaded and possesses the usual stores, trade shop, and small houses for the resident families. It is the smallest we have met with, and is only important as being situated on the U.S. frontier line and the country around, although adapted for agriculture, is still a wild waste and only awaits the hand of the settler to render it productive and valuable."

Near Pembina observations were made to determine the location of the boundary with the result that the existing marker was found to be a few yards within American property.

Party Visited French Half-Breeds

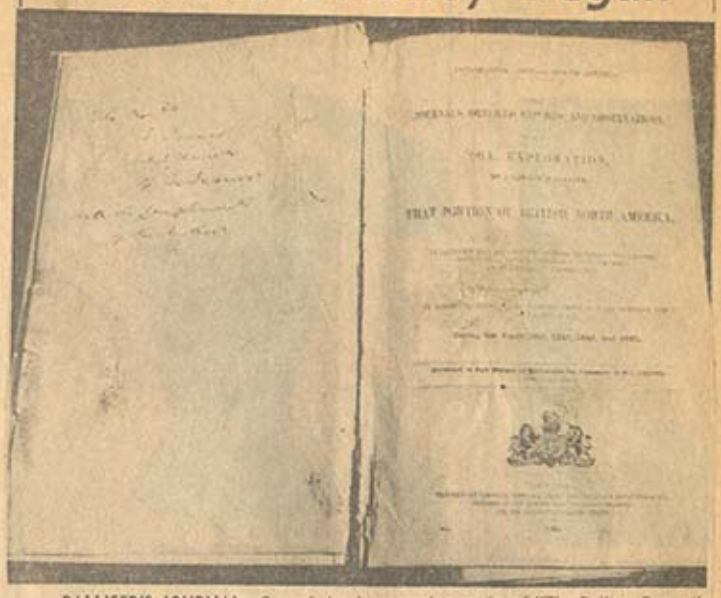
Enroute to Turtle Mountain the party swung south of the border to visit the French half-breed settlement of St. Joseph. It was here that they were visited by what must have been one of the fabulous characters of the early West. While he remains unnamed, he was described as "an old traveller, one of those who first crossed the mountains in the famous expedition described in Washington Irving's 'Astoria.' He was, after that, for a long time a runner with the mails between Pembina and Fort Garry. He is 91 years old, and only last week had walked from Fort Garry to this place, a distance of 70 miles, in two days, driving a young bull. He came to seek the doctor's advice as to what he should do for his knees, as he did not, as he innocently said, 'find them so strong as they used to be.'"

In the valley of the Pembina River the expedition encountered one of those hordes of grasshoppers which were periodically to attack Western Canadian crops. "Along with this wind came what seemed at first to be a low cloud of a brownish-black color, but soon we discovered it by the aid of a telescope to consist of myriads of grasshoppers.

A breeze springing up from the east met the cloud, and suddenly the insects began to fall as thickly as snow. They soon covered the ground, giving everything a greyish aspect from the color of their bodies. When we started the fall of grasshoppers was still continuing, though to a less amount, but still sufficient to cause us much discomfort from the blows they gave us on the face, as they came down with great rapidity before the wind."

The Palliser Expedition

Arduous Journey Begun



PALLISER'S JOURNAL. One of the few complete copies of "The Palliser Report" known to be in existence is in the possession of Calgary's Palliser Hotel. The big volume, pictured above, is kept on display in a glass-topped table in the hotel's Oval Room. The fly-leaf bears an inscription in Capt. Palliser's own hand.

At Turtle Mountain, Hector, after a long ride, succeeded in reaching its highest point, about 500 feet above the surrounding plateau. From there he obtained "not only an extensive view to the north, but away to the south and west over American territory, where nothing as far as the eye could reach was to be seen but bare and barren prairie stretching in every direction."

Proceeding north-west the party crossed the Souris at a point where there was an abandoned post of the Hudson's Bay Company (Grant's House), and took the old south road from the Red River to Fort Ellice, which they reached at noon on Aug. 15. "Fort Ellice," the journal continued, "is situated near the junction of the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle Rivers, one on the east, the other to the north, both distant about two miles.

The officer in charge at Fort Ellice was James McKay. Palliser arranged that he should guide them on a side trip to visit the strange rock formations on the Souris River.

Typical of the fine description of the journal is this of these formations near present Estevan, Saskatchewan.

"The manner in which the sandstones decompose gives rise to curious figures, which the Indians regard with superstitious dread. Hard concretions occur, which resist the action of the atmosphere for a much longer time than the softer portions, and they thus become isolated and perched in natural pillars, which are grouped as if they formed the ruins of ancient buildings.

"One of these pillars standing out from the side of the valley is perforated by a large hole and is 'La Roche Percee', from which the locality derives its name. The Indians never pass this stone without making some offering to the Manitou which to their minds it represents, such as rubbing vermilion on it, or depositing beads, tobacco, or the like in the crevices. It is also covered with rude designs carved with their knives on the soft surface of the stone."

Name Still Applied

rock has been partially destroyed. Since Palliser's time the pierced by natural agency, perhaps lightning, but the name is still applied to a small town located near the spot.

At Roche Percee Hector analyzed the deposits of soft coal the existence of which the party was the first to confirm. Perhaps misled by the surface indications, Palliser erroneously reported in the journal that "this deposit neither occurs in sufficient quantity nor of such quality as ever to be of importance to commerce."

Back at Fort Ellice, Palliser learned some of his crew were reluctant to proceed directly westward to the South Saskatchewan, since they would be entering a country subject to Indian raiding parties. Fortunately he was able to secure the services of James McKay as interpreter and companion for the balance of the season, and the expedition continued according to plan.

Hector, leaving in advance of Palliser and McKay, reached the Qu'Appelle Lakes post on the plains, and, while waiting for them to catch up, rode some 18 miles north to visit the Anglican mission at the present site of Fort Qu'Appelle. Conducted by James Pratt, a missionary of pure Stoney extraction, the mission was comprised of a comfortable little house with an excellent garden in which Indian corn, barley and potatoes were cultivated.

Beyond Qu'Appelle Lakes post the party would enter a country largely untravelled by white men. They were able to secure the services of an additional guide, the Cree Indian known as the "Peacemaker," who was familiar with the route to the elbow of the Saskatchewan for which they set out on September 14. The following day they reached the "Creek where the Bones lie," the Wascana on which Regina is now situated, and on the 16 crossed Moose Jaw creek. Here the "Peacemaker" advised them to gather fuel for five nights as it was the last they would find until they reached the Saskatchewan.

Near the elbow of the Saskatchewan the party found themselves in rich hunting ground. They killed buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope. Indicative of a range far beyond their modern confines was the sighting of several grizzly bears. On Sept. 29 the guide, Hallett, succeeded in shooting a female grizzly.

Palliser attributed the abundance of game to the fact that it was the neutral ground of the Blackfoot, Cree, and Assiniboine, only resorted to by war parties.

After pushing a short way along the Saskatchewan, Palliser abandoned his project of following it to its forks with the Red Deer because his men were alarmed at entering Blackfoot country without a larger party.

A young Indian who now appeared at their camp provided grim evidence of the warlike condition of the district. He bore a handkerchief bound tight round his head, the scalp of which he had lost to the Blackfoot the preceding spring!

It appears that the Blackfoot and Crees had been camping together in peace near the elbow when the band of 25 young Crees, returning from a raiding party, proceeded to steal some of the Blackfoot horses, swimming them across the river behind rafts.

Although the Blackfoot were soon in pursuit, the Crees thought they would have ample time to escape before their erstwhile companions could construct rafts to follow them across the river, then running high and cold after the spring break-up. The Blackfoot made off as if to return to camp but instead managed to cross their horses at a point concealed by a bend of the river.

At darkness they fell upon the young Crees who had encamped in a coulee and killed 17 of them on the spot with arrows and by rolling large stones down upon them! A few got away wounded but only three or four survived.

Palliser's unfortunate visitor had been left for dead and thus managed to escape. He refused to show Dr. Hector his wounded head and was reluctant even to have his misfortune discussed.

On Sept. 27 the expedition made its crossing of the South Saskatchewan. The accomplishment of this hazardous undertaking without serious loss is detailed in the Journal:

"Having availed ourselves of an island or sand-bank at the opposite side of the deep channel, and about half way across the river, we first took the body of our wagon, which we converted into a skiff by lashing oil-cloths about it, so as to make it as nearly water-tight as possible; we

The Palliser Expedition

Oct. 23 1957

Explorers Found Fertile Soil Here

RUINS OF OLD BOW FORT. One of the earliest historic sites in Alberta, the Old Bow Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, was all ready in ruins when Captain John Palliser and his fellow-explorers visited it a century ago. The fort, which was apparently officially known as Piegan Post (Old Bow Fort being a colloquialism) was situated near Morley, about 40 miles west of Calgary. Built about 1826, it was abandoned by the company between four and six years later and burned to the ground by hostile Indians. The photograph above, from the records of the Calgary Historical Society, was taken during the 1920s and shows what remained of it at that time.

then fastened together all the brace lines and cords, both of leather and hemp, which we could collect, and made them into one long rope, one end of which we fastened to the shore where we stood, and then with the assistance of our wagon skiff paddled over to the sand bar and secured the other end by means of a strong post firmly driven into the ground, thus establishing a communication by which we crossed the carts in safety.

"Unfortunately, however, in attempting to take over the wagon our rope at last broke, and it sank in about 20 feet of water in the middle of the channel. We then drove all the horses together in a band, and with long willow sticks drove them into the water, the men shouting all the while and assailing with sticks and stones any frightened animal that attempted to turn back. The horses at last all crossed the river in safety, although they were carried by its rapid current to a considerable distance down stream before they could get footing on the opposite shore.

"We now had recourse again to the paddle, and succeeded in fishing up and lashing together the broken extremities of our line, and with its assistance crossed all our luggage and instruments to the sand bar. The remainder of the traverse over the river was now shallow."

Having crossed the river the expedition was ready to proceed to winter quarters at Fort Carlton.

At the elbow, however, the party had discovered that a connecting link existed between the waters of the Qu'Appelle and South Saskatchewan rivers. Furthermore, the half-breeds reported that about 12 miles below the elbow another valley connected with Last Mountain Lake. Hence Palliser suggested that these links might be investigated by engineers should the progress of the country warrant the necessary outlay to establish communication between the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine, via the Qu'Appelle.

Professor Hind of a Canadian exploring expedition sent out the next year went much deeper into the possibilities of this connection, foreshadowing the 20th century interest in a South Saskatchewan river dam at that point.

On October 10, 1857 the party reached Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan and commenced preparations for the winter, during which Palliser would return to the east to further their arrangements, while Hector would make use of the time to reach the mountains by dog team.

* * *

It was Dr. Hector who first reported the presence of gold in the Saskatchewan River system. His name has been given to both a mountain and a lake in Banff National Park. According to historian A. O. MacRae, it was Doctor Hector who gave the "Kananaskis" name to a beautiful mountain pass and river, the name being that of an Indian who had suffered a severe axe blow to his head near the site of the pass and miraculously recovered from the injury.

Following the naming episode about Kananaskis, we read in Hector's journal he had seen proof that lightning often caused the destructive forest fires which raged through the dense evergreens of the mountains. Humor is not neglected in Hector's writings: There is even a description of a thievish camp dog that risked a scalded tongue to poke its nose into a boiling pot and pilfer a mouthful of meat!

Party Probed Westward Past Old Bow Fort

By ALLAN R. TURNER
(Special To The Herald)

Following explorations on the Saskatchewan plains during the late summer of 1857, the Palliser expedition settled down to spend the ensuing winter at Fort Calton.

Palliser himself left almost immediately to visit Eastern Canada to further arrangements for the next season's operations.

The Journal of the Expedition was continued during his absence by Dr. Hecter. One of his first entries describes the arrival of provisions at Fort Carlton and the unhappy consequences of the trade in rum:

"The Indian hunters who supply the fort with meat arrived today to receive payment for the animals they have killed this autumn. The price of a buffalo is 3 gills of rum, and they bring dried meat, grease, skin, cords, etc., which they trade in addition. The whole fort is in a dreadful state of riot from the quantity of liquor which is being consumed, and the noise of Indians drumming, howling, and brawling is incessant at present. I was amused to observe the Indian children playing with tops, a game which must have penetrated from the haunts of civilization."

Hector, having been instructed to hire men and purchase horses for the next season, found it necessary to visit the Roman Catholic settlement of Lake St. Anns, 50 miles west of Fort Edmonton, and took the opportunity to explore the whole of the North Saskatchewan.

Set Out On Dog Drawn Sled

On Dec. 14th he set off in a cariole, or sled, "with parchment sides, sustained on cords that pass over a back-board standing about a foot from the end" and drawn by a team of four dogs. He was accompanied by two men and an Indian lad.

By Dec. 17 he reached a temporary post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the west shore of Jack Fish Lake, north of present Battleford. The post, operated by Mr. McMurray, consisted only of a little hut for storing goods and a leather tent in which McMurray lived Indian fashion.

A group of free traders en route to Red River had also just arrived and the party "notwithstanding the contrary interests . . . joined round the tent fire of the company's trader, and the evening was pleasantly spent, laughing, joking, and playing on the violin."

Three days later Hector was at Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan, where he was delighted to find that Mr. Simpson, the officer in charge, would accompany him to Fort Edmonton. The party now using four sleds set forth Dec. 21.

Christmas Day passed without remark, but the day following brought the diversion of a visit to an Indian buffalo pound, located a few miles beyond where they crossed the Vermilion River. The Indians had succeeded in driving over 100 buffalo into a circular pound, some 50 yards in diameter, which they had constructed of stakes and interwoven boughs. On Hector's arrival he found the enclosure surrounded by Indians of all ages who discharged arrows, guns, spears and even knives into the milling mass to accomplish their destruction.

Offerings Made To Manitou

"The scene was a busy but a bloody one," Hector wrote, and further commented on the superstitions connected with the pound which he saw manifested in such offerings to the Manitou as bridles, powder horns, tobacco and beads which had been placed under the entrance to the pound. Further offerings were hung on a tall pole in the centre, and Hector added, "To which piece of idolatry I was in a manner accessory by giving them my pocket handkerchief to convert into a flag."

The party reached Fort Edmonton on December 30. Hector having made the trip from Fort Carlton, a distance of 203 miles, in 13 days of actual travel.

Edmonton he found to be a Hudson's Bay post as large as Fort Garry, wholly built of wood, surrounded by stout bastions and pallisades, and situated on the high bank overlooking the river.

On the hill behind the fort stood a windmill, rude stones for which had been made by splitting a granite boulder found near the spot. With this they managed to grind "tolerable flour." Some grain and vegetables were raised on the neighboring 50-acre farm.

The usual population within the fort was about 150 souls, of whom perhaps fifty were company employees. Many of the latter were engaged in constructing the boats used to navigate the Saskatchewan. Near the fort Hector examined out-croppings of good quality coal which supplied the blacksmith's forge at the fort.

Learning that the half-breeds of Lake St. Anns were then off on the plains, Hector determined to visit Rocky Mountain House, some six days further up the Saskatchewan. The post was a roughly constructed group of log huts, tumbling to pieces.

He spent several days exploring in the area, on one occasion riding to the White Mud Hill. There the company had a pit from which they dug white calcareous mud, a large quantity of which was taken down every spring to be used as whitewash at the company's posts on the Saskatchewan.

While he was at the Mountain House, many Blackfoot Indians arrived. Hector learned that when these Indians came

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to the fort to trade, one chief always remained sober to keep the peace, otherwise fighting might break out among the Indians themselves or between them and the people at the fort.

The sober chief of this band, Pee-to-Pe, the Perched Eagle, insisted on sleeping on the floor in Hector's room.

On the advice of Mr. Brazeau, the officer in charge, Hector prepared papers for each of 14 chiefs, stating that the chief in question had promised to aid the expediton when it should pass through his country. These papers were accompanied by a present of tobacco and trinkets. Following their presentation, Pee-to-Pe made a speech lauding his nation, abusing the Crees as the aggressors in their quarrels, and promising to assist the expedition when it came among them.

See Page 12

After returning to Edmonton, Palliser drove out to the Catholic Mission of Lake St. Anns, about fifty miles due west of Edmonton. There, on Feb. 13, 1858, he found Father Lacombe, and his co-adjutor, almost alone, the population which occupied the two villages, each with 30 to 40 houses, still being absent hunting buffalo on the plains.

The next day, Sunday, he attended the little chapel attached to the mission. Neatly built of wood, with a spire and bell, the chapel was apparently unheated. Hector writes that the thermometer was at 69 degrees below. It was such bitterly cold work that the priests had to officiate in their great coats and mittens!

(continued on next page)

Forced To Go Out

Again back at Edmonton, Hector was forced to go out to the plains to contact the Metis. With him he took Peter Erasmus, the interpreter to Rev. Mr. Woolsey who conducted the Wesleyan mission at Pigeon Lake (which Hector incidentally had passed earlier in his visit to Rocky Mountain House).

They found the Metis encamped in buffalo tents at Hay Lake, about 45 miles south-east of the fort. Here through the good offices of their leader, Gabriel Dumont, Hector was able to engage the services of sufficient men for the forthcoming season. He was then able to start back to Carlton on March 15. Since the snow was melting, he had to abandon his sled at Jack Fish Lake and proceed with dog travois the remainder of the way. At Jack Fish Lake he was joined by Sullivan and Beads who had been forced to spend some time there owing to the shortage of provisions at Carlton.

On June 5, Palliser returned to Carlton and the summer's expedition was soon under way. While Lt. Blakiston, who had arrived during the fall via Hudson's Bay, was sent by way of Fort Pitt and Edmonton to carry out magnetic deermination, the main party, consisting of Palliser, Hector, Bourgeau, Sullivan, and 28 men, assembled at Lizzard Lake, south of Battleford, and set forth in a westerly direction. At first their route was across inferior land, bad pasture, without wood, "depending on a scanty supply of buffalo dung, which we collected in order to cook our meals."

Hit Battle River

On July 7 they reached the Battle River, within the modern boundaries of Alberta, and the country was described as fertile. Proceeding southwesterly, it was nearly a month before they were rejoined by Blakiston.

In early August they rested at a point which they called Slaughter Camp because of the large number of buffalo which they killed there. The camp was located not many miles northeast of Calgary.

On August 3 they broke up Slaughter Camp, Sullivan and Palliser striking off for the boundary line, while Hector, Blakiston and Bourgeau were instructed to proceed to Old Bow Fort near present-day Morley. From there they would disperse into the mountains, Bourgeau to do botanical work, Hector to go on a geological tour, and Blakiston to explore the two known Kootanie passes.

Palliser and Sullivan, accompanied by three men, reached the Bow River (some miles below Calgary) on Aug. 4, then continued due south to the border.

On Aug. 6 they were on the western flank of the Porcupine Hills. Aug. 8, Palliser explored west along the boundary line to an eminence known as Chief's Mountain. He commented that he was probably the first white man who had ever been over the western extremity of the boundary line on the east side of the Rocky Mountains.

Storted North

The next day they started north again, and on the 14 were back at the Bow River near where the Kananaskis flowed into it. Crossing the Bow above the third of three successive falls which they passed, they descended the opposite bank about four miles to reach the ruins of Old Bow Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Old Bow Fort had been established by the company to trade with the Blackfoot tribes. However, it had been an expensive operation, requiring a large number of men to protect it, and had been abandoned. Now only the stone chimneys remained, the rest of the wooden fort having been burned by the Indians.

Here Palliser received a letter of resignation left by Lt. Blakiston who had severed his connection with the party for reasons which are not satisfactorily explained in the published despatches.

Some Disagreement

Apparently, however, he had had differences with the other men and disagreed with Palliser's conduct of the expedition. Blakiston pursued some independent investigations and then returned to England. His defection required an alteration in plan.

Palliser at once began a search for a new pass in the mountains. He proceeded up the north side of the Bow River, and then followed the Kananaskis to the height of land between it and a branch of the Kootanie, reached Columbia Portage Aug. 27, saw the Columbia Lakes and the Columbia flowing north, and gained the Kootanie River on Aug. 30. Sept. 6 he recrossed by the Kootanie Pass to the Elk River Valley and came out on east side of mountains in the valley of the Little Belly River.

He then started north to Edmonton. En route, on Sept. 12, he reached the Bow River, camping at the mouth of Swift Creek (now the Elbow River) where Calgary stands today. The following morning he breakfasted on fish caught in the river and then pursued buffalo to the east, killing three of them. This chase took him far enough east for him to write, "We were beyond the line of fertile country which skirts the mountains."

Discovered Passes

Meanwhile, Hector, who had had a severe journey in the mountains, had discovered two important passes, the Vermillion and the Kicking Horse. The latter was so named because of the near fatal accident to Hector at that point.

Aug. 29, 1858, one of the horses had slipped into the river and, while effecting its rescue, Hector's own horse strayed off. When he attempted to recatch it, the horse kicked Hector in the chest and knocked him senseless for some time!

The reunited party wintered at Fort Edmonton, although Hector made several branch expeditions while Palliser spent considerable time at Rocky Mountain House. There he met with the Blackfoot chiefs who presented to him the papers given them the year before by Hector.

After reading them, Palliser made further presents, helping to ensure the success of operations the following season. Palliser found the Blackfoot, Piegan and Blood Chiefs "much easier to deal with in all questions of peace or war than their neighbours the Crees. Because the Blackfoot are richer in horses, war is the greater object to the Crees in order to steal the Blackfoot horses."

Another Visit

Hector's winter excursions included another visit to Fort Pitt, a journey south along the base of the mountains to Old Bow Fort, and a trip via the Athabaska River to Jasper House where Mr. Moberly, the officer in charge, accompanied him for four or five days up the river until it became only a small rivulet hemmed in by precipitous mountains.

In the spring M. Bourgeau had to return home, as he had previously committed himself to botanical expeditions in other parts of the world. Of the original party, Palliser, Hector, and Sullivan were left to pursue the explorations during 1860.

The Palliser Expedition

Findings Posed Many Problems

Oct. 25.1957

The origin and progress of the three-year-long exploration of the Canadian west by the Palliser expedition has been outlined in this series of articles.

Its general conclusions on the area remain to be examined. Their significance can be assessed only in relation to the situation at the time.

The British domain in north-western America had been the preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company, a position it enjoyed partly by virtue of its historic charter, dating back to 1670, which gave it sole rights of trade and government in all that area drained by waters flowing into Hudson Bay, and partly through a licence, issued in 1821, which accorded it exclusive trading privileges beyond to the Pacific coast.

As indicated in the introductory article, a committee of the British House of Commons was appointed in 1857 to investigate the state of the Company's territory and to determine whether or not its licence due to expire in 1859, should be renewed.

The Committee recommended its renewal subject to the provision that British Columbia and Vancouver Island be removed from its sway and established as separate colonies and that, as the progress of settlement in the Red River warranted, districts be attached to Canada.

Growing Interest In Territory

Meanwhile there had been growing interest in this territory in the province of Canada. Especially had the Clear Grits of Canada West, through their spokesman, George Brown of The Toronto Globe, been insistent that here lay the obvious field of expansion for Canada.

Counter to this interest was the increasing danger from the United States where the climate of opinion known as "Manifest Destiny" was pointedly expressed in the acquisition of Oregon, the advance up the Missouri and the re-establishment of a U.S. military post at Pembina in 1856.

How best might British sovereignty be maintained and Canadian interests advanced? Colonial status or transfer to Canada were the obvious possibilities, but the necessary concomitant of any development of this remote territory must be some means of direct communication without the necessity of entry through the United States.

The Canadian government demonstrated its concern by dispatching an expedition under S. J. Dawson which, in 1857 and 1858, explored the barrier between Lake Superior and Red River and a section of which, under Professor Hind, explored the prairies as far as the elbow of the South Saskatchewan River in 1858. Simultaneously, in 1857, the British government ordered a small contingent of red-coated troops to be stationed at Fort Garry.

Lively Interest

It was against this background of lively interest that Palliser conducted his exploration. His findings would shed light on the area about which, after all, very little definite information existed, and his conclusions, as we shall see, could be expected in part to stimulate, in part to dampen, British and Canadian ambitions for the area.

Perhaps no part of the country he crossed impressed Palliser so unfavorably as the rugged, unproductive terrain between the Great Lakes and the Red River. The route he took had been a long succession of lakes and rivers with innumerable portages. The astronomical boundary line, he concluded, had forever cut off the Red River settlement from Canada to the east.

The only feasible access to it must now be from the United States via St. Paul. Actually his unfavorable view had no lasting effect since S. J. Dawson of the Canadian expedition reported much more favorably on a possible route for traffic from Canada to Red River. At the same time Palliser was in some measure prophetic of later experience of costly railroad building and the unproductive freight haul still necessary across this area.

Suitable for Stock

In 1859, in reply to specific questions raised by the Colonial Secretary, Palliser stated that agriculture could be carried on successfully in the Red River settlement. It must, however, be based on the raising of livestock and coarse grains as severe night frosts in June made wheat growing precarious.

He thought the settlement might be expanded into a colony stretching from the Lake of the Woods to the Rockies, thus maintaining the British connection and acting as a link between the other colonies in North America. Such a colony should be removed from the sway of the Hudson's Bay Company since "the interests of a commercial community, which at all events must be adverse to their own, would not be likely to prosper under their rule."

The colony would be too isolated to progress rapidly unless a secure system of traffic could be linked with rail or steamship transport from St. Paul. A railway could be constructed across the colony, with the best route probably in the neighborhood of the South Saskatchewan River.

The exploration of the plains resulted in the delineation of three prairie steppes or levels, a description which has become an accepted part of the vocabulary applied to western topography. The first level stretched from the Lake of the Woods across the Red River south of the boundary and thence north-westwards towards Swan River, meeting the North Saskatchewan below Fort a la Corne.

Continued West

The second level continued west therefrom to a line running northwest from Roche Percee to the elbow of the South Saskatchewan, and then north to the Eagle Hills. The third continued to the Rocky Mountains.

Within the Prairie region Palliser described as fertile the areas bounding the Red, Assiniboine and North Saskatchewan Rivers, as well as a narrow strip along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The South Saskatchewan, he said, flowed through arid country to its elbow, then entered the fertile belt.

The advantages for agricultural settlement in this fertile belt included the native grasses which retained their nutritive value for livestock throughout the winter, the relative ease with which land could be cleared, ample timber and coal available, and an abundance of fish which would help to sustain settlers.

He believed that cereal growing had not been sufficiently tested in the area but regarded the grains which Hector had seen growing on Pratt's farm at Qu'Appelle Lakes as hopeful evidence for their propagation.

Night frosts in this region along the mountains might prove prejudicial to wheat but coarse grains should do well. He suggested that the Cree, Assiniboine and Sauiteau Indians, if provided with farming equipment, would follow the example of the settlers and till the soil. However, there would be danger to settlers from Blackfoot war parties.

Proposed Steam

Palliser proposed that steam navigation be attempted on the Red River, the Assiniboine as far as Fort Ellice and the Saskatchewan to within sight of the Rocky Mountains. He recognized that the Grand Rapids near the mouth of the Saskatchewan might constitute a barrier but believed it could be overcome by following the U.S. practice of "warping" the boats over it.

Palliser thus foreshadowed the steamboat era of the 70s and 80s but Blakiston was equally prophetic of later experience in warning of the hazards to river navigation posed by numerous shifting sand bars in the upper waters of the Saskatchewan.

The true prairies Palliser regarded as arid, a continuation of the U.S. desert of which he had personal knowledge. "This central desert extends, however," he wrote, "but a short way into British territory, forming a triangle, having for a base the 49th parallel from longitude 100 degrees to 114 degrees W., with its apex reaching the 52nd parallel of latitude."

This is, of course, the famous "triangle" with which his name is associated. In attempting to describe the "triangle" more closely, it takes on the appearance of an irregular pentagon, based on the 49th parallel from Turtle Mountain to the foot of the Rockies, its western boundary running more or less north to a point beyond Calgary, then north-east to the vicinity of Olds, then directly east along the 52nd parallel to a point south of Saskatoon, and from there southeast to the eastern limit of the base at Turtle Mountain.

Isolated Patches

Within the triangle were isolated fertile patches, notably in the Cypress and Hand Hills. Palliser as the scanty short grass liser based his view on such evi covering, the "sandy soil with little or no admixture of earthy matter," the prevalence of hard clays which baked under the heat of the sun, the want of rainfall in the early spring, and the great evaporation of moisture.

The absence of wood also figured in his conclusion that the area was unfit for settlement. Professor Hind of the Canadian expedition similarly categorized the true prairie as unfertile. The Palliser view persisted until Macoun's survey of the west in 1879 drew attention to its agricultural possibilities. Macoun stressed that once the heavy cretaceous clays were broken and cultivated the precipitation would be ample.

It was the seasonal distribution of rainfall and not the annual amount that was the significant factor. Mr. George Spence, formerly director of PFRA, in testifying before the Canadian Senate's land use committee, estimated that the Palliser "triangle" had produced $10,000,000,000 worth of grain over a 50 year period!

One hundred years afterward, Palliser seemed to have been far out in his assessment of the "triangle." However, it must be remembered that it required the development of early varieties of spring wheat, technical improvements in the milling industry to cope with hard western wheat, the use of "dry farming" techniques, improved agricultural machinery, and the provision of extensive marketing facilities before the tremendous grain production of the "triangle" could be realized.

Cycles of Drought

Even yet recurring cycles of drought lend considerable credence to his observations. He is most open to criticism in his failure to make the same analysis that Macoun did twenty years later and, perhaps even more so, in his failure to observe that the self-curing grasses and a climate favorable to winter grazing in what was after all the winter home of the buffalo would combine to make southern Alberta and south-western Saskatchewan an excellent ranching country.

Besides noting the agricultural possibilities of the plains Palliser was specifically instructed to ascertain whether practicable passes existed over the Rocky Mountains in British territory. The party established the existence of four such major passes — the Kootanie, Kicking Horse, Kananaskis and Vermilion—and three minor ones, as well as recognizing that others might exist further north in the area they did not survey.

Of the passes explored, Palliser regarded the Vermillion as the most favorable and inexpensive for wheeled traffic. It subsequently became the route of the Banff-Windermere highway. The Kicking Horse was of course adopted for the Canadian Pacific Railway when it was built.

These passes were not in the strictest sense "discoveries," since most of them had been travelled by fur traders. The famous geographer, David Thompson had thoroughly explored the area 50 years before Palliser but no general circulation had been given to the maps which he prepared for the North West Company.

It is greatly to the credit of Palliser that he explored and brought to public attention the existence of these passes, as well as a possible route beyond to the Pacific coast.

The expedition had effected a connection between the Saskatchewan plains with the Hudson's Bay Company route to the coast, entirely within British territory.

Nonetheless, Palliser wrote: "Still the knowledge of the country on the whole would never lead me to advocate a line of communication from Canada across the continent to the Pacific, exclusively through British territory.

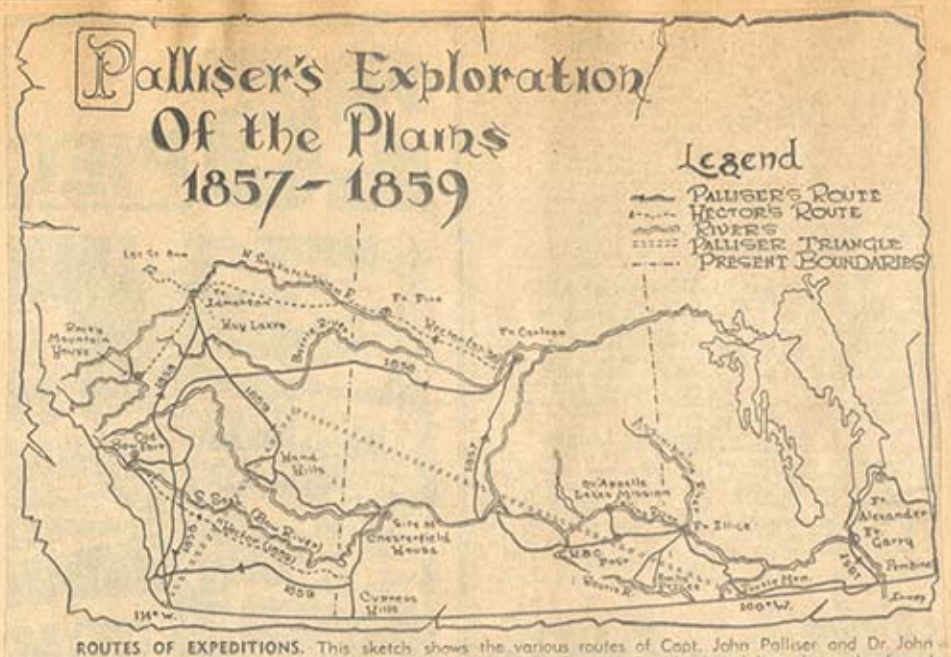
The time has now forever gone by for effecting such an object, and the unfortunate choice of an astronomical boundary line has completely isolated the Central American possessions of Great Britain from Canada in the east, and also almost debarred them from any eligible access from the Pacific coast to the west."

In balance, his report, coupled with that of S. J. Dawson, gave rise to hope for the eventual completion of a regular system of transit across British North America. This outcome was forecast by the Earl of Carnarvon, representing the Colonial Office, in a speech he delivered at the ceremony when the Royal Geographical Society awarded its Victoria Gold Medal to Palliser for his explorations in North America.

The Palliser expedition stands out as the first major scientific examination of the Canadian West and it is not too much to say that it is in some measure basic to all the reports and surveys which followed. While some of its conclusions were made obsolete by subsequent developments, others remain valid either wholly or in part.

The Report itself constitutes one of the significant documents of our history. Without it our knowledge of many facets of life on these western plains a century ago would be much less.

Palliser's Exploration Of the Plains 1857–1859



ROUTES OF EXPEDITIONS. This sketch shows the various routes of Capt. John Palliser and Dr. John Hector during their expedition from 1857 until 1859 across the Prairies. Double dotted line shows the famed Palliser Triangle, an area which has produced an estimated $10,000,000,000 worth of grain in a 50 year period.

Our Natural Heritage — *By Grant MacEwan*

The First Survey Of John Palliser

Exactly one hundred years ago this week, Captain John Palliser, for whom Calgary's well-known hotel is named, drove away from Fort Garry to make the first scientific survey of Western Canada, at that time called Rupert's Land. As servant of the Imperial Government, Palliser's instruction was to estimate the country's prospects.

Two questions seemed uppermost: Does the vast expanse of territory dominated by buffalo and Indians have any future except in the fur trade? Will settlement beyond the banks of the Red River be possible?

DURING three summer seasons, Palliser made his way over prairie and parkland, observed wild life, studied vegetation, dug holes in the sod to examine the quality of soil, and searched for other resources. His appraisal of the soil, especially on the prairies, was not flattering. One of his mistakes was in judging soil by the quantity of vegetation growing on it. Quite understandably, he missed the oil and coal and mineral resources still in hiding. But he saw wild life in abundance and, as one who liked to hunt and fish, he was properly impressed.

The numerous journal references to fish prove that the captain didn't spend all his time exploring and leave no doubt about the western streams and lakes being well-stocked. Nature was in a fine state of balance.

Beaver and buffalo were the animals of chief importance, the former furnishing the principal support for the fur trade and the latter supplying food and clothing for a scant population.

Because of the money value of their pelts on the markets of Europe, beaver were in decline but the prairie buffalo were still numerous. When the party was in what would presently be described as Southern Saskatchewan, Palliser wrote: "The whole region as far as the eye could reach was covered with buffalo, in bands varying from hundreds to thousands." At Fort Edmonton, a community of "130 souls", the daily consumption was two buffalo.

The Palliser journal doesn't say so but no doubt the captain saw game birds of many kinds — true prairie chickens, whooping cranes passenger pigeons and so on. He saw grizzly bears and other varieties; and when he wanted a change from the buffalo-meat diet, he could get other big game, almost anywhere.

The year 1857 must have been one of unfavorable growing conditions on the prairies because, according to the journal, drought grasshoppers left that part "as bare as if it had been overrun by fire." But in spite of drought the big game animals were still numerous.

A notation dated September 20, 1857, while Palliser and party were in the general vicinity of the present Saskatoon, tells that: "During the last three days . . . enjoyed excellent shooting . . . elk, black tail deer, common deer and antelope."

IT WAS too much to expect that the wild life populations of Palliser's time could or should have been maintained in the face of settlement. But during that intervening period of exactly 100 years, the declines were at least sufficiently serious as to excite concern about the next hundred.

The Palliser Expedition

Food Was Low At Ft. Edmonton

Palliser, who in the years 1857 and 1858 had explored much of the Prairie region and had made a a preliminary survey of the passes across the Rocky Mountain chain, proposed to complete his explorations in the Alberta area and make his way to the Pacific coast in the following season.

While he awaited authorization from the British government for this extension of his original program, supplies ran low at Edmonton. There was an almost entire absence of buffalo in the district. Consequently, on May 27 he departed from Edmonton with Sullivan and 14 men in an attempt to come up with the buffalo. Hector remained behind to bring despatches as soon as they arrived.

On June 11 Palliser reached the Hand Hills, a fertile oasis in what otherwise appeared to be a semi-arid country. Here was an abundance of buffalo which they were able to have fresh every day, while the surplus they sliced and dried to take along with them.

By establishing a temporary camp they were able to recruit their horses for the long journey ahead. An interesting sidelight of life in camp was the Sunday observance. On June 12 the Journal reports: "Read the prayers of the Church of England, Ballenden translating the most important ones into Cree, also first and second lessons. A wet day."

Hector arrived a week later with the necessary authorization to proceed, and the party commenced to make its way down the Red Deer River to its junction with the South Saskatchewan. En route they visited a large encampment of Blackfoot Indians on the south side of the river.

There were 400 lents in the main camp and 100 more further up the river. The Old Swan, one of the chiefs they had met at Rocky Mountain House, received them hospitably. Hector successfully treated several cases of sickness in the camp while the rest of the party engaged in a brisk trade to secure leather to repair harness and renew various hobbles and lashings.

The country from where the party crossed to the south side of the Red Deer, July 15, to its mouth was sandy, the grass scanty, and there was no wood. July 18 Palliser rode to the forks of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan, and "contemplated the view with some satisfaction", now having penetrated from the west to within a comparatively short distance of the point where he had turned northward to winter quarters at Fort Carlton in 1857.

Party Swung South

The party swung south-westward above the South Saskatchewan, or Bow River, which they reached on July 21. Meanwhile they had been visited by a party of Blood Indians whose dubious attentions were to plague them for several days.

Two days were spent in crossing the Bow, it being necessary to construct a raft and another crude boat of leather for the purpose. The crossing point, some distance north-east of Medicine Hat, was a favorite haunt of the grizzly bear. Two were killed on successive days while about the same time an unfortunate Blood woman who was picking berries along the river was killed by one.

After crossing the river the party camped near the troublesome Bloods. Young Indians prowled round the horses and July 25 Palliser himself felt it wise to stay up all night. The next morning they set off early in hope of shaking the Indians but they soon followed, attempting to dissuade Palliser from his purpose of continuing south to the Cypress Hills, where they said he would be sure to fall in with the Assiniboines.

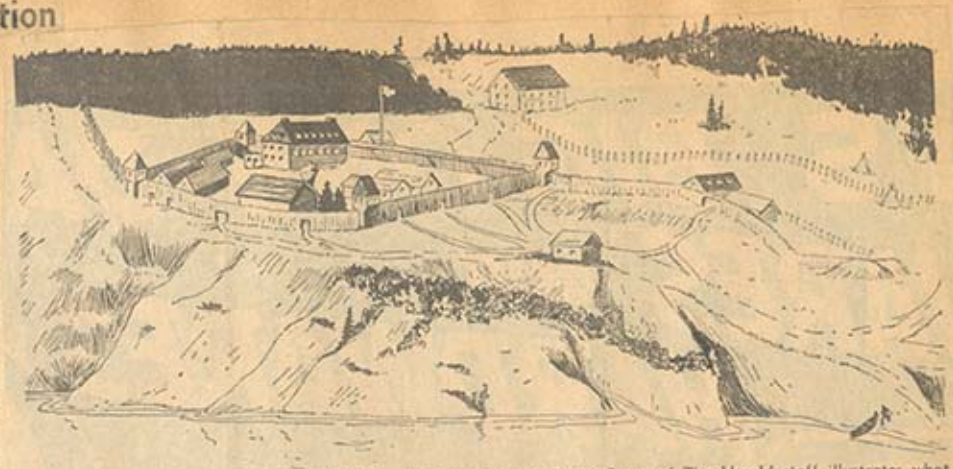
Palliser Expedition

Men Terrified Oct 24/61

His men were terrified at the prospect but Palliser threatened to refuse to pay them or assist them in returning to their homes and so was able to proceed. At this time, judging from his map, Palliser must have been passing through the country adjacent to the present city of Medicine Hat.

On July 27 he wrote: "Started very early and made a long spell through a most desolate looking country, without either grass or water. Make straight for the Cypress Hills, which form a blue line to the south-east of considerable height." Entering the Cypress Hills Palliser found them to be an elevation some 1,600 feet above the surrounding plain, well watered, with excellent grass, fine timber, and abundant game.

He decided to remain there a few days, but it was a trying time since the Bloods again appeared on the scene. On July 28 an encounter with them was narrowly averted when, fortunately, a report of Assiniboines hunting in the district sent them back and the expedition was relieved of this danger. The rumor was false; the "Assiniboines" proved to be some of Palliser's men who had been out shooting deer!



SKETCH OF OLD FORT EDMONTON. This drawing by David Green of The Herald staff illustrates what Fort Edmonton resembled when Capt. John Palliser led his expedition to it in 1857. In the background is a building where "tolerable flour" was ground while the Indian settlement is shown outside the fort.

Broke Camp

On Aug. 3 they broke up camp in the Cypress Hills. Hector, supported by four men and his Stony Indian hunter, Nimrod, as well as the latter's wife and child, was now despatched to explore the passes he had discovered the previous year and to press westward in an attempt to find a route suitable for horses through the Fraser or Thompson valleys to the coast.

He set out north-ward, struck the Bow to the west of Medicine Hat, followed it up to a crossing point at the mouth of the Belly, and then headed across country for Old Bow Fort. Meanwhile Palliser, Sullivan, and the bulk of the party travelled through the "level, sandy, arid plain" above the 49th parallel toward Chief Mountain which Palliser had visited the previous year.

They crossed the mountains easily in three days and took the Kootenay route to Fort Colville on the lower Columbia River within American territory. Palliser himself followed the Kootenay all the way to the Columbia while Sullivan cut across on the Hudson's Bay Company trail which ran on the American side of the border. They were both at Fort Colville by Sept. 6.

New Post Built

Palliser and Sullivan undertook to explore the territory east and west of Fort Shepherd, which was north of Fort Colville on the Columbia, about a mile inside British territory. This was a new post erected by the Company to which it was prepared to withdraw its trade should the U.S. bar its operations at Colville. On Sept. 11 Sullivan started eastward to attempt to link up with their route on the Kootenay the year before. Palliser, a few days later, set out westward on the British side on horseback, accompanied by a half-breed and an Indian.

After two attempts he was able to effect a meeting with the United States Boundary Survey at a point some 50 miles west of Fort Colville. Here the 49th parallel intersected the Cascade Range track of the Hudson's Bay Company which it used for bringing supplies from Fort Langley on the coast to Colville.

Sullivan, making use of Indian guides and sled by Mr. Margary of the Hudson's Bay Company, followed the Pendoreille River from Fort Shepherd. In its valley he observed miners panning and sluicing for gold with obvious success and commented that speculating companies would be amply rewarded should they turn their attention to the area.

From the Pendoreille he took the most easterly branch of the Salmon River to the height of land between the Columbia and the Kootanie. He considered the route could be made practicable for horses, given sufficient men to clear the trail.

Ruled Unpractical

He reached within 12 miles of their trail the previous year and reported: "I was thoroughly convinced of the entire practicability of a road from that point on the Kootanie River, where the expedition penetrated in Sept., 1858, right up to Fort Shepherd in the valley of the Columbia, more than three-fourths of which might be rendered available for a railway and considering the stupendous triumphs of engineering art in modern times, I should be sorry to add that the remaining fourth is beyond the bounds of practicability."

As a result of Sullivan's success, coupled with his own experience to the west, Palliser wrote: "The connexion of the Saskatchewan Plains east of the Rocky Mountains with a known route to British Columbia may be considered as the last of the results of the expedition.

Palliser and Sullivan started on horseback from Fort Colville on Nov. 2 along the U.S. Army wagon road to Walla Walla, where they transferred to canoes, following the Columbia to its mouth. There they took a steamer to Victoria on Vancouver Island and awaited the arrival of Hector.

Some Begging

Palliser's description of Victoria in 1859 is an interesting one: "We found great commercial activity and much promise of progress. The inhabitants are English, Scotch, U.S., Chinese, and Indians, who rove about the streets, the former seeking and commencing to find employment, the latter begging, drinking and not likely ever to become useful to the community.

A handsome serviceable wooden bridge, James' Bay, connects the government buildings with the town. The Hudson's Bay Company have one of their forts or picketed enclosures in the centre of the town, splendidly supplied with almost every kind of merchandise. Besides this, warehouses, stores and shops carry on a good business; good tradesmen can find abundance of employment. As there is a great scarcity of women on the island, female servants are in universal demand, and obtain very high wages from $30 to $50 a month."

Hector, after reaching Old Bow Fort, had followed his previous route up the Bow until he reached Castle Mountain, opposite the Vermilion Pass. From there he passed over to the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan and followed it to its source in glaciers of "magnificent dimensions".

Followed Columbia

Then he descended to the Columbia and followed it in an attempt to pass over to the Thompson River. However he was unable to find a trail and the season was growing late. With "great reluctance" he gave up the task, turned up the Columbia and reached its source on October 3.

Thence he descended the Kootanie to its most southerly point and took the Columbia wagon road, about 80 miles south of Fort Colville to the coast. He rejoined Palliser at Victoria Jan. 10, 1860, a few days after Sullivan had left for England. Hector then spent some time in examining coal deposits at Nanaimo while Palliser visited New Westminster. By March, 1860 these remaining two members of the expedition were en route home via Panama.

Three Seasons

The expedition had in three seasons, as Palliser reported, examined and mapped a territory ranging "from Lake Superior to the eastern shore of the lesser Okanagan Lake, and from the boundary line to the watershed of the Arctic Ocean."

Meteorological observations had been carefully conducted during the whole period of the explorations; magnetic and astronomical observations and computations had been determined; a large botanical collection has been despatched by Bourgeau to Kew Gardens and Hector had collected specimens of fossils and minerals for the Jermyn Street Museum. Palliser's important observations and recommendations on that area will be examined i.. a concluding article.

The Palliser Triangle

Aug-1961

Every time drought strikes the prairies, men talk about the Palliser Triangle and repeat astonishment at the accuracy with which its author defined the western area most likely to suffer. The judgment came after three summer seasons in the West, just over 100 years ago.

The base of Captain John Palliser's much - debated triangle was on the International Boundary from a point about south of Fort Macleod to one south of Brandon. And the apex would be in the vicinity of Alsask and Flaxcombe, close to the Saskatchewan - Alberta border. Farms within the triangle were the ones which suffered most during the dry '30s and the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act in its original form was directed mainly at that section. In this year of 1961, the western side of the triangle again coincides closely with the area suffering most severely from drought although crop failure in this instance extends farther eastward than in the past.

John Palliser, an Irishman by birth, an engineer by training and a bachelor by misfortune, was the first to undertake a systematic survey of the country lying between Red River and the Rockies, then Rupert's Land. He was not a total stranger on western prairie soil because of a buffalo hunting expedition on the U.S. side a few years earlier. But now, in 1857, he was coming upon instructions from the Imperial Government in London — coming essentially to determine if the vast country west of Red River had any future except as a source of furs, long a known fact.

Palliser wasn't the first to express views about the value of Rupert's Land. George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in the area, was convinced the country would never be any good for settlement; Portage la Prairie, he told a select committee of the House of Commons, would be forever the western limit of cultivation. But the Imperial Government wasn't satisfied with that testimony and Palliser was instructed to report.

Like a true scientist, he came without prejudice and surrounded himself with qualified helpers. Leaving Fort Garry on July 20, 1857, with technical assistants, guides, horses, wagons and Red River carts he zigzagged his way westward to end the first season at Fort Carlton. The second season terminated at Fort Edmonton and late in the third year Palliser made his way westward across the mountains to take ship around the south point of South America and back to England to present his report.

Anyone reading Palliser's journal will conclude that he was here in one of those successions of dry years such as the West has experienced from time to time. Such a series of extremely dry years occurred in the '70s and '90s of the last century and certainly in the '30s of this century. And as happened rather often grasshopper hordes accompanied the drought.

Palliser dug holes to examine soil as he travelled but his judgment about potential was based mainly upon the vegetation. Perhaps the prairie grass was blighted unusually by the dry seasons when he saw it but, in any case, his opinion of the vegetation was poor. He was having trouble in finding enough grass for his horses.

With the park country beyond the plains and the Cypress Hills which he termed "an oasis," he was most impressed; these parts constituted his "fertile belt." But much of the prairie within his triangle — suffering from grasshoppers as well as drought at the time — was "arid and sterile."

"Whenever we struck out on the broad prairie," he wrote, "we generally found soil worthless, except here and there in small swamps.

His assessment of prairie soil was undoubtedly his biggest error, explained by a determination to judge it by the vegetation growing on it. If he were alive he would be surprised at the billions of bushels of wheat produced within his triangle — the world's best wheat — but nevertheless, his warning about drought being prevalent was good and he was at least partly correct in believing that much of the driest soil in the triangle should remain in grass to feed cattle.

Palliser, for whom Calgary's well known hotel was named, directed the first technical survey of Western Canada and although it is easy enough to see errors, his conclusions were better than those of some judges who came later.

Grant MacEwan

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GREAT DEVELOPMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE BY RAILWAY IN COURSE OF PAST 50 YEARS

BUILDING OF CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE ACROSS CANADA EPIC OF COURAGE, RESOURCEFULNESS; MADE CONFEDERATION POSSIBLE

28/9/33

Fifty years in the life of a corporation is a very definite and important period in its history, particularly when considered in relation to the development of a young and progressive country in whose fabric it is an essential factor. Thus the golden jubilee in Calgary of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is more than a mere date for the organization's records. It is a national event; a milestone in the history of the west.

On February 16, 1881, the company was incorporated by letters patent with a capitalization of $25,000,000 and land grants in the then practically unpopulated prairies totalling 25,000,000 acres, to undertake the completion within ten years of the railroad from ocean to ocean promised by the government at the time of confederation.

The first sod was cut on May 2, 1881; the last spike driven on November 7, 1885, and the first train from Montreal to the Pacific coast left on the evening of June 28, 1886, arriving at Port Moody five and one-half days later.

How the work was carried out in half the allotted time is an epic of courage, resourcefulness and faith in Canada which must ever hold an honored place in the Dominion's story. Without the C.P.R. confederation would have been impossible of acheivement, for one of British Columbia's basic conditions when agreeing to become part of the union was that a railroad be built to make her membership in the great family real as well as political.

The project, when the Canadian Pacific syndicate embarked on it, had already been successfully approached by the government of Canada. The task was no easy one for the wild countryside of western Ontario to the north of Lake Superior and the towering Rocky Mountains presented natural barriers not to be lightly ignored.

Plan Assailed

Nor was this all. Opponents of the plan spared no effort to discredit it and [illegible] supporters. The Dominion Territories with their great stretches of uninhabited country and the Ontario and Rocky Mountain obstacles already referred to were used to the utmost. The undertaking was classed as "a mad scheme" and "Truth" told its readers the road "would not pay for axle grease."

But opposition by the forces of nature or otherwise meant nothing to the intrepid little band whose hearts were set on the attainment of the end —the railroad that was to serve all Canada.

As long as the Dominion endures, George Stephen (later Lord Mount Stephen), William Van Horne (afterward knighted), and Thomas Shaughnessy (subsequently a knight and a baron) will have their niches in the hall of fame, for to them and to Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona), R. B. Angus and J. J. Hill it owes the great Canadian Pacific Railway Company of today.

The building of the road, as may be readily imagined, was a long, stern battle. Money had to be found and properly spent. The men aforementioned found it, often with the greatest difficulty and indeed by sinking their joint and several resources in the venture. That it was properly administered is proved by the manner in which the work was driven to completion five years ahead of time. Whether it was Stephen and his followers in the west, wherever the most difficult part of the work had to be, or with Shaughnessy in the purchasing office at Montreal, each member of the combine spent his money, his time and the best of himself for the consummation of the scheme in which they all had such implicit faith.

Succeed

No need to give the actual building of the road more than passing mention here. It is part of Canada's history. Suffice it to say that the great Ontario wilderness of the Great Lakes was beaten into submission for the building of the line along Superior's shore at a per mile cost rivalling the $500,000 expended on certain of the Rocky Mountain reaches, the steel unrolled across the prairies, the Selkirk settlers found themselves once more in touch with the rest of the world and town sprang up from the half cold ashes of the campfires of the contractors.

Time after time obstacles were overcome, financing arranged, men and machines set to do seemingly superhuman tasks. Yet failure played no part in the great enterprise.

Dogged determination based on boundless faith won through and the driving of the last spike at Craigellachie crowned one of the greatest railroad tasks ever completed.

It may be that the spirit of devotion to duty, of faith in an ideal, of the determination not to fail which imbued the builders of the line in the early eighties, permeated its operation when the trains began to run. Assuredly that same spirit is to be found in the very bones of the company's structure today.

Presidents

Three of the original group of pioneers were successively presidents of the railway: Lord Mount-Stephen, Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy, through years in which the development of the system played as vital a part in the nation's career as did its construction. The great grain areas of the west, the rich mineral territories of British Columbia, Ontario and, more recently, of the Prairie provinces were all brought into closer and more efficient touch with the great industrial centres and export ports. Following this development of interchange of products and commodities it was only natural that the people of the various provinces should begin to have a better knowledge of each other and of one another's needs. This process of mutual knowledge has been developed to a marked degree and still is being developed largely through the system's instrumentality.

Today, under the chairmanship and presidency of E. W. Beatty, K.C., the Canadian Pacific is the greatest transportation company in the world with properties of two billion dollars value and operating over 21,000 miles of line, of which more than 16,000 are in Canada.

Widespread Interests

Originally, solely a railway, the corporation's interests today are widespread. It is the largest Canadian hotel company with a chain of up-to-date hotels from the Maritimes to British Columbia. It is the second largest mining company in the Dominion. It is a lake, river and coast steamship company. It is a telegraph company; a townsite and housing company; an irrigation company, and it owns and operates experimental farms.

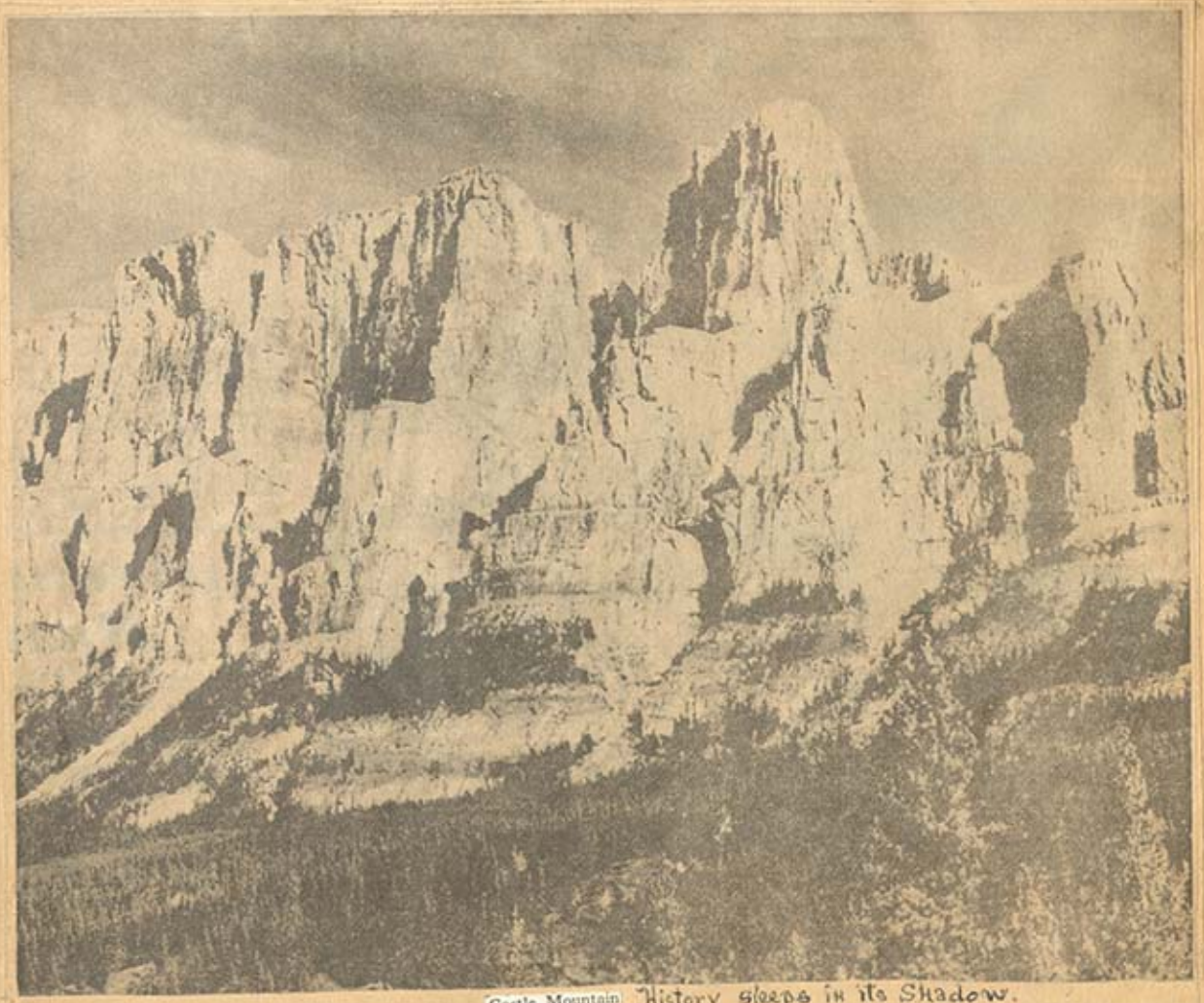
Its steamships are second to none on the Atlantic and Pacific.

It will therefore be appreciated that the claim of the company to an honored and important place in the Dominion's affairs is fully justified. Its ramifications extend to the ends of the earth through countless agencies. At home it is a very important national institution and directly and indirectly a very great influence on the lives of the Canadian people.

SURVEYORS ARRIVE IN AREA

On July 18,1881, the first party of line locators, headed by Major A. B. Rogers, and sent by the Canadian Pacific Syndicate to find a route through the mountains, halted for lunch at the foot of Hole-in-the-Wall Mountain.

The party numbered about 75 men—three complete survey gangs. At Padmore, now Kananaskis, they had met Major Rogers who had crossed the mountains from Wild Horse Camp, (Fort Steele) and one gang, under Engineer Charles Miles had crossed the Bow and ascended the Kananaskis to run preliminary lines down the valley. With that party was Frederick Aylmer



Castle Mountain History sleeps in its Shadow.

The coast-to-coast line passed through Silver City in 1885.

Actually little silver was ever found. Copper was richer, and mines like Home Stake, Castle Towers and Queen o' the Hill struck it rich for a time. Thousands of dollars were spent in wild-cat developments; buildings went up fast, but Silver City died as suddenly as it was born.

And it was ironically soon after the longed-for railroad was completed.

SILVER CITY

Only Mountain Shadow Marks Historic Spot

By DENNY LAYZELL

It was here, three-quarters of a century ago, that a bustling boom-town — bigger than Fort Calgary—attracted speculators from every mining camp from California to Alaska.

This was Silver City, quick to grow and quick to die.

Today nothing remains of the bustling "city" of 3,000 except its "ghosts" and the stories of its past—stories that deserve a niche in the colorful history of the Canadian West.

You have to go back to 1881 for the start of the Silver City story to the day when Joe Healey saw a Stony Indian with a specimen of ore which contained copper.

Healey induced the Indian to lead him to the spot where the ore had been found then, taking samples with him, he returned to Fort Benton in his home state of Montana.

The samples proved to be of high grade and Healey talked his brother John, a Montana sheriff, and a Mr. Dennis to join him in staking claims on Copper Mountain, across the river from Castle Mountain.

They called their venture Copper Mine.

At first there was little activity at the foot of Nature's fortress but when the railroad reached the spot on November, 15, 1883, other prospectors arrived, found copper veins on Copper Mountain and a boom was under way.

The glad tidings spread far and wide and newspapers along the line seized this opportunity to attract an influx of settlers. The railway company would also reap a harvest. So there was no lack of advertising and the boosters did not err on the side of pessimism.

Trappers followed the prospectors, certain of making a living with their snares and guns, for the district was rich in furs. There were magnificent specimens of mink and marten, lynx and fox, wolverine and bear.

Buildings sprang up literally over night and before long the idyllic woodland spot became a thriving little town.

There seems to have been no reason for the name "Silver" since copper and lead were the minerals found there.

One can imagine, however, what lively discussions must have taken place when the earliest settlers were casting about for a suitable name for the embryo city. Copper Hills, Lead Peak or Crystal Creek would have been more accurate but Silver City sounded, no doubt, much more enticing.

In addition the name had the charm of euphony.

The buildings, history records, were rather crude and were made of roughly-hewn logs cut and prepared by hand near the spot. No attempt at elaborate architecture was made—speed was all that mattered.

Every man was the architect, contractor and builder of his own home for the few carpenters on hand were needed to finish the interiors of stores and hotels.

A lime kiln was built in 1884 but prior to that the frontier men had to be resourceful. They used mud and moss and even gunny-sacking to chink the spaces between the logs. Shingles, too, were not among the luxuries in the newly-born town but boards covered with a thatch of mud, grass and twigs was weatherproof.

In the space of a few short months after the coming of the railroad four mines were running and scores of claims had been staked.

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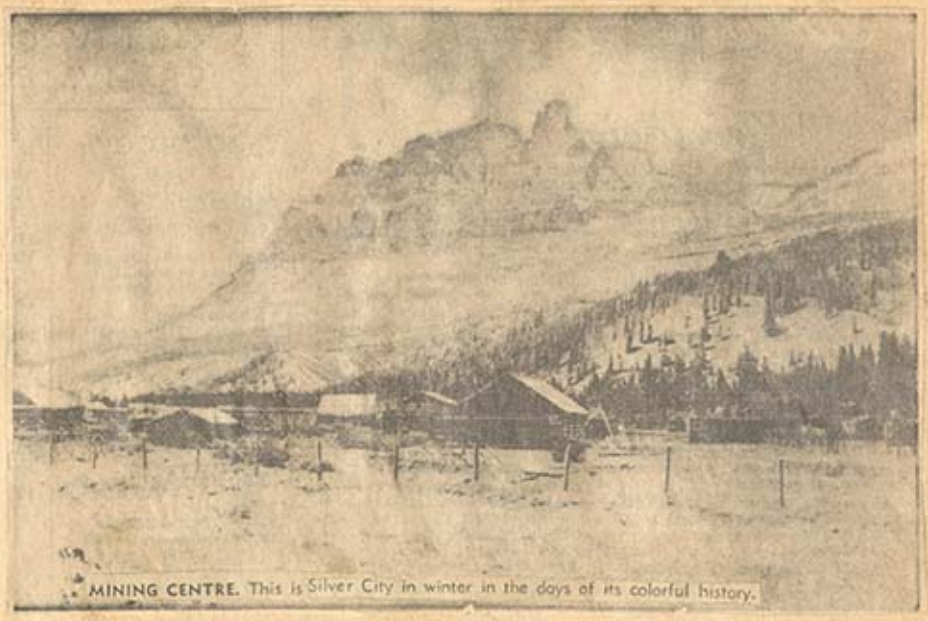

MINING CENTRE. This is Silver City in winter in the days of its colorful history.

Pioneer Also Doomed

The Pioneer Mine was not more fortunate. Hamilton and a partner had staked it as a joint claim but found freight rates were so excessive it would not pay to develop the claim. About the same time they found the pocket of ore was almost exhausted so they abandoned the claim. The partners then moved to South Africa and history records greater success seems to have awaited them there.

The Queen of the Hills, despite its high-sounding name, proved to be a losing investment and before a wagon road to the mine was completed the property was abandoned.

Some $60,000 in British capital was spent in an endeavor to make the Alberta Mine a paying proposition. When the money was gone the mine was closed down. Eventually it was disposed of by sheriff's sale and purchased by a Calgary lawyer but it was never re-opened.

In 1885 two partners, Patton and Pettigrew, staked a claim at the foot of Castle Mountain and started the Homestake Mine.

They dug to a depth of perhaps 40 feet and sank a log shaft.

There is, in the history of Silver City, suggestions they "salted" their mine with gold dust. At any rate they spread the word they had found a genuine gold deposit and distributed circulars far and wide.

Within a few days they sold $10,000 worth of stock at $5 a share.

Then the two "financiers" abruptly departed, leaving behind the worthless Homestake Mine and the bogus stock certificates.

This incident shattered the reputation of Silver City.

Miners moved elsewhere. Prospectors, little daunted, took pick and shovel to more likely localities, for the prospector is a prize optimist. Years of failure cannot cool his ardent hopes and he is sure success always awaits him around the next curve in the road. Naturally, the business men had to leave when their cutomers had gone.

In a few short weeks Silver City was but a memory.

The town had a short life but a merry one. For a year and a half joy had been unconfined. Half a dozen hotels had sprung up, log buildings, all of them, guiltless of ornament or even of plaster, but they bore stately and imposing names—Queen's Hotel, Castle Park Hotel, Montreal Saloon.

Appropriate Hotel Name

The most pretentious was owned by Patton and Pettigrew of Homestake Mine ill-fame.

This was known as The Miners' Home and an appropriate name it was, too, for those who bought many shares of their worthless stock were probably in need of a home.

The first wing of the hotel was of logs, roughly hewn in the accepted style; then a two-storey building was erected in front. It was the pride of the town and could accommodate 50 guests.

No liquor was sold at the bars for this was the Northwest Territories where liquor was banned because of the Indians. In addition, during the days of CPR construction, prohibition was in force throughout the mountains.

This, of course, did not prevent bootleggers from bringing in an occasional keg of whisky or rum to be sold at 50 cents a glass and they had little difficulty disposing of it.

The hotels and saloons were all provided with billiard and card tables, for pool and poker were the favorite diversions. Silver City possessed no dance hall. In fact, few dances were held for there were less than a dozen women in the town.

Frontier life — particularly in a mining camp — had little to commend it to feminine taste.

Jeff Talbot voiced the opinion of most miners on the question of matrimony when someone asked him why he, a man of 50 years, had never married.

"Married? Humph!" he grunted, "This ain't no life for a woman. The only kind of a wife a miner ought to have is one that could drink out of a creek like a horse."

Yet on rare festive occasions—holiday celebrations and the like—a "ball" was held, probably at "Mose" McDougall's hotel for Mose had two sisters living there.

These were far from being formal functions. They did not call for soup-and-fish attire but the miners wanted to appear in something more presentable than their clay-stained corduroys and mackinaws. Consequently the man with the largest supply of clothes was certain to be called upon to outfit his less fortunate friends.

Leading the way was the Healey Brothers' Copper Mine. There was the Pioneer Mine of which the principal owner was a man named Hamilton; the Queen of the Hills, on the opposite curve of the Bow, and the Alberta Mine owned by an Old Country syndicate and managed by Jeff Talbot, a miner with years of experience who hailed from Montana.

Later the Homestake Mine was to come into being and to bring disaster to the flourishing settlement whose population reached a peak of 3,000 in its hey-day.

Every mine, however, was an ill-starred venture.

The Healeys were showing progress and making arrangements to ship ore when the boom exploded. John Healey had to borrow money to move his family away but years later he struck a genuine "pay streak" in Alaska, developed into a millionaire and eventually became gold commissioner.

SILVER CITY. This is a view of colorful Silver City in its hey day in the 1880s when it had a population larger than that at Fort Calgary.

Music Was Really Good

The music at such festivities was really good. Among three or four hundred men gathered from the four points of the compass and from various walks of life there was always a supply of good musicians.

Business, during the months of the boom, flourished. There were four or five general stores that stocked the wares necessary to a mining camp and the prices, old timers reported, were ridiculously low. Butter at 15 cents a pound, bacon at 18 cents, fresh meat from 8 to 12 cents. Potatoes and other vegetables were more expensive as they had to be brought from across the border or from the eastern provinces.

As one would expect there were some interesting characters among the inhabitants of Silver City and the most inimitable was Jack Currie.

Jack was a gentleman of parts. By turns he had been a sailor, a prospector, a cook and a bootlegger. He was generally admitted to be the best cook in Silver City and when he was employed in that capacity at the Pioneer Mine the miners there were supremely content.

Jack had a shack of his own and it was a rendezvous for the gay blades of Silver City, especially when a keg of "booze" was brought in to refresh the thirsty souls.

On one occasion when he had four or five guests making merry a friendly miner rushed in to warn Jack the police were on the trail of the whisky.

Jack tried to get rid of his guests but without result so he chose a powerful means of persuasion.

In one corner of the shack stood a box of dynamite. Jack put it on top of the hot stove and his guests beat a hurried retreat. When they had vanished Jack bolted the door, put the dynamite back in the corner and when the police reached his shack he was snoring noisily within.

History records Jack with often doing the startling and spectacular. His favorite trick was to empty cartridges into his pipe and smoke the sizzling and explosive contents before amazed onlookers.

Currie's fate is uncertain but it was rumored, years later, that he made a fortune in Alaska in the Trail of '98 but on the way back was lost in a shipwreck.

When Silver City was at its height conditions were ripe for a real estate boom and three different companies made application to the government for control of Castle Flats. The government gave the grant to the miners provided they would have the land surveyed by Dominion surveyors and pay $10 a lot.

The first surveyor failed to send a map of the town to Ottawa but a second survey was subsequently made and recorded. From that time until the boom collapsed lots sold high—in some cases as high as $100.

Even in its halcyon days Silver City possessed neither schoolhouse nor church.

There was no occasion for the former and the absence of the latter was not a cause of grievous sorrow to most of its citizens.

At irregular intervals, however, a priest from Calgary celebrated mass at certain private houses and occasionally Rev. John McDougall would hold services in Mose McDougall's hotel.

In 1884 a lime kiln was built by Stimson and McDermid, who had been working on the CPR construction and a little later they started a brick yard. About the same time two Frenchmen, Laconte and Ganier, started a lumber yard.

Everything was in readiness for a continued orgy of building when the Homestake bubble burst.

Houses were left standing in all stages of construction. Merchants abandoned their stock, turning the key upon their unsold stock. Miners left stoves and supplies in their cabins on the slopes.

Silver City was no more but the desertion was not to be complete for more than half a century—thanks to James Smith.

At first a few trappers and two section hands made their headquarters there.

There were houses in abundance, rent-free, and in some of the abandoned dwellings rare treasures were unearthed.

In a table drawer in one small shack were four oil paintings—exquisite representations of the scenery of the area—painted by an Italian who had worked with a construction crew.

The hotels had shut their doors so those who remained had to get their own meals.

There was an easy solution to the problem for with the mountain storms the shop doors soon warped and caved in and tinned goods could be had for the taking.

The question of bread, however, presented a difficulty. It was much easier to make bannocks but these, to be edible, had to be eaten hot. After a few hours they were so hard that flint would feel like jelly in comparison.

"Then he realized that the ghost was only an avalanche of dough. The breadpan had tilted and part of its contents had cascaded stoveward."

But soon Laconte, Jim and the others who had made their living by trapping and the section hands, as well, departed from the ruins of Silver City to leave James Smith there alone with his memories of the boom town for half a century.

Legend Of Silver City

Writing in The Herald of July 5, 1924 — some 36 years ago — Allan I. Grant told this story:

"Laconte, a survivor of the wreck of Silver City, baching with a friend in a deserted house, one day suggested they try baking bread.

"'Dees bannock,' he complained, 'dey break de teedt.'

"So they made yeast and mixed the dough in a large breadpan that had been hanging undisturbed on the wall for months. But the dough had to be kept warm and the mercury was hovering around zero.

"How was it to be done. Finally they had an inspiration. Tying a rope to the two "ears" of the pan they suspended it from a hook in the ceiling so that it hung several feet above the stove.

"During the night Laconte's pal was awakened by an elbow thrust in his midriff.

"'Jeem!', the terrified Frenchman was whispering. 'Jeem, what ees dat!'. And he pointed a trembling finger at the top of the stove.

"There, in the middle of the room, there gleamed in the white moonlight a white, spectral form which for a moment startled the even matter-of-fact Jim.

Third Settler In Camp

James Smith, known to the city's residents as Joe since he was a French Canadian, was the third settler of the mining camp and the last to leave.

Joe Smith was born in Quebec in 1851 where his father, a Scotsman, worked in the lumber camps.

In 1881 he decided to try his luck in the West and en route met Father Lacombe at Summit Lake, east of Winnipeg. Little did he know that some 56 years later he was to end his days in a home for the aged named in honor of the beloved frontier priest.

Joe Smith was located some 20 miles east of Medicine Hat in 1883 when he heard tales of rich silver deposits in the mountains so headed westward with a team and wagon.

He recalled, in later years, that when he reached the site of Silver City two men were there. One was Andrew Sibbald, afterwards the first school teacher at Banff. He could not recall the name of the other man but it was probably Joe Healey who discovered the first traces of copper after being taken to the site by a Stony Indian.

Joe Smith, with the knowledge he had gained in the Quebec woods, was soon hard at work with adze, axe and whipsaw erecting a cabin. Before it was completed a tent and shanty town had sprung up around him and he was offered $800 for his unfinished cabin but refused.

Smith was a hard worker, however, and soon he owned a hotel, operated a store and did some prospecting on the side.

One historian of the era recorded Smith operated the Montreal saloon and "obtained some reputation as a brewer of drinks, which may or may not have been within the letter of the law which made spirits taboo in the territory."

Even Houses Moved Away

But the "bubble" burst and as Smith later recalled "even the houses moved away."

Many buildings were dismantled and re-erected in centres along the railway line. Some of the logs were used to build the first bath-house at Banff.

But Smith never lost faith in the possibility that somewhere back in the mountains lay the proverbial prospector's luck — "the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow."

When he was the lone remaining inhabitant of Silver City he spent his summers, an ancient Smith and Wesson strapped to his waist and a rock pick in his hand, exploring for minerals. In the winters he would augment the money he made from wood-cutting by running a trap line.

He shot game with an old muzzle loader he had brought from the East and which he used until 1935. His only other weapon was one of the earliest types of police Remington rifles.

New Cabin

He remained in his original quarters until 1912 then, noting it was likely to collapse at any time, built a new low-roofed cabin and moved into it with his household goods.

Never marrying, Smith, like many a man of those early days, was waiting to make his stake and return home and settle down. But the chance never came. Only when his days were numbered, did he leave the shadow of his beloved mountains.

In 1887 the Silver City area came under the jurisdiction of the national parks branch and firearms and trapping were prohibited. This did not refer to Joe Smith, however. He was allowed to retain his guns, unsealed, to hunt and trap and any requirements he might have for fresh meat were officially winked at.

Smith was his own dentist and pulled any aching molars. He was also his own doctor on the rare occasions when he was ill.

The most serious illness, he said years later, was when he was stricken with an attack of the grippe.

Smith recalls there was no food in his shack except onions and he was so sick he nearly died.

He boiled the onions and when he was too ill to eat them he drank the water.

"It was that which cured me I think," he said.

The old timer had company of a sort when an enemy alien camp was established close by during the First World War, and when touring grew through the years he had many visitors.

He remembered, in his declining years, such "old cronies" as Peter Prince, founder of Eau Claire Sawmills, Col. James Walker, Postmaster King and Tom Wilson, the guide.

In the earlier days Father Lacombe was a regular visitor when passing to and fro on railroad construction and once held mass in Smith's cabin.

He numbered many of his friends among the Stonys who hunted in the area and came for paint from Red Earth creek and the ochre deposits in the hills.

From them he learned many legends.

One was the legend of the Chinook — the story of how the blind daughter of the South Wind searches through the Bow Valley from her home on Castle Mountain for the parent she lost when the North Wind of winter carried him away.

His greatest pleasure, in his declining years, was to receive visitors and to tell them of the legends and the fund of stories of the "ghosts of Silver City."

The late Leslie Sara, a well known Calgary writer, once wrote Smith also told "of the elk, deer and other creatures of the forest who came out of the hills to browse around his cabin or drink, at eventide and dawning from the waters of Red Earth Creek. . .With the soul of an artist he would describe the pink and saffron flush which steals over the blue-clad shadows on the side of Storm Mountain at daybreak; of the glories of sunsets reflected on the side of Pilot Mountain and the Sawback Range to the east."

But time, as it always will, gradually took its toll and old age and partical blindness made friends fearful to leave Joe Smith alone in the mountain fastness.

Months of diplomacy were needed on the part of his spiritual advisor, Father McGinnis of Banff, before he could be induced to leave. And then, he said, it would only be for a short visit to Lacombe Home at Midnapore.

Before he left his home where Red Earth Creek ripples down to the bow from the shadow of mightier Mount Eisenhower, Joe Smith set his house in order for his return.

Kindling was on hand to start a fire in the rusty stove with its chimney crazily supported by a scaffolding on the roof. In the snug cabin furniture was arranged along the hewn walls. Chipped china was neatly piled on home-made shelves.

In his storehouse rusted bear and beaver traps hung from pegs, together with trapping and prospecting equipment fashioned by his own hand.

Joe Smith did not know it but once he had left his home it was destroyed. On an October day in 1937, on instructions from the national parks department, park employees put the torch to the cabin and storehouse after friends removed the old timer's few meagre belongings.

Joe Smith never returned.

A few months later — removed from his beloved mountains — he died at Lacombe Home at Midnapore and with his passing the last link with fabulous Silver City was broken.

Today nothing remains. On the flats there is only the shadow of Mount Eisenhower and there is no one to re-tell the tales of those old, carefree days—of boisterous revels in Jack Currie's cabin, of a "salted" mine, and of convivial gatherings in the Miners' Home Hotel.

There is not a single hint that here history sleeps — the history of a "shadow" city of the romantic past.

JOE SMITH (left) 1932 THE DAVE WHITE

MOOSE JAW NEWS... Feb. 15, 1884—Late despatches indicate a great boom in Silver City. Real estate has doubled in value within a short time and the population has increased to 1,500. People are flocking in by dog-trains and pack-mules from across the border and British Columbia. Silver has been discovered in large quantities at the 33rd siding, the end of the track.

Here — at Silver City — there was a town with a merry outlook. Half a dozen hotels sprang up. All were log buildings, guiltless of ornament or even plaster, but they bore stately and imposing names — Queen's Hotel, Castle Park Hotel, The Montreal Saloon and The Miner's Home.

Here, in 1881, Joe Healey and his brother, John, a Montana sheriff, and a Mr. Dennis staked claims because, after Joe had seen samples in possession of a Stony Indian, they were sure copper could be mined profitably.

Things were slow at first but, with the coming of the railroad in 1883, other prospectors found copper veins on Copper Mountain, across the Bow then called Castle and a boom was under way.

But, in short order, everything came to an end as the bubble burst when it was learned that one of the mines had been "salted". And then Silver City disappeared.

* * * Nov/44

The McDougall copper [illegible] just back of Silver City sends cheering news.

The copper is of a very rich quality, in fact all but solid, and contains, alloyed with it, silver in small quantities and also gold to the extent of about one and one half ounces to the ton.

The company has been so well satisfied with the results of their various assays that they are making busy preparations for work in the spring. Workmen are there now.

Nov 1944

By John F. Moore

Today as you glide around the mountain curves behind the powerful wine and gold trimmed Diesels of the C.P.R. — you could be pulling into one of the big industrial metropolises of the West.

Skirting around the eight mile base of the mountain, few people would ever know that a flourishing mining town once sprawled there. With tree growth, the main street is barely discernable. It takes a keen eye to find the filled-in cellars and old wells. But for strewn rubble, the vigorous pine and red willow have almost obliterated the sign of man.

It all started back in 1881 when Joe Healey, a prospector from the Cariboo and Kootenay countries met a Stoney Indian at his camp with an unusual specimen of ore. Joe persuaded him to show him where he found it. While Joe didn't make any lucky strike, he did work over the foot of the mountain.

In the Fall of '83 the C.P.R. fingered through up on to the Great Divide and the trek to Silver City began. Within a year it was a roaring boomtown of 1,000 people. Fortunes were made and lost as quickly.

Yet Silver City's romance was not in wealth but in dreams, including a plan to be a divisional point between Calgary and Vancouver (then Gastown) when the railway finally completed its coast to coast line.

At the crossroads of the Rockies, In a broad valley, it lies surrounded by some of the most magnificent rugged grandeur. Snow and ice atop 10 to 12,000 foot peaks, form an unrivalled setting.

Or if you drove through on the Trans-Canada highway, they'd tell you of ghosts of boisterous days, that still roam these mountainsides. Of the haunting voices of men and women, hammers and biting axes, and music at night. Old-timers from Golden, Field and Banff will tell you — Silver City back in 1883 was headin' to be one of the really big towns of the West.

It began at the foot of the mountain whose rust red castellated towers rise nearly a mile straight up from the valley. Castle Mountain was well named. Coming in from the east it looms up like a misty Rhine fortress in an Albert Durer engraving.

On a warm hazy afternoon it has a poetic enchantment, but when thunder rolls out of the mountain passes and black raincloudz billow over, then like one of Constable's impregnable storm-lashed castles of medieval days, the mountain soars massive, stern and forboding.

45

Oct 22-1937

Joe Smith Vacates "Silver City"

Crag & Canyon

Last human connecting link with the boom days of the early eighties was broken on Monday when 94 year old Joseph Smith only known survivor of old "Silver City," now Castle, yielded to the counsel of his friends, vacated his half century old log cabin and left these parts for the Lacombe Home. On Monday night all that remained connecting the clearing at the foot of Castle Mountain with the "bubble" city which in its heyday is reputed to have had 3,000 residents, were two ricketty storehouses and the weathered cabin.

It was either in late autumn of 1882, or early spring of 1883 that Joseph Smith, then a worker on C.P.R. construction east of Calgary, heard of a "rich" silver strike having been made in the mountains. Snow had hardly left the lower slopes of the mountains when, with horse and prospector's outfit he reached "Silver City" 19 miles west of the sight destined to become Banff. He was then in his 41st year with considerable prospecting and pioneering experience. Son of a Scotch father and French Canadian mother he spoke English and French, the former with a slight accent. With speed he erected a hotel, now the two storey tumbling-down storehouse, and when the advance railroad builders came was doing a thriving business. Then he turned seriously to prospecting.

Silver City's story is that of many other early boom-camps; great faith, unrealized dreams then desertion. With the fact established that ore did not exist in paying quantities, about 1886 all prospectors moved away almost overnight—all but Joseph Smith. Through the years when gangs getting out railroad ties, gangs lumbering, and later small outfits cutting mine-props and fire-wood used the site as headquarters, the lone indominable prospector kept his faith in that Castle Mountain would some day yield to him the wealth he believed it held.

Mining and shipping small quantities of ore during the summer months, and trapping in the winter, earned sufficient to satisfy his meager wants until in the early twenties his eyesight began to fail. Years before he had lost his right eye as a result of an accident, and his left eye gradually weakened and weakened until in 1926 he was unable to mine or trap. He was then in his 83 year; a specialist pronounced his case incurable, an old-age cataract was creeping down the eye. He was forced to apply for an old-age pension.

Stubbornly he rfused to vacate his cabin, counsels and pleas of friends fell on deaf ears. Just as stubbornly he refused assistance of any kind persisting, even as total blindness drew nearer and nearer, in cooking his own meals and doing his own housework.

This summer however, after many visits and after many arguments against going had been overcome, by Father Maginnis of Banff, he consented to go to Lacombe Home, the home founded by his great friend and spiritual adviser of the early days, Father Lacombe.

CLIFFORD WHITE

Visits Mine Which Caused Excitement in the Early Days

Oct 22-1937 "Crag"

Cliff White visited the abandoned "Queen of the Hills," mines on the east end of Castle Mountain, on Monday, which he found after much searching.

Joe Smith gave Cliff a map of some 20 years ago of how to find the mine but through the growth of Jack Pine in recent years, the mine was practically "lost."

Cliff reports that the old windlass at the mine is practically at an end through erosion. This windlass was erected by using pegs and dowls made of wood.

The shaft at an angle of about 45 degrees is in a perfect state extending some 150 feet into the mountain.

This old mining slope was one of the reasons for the building of Silver City. In the fall of 1883, steel had reached that point. There were also numerous tie camps in the valley with Silver City as headquarters. Added to this was the "discovery" of a rich silver mine on the side of Castle. The old "Queen of the Hills" mine had been "salted" by two sharp Montana prospectors, this causing a mining boom, which exploded when the deception was brought to light.

Cliff states that the trip is well worth while for those interested. He brought back a set of negatives. There was no evidence whatever of anyone having visited the old mine for years, and although the "Queen of the Hills" was the most famous of other prospects, the location of which had been known to old timers, its location was practically "lost" until rediscovered by Cliff, through information furnished him by Joe Smith and two or three other old timers, of its approximate location.

NOV. 26, 1884

Mr. Vancourtland is in town and reports business very dull in Silver City. But every cloud has a silver lining which, in this case, is the prospect of a large tie contract about to be let by the railway company. This will again fill the mountain city with busy industry and enable the inhabitants to tide over their temporary depression.

When the city became a ghost town the buildings were torn down and scattered each side of the Great Divide. Lumber and logs were used from Field to Banff, including section houses. Some got so far out on the prairies that they become homesteaders' shacks.

Until about ten years ago one of the original prospectors lived there all alone, but now he's gone.

WHEN LINK WAS BROKEN. Joe Smith is shown with his friends on the day he left his mountain cabin in October, 1937, for the last time. Left to right are Father McGinnis, Percy Bennett of Millarville who was a game warden in the park, Smith, and W. E. Round of Banff.

END OF AN ERA. Park employees are shown watching flames destroy Smith's cabin in October, 1937.

The Ladies in picture below are Banff School Teachers.

Summer 1915
Joe Smith in doorway of his cabin - Castle Mountain
(Left to Right) Dave White, Eva Garrett, Jackie White, Beatrice Scarr and Edith Robertson

From 1903 View Book.

CASTLE MOUNTAIN

Situated between Banff and Lake Louise. A sheer precipice of 3,000 feet, stretching for eight miles, with turrets, bastions and battlements complete.

Banff In The '90s

John 25/52

'Good Old Days' Recalled

Jan. 24 was a long time before you could get a drink on Sunday after that!"

★ ★ ★

Retired C.P.R. conductor Fred Lance of 237 14th Ave. E in Calgary, some of whose reminiscences appeared in The Albertan a few days ago, got to brooding a bit about the glamor of present-day Banff.

He reached the conclusion that Banff "ain't what she used to be" when he first worked there in 1892.

"There were two one-room bungalows facing the river just a short distance south of the C.P.R. bridge," he recalls. "Rent-free, no taxes, water at the front door, lots of firewood at the back. Catch a fish for breakfast and rabbits in the bush for dinner. All you needed was a little tea and sugar, maybe a side of bacon, and you were fixed for the Winter."

One of the cabins, Mr. Lance believes, was occupied by Arthur Saddington, later Banff postmaster, and his brother Bill. Also living in Banff in the 90s were the Saddington uncles, the Frear Brothers, real old-timers with Victorian mutton-chop whiskers.

PRACTICAL JOKE FAILED

A practical joke that came a cropper, recalls the retired railroader, was the time a rather eccentric Banff resident, John Sutherland, was nominated for school trustee against Dr. Brett.

"Darned if he didn't get elected," says Mr. Lance. "Started to raise the dickens in the place, firing everybody in sight. They had a time getting rid of him."

Mr. Lance thinks Banff lost one of its best Winter attractions when the open air curling rink near the boathouse was abandoned.

"There wasn't anything like it in Canada," he says. Sheltered on the sides by big spruce trees and with the mountains for a background, it was a most spectacular sight on a moonlight night."

TEMPERANCE MOVE STARTED

Mr. Lance is a little cynical about a Temperance Lodge started in Banff in those days by Dave Whyte and Rev. C. W. Gordon.

"Everyone joined up but Dr. Brett and Jim Brewster," he says, "but the town people didn't have any money to buy liquor anyway.

Another clergyman, Rev. Fred Langford of Calgary, figures in another of Mr. Lance's stories of Banff in the old days.

"A hotel was built downtown in Banff where you could get a drink on a Sunday, he remembers.

"Mr. Langford, a very tall man, was the license inspector and one Sunday walked into the bar when the bartender was cleaning up. Looking up at Mr. Langford, the barkeep said, 'Hello, Shorty, what are you going to have.'"

er creatures of the forest who came

BANFF'S ORIGINAL CURLING RINK

. . . on the Bow River

Curling has been a popular pastime in Banff since the turn of the century and the original facilities were hewn out of the wilderness.

C. H. McAdie recently about the first curling ice that was used on the Bow River.

"There's a draw from the recreation grounds to the Bow River down beyond the museum," he said. "Billy Mather flooded that one time and that was the location of the first curling ice in Banff."

"From there we moved to Marten St. where we curled on two sheets of ice bordered by a fence. Then we decided about 1920 to build a building with four sheets of ice where we curled until the new one was built a few years back."

Development of the new curling rink began in 1958 when Banff residents pledged about $85,000 towards the ultra-modern building which was financed by the Federal Government.

The official opening at which former Northern Affairs Minister Walter Dinsdale was present was held April 2, 1962. (The first Banff School teachers

Bob Campbell, who was secretary-treasurer of the Banff Club in 1898 recalled some of the early days.

There was one sheet then lighted by coach lanterns at the old Brett Hospital. "We used to set the lanterns on the ice for the skips to shoot," he said.

The first bonspiel had an entry of four rinks but the biggest one in those days was in 1908 won by Don Irvin. One of the prizes was false teeth, he said, and Dan Lucy of Calgary won those. He refused to have his teeth pulled to use the prize so they were fitted to his landlady who carried the prize to her grave.

Rev. Tom Lonsdale, a United Church Minister in Banff for 32 years and now retired, dedicated the rink and Mr. Dinsdale presented Ralph Nelson with the key to the rink in exchange for the shovel he used to turn the first sod August 13, 1961.

Hon. Russell Patrick, Mr. Dinsdale and Eldon Woolliams were presented with Banff Curling Club pins by president John Peatfield.

It was early in March that the new club for the first time echoed to the shouts of 'sweep' and 'more ice.'

John Peatfield, president of the club, spoke briefly and described the occasion as "a memorable night in the annals of curling in Banff."

The oldest member of the club, Bill Hargraves, threw the first stone with Banff Park Superintendent holding the broom and Mr. Peatfield and Bill Laskaris sweeping.

Curlers Active Here Since Before 1900

1915

Harry Brett Scott Ashley Jack McCowan George Poris

117 by Denny Layzell

Oct. 1962

Sometimes you can just sit on a hillside and in no time at all be turning back the pages of time.

Got to doing it in an unsurpassed setting—the Big Hill overlooking Cochrane—the other afternoon and it was amazing what came to mind.

And who would believe that 152 years have passed since a white man first made his way along the valley that stretches out to the Rockies?

But it is true. History records David Thompson was in the area in 1808.

And it was something like 100 years ago — 1858 to be exact—when Sir James Hector and Capt. John Palliser passed through during their survey.

And, perhaps, they looked out over the foothills to the Rockies from somewhere near the same spot where I sat in contemplation of the wonders of nature.

* * *

It was this way, too, that men of God came to this untamed section of Canada — Rev. George and Rev. John McDougall to settle to the west in 1873 and the Oblate Fathers —Rev. Fathers Fourmond and Scollen—the same year to the first Catholic Mission in southern Alberta, nine miles south of Cochrane on the Elbow.

* * *

Then there were the large cattle outfits, too.

In 1878 the Cochrane Ranch was established by Senator Cochrane and, although you can't see it from the vantage point on Big Hill, the original ranch house of the company is still standing.

Then, just three years later, A. P. Patrick established the Mount Royal Ranch in the area.

And, as I sat thinking back, I wondered how many cowboys—as far back as some 80 years—sat on Big Hill and looked down at cattle grazing in the wide valley of the Bow.

* * *

Into such a quiet scene as one views from the hill one's thoughts—if you know a little of the district's history—can come up with many firsts.

Like James Quigley filing on the first homestead in the area in 1885 and James Bruce building the first house in Cochrane the following year.

And there was another settlement, a few miles west of Cochrane, which was known as Mitford and was named in honor of a close friend of Lady Adela Cochrane, daughter of the Earl of Stadbroke, and wife of T. B. H. Cochrane who founded Mitford in 1885.

But the CPR put Mitford out of business when it failed to make the settlement a regular stop. The settlement was deserted by 1898 and some of the buildings moved to the rival town of Cochrane.

* * *

And Cochrane was quite a sporting centre in its hey-day when cattle ranching was big business in the area.

Horse races were held there beginning on a major scale in 1891 and continued for some 40 years.

Polo was a popular sport as well and, from 1909 when the first polo club was established until the First World War, the sport flourished.

And curling has always been popular from the time the first rink was opened 60 years ago.

* * *

Sitting there on the hillside I got to thinking about all these things and wondering how many of the folks who hurry by what may look like a sleepy little town really know of its colorful history.

But, more than that, I wondered how many of the folks who lived at Cochrane through the years or just passed through the area in the long years from David Thompson's journey in 1808 ever paused to admire the beauties of nature from the Big Hill.

Thousands now pass the vantage point every day.

Few pause to admire the incomparable panorama or to recall that in the area below them Western history has been made.

14 THE CALGARY HERALD

John SCHMIDT

. . . agricultural Alberta

On Nov. 4 the Nose Creek Historical Association sponsored a non-denominational church service in Beddington Community Hall honoring the arrival of the first cattle in the Calgary area in 1873.

This was the second such service held at Beddington this year, the first one honoring the formation of the RCMP 100 years ago.

* * *

With Calgary the recognized centre of the cattle industry, it is an amazing fact that until 1873 the area never had a hoofprint on it. But on Oct. 21, 1873, Rev. John McDougall and his family drove 11 cows and a bull from Edmonton to the mission to the Indians at Morley.

REV. JOHN McDOUGALL
. . . 1873 cattle herder

"That herd of cattle marked an historic occasion as it sowed the seeds of a multi-million-dollar industry," said C. Redvers Perry, Nose Creek historian.

* * *

There were two reasons why cattle thrived in this area.

One was the fact that the RCMP arrived to drive out the whisky traders who were inciting the Indians to violence. In 1874 their effect was felt in law and order and domestic cattle were on safe ground for farmers and ranchers.

The second was the fact the disappearance of the buffalo herds in 1879 made it compulsory to turn to an alternative. This alternative was domestic cattle. There was plenty of land, as the Indians were set up on reservations.

* * *

One of the early ranchers in the area, of course, was the Cochrane Ranch of 100,000 acres which was stocked in 1881.

* * *

In attendance at the centennial service was Mrs. George Dutchik of Cremona, the great-great-granddaughter of Mr. McDougall.

Ken LIDDELL'S COLUMN

June-1957

BANFF—There are many interesting things in the house with the blue shutters and Mrs. Pearl Moore, who lives there, is the most interesting.

The house was constructed between two trees that grew so tall the dwelling was in perpetual darkness. And there were so many other trees that the house was hidden from view.

Mrs. Moore, reaching back to scratch another match on the stone fireplace, said she likes to see what she is looking at, so she had 18 trees removed. And now, having seen what there was to look at, she intends to go back into hiding by planting Manitoba maples because they grow fast.

* * *

MRS MOORE, a daughter of John Brewster who did much of the spadework in Banff years ago, describes herself and her late husband as having been a couple of packrats in their time.

Some of the things they collected did not appear to be of much value when they toted them home, but the years have given the articles and the articles have given the house a dignity one seldom meets in this age of homes with assembly-line rumpus rooms.

* * *

THE HOUSE with the blue shutters—on Banff Avenue as you enter the town from the East—has character in its own right, too. It is a monument to what Mrs. Moore, reaching back to scratch a match on the stone fireplace, described as "a bunch of good axemen" who inhabited Banff at one time and who, no doubt, would turn over in their graves at the very thought of a prefabricated log home.

The house with the blue shutters has been standing for 50 years and it looks like it is good for another 50. The logs came from Frank Beattie, who ran the Sulphur Hot Springs where he also had some timber rights. Everything was hand-worked, even the window sills and the bannister of the stairway that leads from the living room to the upstairs, with one of the posts a British Columbia totem pole.

* * *

PEARL BREWSTER MARRIED Phillip Moore in 1907. That's when the house was built, too. Moore came to Banff as a tourist in 1903, when he was a year out of Princeton. Banff left him with a problem: Whether to return to the United States and take up a lucrative professional career, or to stay in Banff and be happy. He didn't take long to make up his mind. He was back in Banff in 1904 working for Brewster's packing and transportation outfit.

He saw service in both wars—with rank of lieutenant-colonel in the first war—and between wars and the off-seasons at Banff the Moores did considerable travel-

INTEREST IN RIDING IS GREATLY REVIVED BY TRAIL RIDERS

Guides All Report Many Parties Planned for Camping Trips

ORDER HAS ATTRACTED ARTISTS AND WRITERS

Rungins, Browne and Kimbel Among Members of This Club

Aug 3/25

Before there were motor cars there were roads, and before there were roads there were trails, and before there were trails there were hunters, and before there were hunters there were moose, elk and deer of all kinds, and in the mountains there were goat and sheep. In the mountains of western Canada the motor cars were enticing as many outdoor people away from the trails that the ponies on which they used to ride the trails were beginning to eat their heads off and the guides were giving up their wooly chaps and Big Four Stetsons for the uniform of a chauffeur, when a bright thought came to a little party marooned in a blizzard on the mile-high Wolverine Pass two summers ago, and the Order of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies was born. The idea of this was that those who would show that they had ridden fifty miles of trail within the area of the National Parks in the Rockies would be given a bronze button; a hundred miles qualified for a silver button; five hundred miles for a gold button; a thousand miles for a gold and enamel button and two thousand five hundred miles for a full enamel button—each with its appropriate design. The order was declared open to all, irrespective of age, sex, creed, color or profession—thus throwing the doors open to professional guides and Indian chiefs, as well as to American millionaires. H. H. Chow, president of the Rand-McNally company, the famous map makers of Chicago, who is himself a keen trail rider, donated the charts, which were compiled by a corps of his map makers. Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, who has camped in the Canadian Rockies every summer for thirty years, agreed to act as honorary president, and as the news spread the membership rolled up so that at the first Pow-Wow held in the Yoho Valley last summer there were two hundred and seven hardy equested. The membership is now between three and four hundred, and a three-day cross country ride has been arranged for Aug. 8-10, between Marble Canyon, on the Banff-Windermere road, to Wapta Camp Bungalow, eight miles west of Lake Louise. The ride will follow a trail which is partly new and partly old Indian trail over the Wolverine Plateau, east of Mount Goodsir, and up McArthur Creek, past Lake O'Hara. This will be a virgin country to most of the Trail Riders, as most of it has been visited only by a few big game hunters. It is flanked by an immense precipice on the west, running nearly forty miles north and south and rising from one thousand to six thousand five hundred feet high. To the south one can see the peak of Assiniboine and to the north east the group of snow-capped mountains framing Lake Louise and the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

TRAIL HIKERS OF ROCKIES END FOUR-DAY TRIP

Carl Rungius, New York, Wild Animal Painter, Elected President at Pow-wow

1935

BANFF, Aug. 6.—Back from their four-day hike through the spectacular Sunshine and Egypt Lake country, Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, mud stained but happy, ate their way through a turkey dinner at Castle Mountain Chalet Bungalow camp last night and held their annual pow-wow to elect officers.

Carl Rungius, New York, wild animal painter, was elected president of the organization, succeeding N. B. Sanson of Banff. Peter White, Banff hiker and skier, was made vice president, in succession to Mr. Rungius, while Mrs. George Vaux Jr. Bryn Mawr, Pa. was added to the executive committee, and added to the council were George Vaux, Bryn Mawr, Pa., Mrs. Peter White, Banff, H. O. Peckham, Vancouver, B. C., Miss Adelaide Smith, Montreal, and Mrs. Dan McCowan, Banff.

J. Murray Gibson, Montreal, secretary treasurer and Dan McCowan, Banff, western secretary, were re-elected.

A. C. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., of Sidney, B.C., one of the path finders in the area traversed by the hikers on their 1935 trek, and J. M. Wardle, supervisor of the western parks, in the National Parks system, who accompanied the hikers, were among the speakers at last night's pow-wow.

Mr. Wheeler, left the Assiniboine camp of the Alpine Club of Canada to join the hikers in their annual pow-wow. Accompanying the hikers, incidentally, was Mrs. Wheeler and their ten-year-old grandson, John Wheeler, who weathered the trip in fine shape.

VARIED PARTY TO PARTICIPATE IN TRAIL RIDE

1936

Annual Outing of Trail Riders of Canadian Rockies Starts on Friday

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, July 31—Tenderfeet and veteran Rocky Mountain guides, teen-age youngsters and septuagenarians, artists, lawyers, doctors, writers, naturalists, engineers and educationists—drawn together from all parts of the United States, Canada and England by common love of the pine-scented alpine heights, will saddle up four miles southwest of here early Friday, for the annual outing of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Youthful George Vaux, of Bryn Mawr, Penn., for whom grandfather, a pioneer explorer and geologist a Canadian Rockies peak is named, will take the head of the largest trail ride in nine years. Fifty-seven riders are enrolled.

This year the riders will go up picturesque Forty-mile Creek along the Sawback range whose deeply serrated peaks give that name. A first camp 29 miles up the creek will provide shelter Friday night and a Saturday "free day" for a side trip over to the beauties and fishing of Mystic Lake farther west. Thrills of the spectacular Badger Pass lie beyond and the cavalcade will return south and west along Johnston Creek past Johnston Canyon, to Mount Massive where the concluding pow-wow will be held, with full trail rider ceremony.

49 Sky Liners Off To Scale Rockies in Four-Day Excursion

Energetic Americans and Britishers Join Canadians in Hike

1936

BANFF, Aug. 7.—Artists, photographers, writers, teachers, physicians and nature lovers of Canada, the United States and the British Isles, are mustered here for the annual outing of that world-wide organization, founded on mutual love of the outdoors, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Knapsacks on back, heavy hobnailed boots ringing merrily on the boulders of the Rocky Mountain trails, 49 Sky-Liners left here for Lake Wapta Bungalow camp last night and this morning, hiking from Wapta to Lake O'Hara Bungalow camp, headquarters camp for their four-day excursion through admittedly some of the most stupendous scenery of the whole Rockies region. A base camp for daily hikes is a new departure for the organization that formerly carried a horse pack train and pitched nightly camps, but it represents a cash saving to the members. From the beauties of Lake O'Hara, the Skyliners will make daily hikes to Lake Oesa, Opabin Pass, lonely and austere Lake McArthur, Lake Linda and the Oderay Plateau.

The rugged grandeur of the region will appeal strongly to a group of notable artists and painters who are accompanying the party. They include W. J. Phillips, the noted Winnipeg artist; Carl Rungius of Banff and New York, the landscape and animal painter; George B. Mitchell, New York artist and Peter Whyte and his wife, Catherine Whyte of Banff, two gifted young painters.

Georgia Engelhardt, New York alpinist, who has claimed nearly every notable peak in the world, will be pace-setter for the expedition although there will be few who will stay up long with the energetic young American climber.

The list of hikers for the 1936 excursion includes Peter W. Bennet and Dick Troughton, Toronto; J. M. Gibbon, Harold E. Key, Irene Scott and Adelaide Smith, Montreal; Hope Mathewson, Margaret Fife and Ida Bandman, New York; B. H. Pulsford, president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies; and Janet V. Harper, Chicago; C. A. Jones, R. O. Moore, and Diana Moore, London, Eng.; W. J. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, Winnipeg; E. Radinowitz and Dr. W. Tillem, Philadelphia; Mrs. George Vaux and George Vaux, Jr., Bryn Mawr, Pa., Dr. and Mrs. E. Lons, Chatham, N.J.; Marjorie Fryckberg, St. Paul, Minn.; G. Peck, Moose Jaw and Miss E. D. Johnson, Trail, B.C.; Muriel Moffat and Travers Coleman, Vancouver, and Clara E. Maxwell, New Westminster, B.C. The Banff contingent is as numerous as ever with colorful old-timers, such as Col. and Mrs. Phil Moore; N. B. Sanson, Sam Wand and Dan McCowan, the naturalist, to explain the features of the country to the tenderfoot.

Four Days' Hiking In Mountains Ends For 50 Skyliners

Peter Whyte Elected President of Order

1936

LAKE O'HARA BUNGALOW CAMP, Aug. 11.—Their annual four-day hike concluded, 50 Skyline Trail hikers of the Canadian Rockies drawn from all parts of the United States, Canada and England, yesterday swung down the eight-mile trail through deep alpine timber to Hector on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway on their way home after the most successful outing of the unique nature lovers organization.

1936 - Aug 11 Cont'd.

This year the Skyliners departed from their previous system of marking out a 30 or 40-mile itinerary and pitching nightly camps by horse pack trains. Instead they made headquarters at Lake O'Hara Chalet bungalow camp, making excursions on Saturday, Sunday and Monday to the scenic wonders on the Seven Sisters Falls, Lake Oesa, the Opabin Meadows, Oderay Plateau and the short severe lake McArthur, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Peter Whyte, Banff artist, hiker and skier, was elected president of the order, succeeding Carl Rungius who was made an honorary member along with N. B. Sanson, Banff, Elizabeth Bose, Washington, Pa.; J. B. Harkin, Ottawa; Walter D. Wilcox, Washington, D.C.; and Major J. M. Wardle, Ottawa. George Vaux, Bryn Mawr, Pa., former president of the Companion Society, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, was elected vice-president, succeeding Peter Whyte, and Mrs. Jamie Simpson, Banff, was made a vice-president, succeeding Miss Elizabeth Bose. A. N. Carruthers, noted Rockies guide and skier, and P. T. Madness, both of Calgary, were added to the executive council.

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APRIL 1950

Windsors Enthralled With Rockies; Regret Visit So Short

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor's four day visit to Alberta, which included a stop-over in Calgary, a visit to the Duke's ranch at Pekisco and a short visit to the town of High River, was climaxed by a one day trip to Banff on Friday of last week.

Although there was a large crowd at the depot to greet them when the train pulled in shortly before noon, there was no attempt at a formal reception. They were met by L. S. Crosby, president of the Brewster Transport Company and an old friend of the Duke's, who later took them on a tour of Banff and vicinity.

Following lunch in their private car, they had only about four hours at their disposal, so the tour was, of necessity, a short one and both the Duke and the Duchess expressed sincere regret they had so little time to enjoy the scenic beauty with which they were enthralled. Although the Duke had visited Banff on previous trips, this was the first time the Duchess was here.

The sightseeing tour consisted of a trip along Tunnel Mountain drive, a visit to Luxton's Trading Post, where they bought buckskin jackets and slippers, and a visit to the administration buildings where they met the park superintendent, J. A. Hutchison. They also drove to the Cave and Basin and went in to see the cave; to the Upper Hot Pool, then to the Banff Springs Hotel where they met C. C. McCartney, manager of the hotel, and C. Rennie, manager of the Chateau Lake Louise. Although the hotel was not open they were shown through part of it.

The part of the tour that th couple seemed to enjoy greatl was the drive along the high way to Johnson Canyon and visit to the beaver dam. At th seven mile lookout point th Duke spent some time looking at the surrounding mountains through binoculars and farther along the road both the Duke and the Duchess enjoyed looking at elk and mountain sheep through the glasses. Due to lack of time, following their trip ou the west road, the planned visi to Mount Norquay had to b cancelled and when the trai pulled out of Banff at 5:20 p.m almost as large a crowd turned out to see them away as had greeted their arrival.

Although personal contact i Banff was limited, those who had the pleasure of speaking to the Duke and the Duchess were greatly impressed with their friendly charm and utter lack of ostentation.

RIDING HIGH

GIBRALTAR ROCK
... Trail Riders' camp

Group Formed In 1923

The HERALD

Trail Riders Explore Rocky Mountain Area

By MARILYN McLEAN
(Herald Staff Writer)

A group of riders, with twice as many pack horses, was riding the trail from Kootenay Crossing to the plateau beside Tumbling Glacier at the head of Wolverine Pass.

The pass runs through a sheer wall of rock and the plateau is a mighty montage of icefields, glacial cirques, rushing streams and alpine meadows.

And here it was the riders determined to share their love of the mountain trails with others, and the Order of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies was born.

This was in 1923, and since then the Trail Riders have roamed the wonderful Western trails every summer.

Yoho Meeting

The pioneer riders held their first meeting in Yoho Valley the following summer. Attending were Tom Wilson, Carl Rungius, Col. and Mrs. Philip Moore, Jim Brewster, Bill Brewster, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott, Lady and Dorothy Lougheed, Jim Simpson, Walter Wilcox, Lou Crosby and Fern Brewster Dooley.

Instrumental in the formation of the Trail Riders was the late Dr. John Murray Gibbon, well known author and lyricist.

The Trail Riders come from all over the world; a membership list reads like a miniature United Nations. Their common interest, a love for mountains, has been fostered by the rides and the friendships made have become equally important.

Membership in the order is open to all, regardless of race, creed, color or profession. The society is a non-profit organization devoted to the aims of encouraging horseback riding over the more remote Rocky Mountain trails, encouraging the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already in use, to promote good fellowship, interest in wildlife and to co-operate with other organizations holding similar aims.

Annual Fees

Annual membership costs $3. Rides cost $85 for a five-day outing and $98 for six days.

This year's trail ride will have four contingents and all four will ride into the Skoki Valley area north of Lake Louise. Five-day camps begin July 11 and Aug. 14, and six-day camps start July 19 and Aug. 5.

Each contingent is limited to 50 riders on a first-come first-served basis. Several enthusiastic riders will attend two, three or even all four camps.

A different location is chosen each year, and the riders maintain a base camp and travel out from camp each day. This year to reach the Skoki Valley site the riders will ride via Baker Creek, past Brachiopod Mountain, around the east side of beautiful Baker Lake and past Oyster Peak with camp site views of Cyclone Mountain, Drummond and Douglas peaks and the Drummond glacier.

Daily rides will take the riders to Little Pipestone Creek, Molar Creek with views of Molar Mountain and Hector Mountain; the Red Deer River Valley and Douglas Lake; the Skoki Lakes, Merlin Lakes and possibly up Mount Richardson to see the Lake Louise group.

The return ride to the trail-head can be made over Deception Pass and through the Ptarmigan Valley.

The Skoki area has always been a popular one for Trail Riders. The region abounds in beautiful spruce and larch, meadows of Alpine flowers, ptarmigan, big-horn sheep and goats, together with many lovely lakes.

Trail riding offers both professional and amateur photographers a field day, and as many riders pack cameras in their duffle bags a photography competition has always been a part of trail riding.

Reginald Townsend, one of the orginal Woverine Pass riders, donated a trophy which has been competed for annually. Winners receive a silver miniature of the Townsend trophy.

Fisherman's Paradise

The fisherman too always has time for a little angling in the seldom-disturbed pools. The 1962 camp will be a fisherman's paradise.

In camp each evening, after a day in the saddle, the riders enjoy a tasty supper prepared by excellent camp cooks. The evening is spent in sing-song and other entertainment. The Trail Riders have their own song book, with many old favorites and trail ride versions included. Hot chocolate and cookies conclude the evening. An assembly tent called the "donut" is used.

The riders sleep in authentic tepees, hand-painted by Mrs. Jack Robinson. Three or four riders share a tepee, with families together where possible.

Lunch is served picnic-style on the trail, by a lake or stream, where fresh coffee and tea is brewed on the spot. For those taking a day off from riding, lunch is served at camp.

The Trail Riders assemble in Banff at least one day before the ride begins. Some prefer to arrive earlier to get in a bit of practice riding. The Trail Ride office is in the Brewster Industries Building at Banff.

Highlights of the Trail Riders' camp life are stunt night and the packing contest. Entertainment for stunt night ranges from opera, chorus lines, poetry to "poorly baked puns and corn which never should have been planted" as the Trail Riders' brochure states. The trail horse is always a stunt night target and every rider is fair game.

Packing, or throwing a diamond, as it is often called, is an art that has come down through the years and is used wherever goods have to be moved by pack horse. It takes a good deal of know-how to accomplish. The "diamond" is the diamond hitch which secures the pack. Each night at camp two or three quiet horses are brought down from the corral and dudes team with guides, who teach them how to pack a horse. On the last night in camp a competition is held to see who is the best packer and who has learned most about the art.

Riders' Welfare Important

The welfare of the riders is always important. The services of a physician are available to members in camp and on the trail, and the riders travel in small groups, each with a trained guide which reduces risk to a minimum.

The horses are tolerant of the greenest dude, and riding experience is not necessary. The horses are mountain-bred, sure-footed and well-broken. The cavalcade proceeds at a steady walk, averaging 15 to 18 miles a day with plenty of rest periods en route.

Age is also unimportant. One member has attended for 26 years. He is Marshall Diverty, a corporation lawyer from New York. Many children attend, the only requirement being that riders under 21 must have a guardian along.

The executive committee of the Trail Riders is chosen at an annual meeting, to carry on the business during the year. Howard C. Watkins is this year's president with four vice-presidents: Mrs. Jack Robinson, John Legge, Earl Lomas and Ethel Knight.

Until last year the Canadian Pacific Railway was sponsor for the Trail Riders, providing secretarial and treasury services and helping out financially with Trail Riders' bulletins. The CPR found it necessary to relinquish its sponsorship, but helped out in transferring camp equipment to the Trail Riders.

Joint Annual Meeting

The Trail Riders and the Skyline Hikers will holder their annual get-together Feb. 22 at 8 p.m. at the Gas Company auditorium. Anyone interested in either organization is welcome to attend.

The Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies is an independent group of Alpine enthusiasts who hold a five-day camp each year. To become a full-fledged member it is necessary to have accumulated a minimum of 25 miles' hiking on Rocky Mountain trails. This is usually accomplished by most hikers at the camp. The 1962 camp is from July 28 to Aug. 12.

Membership fees and regulations are similar to these of the Trail Riders. Climbing experience is not necessary, as the Hikers are walkers and do not scale cliffs with ropes and crampons. The hikes are not strenuous, and members are divided into groups according to their experience, scenic tastes and the amount of hiking they wish to accomplish. Each group has an experienced guide to lead the way.

Total cost of the hikes is $45, including, like the riders, tepee accommodation, meals, transportion of duffle to and from camp, services and gratuities.

Applications and inquiries for both Riders and Hikers should be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies (or Trail Hikers) 622 Madison Ave. S.W., Calgary.

NEAR HECTOR MOUNTAIN
. . . Park Warden Gerry Lister

UPPER SPRAY RIVER
. . . approaching Palliser Pass

52

[T]ea Room Beside the Lakes-in-th-Celouds in the Heart Of the Rockies is this Woman's Unusual Achievement

BEEHIVE TEA ROOM, LAKE AGNES

PORCH OF THE TEA ROOMS
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, ON LEFT, ON RIGHT, MISS DODDS

LAKE AGNES

By CHARLOTTE GORDON.

TO make your home in the Lakes-in-the-clouds seems unique beyond imagination, yet on the shores of Lake Agnes at the foot of the Big Beehive, in the heart of the Rockies, is the home of Miss Dodds, formerly of London, England. The Lakes-in-the-clouds—Mirror Lake, and Lake Agnes—are just what the name declares. Traveling over the ever-ascending mossy trail from Lake Louise, a distance of two and a half miles to Mirror Lake at an altitude of 6,650 feet, to Lake Agnes at an altitude of 6,875 feet, the world of the valley recedes and one stands in triumph on what seems the very pinnacle of this upheaval of rock and snow and ice.

Mirror Lake, sleeps a sleep of vast content in its deep granite bowl among the trees, at the foot of Goat Mountain. Lake Agnes, its waters imprisoned in a cleft of the hills, forms a great natural reservoir, dammed back by a narrow wall of rock. These lakes are rock basins, gouged out by the action of mountain glaciers which once lay on the site of the lakes.

From the border of the basin of the lakes, the sweep earthward looks over the devious way traversed, the awe-inspiring masses of Mount Wayta, the countless evergreens, the elevations flecked with frozen foam, all beyond the potency of word painting.

Miss Dodds established the Bee-Hive tea room on the shores of Lake Agnes in 1915, the location being the highest point in Canada for such an establishment. She renovated and beautified a shack belonging to the construction gang who made the trail, and has built two shacks as living quarters for her helpers.

Lake Agnes is named after Agnes Knox, who was the first woman to visit the lake in its mountain fastness. This was in September, 1890, when there was not a trail, and the journey was made through dense forests.

The fittings and decorations of the tea room in the clouds are in keeping with the outlook of rare beauty in the rustic bungalow with its wide verandahs, the cool chintz-covered furniture, the old English china, the masses of mountain flowers—all the fine simplicity of art and nature.

Miss Dodds has a visitors' book, and guests from all parts of the world have registered there, including the Prince of Wales.

The Alpine flowers grow in great profusion and come peeping up as soon as the snow is melted. Many of them are very rare and found only in high altitudes. There are the Indian Paint Brush, Zyzaleas, Mountain rhododendron, arnica red, white and pink heather, the golden saxifrage, growing in wooded areas, forms dense carpets, the little flower blossoming in early summer. The bulbous saxifrage, which is so abundant, is a very striking Alpine flower found along Alpine brooks, and the purple saxifrage forms mats of considerable size. Supplies are taken by pack ponies.

There is life everywhere in and around the great hills, and the wild animals and birds about Lake Agnes are of interest to the visitors —singing birds and game, large and small.

Quantities of white bark pine with the fresh cones a deep purple color grow about these mountain lakes. It is in the nature of a sprawling shrub with enormous branches spreading over the ground. Another tree of unusual beauty that grows on these higher altitudes is the Engleman spruce. The reddish purple cones are very beautiful, especially on the mountain slopes in July and August. The Alpine larch, sometimes called the "wooly larch," has a light bluish-green foliage which turns to a bright lemon yellow in the autumn and can be distinguished on high peaks and crests. Other trees growing in abundance about the Lakes-in-the-clouds include the Alpine fir and the balsam fir.

1945

RALPHINE HARVEY
Receptionist and Writer

Was First White Baby Born at Lake Louise

Ralphine Harvey, receptionist and writer, was born at Lake Louise, Aug. 10, 1925, the first white child in that area. Her record [illegible] Lake Louise [illegible] Southern Alberta.

Ralphine became CCGY [illegible] the first of the year.

$2,500,000 rail project completed

Banff Crag & Canyon — Wednesday, January 22, 1964

Relining the Spiral Tunnels

NINE years after commencement, the $2,500,000 project of relining the walls and ceilings of Canadian Pacific's spectacular Spiral Tunnels in the Canadian Rockies has been completed.

Blasted out of the solid rock of Mount Cathedral and Mount Ogden in the rugged Kicking Horse Pass in 1907-08, the tunnels were considered engineering marvels which enabled the railway to reduce its gradient from 5.5 per cent to 2.2 percent on the Big Hill east of Field.

Prior to 1908 Hector and Field stations were separated by such extreme grades that four 154-ton consolidation 2-8-0 locomotives were required to haul a trainload of 710 tons of freight over the section of main line. These grades involved the use of spring switches at different points along the line for the purpose of safety. Unless the engineer-driver of a descending train signalled to the switchman that his train was under control, the normal setting of one of these switches

Awaiting removal, the remains of a section of wooden lining is piled on mountainside overlooking Kicking Horse flats.

would divert the train to a catch siding. That such a steep grade was successfully operated for 24 years without an accident to a passenger train is certainly a tribute to the care employed by the trainmen operating on the "Big Hill."

Increase in the density and extent of traffic made the Spiral Tunnels practically a necessity.

Concrete arch ribs of 5,000 pounds per square inch strength have been placed five feet apart through the tunnels, supporting reinforced concrete roofs 18-20 inches thick. Applied by the gunite principle, the concrete was sprayed into place under pressure of 80 pounds per square inch.

Ingenious methods were devised by Superintendent Podhorecki to overcome water problems caused by seepage and underground springs. In places waterproof plastic was placed above wire mesh reinforcing material to hold back seepage long enough for the concrete to harden after application. In other places, hoses were imbedded in the concrete

Dotted line on photo shows underground route taken by twin tunnels as they reduce gradient from 5.5 to 2.2 per cent.

roofing to guide underground springs to the drainage ditch at the side of the tunnel.

The hazardous operation was completed without a single accident to the men who worked under Podhorecki.

Until their replacement by concrete, massive wooden supports lined the tunnels to prevent rocks, loosened by underground water and frost, from falling on the tracks. Decay caused a continual maintenance problem with them and resulted in the decision to replace them with reinforced concrete.

The Montreal engineering firm of T. C. Creaghan Ltd., contracted for the project and the work was supervised by their job superintendent Toni Podhorecki of Montreal.

ARTICLE AND PICTURES REPRODUCED
BY COURTESY OF "THE SPANNER"

The Star Weekly, Toronto, June 30, 1956

MOUNTAINS MELT as heavy machinery bites out path of new road. Engineering snags are enormous. In first five years only 1,200 miles of the road was finished, but construction pace is quickening. B. Engler photos.

Louise-Jasper Route Spans Panorama of Mountain Grandeur

Steady Progress Made From Both Ends Of Inter-Mountain Motorway; Columbia Ice-fields and Many Lofty Peaks Along 147-Mile Road To Be Great Alberta Tourist Attractions.

JULY 28, 1934

By H. M. THOMAS

MOTORING along a highway almost 7,000 feet above sea level through the most beautiful scenery in the Canadian Rockies is the treat in store for the traveling public within the next three years. Such is the promise of J. M. Wardle, of Banff, the chief engineer of the National Parks of Canada who returned recently from a trip over the Lake Louise-Jasper highway now in process of construction.

Leaving Lake Louise Mr. Wardle rode over 17 miles of the roadway which has already been completed at the southern end of the route. More than 250 men have been hard at work slashing, clearing, levelling and gravelling the road.

This section of the highway has been one of the most difficult and so far one of the slowest. The men have been working up hill against terrific odds.

At the other end of the proposed route 22 miles have been completed, and eight miles of existing road are in use, leaving a 90-mile stretch through passes, over summits, down canyons and across rivers.

About 350 single, homeless men have been working there on a down-hill grade across fairly level country, and have of course made better progress, Mr. Wardle pointed out.

To date the work on the road has cost $660,000, and it will not be finished for another three seasons unless present conditions change in the meantime, he said.

* * *

STARTING at Lake Louise at a height of 5,051 feet, the first leg of the road will rise steadily to Bow Pass, where the highest point of the highway will be 6,878 feet.

The road will swing northwest along Mount Hector, standing 11,135 feet in height, to the right. At Mosquito Creek, about 17 miles from Lake Louise, the highway turns westerly, and passes along the shore of Bow Lake, the source of the river which passes through Calgary.

At Bow Pass, a few miles further on the road, will reach an altitude of 6,878 feet above sea level. Mt. Thompson, Portal Peak and Bow Peak rear their heads skyward, their peaks often enshrouded in clouds.

The country is sufficiently open around Bow Lake, however, for ricing, and the scenery generally rivals that of Lake Louise and other better known mountain points.

The highway then starts to drop gradually to Mistaya Creek, and there are no engineering difficulties until the road reaches Mistaya Canyon.

Road To Drop 2,000 Feet In 25 Miles

Here the difficulty will be to keep above the deep canyon and yet continue to descend to the North Saskatchewan River. This will mean a drop of approximately 2,000 feet in less than 25 miles.

The marvellous views of Mt. Chephren, standing 10,715 feet above sea level, will delight the traveler for many miles as the road follows the Mistaya River.

Howse Peak, Kaufman Peaks, Mt. Sarbach, and Hairway Peak, all over 10,000 feet high, flank the highway on the west, while Mt. Murchison and others can be seen to the east of the proposed route.

The next point of interest will be the junction of the Howse River and the North Saskatchewan River. The road here will wind above the canyon, permitting grand views of the gorge and of the many surrounding mountains.

Where the highway crosses the rivers just below the junction is a point just 65 miles west of Nordegg. Continuing northwest the route will follow the North Saskatchewan river, along the base of Mt. Wilson.

From the junction of the rivers to Graveyard, a distance of about 30 miles, the party required a full day to make the trip. Views of glaciers from Glacier Lake and Survey Peak will thrill the motorists, Mr. Wardle promised. Mt. Amery, named after Rt. Hon. L. C. S. Amery, is seen to full advantage from the highway, which runs along the base of the 10,940-foot peak, just south and west of Graveyard.

* * *

NOW comes the most difficult part of the entire journey. The skill and ingenuity of every man at work on the road will be needed to carry the highway over what is commonly termed "The Big Hill," near Parks.

The route winds through passes and follows the river to the base of this hill, which leads the way to Sunwapta Pass, 6,675 feet high.

The highway will probably take a "zig-zag" course up the hill, where a perfect view of the well-known Saskatchewan Glacier will surprise the tourist, 100 feet above the pass through which the road came.

Motorists at this point will drive above the beautiful Panther Falls, which tumble 150 feet into Nigel Creek. At the junction of the Nigel Creek and the Sunwapta river, the highway turns to the left, proceeding almost due west.

Famed across Canada and United States, the Columbia ice fields will be one of the greatest attractions to tourists motoring along the new road. The waters from the glaciers go to swell the North Saskatchewan River, along which the highway winds its way.

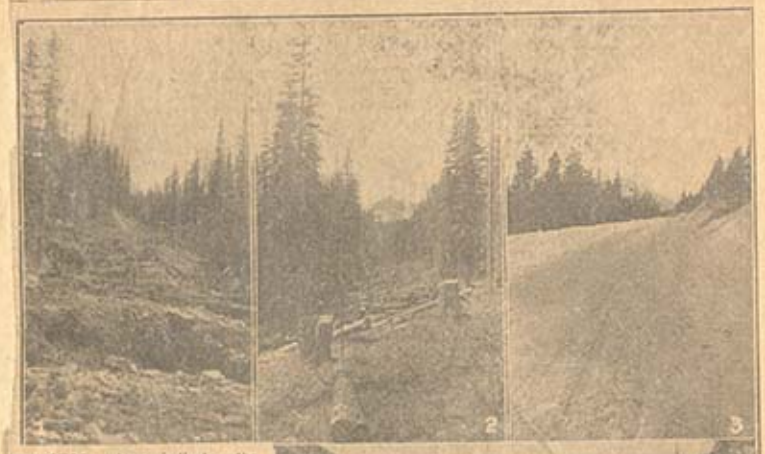
Mt. Saskatchewan is seen in all its glory to the west of the road and Mount Coleman to the west.

As the road drops down from Sunwapta Pass it will come "within a stone's throw" of the Athabasca Glacier. From there to Jasper the highway continues to follow the Sunwapta River on an easy grade up hill.

The complete trip itself will be one of the finest scenic drives in Canada or the United States, Mr. Wardle said, but the motorist must not forget the countless side-trips to be made by horse-back, nor the marvellous fishing which will undoubtedly attract tourists to Canada's mountain playground.

Rough Country Being Conquered To Build New Skyline Motorway

GIGANTIC PROJECT TO OPEN SCENIC VISTAS



PHOTOS above indicate the tremendous amount of work entailed in piercing 147 miles of Canadian Rockies with the new Lake Louise-Jasper highway which is to link Canada's two greatest mountain park reserts, and the vistas of mountain grandeur the new road will open to the motorist.

1. Caterpillar tractors and teams taking out the cut at station 746.

2 A section of the spruce bordered right of way with Crique Peak in the background.

3. Finished grade some miles from the Lake Louise end of the highway, with only sky and mountain tops ahead.

4. Snow blanketed and cloud tipped Mount Columbia (altitude 12,294 feet) in Jasper National Park, and

5. Crowfoot Glacier at Bow Lake, one of the impressive sights which will greet the motorist along the new drive.

—Photos by courtesy of National Parks Branch.

The Banff-Jasper Highway was open to mile 34 (about the same distance as planned for paving of the new road this year). (July 30, 1937)

ROAD FOLLOWS SCENIC ROUTE IN MOUNTAINS

ABOVE map in the office of J. M. Wardle, chief engineer, National Parks branch of the department of the interior, Banff, clearly indicates the route to be followed by the 147-mile mountain highway now under construction to link Lake Louise and Jasper. Seventy-seven miles of the road will be within the confines of Banff park and the remaining 70 miles in Jasper Park.

Expect Lake Louise End, Banff-Jasper Road To Open 1936

Road Being Rapidly Gravelled to Summit of Bow Pass; Road Barrier Has Again Been Moved; Camp Occupants Busy on Work

1935

By W. E. ROUND

BANFF, Sept. 24.—All indications are that the Lake Louise end of the Banff-Jasper highway will be open next summer not only to the summit of Bow Pass but for some distance down the opposite slope past Peyto Lake and Glacier and alongside the Mistaya river.

In the last few days the road barrier has been moved for the third time this season. At opening of the season, and until beginning of September it stood at the 19-mile point. Then it was moved two miles further on, to a point opposite the lower Bow Lake and Crowfoot Glacier, and today is about half a mile past upper Bow Lake. Beyond that, the 22-mile point, the road is rapidly being gravelled to the summit and down the other side camps are located for about six miles. The first camp is grading, the second one ploughing for grade and the third one is clearing.

On the northern descent from the summit, down the Mistaya valley, new camps have been established with the most advanced one of three about five miles down.

First 16 or 17 miles of the highway from Lake Louise, a steady upgrade that even with popular light cars of vintages of five or six years ago does not necessitate changing from high gear, is to a certain extent repetition of scenery of the lower Bow Valley. About three miles from Lake Louise station the road curves around Herbert Lake, with its row of sentinel pines, then ascends on the slope of Mount Hector and the Kicking Horse Pass, huge break in the left mountain wall can be seen, with beyond it the glacier crowned Cathedral Crags. As the road ascends and parallels the Wapatik Range occasional glimpses are obtained of the Bow River winding its way hundreds of feet below. When nearly opposite the end of the Wapatik Range, and when Mount Hector's peak rises high above the road, lovely Hector Lake, with its glacier background comes suddenly into view.

Past Mile 16, Mosquito Creek is reached, and about 400 yards back from the road are the Mosquito Falls. Alongside this turbulent little stream is an ideal place for a government camp ground. Through tall timber the road runs, seemingly almost directly ahead is Bow Peak, guardian of beauty outrivalling any yet made accessible to the motorists. Bow Peak, wearer of the Crowfoot Glacier stands 9,194 feet high, while its companion guardian, Dolomite Peak, reaches a height of 9,838 feet. At Mile 21, the "crow-foot" of the Crowfoot Glacier is viewed; beneath it is the lower Bow Lake. At this point motor travel today is halted; beyond there is more loveliness.

Little more than a mile and the neck of the upper Bow Lake is reached. Across that neck rises Portal Peak, 9,562 feet, and looking back the road one has travelled, one sees the huge "back" part of the Crowfoot Glacier.

Only one more mile and the upper end of Bow Lake is attained. What has been a narrow lake has now widened out and spread back around a mountain's base. Above it, seemingly tier on tier of huge ice ridges, rises Bow Glacier, Mt. Thompson its pedestal. Mountain lakes have their individual characteristics—individual beauties—Bow Lake is a composite of them all. Other famed lakes, leave one picture in the memory; Bow Lake indelibly imprints thereon half a hundred. Standing at the upper end of the lake, no matter which way one turns there is a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Into Bow Lake, from Bow Pass, pours a tiny creek—the infant Bow River. Slightly under three more miles of travel and Bow Summit is reached. Behind is the Bow Valley, falling gradually from an altitude of 6,878 feet to that of Lake Louise, Banff, Calgary and the prairies. Ahead—but first one must climb a mile to the lookout—an easy mile up the left slope of Mount Thompson. The lookout is reached—a pile of rocks jutting out over the moraine of Peyto Glacier. To the left is a deep recess in Peyto Glacier, below, blue as indigo, is Peyto Lake, and ahead, the Mistaya River, Waterfowls Lake, Mistaya Canyon, and—the North Saskatchewan where it sweeps around the base of Mount Wilson to strike across the trend of the ranges and reach the prairies. Mt. Wilson is 24 miles away and beyond it are row upon row of glacier coated monarchs. Somewhere beyond eye-range, is the Sun Wapta Pass and the boundary line between Jasper and Banff National Parks, and about there now is the advance line-locating gang, for those men, shut off from the other camps since the snow went, and with only monthly packtrain-mail connections with the outside, have successfully reached their objective.

A Joy-Ride Through Canada's Beauty Spots

Open Observation Car in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

WHEN on November 7, 1885, the last spike was driven into the steel highway that links the Pacific with the Atlantic coast, there was opened up a panorama which in its staggering proportions and awe-inspiring grandeur still remains without a parallel on earth.

This was effected when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company pierced the Rockies, a range of mountains that so far have defied the wildest flights of genius to bring them home to the imagination either by tongue or pen or by any process of pictorial reproduction. There can be only one way to know "The Rockies" and their matchless kaleidoscopic beauty, and that way is to see them.

There may be similar effects to be seen in other parts of the world, but even where these are so freely accessible as are "The Rockies," they appear in comparison as the work of pygmies, or as fragments which had dropped by the wayside from this procession of the giants in its march across the world.

If there ever had been such a trek, something seems to have halted it on the western hinterland of North America—held up — one might imagine, by the great ice barrier to the north. At all events there it has come to anchor and there those stupendous ramparts of an older world than science knows anything about will doubtless remain till the "Crack of doom."

Not till about 20 years ago was it possible for the ordinary citizen of the world to see this amazing and wholly unexplored portion of his heritage. From that date, however, with ever-increasing facility, the Canadian Pacific Railway System has brought this first wonder of the world as easily within the reach of the man-in-the-street from anywhere, as it is for him to take a car ride around his own home town or prairie township.

Here it is!—practically at our own doors.

In business depression, as in this season of the year, we have touched the low corner of the shortest day and are going up to summer. Spring-time in Canada is the season which offers bright prospects, the season of preparation for the annual summer vacation, when the care of business may be cast aside for a spell and the full enjoyment of old Dame Nature indulged in.

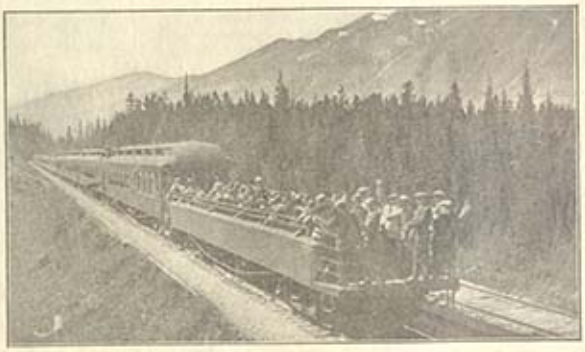
All past experience and the wonderful condition of 1925 justifies the belief that this will be the greatest of all years in which to see the West and to see it in a setting of splendor and affluence that has never been excelled if equalled by anything in the memory of the oldest pioneer or habitual globe-trotter.

As we write, the blackness and russet of the prairie is giving place everywhere to a rich, restful carpet of green, and the trees are donning their many-shaded garments of the same matchless drapery.

A little later, when the wheat is in the short-blade the prospect is one to put heart into men that could never be injected by dividends and dollar bills, for here, in fact, is the one thing that guarantees a continuity of dollar bills and dividends, and all they mean in human felicity.

A little later still and we will have a scene in the golden grain fields that beggars description. Like "The Rockies" it must be seen and its atmosphere felt. To the man whose soul is atune to the greatest theme in human experience, at such a time there's no music more sweet than the whirr of the binder, and no lyric so rich in temperament as the song of the harvester.

Having made the passage of the prairies we come to the foot-hills and a full day's journey before we reach the real base of the Rockies—we can see their great snow and ice-capped peaks cutting into the clear blue vault. And here is Banff—the very name conveying the "Tang of iced champagne," as a frequent pilgrim to its shrine has put it.



Open-top observation car through the Rockies

Banff hot-springs and its wonderful hotel—its motor trips, riding parties, golfing and unique experience of a swim in its warm sulphur pools is what is talked about and longed for in all sorts of odd corners and outposts all around the world.

Then the solitary hot never companionless wanderer or the happy family party may travel on to lovely Lake Louise, where Nature seems to have outclassed her richest handiwork in composing a picture of colors and color-designs that vary and waltz around into transformation scenes like the aurora in the northern heavens.

Empress Hotel, Victoria

Here, perhaps, or within easy distance from this spot by rail, motor, saddle-horse or a-pied, one can quickly be transported to some of the most entrancing resort and camping grounds to be found in a truly Alpine setting, for around Lake Louise there is something in scene and circumstance that men can see and feel and appreciate, that they cannot see anywhere else on earth.

Seated in a comfortable observation chair or open-top observation car, the tourist may glide down the Kicking Horse Canyon through the Columbia Valley, and then up and away into the mighty "Selkirks." He may dip south to the shores of the enchanting Lake Windermere or into the beautiful orchards of the Okanagan country.

When he reaches the end of the steel at Vancouver he can take one of the richly appointed "Princess" line of steamers and make a ten-day cruise to Alaska, returning across the Rockies by a choice of different routes without once leaving the Canadian Pacific Lines.

All this can be drunk in and lived in to the full at an expenditure of time and money so small that it seems incredible until it has been presented in black and white. It is quite within the mark to say that there is nothing of the kind the world over—taken for pleasure — for its priceless educational value, or as a health restorative — in which so much is accomplished for so trifling an outlay. And there is no lagging or killing time waiting for transportation if the desire of the traveller is to make time and see it all.

Three splendidly equipped transcontinental trains cross the Rockies daily over the Canadian Pacific, including the "Trans-Canada Limited," Canada's fine, fast transcontinental train-de-luxe. All of these carry open-top observation cars throughout the scenic sections of the mountains in both directions, thus giving the tourist the advantage of seeing the wonderful panorama from every angle.

Not the least of all the attractions of the Rockies open in the holiday season are the delightful bungalow camps at Lake Wapta, Lake Windermere, Lake O'Hara, Emerald Lake and the Yoho Valley Camp in the Yoho Valley. In many respects these are par-excellence, the last word in social delight. Friendships have been generated around the fires and cozy corners of these camps that have ripened into what are likely to prove life-long interest and affection. Indeed, that is the invariable experience of any excursion mapped out over this incomparable all-Canadian joy-ride.

Feb. 1885

END OF TRACK. Trains are running between Laggan and Third Siding every three or four days.

The snow at the summit of the Rockies is about five feet deep, and in the Columbia it is three feet deep.

The tote road was completed to the Second Crossing of the Columbia last week, and the Construction Company is now pushing supplies ahead while the sleighing is good, and the road will be in a bad state when the snow commences to thaw.

* * *

52

TWIN RAINBOWS OVER THE Rockies

1957

Some people say that the only thing more beautiful than a rainbow is a double rainbow. Photographer Nick Morant, who took this striking picture, adds weight to this point of view. His rainbows appeared over Hillsdale Flat, near Banff, Alta. Mountains in the background are part of the Rockies' Sawback Range. The trees are mountain aspen.

What has happened at Lake Minnewanka? Nope, we don't mean the new parking lots, picnic tables and launching ramp—but the events that have created the Minnewanka we know today.

It would appear that in pre-glacial time, Lake Minnewanka drained to the east through Devil's Gap into the Ghost River system. Eventually glacial debris restricted the easterly flow and the lake sought a new outlet west into Devil's Creek and the Cascade River.

With the coming of the white man, the drainage pattern was changed by a series of dams. In the late 1880's a small dam was built near the outlet of Devil's Creek, raising the water level three to four feet. Because of an increasing need for power in Alberta, the Calgary Power Company was allowed to build a dam on the Cascade River in 1912. This had the effect of backing up the river so that it now flowed into the lake instead of around it and raised the level of the lake by 16 feet. A second Calgary Power development on Minnewanka was undertaken in 1940 when the large earthfill dam, over which the road now travels, was constructed. Water from the Ghost River was diverted into the lake. These two projects raised the water level an additional 65 feet, creating the largest lake in the Park, over 400 feet in depth and 12 miles long. Water is now channeled through a system of canals and lakes into flumes to the power plant on the Trans-Canada Highway.

Beneath the quiet waters lie the remains of the dam across Devil's Canyon. Beyond the boathouse the foundations of the old village at Minnewanka Landing lie preserved beneath many fathoms of water. Ancient Indian trails and campsites have long disappeared under the rising waters. The natural scene has been altered but nature has done much to heal the scars wrought by man.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, perhaps, is the existence of many hoodoos in the Lake Minnewanka area opposite Devil's Gap.

MONARCH OF TWO JACK LAKE

61

1934

SALE OF BANFF HOTEL SITE IS GIVEN APROVAL

August 14 1934

Dominion Government to Construct Public Building on Location

Approval was given Monday by Chief Justice Simmons in Supreme Court chambers, to the sale of the old site of the Bretton Hall hotel, burned down some years ago, to the Dominion government, which will build a new postoffice and administration building in Banff on the site. The price is stated to be $30,000.

The site, which consists of about seven acres, is situate at the end of the bridge crossing the Elbow River at the west end of the town. It commands a view of the town and is in a central position.

The application was made by the Royal Trust Company, executor of the estate of the late Dr. R. G. Brett, former lieutenant-governor of Alberta, who owned the site, and the sale is subject to the dowry rights of his widow. After hearing counsel for the executor, the beneficiaries and the official guardian, His Lordship granted an order approving of the proposed sale.

E. J. Chambers, of Bennett, Hannah and Sanford, appeared for the executor; H. A. Goodall, Legh A. Walsh, K.C., of A. Macleod Sinclair and Walsh, and W. G. Egbert, K.C., of A. L. Smith, Egbert and Smith, for the different beneficiaries. D. G. Mackenzie, K.C., represented the official guardian.

Regatta on the Bow—*In this Byron Harmon photograph can be seen the 1922 Banff Regatta held on the Bow River.*

ADMINISTRATION Bldg.

GOOD OLD DAYS.

Mather Garage   Bowten House   Boat House

62

Oct 4-1958 By TOMMY PRIMROSE

When Autumn's Magic Pallet Turns The Leaves To Flame

When the artist hand of autumn
Touches fields of golden grain
And September days are briefer
As the year begins to wane,
There is something mighty special
'Bout a trip out country way
Just at the time the frost begins
To feature its display.
There's a haze along the hilltops
Through the slanting sunlight rays
And the splendor of it touches
In a million different ways.
The leaves are holding contests
With their latest autumn dress,
An extravaganza they've been stagin'
For a billion years I guess.
From a blush of deepest scarlet,
To a leaf still vernal green,
A tree can flaunt more color
Than a technicolor dream.
The wind sounds sentimental
As it sighs across the stubble
There's a soothing somethin' in it
Makes a man forget his trouble.
The cattle seem contented,
Sort of lazy like and still,
Glad to see the autumn coming
With its appetizing chill.
I'm not a rustic poet,
With a way of usin' lines,
Or the faculty for hitchin'
Words in softly moving rhymes,
But just like Whitcomb Riley
I've a feeling 'bout the fall
That there's no other season
Compares with it at all.
Words are poor expression
Of old autumn and its theme
And there is no way of writin'
Of the beauty of the scene.
It may be others hanker
To contribute how they feel,
This is my impression
Of harvest time appeal.
I know it's not all beauty,
Not as nice as may appear
But I think there's no disputing,
Autumn's best of all the year.

That's the sentimental view of autumn and harvest time, I suppose, but you know there are times when it strikes a person the way I've tried to put it down.

The poetical way of looking at harvest went out of fashion about the time James Whitcomb Riley died. When complete mechanization came to agriculture the sentimental things about autumn and harvest were buried forever. It lingered on while the old fashioned threshing outfits still were the main feature in harvesting. In fact it seems to me the old time steam outfits were a really romantic part of farming. Unfortunately my generation seldom saw the steam engines operating, but we've heard about them a good many times. Men used to speak of old steamers with the same sort of affection and pride they spoke of a good horse or dog. Can't recall anyone speaking about a gasoline engine or a combine with any warmth or regard.

It seems to me a person has to think once in a while of farming in a sentimental and poetical way, or the rough going couldn't be put up with. It's like a man being able to laugh at himself, if he can do that it doesn't much matter what the rest of the world says or does.

A good deal of the harvesting these days is done at night. That accounts to a large extent for the romance going out the business. Not that night isn't a time for romance but there is a great difference in taking a girl out for a moonlight drive and going around and around a field, confined to the little world of headlights on a combine.

The coldest job in the world is sitting on a combine through the long hours of an autumn night. It is also one of the loneliest jobs in creation and anyone doing it would use a monkey-wrench to chase any idiot, who suggested there is romance and poetry in harvesting.

Probably fall and harvest time are just a matter of dollar and cents like a good many of the other things we do in way of making a living. However, if a fellow is far enough away from the working end of harvest it is still easy to find a little romance and some poetry in the late days of September.

As James Whitcomb Riley said, "I don't know how to put it, But if such a thing could be, As the angels wantin' boardin' And they'd call around on me; I'd want to 'commodate 'em, The whole endurin' flock; When the frost is on the punkin, And the fodder's in the shock."

63

Agricultural Alberta

by TOMMY PRIMROSE

Bobby Cartwright - Of Such; The Kingdom Of God

The world is a sadder place today because of the departure of an extremely dear and loveable little boy. In that better place beyond the mountain tops there must be greater happiness than ever because of his arrival. There could not be any place, however unhappy, which his smile and merry voice could not cheer. To the place where happiness is already complete his sunny nature will be another jewel and because it is so young and fresh will shine with greater brilliance than all the rest.

Oct-28-1937

Bobby Cartwright, aged six years, of the D Ranch, Pekisko Creek, passed away Friday night. Because of his passing there is a feeling of sadness in the heart of the writer of this column which is greater only in the hearts of those nearer and dearer to him than this writer was fortunate enough to be.

I made the acquaintance of this remarkable little boy on a long wonderful ride in the Foothills of the D Ranch one day in July. Readers will recall mention at that time of the ride with Jim Cartwright and his sons, John and Bobby, to the Devil's Bite in the Forest Reserve west of the Cartwright ranch.

It was a day and ride which the writer will cherish for many reasons. The chief reason for the fond memory is Bobby Cartwright. His wonderful wide grin and happy voice, his courage and ability as a rider and his complete enjoyment of the wonders of that ride made it one which can never be duplicated nor lost to memory.

Little boys have a special attraction but seldom does one make the immediate impression and attachment which Bobby made upon this writer. There are many ways one could seek to describe the attraction of the lad. The best and most simple way to describe him is to say Bobby is a real boy. He is the kind you hope you were at his age and would most want to have as a son of your own.

It seems impossible to accept the fact that Bobby has left us. He was so full of life and vitality, so much a part of life and so gay and happy. It seems that he could not be taken away but we cannot deny that he has.

What is it one can say to those whose loss has been much greater than ours? Words are not the best way of seeking to express sympathy and understanding. Let us only say sufficient that those who mourn Bobby most will know we understand and feel for them.

The comfort which this person has found, after many hours of condemning Bobby's passing as an injustice, is this. His little life was a short one, but it was a most blessed life. In his few years he doubtless knew more complete, wholesome happiness than do many who live to be very old. He also knew less sorrow or pain than many little boys who live only to be as old as he.

Bobby's brief life was a contribution of goodness and happiness. Everyone wishes to make some contribution to life, for some it takes many years. Bobby made his contribution to those of us who knew him. He made us see the great, wonderful world through the eyes of a little boy. And if we were in danger of forgetting, he taught us how to smile again.

Died at Kamloops

LITTLE COWBOY. Bobby Cartwright, who rode many miles and into many hearts in his brief six years.

HIGH RIVER

HIGH RIVER. — Funeral services were held on Tuesday at St. Benedict's Anglican Church for **ROBERT STEPHEN CARTWRIGHT**, 6, of D Ranch, Pekisko with Canon F. Vaughan-Birch officiating.

Robert was born in High River and was attending a boys' school at Vernon B.C. when he contacted 'flu which was followed by pneumonia. He died in Kamloops Hospital.

Surviving are his parents Mr. and Mrs. James Cartwright, Pekisko; two brothers, John and Gordon, his grandmother, Mrs. E. A. Cartwright of High River and his maternal grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. G. Dale of Toronto.

Burial was in High River cemetery.

Oct-1937

Agriculture, Western Writer

Died April 6th 1969

Tom Primrose Dies At Age 45

Tom Primrose, widely known agricultural and Western writer and commentator and a former agricultural editor of The Calgary Herald, died of a heart attack on his Millarville ranch Sunday.

Mr. Primrose, who was 45, was driving a team of horses on his ranch when he suddenly became ill. He collapsed and died a short time later.

He was born at Taber, where he received his elementary and high school education. His family moved to High River, where his father managed the Round T Branch.

TRAIN ACCIDENT

The family later moved to a ranch of its own, where Mr. Primrose farmed until his father died in a train accident.

He turned to journalism in 1954 where he became a reporter for The Herald. In 1957 he became agricultural editor.

Later he became an editorial writer for The Lethbridge Herald, returning to Calgary to work for The Albertan in 1962.

The following year he was appointed agricultural editor and columnist.

In 1963 he founded Field, Horse and Rodeo, a magazine devoted to hunting, fishing and rodeo.

Lieutenant - Governor J. W. Grant MacEwan said Mr. Primrose was "in all respects a true and loyal son of the West.

"He had a personality that made him a good friend and was a great source of information about the West and its personalities."

Irven Parsons, general manager of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, said, "There was no more highly respected writer on the subjects of rodeo and livestock."

He is survived by his wife, Rosemarie; a stepson, Gary; his mother, Mrs. M. Primrose; and two brothers, Robert and John.

Funeral will be held at High River Wednesday at 2 p.m. and burial will be in the family plot at High River.

TOM PRIMROSE
. . . respected writer

Horseman's Hall of Fame

By TOM PRIMROSE

CANADA now has a Horseman's Hall of Fame and a unique Western museum, thanks to the family of one of the pioneers which the hall will commemorate.

The Horseman's Hall of Fame was officially opened in Calgary, May 17, 1963 by James B. Cross, president of the Calgary Brewing and Malting Co. Ltd., and a son of the late A. E. Cross, founder of the brewing company, a pioneer rancher and one of Alberta's Big Four.

The hall is located on the second floor of the Calgary Aquarium building, 9th Ave. and 15th St. S.E. It is the third in a series of public service projects sponsored by the Calgary Brewing and Malting Co. Ltd. A fish hatchery and aquarium have been open to the public on the brewery grounds for a number of years and are favorite tourist attractions as well as drawing a steady attendance from the city and district the year around.

The Horseman's Hall of Fame is dedicated to the men and women who pioneered Southern Alberta, brought the cattle industry to Western Canada, owned, worked with and loved good horses. In general the hall is dedicated to those people who opened up the frontier of Western Canada and left their successors a proud heritage and a pattern to follow.

Mr. Cross said, during the opening of the hall, that the project has been in the planning and preparation stage for the past 10 years. He said only a small part of the display and collection is on hand now but it was thought the project was far enough advanced to be of interest to the public and the museum will be enlarged and added to as time goes on.

He said it is planned to make an annual selection of individuals, now dead, for election to the hall of fame. Mr. Cross said the first to be named to the hall of fame would probably be Alberta's Big Four, George Lane, A. J. MacLean, Pat Burns and A. E. Cross, pioneer ranchers of Alberta who backed the first Calgary Stampede in 1912. The late Guy Weadick, who was responsible for the first Calgary Stampede, will probably be included in the charter selection, Mr. Cross said.

The museum already contains numerous interesting displays and collections. There are life-size figures of the late John Ware, legendary Negro rancher and cowboy of Alberta; Charles M. Russell the cowboy artist who spent considerable time in Alberta; Col. James F. Macleod, a commissioner of the N.W.M.P.; Chief Crowfoot of the Blackfoot Indians and Jerry Potts, the famous scout, guide and interpreter for the Mounted Police when the force was first established.

There is a large display of Indian artifacts and handicraft, a life-like group of buffalo, an historically marked map of Alberta, a gun collection and the only original and authentic Red River cart in existence.

A large display portrays the signing of Treaty No. 7 at Blackfoot Crossing. All the figures, representing the Indians, Mounted Police and federal government officials are reproduced, life-size and in authentic dress and appearance.

Another display is of bronze work by the late Charles M. Russell and includes one of his largest pieces of work, an Indian buffalo hunt. The bronze was purchased by Mr. Cross several years ago in New York.

Although open less than two months the Horseman's Hall of Fame has already drawn hundreds of spectators. The Calgary Aquarium, open only a few years, has drawn more than a million spectators. The hall of fame, above the aquarium, will doubtless prove even more interesting to the public.

To a great extent the Horseman's Hall of Fame in Calgary will be to Canada what the Cowboy Hall of Fame, located in Oklahoma City, is to the United States, a place where the great Western horsemen and rangemen are comemmorated and their stories told in graphic detail for today's and tomorrow's spectators of the Western scene.

But the hall of fame is more than a museum and a memorial to the past. It is a collection and contribution to Western heritage and culture. It is a preservation of art and natural history of the West and a vital and living link between the West that was and is now.

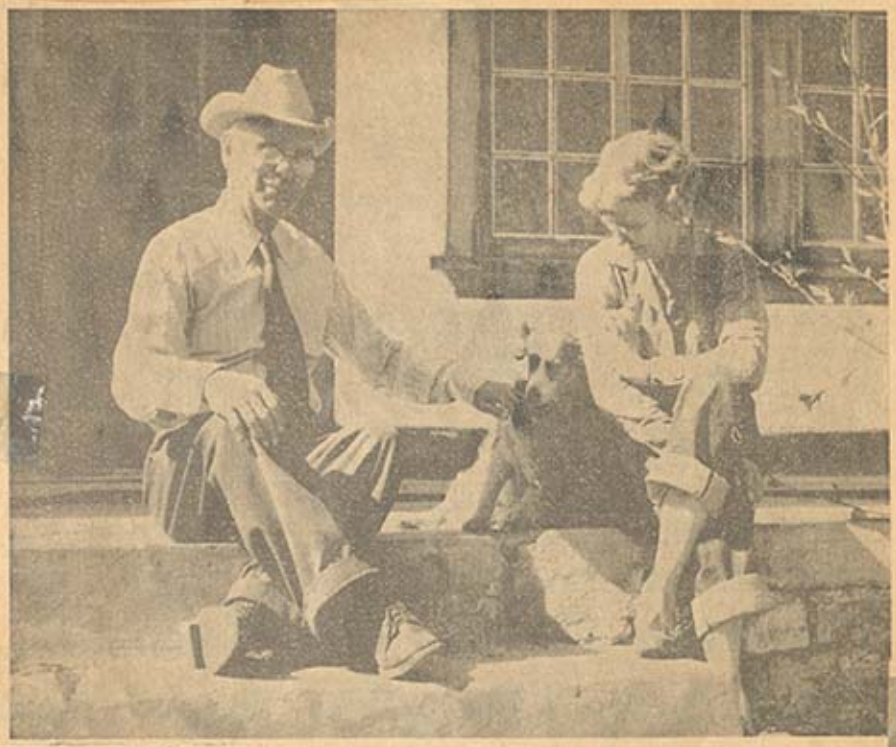
TOM PRIMROSE

Three generations of a family are represented in this picture. The figure in the centre is that of Col. James F. Macleod, commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, in the display in the hall of fame depicting the signing of Treaty No. 7 at Blackfoot Crossing in 1877. At left is James B. Cross, president of the Calgary Brewing and Malting Co. Ltd., and a grandson of Col. Macleod. At right is Donald Cross, son of James B. Cross and an official of the brewing and malting company.

(Photo by Jack DeLorme)

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Horseman's Hall of Fame is that of cowboy artist Charles M. Russell and one of his bronze works. A life-size and lifelike figure of Russell is shown at left. In the centre is the large bronze, Meat For Wild Men.

(Photo by Jack DeLorme)



MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE BREWSTER

Started In 1921

Claude Brewster and his mother began operation of the Kananaskis Ranch at Seebe in 1921. Darrel and Nancy Beacon, 23 and 22 years of age respectively, purchased the Diamond Cross Ranch from B. O. Starkey in the spring of '57 and launched into what they plan as a "first love" business venture.

Claude Brewster can lay claim to the first dude ranch operation in Canada as the business has been in continuous operation since 1921. His father was the first dude rancher in Montana and the second in all of North America.

The only rival to charter place by Kananaskis Ranch in the dude ranching business is the Stampede Ranch at Longview established by the late Guy Weadick in the early 1920's.

Dude ranching is just one of many enterprises of Claude Brewster. He is a businessman with many operations in Banff, centred mainly around the tourist industry.

Way Of Life Since Boyhood

Born in Banff and one of the resort's best - known personalities, Claude Brewster has made outfitting, guiding and dude ranching a way of life since early boyhood.

His family came to Alberta in 1886. Originally from Eastern Canada the Brewsters lived at Winnipeg and Regina before travelling overland by wagon to Edmonton. Later they farmed and ranched at Lacombe and in 1901 moved to Banff to begin operation of a dairy.

In 1910 Claude Brewster's father went to Glacier National Park to manage the first string of horses for the tourists. That was the year the park opened and he was invited to take charge of the venture by his friends, the Hill Brothers of the Great Northern Railroad.

In 1915 Brewster Sr. embarked in the dude ranching business with establishment of the Two Medicine Ranch near the town of Glacier Park.

Previously the Eaton Brothers had started dude ranching at Wolf, Wyoming, where they established North America's first such "spread." It is still in operation.

The Brewster family have owned part of the land of Kananaskis Ranch since moving into the mountain country in 1901. In 1920 Claude Brewster returned to the area and he and his mother began operating it as a dude ranch—an enterprize which has been carried on for some 37 years.

Kananaskis Ranch comprises approximately 20 sections of land with a set of 23 buildings. With the exception of the main ranch house which is of frame construction all buildings are of horizontal logs.

Average number of guests at Brewster Ranch numbers between 35 and 45 and the "spread" is also headquarters for the famed Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Combining the two operations means Mr. Brewster requires a staff of between 35 and 40 guides, packers, cooks and helpers.

Between 300 and 350 horses are required and Mr. Brewster raises his own stock, maintaining a band of several hundred horses on another ranch.

It was Claude Brewster who helped plan the first route of the Trail Riders and since 1935 he has been head guide and outfitter.

Guests at Kananaskis Ranch are accommodated on a weekly basis with the ranch being conducted as a "family affair."

Many of the "dudes" have been coming back yearly for 20 seasons and second and third generations of some of the early visitors are now annual arrivals.

Some of the guests regard horses on the ranch with proprietory rights year after year.

Largest percentage of guests at Kananaskis are from the eastern United States. Until 10 years ago U. S. and England were the domicile of the majority of guests with almost every part of the world also represented. Since the Second Great War, however, more Canadians are turning to dude ranching as a holiday.

Kananaskis Ranch has been the location for all or portions of pictures. "River of No Return" and "Canadian Pacific" were filmed almost in their entirety at the ranch as were portions of "Fort Saskatchewan". Numerous shorts and news features also have been filmed there.

Mrs. Claude Brewster, formerly Ruth Dorington of Great Falls, Mont., is in charge of the ranch during the annual season which runs from June 15 through Sept. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewster were married in 1922 and both have been active in dude ranching since then. When the "ranching" season is not in full swing they make their home in Banff.

By TOMMY PRIMROSE
(Herald Agricultural Editor)

There is something about the term "dude ranch" that always excites the pavement pounders of the cities.

They envision something quite out of this world in the way of holidays on such a ranch spread and they are not far wrong.

So, just to see what manner of folks operate such establishments we journeyed West to the base of the Rockies at Seebe where there are two such ranches across the Bow from each other.

There we found, at the outset, something which is in itself unique. One is operated by Claude Brewster, the first dude rancher in Canada, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Beacon, newest of newcomers to adopt the "dude rancher" monicker.

and 35 per cent of the girls maintained cheating is justified on occasion. About the same number said they sometimes use crib sheets.

"What's so serious?" asked a 16-year-old Atlanta boy. "Sometimes I get blocked on an exam, and all

Holiday P

From Page 1

ent is limited to 20 head for guests they are establishing a band of mares and plan to raise all the horses they may require with a goal of 50 rideable mounts.

This year the ranch is off to a good start with six foals and Darrel plans to eventually use a Morgan stallion. Presently he is crossing grade mares with a Thoroughbred sire.

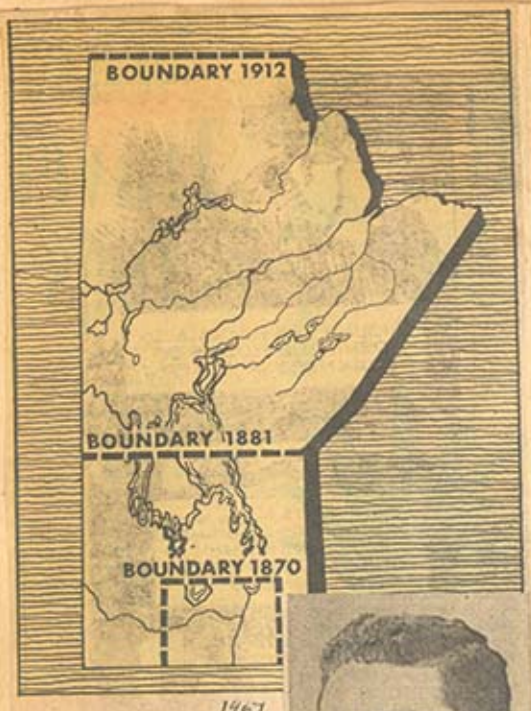
In addition to raising stock for use on the ranch he has hopes of raising saddle horses for the market.

Unlike the Kananaskis ranch

Varied Activities

The Beacons live at Diamond Cross the year round and Darrel and Nancy Beacon, with some extra help are renovating some buildings and constructing others as Darrel is a better-than-average electrician and carpenter and is becoming a good log worker.

Once they get their "feet on the ground" the young couple plan to



1967

THE LOG CABIN PREMIER

by CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

Hon. John Norquay

Mount Norquay, west and north of Banff, was named after Hon. John Norquay, former premier of Manitoba.

8,284 feet.

Mt. Norquay from the west road. 1920

Alberta's Mount Norquay took the proud Manitoba name because back in 1887 its 8,275-foot height was conquered by that mountain of a man who was Manitoba's first native-born premier.

In physical stature, the Honourable John Norquay was the biggest Manitoban of his day. He stood six feet-two and weighed 320 pounds. His measure as a man has been taken by his contemporary, Dr. J. H. O'Donnell, in his book Manitoba as I Saw It: " . . . Great, big, hearty, broad-minded, eloquent, noble John Norquay. When speaking upon any subect touching upon the old and native population, his eloquence equalled that of D'Arcy McGee. . ."

How far John Norquay's roots reached into the native soil has been a subject of dispute for some years. Certainly the Norquays preceded the Selkirk Settlers to Red River by decades, if not a century. Most sources assert that hi grandfather, Oman Norquay, came from the Orkney Islands with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1791, but others claim to have found the name in Hudson's Bay records as early as 1741.

He was born on May 8, 1841, at St. Andrews, halfway between Upper and Lower Fort Garry, in a house built of Manitoba logs. According to early Manitoba historians, including John Henderson, author of Great Men of Canada, his blood was liberally laced with that of Indian chiefs, who ruled the North West long before the invasion of the white men. In a brittle, yellowed, unidentifiable newspaper clipping of his day, he is credited with "pure Indian blood inherited from his mother." The story adds that he "always remembered his dual loyalty."

Mixed blood, according to information in the Manitoba archives, paved the way to his first cabinet post in the Manitoba government.

Elected by acclamation in the constituency of High Bluff in the first election for the Manitoba legislative assembly in December, 1870, John Norquay was one of 12 English and 12 French representatives making up the first legislative session in March, 1871. Fluent in the French language, the member for High Bluff could also speak Sioux, Salteaux and Cree, and in an emergency, make himself understood in other tribal dialects as well. His English oratory was renowned: "A fluency which carried everything before it without degenerating into wordiness," recalls R. G. McBeth in his book "The Making of the West."

This man's quality soon made clear its value to the more discerning and statesmanlike politicians of the day, and in 1871, he was invited to join the cabinet. Alfred Boyd, minister of public works in Henry J. Clarke's government, handed in his resignation to the lieutenant-governor, explaining that he had reason to believe that a feeling prevailed among the English half-breed population of the province that a representative of their own race should have a seat at the council board, and have a share in the government of the country at the head of a department. John Norquay replaced Mr. Boyd as minister of public works, and before long the portfolio of agriculture was added to his office.

There is also on record an incident which occurred during heated debate in the legislature after Mr. Norquay became premier of Manitoba. "Now you're showing your Indian blood," shouted a member of the opposition. The premier rolled his sleeve to the elbow, lifted his arm and said slowly, distinctly, "I am proud of every drop of blood that flows in my veins."

The step from Louis Riel's provisional government to provincial status under Confederation was fraught with severe problems, courageously tackled by the Clarke government. But in 1874 the entire legislature was forced to resign. Norquay was reappointed to his cabinet post, however, and occupied the front benches until the election of 1878. From that contest he emerged with a majority following and was asked to form a government.

Party politics had not yet developed in Manitoba, but Norquay's majority group supported the conservative platform in federal policies, and he became known as Manitoba's first Tory premier.

John Norquay's nine years as premier of Manitoba saw the development of party politics in the province and also set a record for a high standard of debate in the legislature. Leader of the opposite force was Thomas Greenway of Crystal City, Man., who hammered the Liberal platform. Yet the two are said to have pooled their powers in splendid harmony when Manitoba's best interests were threatened.

Although nominally in the Tory camp, Norquay fought constantly and bitterly with the federal government over the railroads and the boundaries of the province, over the control of public lands and duty on agricultural implements and building materials. He opposed the monopoly and other concessions to the Canadian Pacific and argued the right of the province to grant charters to other railways, which would extend beyond local boundaries to connect with U.S. railway lines.

A small square of some 13,928 square miles, Manitoba was known as the postage stamp province until 1881, when the federal government yielded to pressure from the Norquay government and increased the area to 73,732 square miles, paving the way for another addition in 1912, which gave the province its present area of 251,832 square miles.

Mr. Norquay's son, the late Dr. Horace C. Norquay, recalled a trip he made to Ottawa with his father during the batte of the boundaries. Norquay waited a week for an audience. Running out of patience, he finally wrote a note to "Old Tomorrow," declaring that he was leaving on a certain day and if he didn't get an audience "you'll have the damndest rebellion on your hands you have ever had."

With the Red River Rebellion fresh in his mind, Sir John granted the audience and promised extension of the boundary line. To Norquay's disappointment, the boundary was extended west to Saskatchewan, not east into Ontario as he had hoped.

But it was the railway issue that finally spelled Norquay's political doom.

Distrustful of all monopolies, Manitobans protested loudly that many hazards lurked in the railway monopoly and if the C.P.R. found the venture unprofitable they would be left without transportation. But in its urgent drive to establish a route to the west coast, the Canadian government had disallowed certain provincial legislation, and granted a charter to the Canadian Pacific Railways. In the face of its unassailable monopoly clause, protests were vain.

Some of the provinces applied for a federal subsidy in lieu of the transfer of lands to these railway interests. In 1883 Norquay suggested a conference of the provincial premiers with federal leaders to interpret "once and for all the broad meaning and intended application of the act."

But Ottawa remained indifferent, and the following year Norquay threatened to seek relief from the imperial government in Britain. Shaken out of its complacency, Ottawa offered substitute concessions in 1885 regarding the railway legislation. But on March 28, 1886, the Dominion government disallowed the Manitoba Central and Emerson and the Northwestern railway acts passed in a previous session. The rights to construct certain lines within the province were granted to two other interests.

This was in direct violation of the settlement Norquay had reached with the Canadina government in 1885, and it revealed intolerable disrespect for the rights of Manitoba. The premier resigned at the end of 1887. But he had turned the sod on July 2, the same year when the Red River Valley railroad was laid.

After the election that followed resignation of the Norquay government, Thomas Greenway headed Manitoba's first Liberal government and a Conservative caucus chose John Norquay leader of the opposition. But he died July 5, 1889 at the age of forty-eight.

Orphaned in early childhood, Mr. Norquay was raised by his grandmother, Mrs. James Spence, who was determined to give him a liberal education. At thirteen he won a scholarship to St. Johns College, where he tended horses for his teacher and where he was remembered as a young man whose feeling for the English language was equalled only by his quick grasp of facts.

It was while combining teaching and farming that John Norquay met and married Elizabeth Setter, whose great-great grandfather was killed in an Indian massacre at Rocky Mountain House in 1741. His widow and daughter were carried off by the Indians but later rescued and brought to Red River.

When big John Norquay courted tiny Elizabeth Setter, he thought nothing of walking 20 miles for the sight of her, and when he took her to a dance, he carried an extra pair of moccasins in his pocket. He wore out the two pairs dancing the Red River Jig. Shortly before her own death at 91, Mrs. Norquay recalled a social event at St. Andrews 40 years earlier.

"He was the life of the evening, with a speech and a song or two on the program. He entered heartily into the spirit of the younger people and danced the Red River Jig."

It is officially conceded that John Norquay never lost an election during his 19 years in Manitoba politics, but he said of one of his contests, "I owe my election to Scott's bull."

With the margin narrowed down to one vote, his opponent was on his way to decide the issue when a neighbor's bull treed him. By the time the voter was able to descend from his refuge in the branches, it was too late to do his democratic duty.

PREMIER JOHN NORQUAY

Q

I'd like to know something of the life and family of John Norquay, the first native-born premier of Manitoba.
J. Robinson, Surrey, B.C.

A

John Norquay's family background is as controversial as his career as premier. He was born in 1841, but Manitoba's provincial archivist, John A. Bovey, says "there is no positive proof of the parentage of the premier's father [John Norquay Sr.]. However, it seems likely that he was the son of Oman Norquay, a native of the island of South Ronaldshay in the Orkney Islands". Historians believe that the younger Norquay's mother was born in Rupert's Land (the area around Hudson Bay). They also think that Norquay's maternal grandfather was a Métis.

Norquay was a big man, 6-foot-3 and 300 pounds. He was a successful farmer in 1870 when he became a member of the first Manitoba legislature. He remained a member till his death 19 years later. During the nine years he served as premier, great progress was made in the young province. Its northern boundary was extended, federal grants to the province were increased and a start was made on a railway to Hudson Bay. But when Norquay tried to push through a rail line to link up with American railways, Ottawa stepped in to protect the Canadian Pacific Railway's monopoly. Financial trouble over trying to build that southern line and a scandal about the Hudson Bay railway caused him to resign from the premiership in 1887, although he was not personally involved. Two years later he died of appendicitis and there is a story that an

Manitoba Archives

Indian wept like a child as he lay in state in the legislature. The story may not be true, but there is no question that he was a strong leader who had the confidence of both whites and Métis in the difficult years following the Riel Rebellions.

He was survived by his wife and all but one of his eight children.

Stamp Honors Canada's Br

LOUIS RIEL

By LESTER A. HALPIN

"It's like Americans sticking on letters stamps to honor Benedict Arnold!"

Such was the comment of one Canadian concerning issuance Friday of a postage stamp honoring Louis Riel, brilliant and perhaps mad figure who flashed across Canada's history to lead two rebellions.

When modern Canada was born July 1, 1867, Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories from Lake of the Woods to the British Columbia crown colony and from the 49th parallel to the Arctic, were the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The following year the British Parliament empowered the new government of Canada to acquire these lands. For 300,000 pounds sterling and certain land grants to the company, Canada bought sovereignty over a region considerably larger than the original four provinces.

This was fur trappers' land inhabited almost entirely by Indians and people known as the Metis, offspring of Indian mothers and white fathers, among whom the majority were French. Some Metis claimed English or Scottish paternity.

Their way of life was doomed but, under the leadership of Riel, they resisted twice before the buffalo gave way to the wheat fields of the present prairie provinces.

Although some history textbooks refer to Riel as a "half breed," he actually was only one-eighth Indian. Born in St. Boniface in the Red River settlement that was to become Manitoba, Riel was descended on his mother's side from a Canadienne daughter of the first white woman in the settlement.

Highly intelligent but moody and subject to fits of violent temper, sometimes depressed, at other times exultant, young Riel was sent to study the priesthood in Quebec, where he later was to spend two interludes in mental hospitals.

The death of his father, who had defied the Hudson's Bay Company, plus an appeal from his mother to come home, ended young Riel's religious training. He first stepped into the of Canada's history on Oct. 11, 1869, as haired, hypnotic-eyed young man of 25 head of a band of 15 Metis on horseback mounted and ordered a Canadian gov survey party to proceed no farther.

Three weeks later Riel and 50 fo stormed into the Hudson's Bay Company Garry, in the region that was to become t of Winnipeg, and took possession.

Emboldened by easy success, a special mittee" went to the U.S. border to bar "without committee permission" of the tenant-governor-designate, William McDo who was traveling with his official party th American territory to establish Canadian thority in the Red River settlement.

Riel's professed objective was to secure better terms for his people's entry into confederation, but he soon installed himself as "president" of a "new nation."

Riel, the paradoxical frontiersman who c neither ride nor shoot well and who prefe poetry to violence, imprisoned those who resis but with one tragic exception, during this pe he ordered harm done to no one.

Attired in a "presidential" frock coat, starc shirt, silk cravat and black trousers, but with feet often clad in beaded moccasins, Riel kep Union Jack flying on the Fort Garry flag p while an Irish-American colleague, W. O'Donoghue, raised a white banner emblazo with a gold fleur-de-lis and a shamrock, the lat obviously placed there as a friendly gesture wards the Fenian Brotherhood, quasi-milita body of Irish-Americans formed in the Unit States with grandiose plans to seize Canada.

The Fenians' hit-and-run raids across the bo der were not officially supported in Washingto but lack of strong action against the Fenia brought bitter charges in Canada that there w covert support.

As Riel continued his dictatorship during th spring of 1870, a military force of Canadian volu teers and British regulars, barred from the Unite States, fought 600 miles of rocks and muske north of the Great Lakes. Adding to the logist cal problem, Washington hesitated in openin the Sault Ste. Marie canal to Canadian militar supplies, but destiny had decreed there would b a transcontinental Canadian state.

The force arrived as summer was ending weeks after Ottawa had heeded Riel's demand for self-government by granting provincehood t a much smaller Manitoba than exists today. Thi first Riel rebellion, perhaps more properly calle a "resistance," ended without major bloodshed.

Riel's hopes for a personal pardon were dashed because he had committed the unpardonable crime of ordering a firing squad execution after a hasty trial of a prisoner, Thomas Scott, whose intemperate language and actions (he is said to have poured dirty water on Riel) provoked the volatile "president" beyond endurance.

Newspapers in the victim's native Ontario and members of the (Orange) lodge to which he had belonged, made his death a cause celebre. The premier of Ontario offered a $5,000 reward for Riel's capture.

A series of events reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan next saw the semi-fugitive Riel elected to parliament in absentia. While under indictment for murder in Manitoba he showed up on Parliament Hill in Ottawa to sign the members' register, but promptly disappeared again. An irate parliament passed bills banning Riel from the House of Commons and banishing him from Canada for five years.

During part of the ensuing period, when he supposedly was in exile, he spent 20 months in two Quebec mental hospitals under the name "Louis David."

WELLINGTON, New Zealand (Reuters) — Fabulous mineral wealth, including diamonds, gold, platinum and oil, may lie under the icy wastes of the Antarctic, according to international scientists.

The descent of the six-month long polar winter night over the great southern ice cap, bringing with it the coldest temperatures on earth, forces an annual retreat from the ice of most of the scientists now studying Antarctica.

Passing through New Zealand on their way home, mostly to the United States, the scientists

Crossw

1 Bridge call
5 Make ——
11 Heroes of W.W. I
17 Provides power
20 Make a member
21 Brush holder
22 With "not," form disavowal
24 Roll
25 Cargo: Abbr.
26 City on the Aare
27 Human group
29 Half a fly
30 Novelist Kingsley
32 Yellow fever pioneer
33 British platter
35 Fr. pronoun

1 Sweet sorrow, to some
2 Latin case: Abbr.
3 Boor
4 Divides
5 British writer
6 Single: Abbr.
7 Cut short
8 Sharpen
9 Fat
10 Enticing trap
11 City for W.W. I doughboys
12 Pirate gold

Two-Way

A. Her screen debut was "Second Street" (full name)
B. "—— Street Rag," piano
C. Head of a group, tightly
D. Suitable, relevant
E. Flatness, tolerance
F. Temple on the Acropolis
G. According to truth
H. Small shell made of
I. Advocating noninterference
J. Emergency exit from an airplane (2 wds.)
K. He beat ... championship
L. Absorb

68

Swamp Swallows Banff Memorial

To Frank Lloyd Wright

The Banff pavilion was conceived in Mr. Wright's mind before his international reputation was established.

Some Banff pioneers are of the opinion that if his building had been built on firm ground its value as a tourist attraction would stand second only to the mountains in Western Canada.

SKETCH FROM THE FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT COLLECTION

Deck(1964) G25

THE PAVILION FROM THE OUTSIDE

The inscrutable mire of the Bow River Valley has consumed the remaining traces of what once was a magnificent monument to the genius of one of the world's great architects.

Frank Lloyd Wright, creator of some of the world's most spectacular as well as most controversial architecture designed a building in 1911 for Banff.

It is believed to be the first project ever undertaken by the internationally famous architect in Canada.

The building, described as a recreation pavilion was constructed in 1913 at a site now occupied by the the tennis courts in the Recreation grounds.

The building was built on boggy ground and was subjected to severe frost and water damage and eventually deteriorated to the point where it was torn down during the second World War.

Some local residents say evidence of the ruins of the structure were still visible up until a few years ago but the last vestiges have since sunk into the bog.

Commissioned by government officials in Ottawa, the pavilion was of rustic frame construction, one storey in height and 50 by 200 feet outside measure.

The interior featured an assembly lounge, 50 by 100, with a ladies lounge at one end 25 by 50 and a mens' lounge at the other 25 by 50.

The building included three cobblestone fire places; dressing rooms and lockers.

Shortly after it was completed in 1914 it was used by the Department of National Defence as a quartermasters' stores building.

Main function of the pavilion after the First World War is said to have been a gathering place for tourists waiting for trains.

The building suffered severe flood damage in 1933 when the Bow River inundated the entire low lying area near the recreation grounds.

A sketch of the pavilion is shown in a collection of Mr. Wright's drawings. In the book he is described as one of the most original architects in all history.

"But his buildings have simultaneously attracted and annoyed the very architects he might have best influenced. No single approach to Wright's work will suffice; he is vast, complex, simple and subtle and deceptive. He protested the imitation of effects he had invented when the principle, as he thought, was ignored or misunderstood.

"He spoke willingly of his principles and hardly at all of his practice. That is one reason his drawings are valuable beyond their intrinsic beauty: they are a clue to the processes of his thought."

1915 —

Banff's premie summer attraction, the Stampede, will be thrown open to the public Monday, and undoubtedly the grandstand will be thronged with people anxious to see what Harry McMullen and his talented artists have provided for their amusement and entertainment.

Through the Crag Files

1915 —

A drive along the Cave and Basin Road turning in at the Recreation Grounds at the west side of the landscape is somewhat changed to what it was a month ago.

Harry McMullen has most of three large acres leased from the government and is carrying out the plans originally formed for getting his Stampede or Cow Camp in working order. The whole of the three acres will be enclosed with a panelled stockade fence 10 feet high made from rustic logs.

In the enclosure besides the arena 300x150 feet will be the grandstand dwelling, stables and corrals, all made of rustic logs.

The grandstand in particular has a very rustic effect, the back, sides and front are finished in log panels of different sizes and the benches having a seating capacity of about 1,000 are braced from the centre with angle braces.

The name of the grounds will be known as the Banff Stampede changed from the Banff Cow Camp.

Mr. McMullen expects to have all buildings finished by May 1st when he will commence to gather his staff of riders, horses and other equipment.

1915 —

Banff's premier summer attraction, the Stampede, will be thrown open to the public Monday, and undoubtedly the grandstand will be thronged with people anxious to see what Harry McMullen and his talented artists have provided for their amusement and entertainment.

The riders, ropers and performers are here, the Indians will arrive today a carload of horses have arrived and everything will be in readiness for the initial performance at two o'clock.

Jan-1919 - Crag

Banff residents were notified that the Recreation Building would be demolished.

WILL ANYONE TAKE IT

From Crag & Canyon

Feb 28 1914

Trying to "Get Shet" of Recreation Building

The government has offered the "white elephant" building on the recreation grounds to the Banff Curling club as a substitute for the curling rink asked for. The offer was declined with thanks.

Crag and Canyon would respectfully suggest that the building be turned over to the "foreign gentlemen" of the pick and shovel brigade, which foregathers in Banff during the summer months, for club house purposes. Although these gentlemen may not be thoroughly up in "pink-tea" etiquette, they are sufficiently versed in "beerfests" and "razor-wrestles" to add tone to their at-homes and lend an air of dignity to the Park.

The only question is, can they be induced to accept the "white elephant."

1914

Carole Van Ness (July 1915) beside Pavilion in Recreation Grounds - Died in Boston Sept 1915

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF DOMINION PARKS.

RECREATION GROUNDS AND PAVILION.

Work on the new recreation ground proceeded smoothly during the year and was almost entirely completed by the time orders were given for the shutting down of practically all work, early in September. Those who remember the large noxious slough on the river side of Cave avenue which was famed for the number and varieties of its mosquitoes, will have difficulty in recognizing the place now.

The sewer ditch completed last year was opened into the new 20-inch sewer main, and a few weeks thereafter the ground was as hard as any piece of ground in the district. In addition to the gratifying diminution and almost total extinction of the mosquito pest, which was the stumbling block to the building of new residences along Cave avenue, there has been opened up a recreation ground which is a splendid asset to the district, and which has become a very popular rendezvous for residents and visitors alike, and more especially for the young people.

There are a baseball diamond, a football pitch and a cricket crease; space for field sports of all kinds, and a complete set of playground apparatus for the use of the children. It is estimated that of the last named more than 100 visited the playground every day during the open season, while the football pitch was in much demand by the local players.

As will be seen from a scrutiny of the number of visitors registering at the pavilion the building was largely patronized. It has, however, to be kept in mind that many visitors to the place did not register, and a conservative estimate puts the actual number of visitors at more than double the number recorded.

I have no doubt the building will be in much greater demand in the years to come. As a dancing hall it would be hard to beat, while the conveniences existing for social gatherings are complete in every detail.

Two excellent roads lead to the grounds and the pavilion one via the boat-house, and the other branching off Cave avenue a few hundred yards from the bridge.

1935 —

Work on the new administration building and post office building to be erected on the site of the old Breton Hall will be started at once according to The Buchan Construction Company of Calgary.

The contract is for $150,000.

The contract carries a clause that Banff labor must be used to the extent that it is available and competent.

SEVENTY-FIVE PIONEER CITIZENS TO BE HONOURED AT JUBILEE PROGRAM

Seventy-five pioneer citizens of Banff will be honored at the town Jubilee celebration September 7. Scrolls will be presented by Superintendent B. I. M. Strong at 4:30 at the Banff Indian Grounds. To qualify for the honor old-timers must have been resident in the province prior to September 1, 1905 and now be resident in Banff.

1955

Those to be honored are Mrs. E. I. Anderson, Mrs. M. S. Aulin, T. Bahar, L. Bearzi, A. A. Beattie, Mrs. M. M. Bowker, E. Brearly, Mrs. A. Brewster, C. B. Brewster, F. O. Brewster, W. A. Brewster, J. A. Campbell, S. B. Cullen, Mrs. M. Davidson, H. B. Dyer, Mrs. E. Edwards, R. E. W. Edwards, Mrs. L. J. Fay, Mrs. G. L. Forrest, Mrs. B. E. Fuller, C. C. Fuller, Mrs. M. C. Fulmer, Mrs. M. E. George, C. Harbidge, W. H. Hargrave, G. W. Harrison, Mrs. N. B. Harrison, G. A. Hawkes, Mrs. M. M. Hill, W. J. Howard, R. E. P. Johnson, S. H. Johnson, Mrs. E. M. Kidney, Mrs. M. Lamb, C. W. Lindow, Mrs. G. E. Luxton, M. K. Luxton, Mrs. L. B. McDonald, R. W. McDonald, Mrs. J. B. Mattern, S. E. McBride, J. G. Mitchell, Mrs. F. B. Moore, Mrs. M. E. Naylor, F. G. Nudd, Mrs. M. Nudd, Mrs. M. A. O'Connor, C. H. Olson, W. E. Olson, C. W. Paris, G. H. Paris, W. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. E. M. Renwick, W. A. Renwick, Mrs. L. P. Ridley, H. S. Robinson, Mrs. S. Robinson, G. A. F. Saddington, A. J. Serra, J. E. Stenton, G. Thirsk, J. Thomson, Mrs. M. Thomson, Mrs. M. F. Tollington, M. Trono, E. Wakelyn, J. Watters, Mrs. C. Watts, Mrs. H. A. Wells, P. Whyte, Mrs. A. E. Lacasse, B. D. Woodsworth, G. P. Woodsworth, J. P. Woodsworth, A. Wright.

All recipients of scrolls who have no transportation of their own will be driven to the grounds through the kindness of Bert Johnson and are requested to meet at the school grounds immediately following the parade. Those who are unable to do this through disability will be called for at their residences.

KICKING HORSE CHRONICLE
Fri.Jan.26th.1962.

FOREBUNNER of the Crag & Canyon was the LIFE OFFICE, a job printing establishment in Banff. One of the youngsters at left is Bill Brewster and another is his brother, Jim. In the doorway is Charlie Halpin, who set up the first printing office in Banff during year 1887.

First Banff Newspaper Started in 1886

By W. E. ROUND

Banff's first newspaper was published before Banff (the present one) was born. Mrs. F. H. Kidney, daughter of one of Banff's very first settlers, has the proof; it is a copy of "National Park Life" published June 7th, 1886. The masthead reads, National Park Life, National Park, N.W.T. June 7th, 1886. Vol. 1, No. 12., Charles Bernard Halpin, Editor. Printed at the office, National Park, N.W.T. every Thursday.

If No. 12 was published June 7th then a little figuring shows that Vol 1. No. 1. must have been published March 22nd., 1886, and that was before surveyor Geo. A. Stewart had finished surveying the townsite. In fact it was before the park . . . the Rocky Mountains Park of Canada was established by Act of Parliament.

History records that William and Frank McCardell tried to file on the area in which the Cave and Basin is situated late in 1883, and the CPR steel at that same time reached Section 29 . . . where the present "airport" is situated, Lord Strathcona two years later changed "Section 29" to Banff, Hon. Mr. White, Minister of the Interior refused the McCardell application and by order-in-council established a 10 square miles reservation (not park) around the hot springs, then the next year increased the "reservation" to 260 square miles in area, the National Parks was established by parliament in 1887, "Old Banff" settlers started moving into the newly surveyed townsite then the CPR moved station and name from the old site to the new one and present Banff was born. But until then it was merely "National Park." Charles Bernard Halpin is recorded as the editor of the paper, and one item in it tells that Sir Charles Tupper resigned as Minister of Finance. Minnewanka was still "Devil's Lake" and as now, lots and leases were contentious subjects, as witness one item, "Mr. Carr has been given 14 days in which to sign a lease or 'git' ".

Another item reads "Real estate is moving very rapidly this week. Mr. Fulton disposed of 2 lots, lots 20 in block 2, to H. A. Preslar for $275 and lot 21 in block 2 to W. H. Hensell of Pense NWT for $250. He still has a few good lots for sale. Bonds for deeds are given in each case." Yes, strange as it may seem to us today, the townsite started out on the freehold pattern.

Even as today, publisher's financial worries were existent. Note this item "Subscribers will please remember that we have the devil to pay every Saturday night now and act accordingly." Whether Mr. Halpen was referring to the King of Hades, or the boy-helper who in those days was dubbed the "printer's devil", is not clear.

According to the advertising, the late Dr. R. G. Brett, was making his first bid for political recognition. His advertisement, addressed to the electors of Red Deer Electoral District announces his acceptance of nomination for election to the new legislative Assembly of the North West Territories, and solicits their support and influence. On the same page is a similar advertisement soliciting support and influence for the election of H. S. Cayley to the same Assembly.

Other ads reveal that there were hotels going up or just finished, a "city" express was run by a W. Barker, a Drug Store by someone whose name does not appear, two or more groceries, and a builder and contractor . . . one M. G. Clark.

What is not clear is whether these businesses were established, or being established in "Old Banff" or "National Park." That some or most were in the former would seem probable from the fact that in an old picture of a town picnic taken in 1888 all of New Banff's population was present . . . total . . . 50 . . . 27 adults, 23 children.

The four page paper boasts 17 ads, practically all of them one column wide and 3 inches deep, and measures 10 by 13½ inches

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear madam,

After reading R.Campbell's interesting article in current paper, part of which dealt with Banff newspapers of the year 1900, I thought it would be of interest to review the newspaper life of Banff many years previous to that date. Most of the information I have gleaned from recollections of one of Banff's earliest residents and some of the early newspapers. More than twelve years before "National Park Gazette" days there lived in Banff an ex railroad conductor by the name of Mr Newman, who first dreamt of a local paper. He gathered subscriptions and advertisements, but the population being so small he only printed one issue in Calgary. He called his paper "The Hot Springs News".

In April 1888, C.P.Halpin (later publisher of the Lacombe Globe) who belonged to a well known newspaper family, issued his paper called "National Park Life". The early story of this paper reads, "Brother Halpin had many "Ups" and "Downs" ending in "up" for his printing press went up in smoke in less than a year."

Jack Innis (later a famous artist in Vancouver) endeavoured to revive the National Park Life, but the going was hard and it died from the lack of nourishment after a few issues.

In April 1893 W.Hansen Bourne, photographer living in Calgary, started "The Rocky Mountain Echo". Mr Bourne and his cousin, Mr May, were amongst the finest early day photographers, when photography was a bulky profession of glass negatives as large as 8" X 10" and heavy wooden cameras. However, his newspaper was unsuccessful and Banff then had no paper for seven years, when in 1900, National Park Gazette (later Crag and Canyon, came into being. This lasted until Sept. 1901 when editor, Ike Byers, left for the Pacific Coast. On Sept. 13th 1901 Dr White, a partner of Dr Brett in the medical field, bought the printing press and on Dec. 25th of that year, Dr Brett's famous convention number was printed, then no more newspapers until April 1902 when N.K.Luxton started his successful career. Editor of "Crag and Canyon" for ten years and controller for twenty three years. Editors thro' the years being, Dick Bird, W.M. Kidner, W.F.Stanley, C.W.Barnes etc.

Hoping you will find these early day events of interest. It is interesting to note that copies of the very early newspapers are still

The Fruit Peddling Case.

To the Editor National Park Lrs.

Dear Sir.—Just to let people see to what extremes some people will go to get around the facts of a thing, I hope you will publish a letter from the Supt. to the Interior Dpt. re my case. Following is a letter from me to N. F. Davin, M. P., and one from Mr. Stewart, re same—

National Park, April 25th 1888.

N. F. Davin, Esq., M. P., Ottawa.

Dear Sir,—I though I would drop a line to you to see if you can do anything for me.

I have been here one year now and have been engaged in the fruit business. In the Park the houses are scattered and I have been taking fruit around from house to house selling it. The Superintendent told me today that I was laying myself open to pay a fine of $100 for going around with fruit. I wish you would speak to the right man and see if I can't sell fruit round the Park.

Yours truly,
GEO. HANNAM.

With regard to this Mr. Stewart writes.—

Rocky Mountains Park,
May 25th, 1888.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant, ref. 175938, enclosing a copy of a letter from Mr. George Hannam addressed to Mr. N. F. Davin, M. P. In reply I beg to state that I never interfered with Mr. Hannam in his selling fruit and I believe he is still selling it from house to house. But a rumor having reached me that he was dealing in whiskey, I told him, as a caution, that he would have to be careful as to the kind of goods he was peddling, and might render himself liable to a heavy penalty if he was dealing illegally.

I have the honor to be
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. A. STEWART,
Supt.

To the Secretary of the Interior,
Ottawa.

Now, Sir, I wish to say right here the statements made in the above are untrue. On April 25th Mr. Stewart stopped me on the bridge and said "Hannam, if you don't stop peddling fruit I will have to fine you one hundred dollars."

Yours truly,
GEORGE HANNAM.

National Park, June 15.

December 31st 1902

Mr White

Banff

BOUGHT OF Walter Fulmer

TERMS:

				$	
Dec	2	To Cartage on stove from station to school			15
"	3	"	on stove from school to J. Robens		50
"	6	"	hauling loads hay to Cantonment	2	50
"	9	"	hay to your stable	3	50
"	9	"	hay to Tompkins Camp	1	00
"	16	"	20 pkgs groceries 2 bbls 8 cases oil	1	00
"	22	"	groceries from station 75¢ water 25¢	1	00
"	29	"	1 bbl & 12 cases oil 5 cases Canned Goods		75
				$	11 50

The Banff Hockey Club
requests the pleasure of
Mr & Mrs Fulmers company
at their First Annual Ball
in the Opera House, Banff on Friday
January 11th, 1907

Patronesses—Mrs. H. Douglas, Mrs. N. K. Luxton,
Mrs. A. S. Marsh, Mrs. J. Walker
Mrs. W. G. J. Stephen

Patron—Dr. Brett, Hon. President—Hamard Douglas
President—P. A. Mauve

Committee—J. T. Brunning, P. A. Mauve, Jas. Brewster

Gentlemen $1.50 *Bagley's Orchestra*

Mr & Mrs Walter Fulmer Family

At this Christmas Season
we extend to you and yours
our Heartiest Good Wishes and
may health and happiness be
yours this Coming New Year
from
Lieutenant Governor and Mrs Brett.

Government House,
Edmonton. 1908-9

Hitch-hiking to the Yukon for their great adventure, climbers Don Lyon, a teacher from Powell River, B.C., and Karl Ricker, a Nanaimo zoologist, wait for a lift outside Whitecourt, Alta.

Summer 1959

THEY CLIMBED CANADA'S HIGHEST PEAK

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

Six intrepid mountaineers assault 19,850-foot Mount Logan on a "do-it-yourself" expedition

By Stephen Franklin
WEEKEND Staff Writer

Photos by Philippe Delesalle and Karl Ricker

THE two hitch-hikers eased themselves wearily out of a car in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, hauled their heavy packs from the trunk and waved a grateful goodbye to Alaskan restaurateur Don Gilbert as he drove on toward Fairbanks. The hitch-hikers had made the long journey from Calgary in 48 hours.

They walked to the post office. There was no message on the door. The others had not yet arrived. They left a note and went in search of coffee. They stopped and spoke to three gold miners. "Where can we find a place to bunk down a couple of days?" they asked. "Plenty of empty places around town," the Yukoners said. "Help yourselves."

They found an empty cabin, its windows broken, at 707 First street, and moved in. On the doorpost outside they tacked up a hand-lettered sign: Canadian Mt. Logan Expedition. Then they took off their boots and waited. The taller and leaner of the two men was Hans Gmoser, of Banff, Austrian-born mountain guide and leader of the 1959 expedition. His companion was Philippe Delesalle, fresh from McGill University's school of architecture, a native of Lille, France, who had been appointed the official photographer for the expedition.

They had not long to wait. Ski-shop owner Ron Smylie, of Calgary, drove up, red panel truck crammed with 800 pounds of food and equipment. With him came big Willy Pfisterer, of Jasper, like Gmoser an Austrian-born mountaineer by profession. Finally two young British Columbia climbers hitched into town. Zoologist Karl Ricker, of Nanaimo, and school teacher Don Lyon, of Powell River, had both just graduated from the University of British Columbia. For them the large adventure ahead was a graduation celebration, if so ambitious, so gruelling and dangerous an expedition can be so described. Ahead lay much more than the climbing of a high mountain. Before they reached the foot of Mount Logan the six men faced a 100-mile journey on foot up broad and desolate glaciers never before traversed by man. And after they scaled the mountain — if they scaled it and came down again — yet another such journey, striking out in a different direction over equally remote and untrod rivers of ice.

As they sat in the deserted cabin at Whitehorse on May 24, 1959, unpacking the food from cartons, sorting it out into daily rations and re-packing it carefully in plastic bags, Gmoser and his companions thought of the mountain they had never seen towering out of the dead land of ice and snow and rock 200 miles to the west.

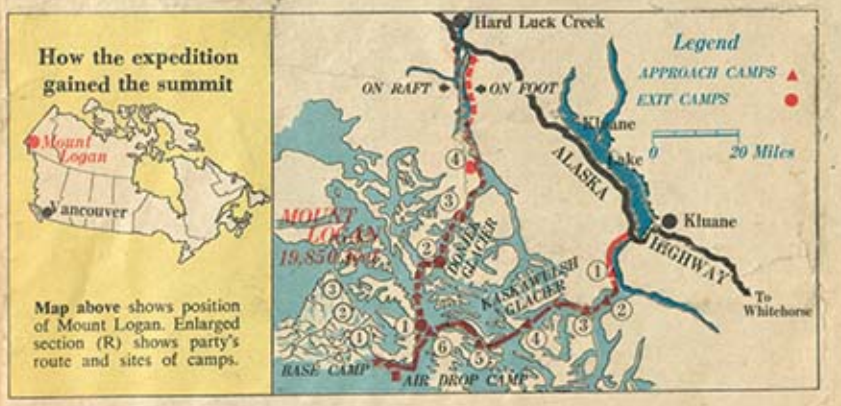
Mount Logan is Canada's highest peak and, at 19,850 feet, the second highest on this continent, a scant 450 feet less than Alaska's Mount McKinley. In the famed, far-off Himalayas there are 16 peaks higher than Logan. Along the great backbone of Latin America, in the Andes, are 10 higher mountains. That is all.

The Canadian mountain has its own distinctions and its own unique toughness. It stands in the southwest corner of the Yukon, 20 miles from the Alaska border and only 60 from the Pacific, in remote whiteness, the centre of the most heavily-glaciated region on earth outside the Greenland Icecap and Antarctica itself. It is not only the five peaks, the knife-edge ridges, the (Continued on Page 4)

An abandoned shack housed expedition in Whitehorse. L to R: Lyon, Ricker, Ron Smylie, Philippe Delesalle, Willy Pfisterer, expedition chief Hans Gmoser.

Ski-shop owner Smylie looks toward their destination. To reach the foot of the mountain, climbers humped packs 100 miles up glaciers never traversed before.

Weighed down by 80-pound packs, the mountaineers thread their way across the huge Kaskawulsh Glacier.



Higher up glacier, the men were able to use skis. But Lyon's weary pose shows going was still tough.

Another rest finds Delesalle sprawled in the snow. Early in climb, the men were plagued by heat, thirst.

(Continued from Page 2)

whole massif of Mount Logan, which is lifeless, but the entire country for miles around. There are no hospitable monasteries on the lower slopes; no magnificent Sherpas to carry the loads and pitch the camps; no Peruvian peasants to gather the high firewood of the Andes. Certainly no St. Bernards or European rescue chalets. Climbing it is a do-it-yourself affair.

A. H. MacCarthy, leader of the 1925 Alpine Club Of Canada Expedition which first conquered the mountain, called Mount Logan "the mightiest hump of nature in the Western Hemisphere, if not the largest in the world." He described it well. It is more than 100 miles in girth at its base amid the glaciers. And 10,000 feet up it is still 16 miles long and eight wide.

The 1959 Canadian expedition was bound for a different goal — the East Peak, 50 feet lower than the main peak — and by a different route. MacCarthy and his eight-man team approached from the west through Alaska. Gmoser and his party planned their assault from the east. An American expedition flew into the base of the east ridge in 1957 and conquered the East Peak for the first time. They spent 21 days on the mountain and made nine camps. Their report was anything but encouraging to the six men in Whitehorse.

They had to go in on foot and out again. They had to climb the east ridge faster than that — if they could. For time takes supplies, supplies cost money and the 1959 Canadian Mount Logan Expedition was a shoe-string operation. MacCarthy's eight-man expedition had cost $11,500 in 1925. The 1959 party had to get by on $2,100 and dip into their own pockets for the last $600 of that.

IN Whitehorse, Gmoser dickered for a plane to fly the bulk of the supplies to the base of the mountain, and air-drop them on the glacier. It was raining and too overcast for flying. The five climbers drove on up the Alaska Highway past Haines Junction to Kluane Lake and the mouth of the Slims river, leaving their leader behind. Here the road ended for them and the journey began. Out of sight 20 miles up the Slims river was the tongue of the huge Kaskawulsh Glacier.

Local bear hunters who had seen the giant waves of ice and the many crevasses at the foot of the glacier, vowed that it was impossible to travel up the Kaskawulsh. Mountaineers of the region were dubious of the whole enterprise. So was the officer at the R.C.M.P. post at Haines Junction where the mountaineers went to report their plans. He questioned them closely on their route. Finally, imperturbably optimistic Calgarian Ron Smylie managed to convince the police their expedition was well conceived and well equipped. It was then May 26. They would be back out on the Highway by June 26. If not, well! they shrugged. A month was little enough time for the approach, the climb, the descent and the trek out. It was a long time, however, if misfortune befell them early on.

By May 27 the weather had cleared enough for the air drop. Pilot Jim Thatcher and Hans flew in with the first 400 pounds. In his diary Hans wrote: "Below us now the immense Kaskawulsh Glacier and straight ahead the giant mass of Mount Logan. I can very well observe the route we will have to travel. It is quite frightening. Just like an immense river the glacier winds right down into the forest."

The pilot now swooped low over the drop zone. Hans pushed out the packages and saw them land in the snow. They flew north now across vast icefields following the route out down the long glacier to the Donjek river. Here once again Hans opened the door and pushed out the three yellow rubber dinghies which would later carry them out to civilization.

ON the way back from the second air drop at the foot of Mount Logan, Hans saw the figures of four of the party moving up the river bed still several miles from the glacier. Ricker was waiting for him at Kluane Lake's small airstrip. They set out to catch up with the others and that night the expedition set up its first camp on the bank of the still-frozen Slims river.

Early next morning the party moved on up the river ice. Break-up was coming and the first mishap of the expedition occurred. Fortunately it was hilarious for all but Ron Smylie, who put his foot in the wrong place and disappeared through the ice.

There was a last gap of open water as they ferried across on small icebergs and then they were on the Kaskawulsh Glacier itself. They struggled up the first big hump, backs aching beneath the unaccustomed weight of their 80-pound packs and strapped skis. By 5 P.M. they had covered only 6½ miles. It was time to make their first camp

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 4)

on the glacier. After five fruitless attempts to anchor their tents to the sponge-like ice, they gave up trying to use pegs and supported the small double-walled tents with ski poles and ice axes.

"As Karl and Don set up camp you could hear the noise of rushing water beneath the raw blue ice," Philippe Delesalle recalls. "Suddenly there was a more ominous sound, the surface cracked and a crevasse opened across the very site of our camp."

Next morning they understood what the bear hunters had meant. The constant up and down of the giant waves of the glacier meant hard work and much zig-zagging, frequent rests and no possibility yet of skiing.

Soon they came on an area of many crevasses. They tried walking on the black, broken, rocky ridge of the medial moraine, formed by the junction of the North and South Kaskawulsh Glaciers a short distance ahead. To add to their discomfiture it was a very hot day. By the time they halted for lunch they were so exhausted that all but the indefatigable Ricker fell asleep.

Karl climbed up the 75 feet of the medial moraine once more and discovered snow fit for skiing on the north side. They put on their skis and pressed on.

"At 4:30 P.M. we set up Approach Camp 3," Karl recorded in his big surveyor's notebook, "and by 6:30 P.M. we were all in our sleeping bags in preparation for an early start tomorrow."

"May 30 — Approach Camp 3 to AC 4 — 15 miles — The idea of an early start was given up as it was overcast when we awoke. Breakfast was served at 5:30 A.M. in Hans's tent where six of us made it a little crowded," noted Karl.

At 7:30 A.M. they moved off up the big glacier on their skis.

"We made much better headway today," Hans wrote that night. "The further we moved up the glacier the smoother it became and the harder the snow. We can see miles ahead now."

THAT evening at Camp 4 disaster was narrowly averted. Both stoves were going in the tent for supper when the soup spilled over and extinguished the small high-altitude stove. Unthinkingly Hans opened it up to clean it. The gas escaping under pressure was ignited by the flame from the other stove and the altitude stove blew up.

"I grabbed it, threw open the tent flap and flung the blazing stove outside," said Hans. "I only burned my beard and my hair a little. But we were very lucky the whole tent did not catch fire."

Delesalle was bothered more by thirst than fire. "It seems incredible to be travelling on a river of ice and to be always thirsty," he says, "but that is how it was. It was like crossing the Sahara."

By now they were at 6,100 feet and climbing each day. Already the altitude made them dry and thirsty. Each evening they filled their canteens with hot tea and used them as hot-water bottles in their sleeping bags to prevent them freezing. Philippe had left his canteen behind, and while his companions shared theirs, they travelled often strung out in a long line, meeting only now and then, for the "peanut halt" in the middle of the morning or at lunch.

That night the wind blew ominously against the tent walls and some snow fell. When they woke at 5 A.M. and opened the tent flaps to check the weather, the Kaskawulsh was enveloped in dense layers of fog. It was mercifully impenetrable. They rolled over and slept again.

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They broke camp at noon, for the fog had mostly lifted, and moved off in a haze that made their surroundings more ghostly and desolate than before. The high peaks which had flanked the glacier further down were gone now and only a few small peaks now stuck up out of the limitless expanse of snow. All day they kept waxing and re-waxing their skis as the snow conditions changed, and after eight hours had covered only 12 miles.

June 1 dawned ingloriously in a grey pall of fog. They were now at the end of the Kaskawulsh Glacier on a broad plateau. Somewhere there was the divide and the one gap where they could start the downward run to the Hubbard Glacier. Three miles from Camp 5 the fog suddenly lifted and they had their first look at Mount Logan, spectacular and gigantic even at a distance of 30 miles. Quickly the fog moved in again. They had to stop and wait until it lifted to find the one gateway they were seeking.

As they stopped Philippe eased his arms thankfully out of his pack and let it drop with a thud on the snow. The whole slope at the right of them began to move. They held their breath, wondering if an avalanche would engulf them all. The slope subsided in great puffs of snow and they laughed with relief.

Today was a day of decision; a crucial day and there was the tension that inevitably goes with it. Wrote Hans, "Today we have to cut off our return. We must get to our food cache at the base of Mt. Logan, or return without reaching our goal." They had climbed up the glacier for 60 miles and the going had been tough. Now they were at an altitude of 9,400 feet. Once they started down the other side of the divide there was no going back. They had only four days' food with them. Once they started down they had to find the food dropped by air. If a storm broke or a sudden blizzard obliterated the air-drop site, it might be impossible to find the cache — and a storm in such country is always only an anticipation away.

They Climbed Canada's Highest Peak

743

Late in the afternoon they found the gap and with great enjoyment began skiing down very fast for six miles until they were on the Hubbard Glacier. As they neared the bottom of the run 2,000 feet below the divide they began to see the big peaks of the region, Mount Lucania, 17,150 to the north; Mount Augusta, 14,070, and Mount Cook, 13,760 to the south and closer by Mount King George, a mere 12,300. At 8:30 that evening, after a long, long day, they set up Approach Camp 6 on the Hubbard glacier. Everyone was very tired. They were also worried.

The sky was clear, the twilight that never turned to night, beautiful; but to the south it looked as if a big storm was moving in. The instrument readings confirmed their fears — the pressure was going down fast. The air-drop was still 18 miles away. Hans decided that after supper he and Willy, the two really expert skiers of the expedition, would press on through the night and try to find the air-drop before it snowed.

They set out with light packs and two days' food. At 2 A.M. they found the first package jettisoned from the plane. Before long they had found and cached all but one of the packages.

Next morning after a breakfast of bread, sardines and cold tea (the stove was out of commission again) the four others set out to follow them. Soon the four skiers were stretched out, lone dots in a long line separated by speed, temperament and training; first Ricker, then Lyon, and behind them Delesalle with the cheerfully unhurried Smylie bringing up the rear.

"The day was quite beautiful at first," said Delesalle, "but as we turned the corner and left the Hubbard glacier the fog came in again. When you ski in fog there, you have hallucinations. You feel you are skiing always in a trough and the world has disappeared; there is only you. Then you come to believe a human is nothing in this great expanse. You are a robot. And yet it is only will power which moves you ahead. At the crest of each hump you think, *They must be there just ahead.* There is nothing except once a shadowy glimpse of two grey dots far ahead. You stop to rest. It would be wonderful to ease the weight of that heavy, heavy pack off your back, but getting it back on again is too much of a struggle. You think, *Never, never again will I do this.* You are ready to cry with exhaustion. But you move on."

At 5 P.M. Hans and Willy woke from their long sleep and watched the last of their friends appear through the white curtain of snow. To celebrate they took one of the two big salamis from the food cache and divided it up. After seven days of dried soup, bouillon cubes, and rice it tasted wonderful.

Next day, June 3, they spent readying their gear for the climb and re-packing the food once again into 16 separate packages — a day's ration in each. At 9 P.M., when the snow was hard, they moved two miles closer the base of the east ridge and set up Base Camp there.

THEY woke on June 4 at a late and luxurious 9 A.M. "When we rose it was beautiful outside," Hans noted. "All the mountains stood under a clear sky and it was so warm we had difficulty believing we were on a glacier. For the first time we could clearly see the east ridge and we studied it for a long time to find the best route. We made our plans for the climb."

After a day without any trekking there was at last a chance to talk and read. Karl had a book of Chaucer with him and another in Russian. Don Lyon was reading The New World In Science. Hans had Dr. Zhivago, which was too heavy to take up the mountain. Philippe had a pocket-book edition of the Ethics Of Aristotle, which he cut in half to give Willy something to read. Throughout the day it seemed that every few minutes they could hear the muffled thud of avalanches falling on the slopes around them.

They made book on how long they would be on the mountain. One said 11 days, another nine, a third 13. They all knew it must not take 21 days as the Americans had in 1957. And nine camps was far too many. They planned on only three. The bet was for a round of beers in Whitehorse. They turned in, sleeping as always in the raw in their double sleeping bags, their boots with them to stay dry. Tomorrow was the mountain.

NEXT WEEK: The attack on the mountain begins and the companions survive an avalanche, disagreements and the crippling effects of altitude before standing triumphant on the peak of Mount Logan.

Delayed-action shutter enables all six climbers to appear in one photograph on top of East Peak. In back row (L to R) are: Lyon, Gmoser, Pfisterer, Delesalle; front (L to R) Smylie and Ricker.

THEY CLIMBED CANADA'S HIGHEST PEAK — **SECOND OF THREE PARTS**

Summer 1959

ON THE SUMMIT— "A PROUD AND HAPPY MOMENT"

Their heads ached, their lungs felt as if they would burst, but they pressed on to triumph

By Stephen Franklin
WEEKEND Staff Writer

Photos by Karl Rieker

LAST WEEK'S instalment told how the six enterprising young climbers who formed a "shoestring" expedition to conquer Mount Logan reached Whitehorse, in the Yukon — four of them hitch-hiked there — and then set off up the Alaska Highway for the nearest point to Canada's highest peak. Carrying 80-pound packs, the men forced their way 100 miles up the vast Kaskawulsh glacier, which had never been crossed before, and established their base camp at about 8,000 feet.

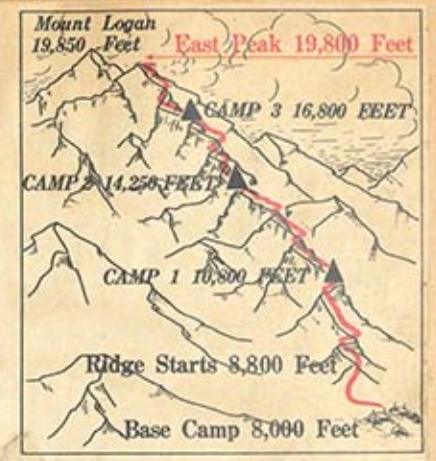
THE EDITORS

PHILIPPE DELESALLE woke at 1 A.M. on June 6 and for a few minutes savored the warmth of his sleeping bag as he lay gazing at the slope of the small double-walled orange tent. He could feel the protective layers of ointment on his blackened face, the rim made on his cheeks by the glacier goggles and the unaccustomed itch of his beard. His socks lay warm on his bare chest, his climbing boots dry between his thighs.

It had been an unsettled night; first the day's delay because of the snowstorm and then the feelings of excitement and anticipation because today they would start on the mountain. And then at 11 P.M. the tremendous roaring, the thundering reverberations of an avalanche that seemed bigger and closer than any before. He had lain there not breathing, as the roaring went on and on and on until he felt it must surely descend on the tents themselves and obliterate the base camp.

Hans Gmoser, his friend and leader of the 1959 Canadian Mount Logan Expedition, already had the tent flap open and was inspecting the sky. Here at this time of the year, north of the 60th Parallel in a remote corner of the Yukon, darkness never really came. It was clear **(Continued on Page 16)**

On the way down, expedition leader Gmoser drives a pole into the snow to anchor a 400-foot fixed-line descent of a tricky stretch. In the background is Mount McArthur, a neighboring peak of 14,400 feet.



Party's route and camp sites. Ascent took six days.

outside on the glacier; cold and clear. Fine for the mountain.

Philippe struggled out of the sack and began to dress; string longjohns first, then regular longjohns, climbing pants, over-trousers of nylon, two pairs of socks and insulated boots. The felt boots and the nylon mukluks would come later when they left their skis at the *bergschrund*, the crevasse formed where a glacier meets the rocky upper slope.

The rest of the camp was astir now. The two University of British Columbia students, Karl Ricker and Don Lyon, were dressed. Ron Smylie, the Calgary sports-shop proprietor, was cooking up the oatmeal mush and raisins for breakfast. Even big Willy Pfisterer, the mountain guide from Jasper who liked his sleeping bag better than any man, was stirring.

By 3 A.M. they moved off. They left behind one of the three tents, the snow cave, a cache of food for six days for the outward journey, the small high-altitude-stove now unfortunately out of action.

They left no messages. For whom would they have left them? They were in a desolate desert of ice already, a dead world, the nearest vegetation, the closest living thing at least 90 miles away in any direction. Behind them to the east lay the broad windswept glaciers they had so relentlessly skied up for seven days. If any misfortune befell them they could expect no rescue. They were not due back out to the Alaska Highway until June 26. No one would start a search until after then.

AHEAD loomed Mount Logan, second highest mountain in North America and centre of the most heavily glaciated alpine region in the world. Their goal was the East Peak, at 19,800 feet still some 12,000 feet above them. They could see the exposed east ridge, but the summit was hidden from view. They set out for it.

Pfisterer and Delesalle went ahead with light packs to open up the route. They skied across snow bridges over the many crevasses there and came soon to the *bergschrund* where they stuck their skis upright in the snow, donned their mukluks, roped themselves, shook hands as you do before beginning a climb and began to slog upward. To reach the start of the ridge 400 feet above they must climb either a steep snow slope or the rock face itself. Willy chose a gully in the rock.

Before long Hans and the three other climbers came up to them. It was then in a brief exchange of words — an incautiously-worded question, a retort, a shrug — that the first disagreement of the expedition occurred. There are always such disagreements, mountaineers admit, in enterprises such as this. The tensions generated among a group of men pressing themselves hard to achieve such a feat as the ascent of Mount Logan, make such sudden crevasses in the cement of friendship inevitable.

This was no exception. Hans went on, preferring the route up the snow slope to the ridge. The three went with him. Willy turned and retraced his footsteps and Philippe went back with him to base camp.

All morning they watched the four slowly climb. Soon after noon they too returned to base camp leaving the food cached at the 10,000-foot level. That evening Hans wrote in his **(Continued on Page 52)**

A fly speck on the vast expanse of snow, these two tents form Camp 3, at 16,800 feet. In the background, 3,000 feet higher, is the East Peak, climbed next day.

Party's route, the east ridge, begins at 8,800 feet, rising from the glacier above the base camp. In places it is knife-edged, with a 5,000-foot drop on either side.

They Climbed Canada's Highest Peak

diary: "Willy, Phil and I had a good talk after I got back and now that we have settled our differences we are in the best of spirits, full of great hopes and knowing that we are good friends."

At 2 A.M. June 7 the six men set out again for the mountain. On yesterday's tracks they moved quickly upwards and by 7:30 reached the food cache. Willy again took the lead up the ridge and at 10,800 feet found a hanging glacier that afforded a good site. They set up Camp 1.

In his big surveyor's notebook, Karl Ricker noted: "Weather still foggy and snow showers; ridge getting narrow and corniced at times. While Ron and Philippe set up camp the others went back to the cache at 10,000 feet to bring up rest of food and gear. Camp set up beautifully. Ron even dug a sidewalk in front of tents. He gets to be more like Tenzing every day and Hans, his rope partner, is the exact image of Hillary. At 3 P.M. we hit the sack. Altitude is having effects."

As the expedition's official recorder, Karl each day now wrote down much data, taking his companions' pulses, noting how many breaths it took to blow up their air mattresses and so on as well as the altitude and the weather.

On June 8 the party pushed a cache up to 13,100 feet. As they climbed steeply upward they paused often to knock the snow from their crampons with their ice axes, for if it once clogged them, the danger of falling would be great. At one stretch the snow ridge narrowed to a knife edge. Hans led up it slowly and confidently, cutting six-inch wide steps. Either side of him as he led them up was a drop of 5,000 feet. Should one man start to fall over such a ridge there is only one thing the other man on the rope can do — in theory at least and if his reflexes are fast enough — and that is to jump over the opposite side. Fortunately, this was not necessary.

This day they saw a yellow manilla handline from the 1957 U.S. party embedded beneath the ice, and a second American line which they tested and used. The Americans had spent 21 days on the mountain making the first ascent of the East Peak and used nine camps for the climb. The Canadian team must not take so long, Gmoser realized, no matter what evil tricks the weather might play. They had food for only 14 days.

By 3 P.M. they were all back at Camp 1. Willy lay in his sleeping bag in pain that afternoon, for he had lost his snow goggles and his eyes hurt. He covered his eyes with the tattered old silk scarf he always wore on every climb, a keepsake, so the others understood, from a girl back in Austria. Hans masked another pair of snow goggles with tape for him, leaving only narrow slits to ease his eyes the next day.

"Today we move our camp again," wrote Hans in his June 9 entry in the diary. "In yesterday's steps we progress fast and by 8:30 A.M. we are at our cache. Now we are beginning to feel the altitude and each step is already a chore. Today there is some fog around us and it is eerie as we traverse on a very steep snow slope thousands of feet above the glacier. To break trail at this altitude with a big load is unbelievably hard. I was always looking ahead for some level spot where we could pitch camp. But the slope rose up and up into the fog. Finally I just had it. Willy took the lead."

KARL'S unemotional record book gave evidence of the toughness of the climb upward from the cache at 13,100 feet. "Going after this was very exposed and required use of utmost caution as it was a traverse up a steep slope with two inches of new snow on top of hard ice plus a few hidden crevasses. At 13,600 feet the slope levelled out and then steepened into a giant crevasse. The slope on the other side was icy and steep, requiring many delays . . . At 14,250 feet we found a decent spot for Camp 2 — ice cliff on one side and 75-foot-wide crevasse on other. Although we tried to talk Hans out of going back down to the cache for another load he felt he and Willy should go anyway. They left at 2 P.M.

"When we got back to Camp 2 again," continued Hans, "all our footgear was frozen solid. I could not undo my crampon straps and the zipper on my mukluks was frozen solid. Ron had to thaw them out with his breath and then put me to bed."

It had been hard work now for four days without resting, and there had been some tricky climbing. Although the rations held plenty of energy, they lacked bulk and the climbers were always hungry. At the same time the altitude was starting to rob them of their appetites and at each meal they ate less. It was increasingly cold. Only in their inner and outer sleeping bags were they at last comfortably warm. But this night, crammed three to a tent in Camp 2, they began to experience a new difficulty.

"We found ourselves waking up at night and feeling as if we were choking to death; as if we weren't getting any air," explains Philippe. "The altitude was affecting us, of course, but another trouble was the way we were sleeping; some of us were lying with our heads downhill. In the end I found the best thing was to lean right forward in my sleeping bag and sleep doubled over."

When the six climbers woke from their fitful sleep on June 10 they found the inside of the tents covered with ice. Karl and Don went back down to the cache to bring up a 50-pound food pack apiece. The others started up the ice fall, breaking trail, marking the route with small red flags on bamboo sticks, carrying the loads ever upwards. At 16,000 feet they reached a big plateau, large enough to build an entire town on. And at 16,650 feet they made their cache. Towering 3,000 feet above them was their goal. Occasionally, through the mist and cloud, they could see the peak.

Back at Camp 2 that afternoon everyone began to experience skull-splitting headaches. Nobody ate much supper. In addition to the green vitamin pills quartermaster Ron Smylie handed out each morning, they now began taking sleeping pills and pills to counteract their headaches. The temperature dropped to two below zero. Early June 11 they broke camp, climbed for five hours and established Camp 3 not far above the previous day's cache at the 17,000-foot level.

The hard, relentless pressure of their ascent began to tell on them all. Their altitude sickness was heightened by lack of time to acclimatize themselves to the changes. "We just went up too fast," explains Karl Ricker. The bone-wearying exertion increased tensions between the six mountaineers. Tempers tautened and snapped. "We fought a lot," Hans confesses, "because we were pushing so hard.

"It is difficult to please everyone and at times I felt like telling everybody to go to hell."

It was a period of swift surges of emotion, of unspoken anger inflamed by exhaustion and almost as rapid transitions to optimism and fellowship. In his entries for the next day Gmoser wrote of his and the others' exhaustion and the need to stop for a long rest; Don Lyon with him — who had been going well the previous day — was now staggering, stopping, vomiting. The next day came the dash to the summit.

They made the plan that afternoon in the tent at Camp 3. The weather was not too good. They were completely in the clouds; it was windy now and the temperature was dropping to 12 below. However, they still had seven days' food to see them through a storm. If the weather held they would make the dash to the summit with a minimum of food and equipment the following morning. They would leave the tents. If a storm broke once they had started they could bivouac, digging themselves into the snow and huddling out the storm together.

"Very restless night and I have an awful headache," recorded Karl. "Ate very little for breakfast, and despite that the day was very clear, I did not seem to be interested in our objective. It seems to have taken four times as long as usual to get packed and put our boots and mukluks on. At 7 A.M. June 12 we were away."

"Hans and I were on the same rope for the first time on the mountain," Delesalle recalls, "and I was very happy, for he and I were the only two left of the trio who had first planned this big climb three years ago in Detroit. As we started out for the summit we had to go downwards at first, which was very frustrating, then for a while on the flat, and afterwards we were climbing again. After two hours we stopped to check the instruments and found we had climbed 1,000 feet. Our spirits were high and we ate some peanuts. We stop often for a short time and pump our breath until we feel better."

WE couldn't have asked for a better day," Gmoser wrote in his diary. "The sky above us was perfectly clear — only far north were there some cumulus clouds in the low valleys — and there wasn't a breath of wind. Three thousand feet above us rose the East Peak, a beautiful snow pyramid. I was very happy and felt like I did as a little child on Christmas Eve before we got our presents.

"We walked very slowly but progress was noticeable. At first we headed toward the north ridge and then we made a long traverse across the east face toward the east ridge. Shortly before we reached the ridge I became very exhausted and Don was even more so. We had a long rest, the instruments showing 18,500 feet. It was a real struggle now for the summit. We all had terrible headaches. Some were just folding up, vomiting, staggering on and falling down again. Karl Ricker was breaking trail now on his rope as he fought to his utmost to reach the summit.

"At 1 P.M. Karl stopped 10 feet below the summit. Lyon, on his rope, was terribly sick now. Ten minutes later Ricker reached the summit of the East Peak itself. Lyon followed him up. Then came Gmoser with Delesalle on his rope.

"To cheer the last two on, Willy and Ron, we all gave a big shout. When we were all six on the summit we shook hands and took pictures. There was not too much excitement," Philippe recalls. "I just didn't feel anything." The view from the summit was magnificent. All the peaks and glaciers were visible below them. They could see the Pacific Ocean.

"Reaching the summit means a second ascent of Mt. Logan's East Peak has been made, by members of the Alpine Club of Canada and the Varsity Outdoor Club of U.B.C.," recorded Karl. "We filled in the summit sheet and put it in an ointment can, along with pictures, a few pennies. The can was then buried with a V.O.C. (Varsity Outdoor Club) flag around it. I took the pulse rates of everyone except Hans and Willy, who had such faint ones it was impossible to count."

They had bought a small Canadian ensign in a drug store on the way up, but they now discovered Willy had left it in his pack at 18,500 feet. There was no sign anyhow of anything left by the 1957 U.S. party still being there.

"It was a proud and happy moment," wrote Hans. "At a time like this a man is open like a book. There are the ones to whom it is just another record — something accomplished. There are those who are too tired and who are actually afraid of the remoteness of such a place; and then there are the men I admire; the men who go out on to the point of the ridge and sit there moved to tears by the greatness of this moment. This is the time and the place where you see the man as he is. In spite of all our layers of clothing we are naked to each other; we see into the inner depths."

The six triumphant mountaineers had no great abundance of energy to celebrate their arrival, but they did manage to eat some fudge, chocolate and cheese washed down with sweet tea. At 2 P.M., 50 minutes after their arrival, they started to make their way back toward Camp 3.

Their descent was an agony, heads throbbing worse than ever, staggering down on leaden legs. Far below lost in the immense expanse of ice were two little specks — their tents at Camp 3. They were automatons now, putting one foot after the other unthinkingly, fighting against the temptation to lie down in the snow and sleep. Three interminable hours later, at 5 P.M., they staggered into camp. They slept.

"A mountain is no place to waste much time on. The less time you spend on it, the better," says Gmoser. The expedition acted accordingly. By morning they felt almost normal again. They abandoned several days' rations at Camp 3 and at 8 A.M. began the descent to the glacier 10,000 feet below. At 10:30 they reached Camp 2 and quickly dismantled the tent left standing there. They ran into sticky snow, which made such treacherous going with heavy packs on their backs that they halted and loafed in the hot sun for a couple of hours.

At 3 P.M. they began the long exposed traverse and they belayed all the way. At 6 P.M. they reached Camp 1. They were still breaking through to their hips sometimes so they decided to wait until it got colder. They pitched one tent and all six me They set up camp close by a for a light-hearted, friendly bul A.M. everyone had climbed weari sleeping bags.

Three hours later they starte It had taken them five hard d more. The ridge had changed ing of snow since the ascent up to Camp 3, one day for the were mostly on rock. Down the dash to the summit and back, a slope the crust was thin and day for the descent to the glacier. plunging through so deep they on the mountain. Seven days wi free themselves. And now, to than a few hours' respite. The m ment, they found the *bergschr* been good to them. The weathe crossed on a snow bridge on th fair.

completely changed and there "I wonder if another expeditio 60-foot cliff. They drove in an it in seven days and with only t rappelled down. By 1 A.M. th We overdid it maybe. But we did their skis.

Now all the six young Canadi

Very happily they unzipped had to do was trek out across o and threw them away. They glaciers to the north. They hope mountain. Coming from the g would hold. In the meantime the of the mountain the glacier nov slept and slept. home.

(Continued on Page 55)

THEY CLIMBED CANADA'S HIGHEST PEAK

LAST OF THREE PARTS

... For the homeward journey the mountaineers choose a route no man has ever before followed on foot — and at last are bested — by a raging river.

A RIVER AVENGES THE CONQUERED MOUNTAIN

June 1959

Nearing the end of the glacier — and their goal, the Donjek river — "Mountain Bear" Pfisterer (centre) helps expedition leader Gmoser adjust his pack. Calgary sportsman Ron Smylie rests his on the ice.

By Stephen Franklin
WEEKEND Staff Writer

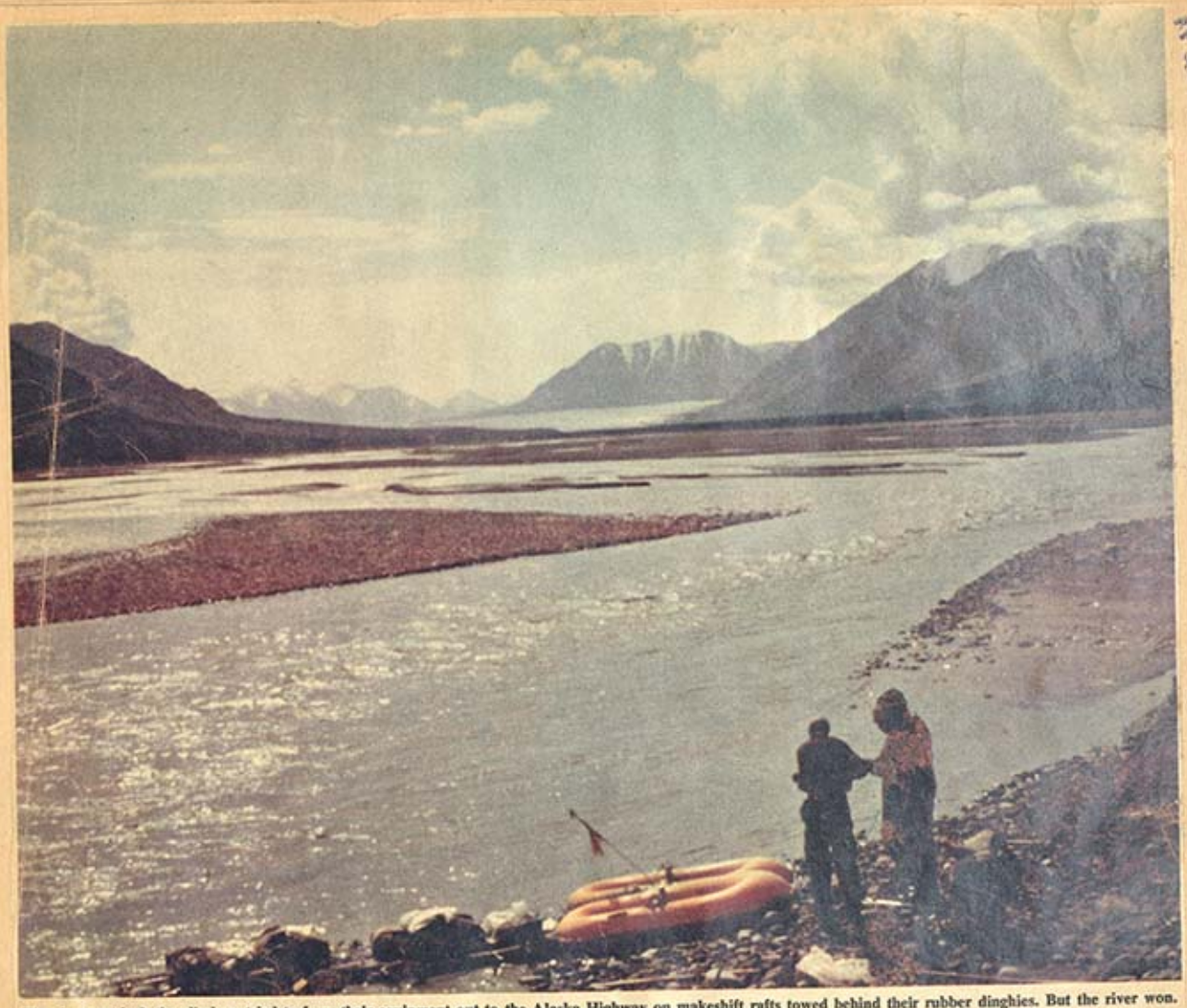
Photos by Karl Ricker and Philippe Delesalle

AFTER a 100-mile trek to the foot of Mount Logan, the six members of this "shoestring expedition" climbed to the summit of the East Peak in an amazing six days, took only one day to descend to their base camp. There, they rested and gathered their strength for the trek out to the Alaska Highway on a glacier never before crossed by man.

NOW WE JUST LIE AROUND base camp with a feeling of great contentment in our hearts," wrote Hans Gmoser, of Banff, leader of the 1959 Canadian Mount Logan Expedition, in his diary. "It is amazing. When we first started on this adventure it seemed a hardship to be always on the glacier, to pitch our tents on the snow every night and get up to find everything frozen solid. But now after we have come off the mountain we feel as if we are on the beach here. We run barefoot in the snow, take off our shirts and feel really comfortable."

His mood of optimism was understandable. Gmoser and his five companions had just success-

On the second day of their journey back from the mountain, members of Mount Logan expedition drag home-made sleighs across the icy wastes of Hubbard Glacier.



The river reached, the climbers tried to ferry their equipment out to the Alaska Highway on makeshift rafts towed behind their rubber dinghies. But the river won.

After their long trek down the glacier, the rafts were a welcome sight. But disaster awaited

fully scaled the remote and icy East Peak of Mount Logan, at 19,850 feet the second-highest mountain in North America. What is more, they had made the arduous ascent in a swift six days, pushing themselves to the limits of their endurance. And still the weather had held fair and they had hurried down the mountain in a single, long day. Now they were resting. Only a third of their adventure lay ahead of them — the long journey out of this untravelled wasteland of perpetual ice and snow in this remote corner of the Yukon.

They ate as heartily as their rations would allow — dehydrated soup and chopped bacon, rice with chipped beef and bouillon cubes. They cut up the paper-back edition of the Ethics Of Aristotle chapter by chapter and passed them around to read; they listened to the constant thunder of avalanches in the mountains encircling the base camp.

So the six men of the expedition rested for two full days after the climb; Gmoser, big Willy Pfisterer, the "mountain bear" from Jasper, at 33 the "old man" of the party; Karl Ricker the tireless 23-year-old zoologist from the University of British Columbia and his campus mate, Don Lyon, who planned a career as a teacher; the young French architect, Philippe Delesalle, fresh from McGill University, the expedition's photographer; and, last of the six bachelors, sports-shop proprietor Ron Smylie, of Calgary.

That day, June 15, they saw a lone jet plane fly high above them headed north toward the no-man's-land of the polar ice cap. The living world still existed after all. For 20 days they had been cut off from all signs of life in a dead world of glaciers and mountains. To the east lay their long route in — the 80 miles they had trekked and skied up the Kaskawulsh and the Hubbard Glaciers and the first 20 miles through the bush from the Alaska Highway. To return that way would have been easier.

They chose instead to go north, to travel once more a route no man had ever followed on foot, up the Hubbard Glacier to the divide and down the Donjek Glacier to the swift Donjek river at its tongue, there to sail uncertainly northward in their cached rubber dinghies to another point on the Alaska Highway.

THEIR immediate problem was what gear to take out and what to leave behind. They had air-dropped 800 pounds of food and equipment on this spot three weeks previously and trekked in under the additional burden of 80-pound packs on their backs. Most of the food, it was all too true, had now been eaten or left high on Mount Logan at Camp 3. But there was still more equipment, more tents, rope, stoves, sleeping bags, fuel, pitons, than they could possibly carry out on their backs. On a shoestring expedition such as theirs, they hated to discard anything of value.

All that afternoon they spent building a toboggan to carry the load. Ron Smylie volunteered his skis — he would now have to walk the 80 miles to the head of the Donjek river — and to these Hans and Willy lashed the expedition's collapsible rescue sleigh.

At 10:30 P.M. on June 15 they set out on the homeward journey. For now they must travel through the twilit night. The advance of summer made the days too hot and the snow too soft for travel. After six miles they reached the main Hubbard Glacier and realized that the toboggan would not work. Going uphill the struggle was too great and on the downhill runs the centre of gravity was too high and it invariably turned over.

They stopped and took a vote. It was unanimous. They began to unload the toboggan and discard gear — inner sleeping bags, the rescue sleigh, some of the rope, spare sweaters, pitons, one of the stoves — anything unessential to their survival for the next six or seven days was cached and abandoned. The six days' rations now left, the tents, all the necessary equipment they again piled on their backs.

Next morning at 8 they set up Out Camp 1 on the most desolate site of the entire expedition. The Hubbard Glacier here was eight or 10 miles wide, a nothingness of white over which the wind moaned ominously and tore at the tents disturbing the climbers' fitful daytime sleep.

That evening of June 16 the six mountaineers decided to make individual sleighs with their skis and Trapper Nelson packboards — "you get so mad at that monstrous pack on your back you treat it almost like a person," **(Continued on Next Page)**

81 3

Equipment is carried to nearby island after a ski used in making one of the rafts punctured the dinghy towing it.

After final mishap, climbers were aided by service-station operator Conway Bradley (kneeling) in bid to salvage gear.

They Climbed Canada's Highest Peak

(Continued from Preceding Page)

explains Hans Gmoser — and now they set off on foot, their improvised sleighs behind them.

"It was like a forced march through Siberia," Philippe Delesalle recalls. "For some reason I kept on thinking how helpful it would be to have a bicycle there. In fact, we had to cross some snow-covered crevasses, and being on foot made this more dangerous. We had to get down on our hands and knees and crawl over them knowing that beneath us was a crevasse perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 feet deep."

They stopped for lunch at 2:30 A.M. Although they were perpetually hungry now for lack of bulk food and had an intense craving for some change in their monotonous diet, they found it increasingly hard to eat. Three weeks of wind and cold and exposure had cracked their lips terribly.

That night they climbed to the divide and after they had gone a scant mile down the Donjek Glacier the six adventurers established Out Camp 2.

It had been a fantastic and fascinating night, a full moon, the first backward sight of Mount Logan in all its immensity tinged with pink and the sunrise at 1 A.M. Now on the much narrower Donjek Glacier everything seemed on a more human scale. Added Philippe: "Everyone knew that the worst was behind us. From now on it was downhill all the way to the foot of the glacier. The end of our journey grew closer and closer."

After their day's sleep they didn't waste any time striking Out Camp 2 and getting away the evening of June 17. "We just stood on our skis pushing with the poles and at a fairly good speed we cruised down the glacier," wrote Hans in his diary. "This is a bad time of year to travel on glaciers, as they are just breaking up. We found this out more and more as we moved down the glacier. Constantly snow bridges would collapse behind me and a big gap would open right in front of the fellow who was following me. At first we were skiing too close together and Karl skied into a big crevasse. The whole bridge — 100 feet long — suddenly went 'Woof!' Karl yelled, 'Oh, no!' and skied into the four-foot-wide crevasse. Only the momentum of his heavy pack threw him out again on the other side and anchored him to the edge of the crevasse, his skis and feet dangling in the mighty hole behind."

"I did the same thing twice more that night," says Karl Ricker, "but if you don't take those chances you could be days descending the glacier. After a while we were below the snowline, and on the bare ice it was easy to see the crevasses. If they were only a couple of feet wide we skied fast across them and otherwise followed a slalom course."

They skied on round the big bend in the Donjek Glacier, the ice getting rougher and rougher all the time, and finally they had to stop and take off their skis. "By this time," recorded Karl, "we had lost one another in a jungle of ice waves up to 30 feet high and a maze of crevasses."

"To have gone any further on the glacier would have been like climbing up and down all the houses of a city," said Hans. "So we made our way slowly toward the lateral moraine at the edge of the glacier. By about 7 A.M. we set foot on the moraine and at last left the snow and ice behind us. On the other side of the moraine it was almost like paradise. From the steep hillside a little waterfall came down into a bowl and formed a tiny lake. There was some grass around — we were back in a living world."

They saw a chipmunk and some birds and they lay down in the morning sun without bothering to put up the tents. All six were so excited now at the prospects of reaching the river at the end of the glacier that they left Out Camp 3 much earlier than usual at 5 P.M. Their route now took them on a narrow sheep trail along the moraine where the going was tough and dangerous. The trail was littered with the prized horns and skulls of bighorn sheep, but they were of little interest to the weary men now further burdened by the skis on their backs.

At midnight Ron Smylie found the first evidence of human presence — a rusted tin can. Shortly afterward came their first sign of wood. They stopped and built a fire, their first in 23 days, and for an hour they clustered cheerfully around it. "To have such a source of warmth in the cold night makes all the difference to our life," wrote Hans. They trekked on through a seemingly interminable night, skirting washouts, scrambling awkwardly over rocks beneath the weight of their packs, breaking their way through scrub trees.

It seemed as if they would never see the end of the Donjek Glacier and reach the river flats beyond. And it was only *after* a 16-hour night march that they eventually stumbled wearily down to the river flats at 9:30 A.M. and fell into an exhausted sleep.

They woke for 5 P.M. breakfast beneath a blazing sun — it was 90 degrees — and a dilemma more frustrating than any they had faced so far and, as it turned out, far more dangerous. Their three yellow rubber life rafts were on the far bank of the river, lying in a "meadow" where Hans had jettisoned them from the airplane three weeks before. And the river was wide and wild.

That evening Hans, Willy and Karl walked up the bank looking for a place to ford the river. Two miles up it widened to 300 feet or more and Hans thought it might be shallow enough to cross. He stripped off his clothes and, wearing only his boots, waded out into the ice-cold water. Before he was out 50 feet he was up to his waist, ice floes were lurching downstream around him and the boulders beneath his boots tumbled and shifted with the force of the current. He gave up and turned back shivering. The water temperature was 35 degrees. "This evening in camp on the sandbar beside the water we were all a little depressed," wrote Hans, "because none of us had any hopes that we could cross the river and it was still 40 miles to the Alaska Highway."

This big, rushing river was foreign to them. They were mountaineers and skiers, not navigators or river men, but somehow they had to get across.

THEY now had only two days' food left and were rationing themselves strictly. They were bone-weary and exhausted by the big climb and the long trek and they had been looking forward so eagerly to sailing effortlessly home down the river.

Next morning, June 20, Hans and Willy set off downstream looking for a place to ford the river. They managed to cross some of its shallower arms but whenever they reached the main channel "the water was so deep and so fast we didn't have a chance," Hans wrote. "On top of it, we got so cold. Five minutes in that water and we simply had to come out. At last I found a place where the main stream was very wide and somewhat smoother." First they tried using one of the air mattresses, taking a running jump and launching it out into the stream. That was hopeless. Then Hans decided to swim with a rope round him held by Willy on the shore; the rope tightened and pulled him under. Finally he managed to walk almost all the way across. "Then I lost my footing in the fast water. I tried to swim, but the heavy parka I had on sucked me down. I struggled and struggled to keep my head above water but I thought I was finished," said Hans. "Luckily the current swept me toward the other side and at last I could feel the river bed beneath my feet. I scrambled ashore, undressed and rubbed myself frantically to try to keep warm. After 20 minutes Willy made it across with some dry clothes for me in a plastic bag."

Now they set off again up the far bank to find the rafts. It took them hours. The

(Continued on Next Page)

Hans Gmoser

An unusual and exciting color movie of skiing and climbing in the high mountains of Canada and Alaska entitled "Vagabonds of the Mountains" will be shown at Banff Avenue Auditorium, Friday and Saturday nights, June 24 and 25, as filmed and narrated by Hans Gmoser. Gmoser, who is one of Canada's foremost professional alpine guides, makes his headquarters at Banff.

The movie lasts 100 minutes and in its first part shows powdersnow skiing in the Little Yoho Valley, rescue of an injured skier from the Illecillewaett Glacier, life in an alpine ski hut, spectacular spring skiing in the Selkirks and the annual midsummer slalom at Lake Louise.

The second part depicts the third ascent of Mt. Alberta, one of the most difficult peaks in the Canadian Rockies, a study of two young eagles in a nest high above Lake O'Hara, a 270-mile skitreck across the Kaskawulsh and Donjeck Glaciers with an ascent of 19,850 foot Mt. Logan, a 40-mile trip down the Donjeck River via rubber raft and many other interesting and humorous sequences. There is a full musical score.

Hans Gmoser was born in 1932 and until November 1951 lived in Linz, Austria. During his schooldays and afterwards, he spent all his free time in the Austrian Alps, climbing and skiing, making many major ascents.

Late in 1951 Gmoser arrived in Canada and resumed his mountaineering activities in the Canadian Rockies the following spring.

In 1954 he became a professional guide at Mt. Assiniboine and later in 1956 started conducting ski tours in Little Yoho and Glacier, B.C. Since arriving in Canada he has climbed to the summit of about 150 peaks. The most memorable of these climbs were Mt. Robson, Mt. Blackburn 16,525, Mt. Alberta and Mt. Logan, 19,850, Canada's highest.

Gmoser has been making movies since 1957 and has shown them to audiences all across the country, where they have been received with great enthusiasm. Here are some comments on his film:

". . . if you are a skier, a climber or just a lover of mountains, this is a show you shouldn't miss . . . the most magnificent mountain photography I have yet had the pleasure of seeing."—Peter Cooper, Calgary.

". . . Gmoser's hilarious commentary, helped along by his Austrian accent, had the audience in tears of laughter from the beginning of the film to the end."—Boulder Daily Camera.

". . . Hans Gmoser is a complete "natural" in his commentary which, personally, I felt was a pleasant change from some of the smooth suave commentaries one sometimes hears."—R. P. Forster, Edmonton.

At journey's end, climbers were welcomed and fed by Mr. and Mrs. Conway Bradley at their service station on Alaska Highway. With hosts are (L to R): Ricker, Pfisterer, Gmoser, Lyon.

Hans Gmoser, of Banff, leader of the 1959 Canadian Mount Logan Expedition.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"flat meadow" Hans had seen from the plane turned out to be low trees and a series of tiresome canyons. When they at last found them two of the rafts were intact but the third had landed in a tree and was punctured in 96 places. It was evening before they finally paddled back to camp.

There wasn't room on the two remaining rubber dinghies for all six men and Philippe and Ron that evening started to walk down the river bank.

Early next morning the four others lashed the two dinghies together side by side. To carry all the equipment they fashioned two makeshift rafts out of air mattresses and skis and towed them behind the dinghies. At 9 A.M. they pushed hopefully out into the roaring river and paddled downstream. From time to time they would run aground on a gravel bar. Twice in the bobbing, racing water they were almost dashed against jutting rocks and once in a small whirlpool one of the rubber dinghies shipped so much water they had to bail frantically to stay afloat. But after an hour and a half they had travelled 15 miles to where their two companions were camped on shore.

"We now put one man on each of the rafts carrying equipment," wrote Hans. "So we had quite a convoy. Not knowing much about water and boats we didn't realize that this was too much of a load. After another mile or so bouncing over the waves one of the rafts shot forward and the ski cut a large hole in one of the dinghies. We paddled frantically to get out of the current and managed at last to reach a gravel bar. From there we carried everything to a small island. We were now really soaked. The stream was roaring by and there was lightning and thunder in every corner of the sky. We built a fire from driftwood and while our clothes were drying out fashioned another raft from the remaining good air mattresses and skis." With this hitched to the one remaining rubber dinghy Willy and Ron set off downstream for the old Donjek bridge on the Alaska Highway 25 miles further north. It seemed likely they would make better time than the four men on foot so they took no rations but a few hard candies.

"The rest of us were now on foot," wrote Hans. "It was 2:30 P.M. We walked hard and didn't stop for anything; through creeks up to our waist, through mud, bush, ravines, driven only by a desire to get out and put an end to this trip."

At 6 P.M. they saw fresh tractor tracks and concluded there must be a placer mine nearby. "Imagine a road!" wrote Hans. "We just walked happy now, knowing that we could easily make it. After a little while we stopped and ate what little food we still had left. At 10 P.M. we saw two lights still far away. This really made us move."

It took them three more hours to reach those elusive lights. At 1 A.M. on June 22 they hit the highway. Another 10 min-'es and they were knocking on the door of Bradley's Service Station at Mile 1128 on the Alaska Highway. Mrs. Conway Bradley answered their knocking.

"When she heard where we had come from Mrs. Bradley let us in and brought hot coffee and all the food she had," Hans wrote in his diary. "I was ashamed of us because we ate like animals. Then she brought us blankets and let us sleep in the living room, which we promptly did."

On the river Willy and Ron fared less happily. The low banks of the Donjek had given way further down to overhanging cliffs and the river itself had become a swirling nightmare of floating trees. Three-quarters of a mile from the bridge the small craft had lodged against a snag and the water piling up behind had threatened to drag them under. There was nothing to do but hurriedly cut themselves adrift and float away, leaving all the gear on the raft submerged.

ONCE ashore at the highway Willy and Ron waited in vain to thumb down a car travelling south. None had passed. Finally at midnight the two ravenous men flagged down a car headed for Fairbanks and asked for food. The driver obligingly started digging around among a cupboard full of food in his trailer. To Willy and Ron he seemed to be taking an agonizingly long time — finally he admitted he couldn't find the plates.

At 7 next morning the six mountaineers were re-united at the Donjek bridge. It was terribly frustrating to think that after carrying them so far, so wearily, they must abandon most of their possessions, but at least they were all alive and safe.

With the help of the Bradleys and Mrs. Grace Chambers, of Burwash Landing, they made two salvage attempts by outboard motorboat. They succeeded in salvaging the three tents and some rope. The rest of the packs were too deeply submerged and too firmly lodged there by the force of the water. On the afternoon of June 23 they headed back to Whitehorse — three days ahead of schedule.

Delesalle, the official photographer, had lost all his hundreds of precious negatives to the river. He gave a Gallic shrug: "It is the law of nature, I believe. The mountain was so good to us, the river had to be bad." Willy Pfisterer had lost his camera and all his gear. Hans and Ron had lost much of theirs. At the Haines Junction R.C.M.P. post where they had met so much skepticism a month before, they reported their loss. The R.C.M.P. recorded it and were amazed at their feat.

"Now we head home," wrote Hans Gmoser in his last entry. "We lost most of our gear and many pictures. Financially speaking we are poor — broke. But this does not mean anything now. I think we are rich. We can be really proud of our feat. It was a tough trip in every aspect. But for all the suffering and sweating, it has made better people of us."

1959

June 21, 1967 Cres

HANS GMOSER BUILDING LODGE IN BUGABOOS

Construction has started on the $100,000 Bugaboo Creek Ski Lodge in the Selkirk Mountain range 30 miles west of Radium, B.C.

The lodge will be completed by November.

Skiers will be lifted from the 3,000 foot lodge level to heights of 10,000 feet by helicopter. There will be no tow facilities. The masonry, log and timber chalet will include three floors. It is being developed by internationally-famous skier and photographer Hans Gmoser. Contractor is Depf Construction, of Calgary. The chalet will accommodate 35 persons with ski facilities on the main floor; lounge, dining room and kitchen on the second floor and dormitories and bedrooms on the third floor.

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SUCCESS: A Rugged Climb

Oct. 26 1967 - Summit News

HANS GMOSER
. . . may abandon camera

* * * * *

It was a day about 15 years ago that a gangly youth of 19 wandered into Banff making his first visit to the Canadian Rockies from his native Austria.

He was short on money, but long on his love for the mountains and in determination to make his living in them.

The boy's name was Hans Gmoser, the same Hans Gmoser who is now internationally known and respected as a mountaineer, film producer, guide, skier and lecturer.

Since those early days, when his

Nov 6-1968 - Crag

HE'S NOT A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER-SKIER YET, but the way kids grow up so fast it won't be too long before little Conrad Gmoser takes himself off in his father's footsteps. Hans is on a swing of Eastern Canada and the U.S. showing films he took last winter and spring and expects to be back in Banff December 15. Young Conrad is seen here with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Gmoser.

Lodge Has Top View

[Herald Correspondent]

INVERMERE, B.C. — The Bugaboos, a spectacular B. C. mountain range once accessible only to mountaineers, now can be seen by taking a bus ride.

The scenic bus makes a twice-a-week trip along a narrow dirt road from Brisco, B.C. on Highway 95 between Radium and Golden, to Bugaboo Lodge.

The lodge, a three-storey wood and stone building, was built to serve alpinists and skiers. The lounge and dining room offer a spectacular view of Bugaboo Glacier, with Marmot-ata peak rising in its midst, and flanked by Pigeon Spire and Snowpatch Spire.

In ski season, a helicopter takes skiers to the top of ski runs, and picks them up at the bottom to return them for another run or take them back to the lodge.

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Icefields Trek

April 2nd 1960

Skiing up Lambe glacier, the party moved under a bright blue sky, sun and exertion keeping them warm enough for shirtsleeves.

Six men tried to blaze a high-level ski-mountaineering route along the Alberta - British Columbia border from Lake Louise to Jasper. Setting out from near Lake Louise April 2nd, it ran into appalling weather and had to throw in its hand April 13. 1960

Six Men Cheated Death On The Great Divide

Though they fell short of their goal, they count their trek over the Rockies' icefields a success

By Stephen Franklin
WEEKEND Staff Writer

Photos by Kurt Lukas

NEVER MORE than 15 miles away from the Banff-Jasper Highway — as the eagle soars — but hidden for the most part from the thousands of tourists rubber-necking by in their cars, is a silent, white chain of icefields and their attendant glaciers. The chain of eight large icefields lies along the Great Divide, straddling the border between Alberta and British Columbia and parallel to the highway for 150 miles from Lake Louise to the outskirts of Jasper.

Roughly at their centre lies the Columbia icefield, which alone among them is widely known, well-travelled and comparatively easily reached up the two glaciers, the Athabaska and the Dome, whose tongues almost lick the shoulders of the highway itself. Most of the others have been visited individually over the years by a handful of adventuresome ski mountaineers. A few have never been crossed before, so far as is known, and certainly they have never been traversed in their entirety.

If the recommendations in the report of the 1960 Canadian Icefields Expedition are acted upon, the route may in a few years rival the famous High Level Route, which runs across the Swiss Alps from Chamonix to Zermatt. That was the purpose of this year's expedition — to pioneer a high-level ski route from Lake Louise to Jasper which may well prove to be the most spectacular and finest ski traverse in the world.

The expedition failed to reach its goal, after some hazardous experiences with unseasonable blizzards which could have been fatal. An earlier expedition, mounted in 1954, also failed. However, this year's expedition traversed five icefields and 10 glaciers in 16 days before it was halted a few miles short of the Columbia icefield, and the combined information gathered by the two expeditions is sufficient to recommend establishment of a high-level ski route along the Divide, says Hans Gmoser, 27-year-old Banff mountaineer who led the 1960 expedition. The Canadian Icefields Expedition was endorsed by the Alpine Club of Canada and was under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh.

"Once there are sufficient shelters along the route as there are along the High Level Route in Europe," explains Gmoser, "it would be quite easy for any good skier to make the trip. The Americans develop even the most limited ski areas to the utmost. Here we have skiing country to throw away. It's a shame to have all this wonderful country for ski touring and ski mountaineering and not enjoy it or make use of it."

A snow shovel makes a fine frying pan for Hans Gmoser, leader of the group which attempted the 150-mile trip from Lake Louise to Jasper, high in the Rockies' glaciers and icefields.

Swinging his ice axe with gusto, Hans Gmoser cuts out steps in the ice for the ascent to the Mons icefield

The problems of opening up the terrain are not great, the report indicates, if the National Parks Board proves willing to go along with them. Fire roads already branch off the highway in the direction of the icefields and there are summer trails beside many of the creeks which link the highway and the Continental Divide. Opening them up and keeping them open during the spring ski season would enable skiers to reach sections of the 150-mile traverse with comparative ease for short ski tours in the high country. "It might be a good idea too," says Gmoser, "to cut some ski runs down from the icefields to the rivers." At the moment there are a lot of deadfalls below the tree line which slow down the skiers' progress.

The greatest need, however, is for shelters. They could be either small, permanent cabins or a portable hut — already developed — that can be airdropped for the season and recovered afterwards. At the moment, because of the complete absence of huts along the route, any party traversing the icefields must be as self-supporting and dependent on caches as any Himalayan or Alaskan expedition, despite the nearness to civilization. (Previous efforts to persuade the Parks Board to set up high-country cabins in Jasper Park for hikers and trail riders have been turned down by Ottawa.)

THE party of six men who set out from Lake Wapta on the Trans-Canada Highway last April 2 on the Icefields Expedition was representative of skiers across Canada. Bearded 33-year-old Pierre Garneau, of Montreal, has been a competitive downhill skier and coach since his youth and today is president of the Canadian Mountain Club. Pat Boswell, 35-year-old Torontonian, has skied all over North America and Europe. Kurt Lukas, 31-year-old Vancouver electrical engineer, is also a mountaineer and skier with experience on two continents. Calgary bacteriologist Neil Brown, 29, the only married man in the party, has climbed and skied all over the Rockies. Hans Gmoser led the successful Canadian Mount Logan Expedition in 1959 and back with him for a second expedition also came young Montreal architect Philippe Delesalle, who has married since the expedition and moved to Calgary. Organizing member of the expedition was Peter Bennett, leader of the 1954 attempt, formerly of the Stratford, Ont., Shakespearean Festival and now business manager of the Vancouver International Festival.

The expedition was equipped with two French-made tents, modified to the members' own specifications — they were linked together by an enclosed cooking area — and ultra-lightweight French sleeping bags and similar down-filled parkas. Their rations were dehydrated or concentrated food to cram a high daily intake of 4,300 calories in under two pounds of weight. And instead of the usual air mattresses the skiers carried green foam-rubber mats which, says Gmoser, "were just like wall-to-wall carpeting and much warmer than the air mattresses we used to use."

Even so, as they set off up Sherbrooke creek on an inauspiciously grey, depressing afternoon, each of the skiers carried a load of 60 to 70 pounds. Ahead of them lay a series of 80-pound food and fuel caches in war-surplus steel boxes which had been airdropped at strategic intervals along the traverse.

In the next four days they climbed the Niles glacier, crossed the Waputik icefield to the Balfour glacier and the Vulture beyond to the Wapta icefield, the Peyto glacier and over Baker col to Baker glacier and the long hard descent on the slopes of Wildcat creek. An afternoon of rest beside the Blaeberry river and they were climbing again up the tongue of the Lambe glacier and tougher yet over the icefall of the Cairnes glacier in a blizzard to the welcome down-slope of the Freshfield icefield. Next day on the Niverville glacier the weather was perfect for travel, the sky blue and yet the sun not too hot. Here they had to ascend a chimney and above it traverse a steep slope to the Mons icefield, and it was there at the very top that a piece of the overhanging cornice broke and bowled Kurt Lukas back over and over 60 feet down until he was finally able to dig his feet in and stand up at the edge of a cliff.

It was late the same afternoon that the expedition's luck really began to run out. "The thing got bad at one specific minute," Philippe Delesalle recalls, "as we were traversing on the steep, exposed ridge of the Southwest Lyell glaciers under a fantastic ice formation. Hans was far ahead and strung out behind him were Neil Brown, Pat Boswell, myself and then Pierre Garneau and Kurt Lukas. I was happy to be travelling alone and to be thinking as one does at such times of all the possibilities of life. Suddenly the sky was deep blue, almost black and where it had been very silent the wind now started to blow; and the distant peaks swiftly began to wash out.

"If the approaching storm was bad there would be frequent avalanches where we were now and we couldn't stay there anyway. There was nowhere to make camp. We couldn't stay there or we would freeze to death. I started to push on faster and saw ahead that Hans was now going at a great speed. Soon it was snowing and blowing and so completely closed in that, although each man was hurrying for himself to get off that three miles of exposed ridge, we didn't know where we were going. Fortunately Hans has this fantastic talent to find the best way through the worst things, and eventually he climbed a plateau and discovered on the edge of the Lyell icefield a place to camp sheltered and in no danger of avalanches coming upon us."

Next day their tents were completely covered in snow and the blizzard was still blowing. For three days the six men lay in their tents, reading and talking, then more and more silent. "Our next cache was only about a mile ahead," says Hans, "and on the third day, as our food was now very low, Kurt and I set out on our skis to find it. The visibility was so bad we could not see beyond the tips of our skis and after 15 minutes I said: 'We'd better go back or we may never find our tents.' We were travelling by compass and we turned 180 degrees and skied back. It was very much of a relief when we saw the tents at last."

"The fourth morning of the storm we were depressed and undernourished and not sure of the terrain on the escape route," says Philippe, "but we said: 'Let's get out of here. We are not going to die up here.' It was Good Friday and we began to break camp when suddenly a big blue patch opened in the sky and everybody yelled: 'We are saved!' Soon afterward our little yellow plane from Banff flew down on us and circled low over our heads. After we had made signs in the snow NO FOOD, it took off again to bring some."

When the plane returned three hours later one small package plummeted down into the snow. Inside were six chocolate Easter bunnies. Then down came a sack of steaks and other rations. That night the expedition camped almost at the top of the 11,000-foot col they must cross to reach the East Alexandra glacier. Next morning it was blowing hard again. They couldn't stay up there at that altitude so inch by inch, feeling with their ski poles, unable to judge the steepness of the slope in the flattened white perspective around them, the party began to descend.

"We were traversing a steep slope skiing along in the white fog close together," says Hans, "when it was as if some inner voice stopped me. I halted. We were on the wrong route; another 100 feet and we would have come to a 2,000-foot drop." They turned and climbed the snow slope again seeking another way down when suddenly they saw the rolling white puff of an avalanche directly above them. "Naturally you freeze," says Philippe, "and on that steep slope there is nowhere to go. Above me I saw Kurt try to *schuss* out of the way. The ice was very rough and he fell head down in the snow right in the middle of the avalanche's path." Fortunately as Kurt struggled to free himself, the avalanche spent itself in the icefall above. They heaved a sigh of relief and moved on.

Message in snow asks for weather report from plane which dropped food to the party after a three-day blizzard marooned them on the Lyell icefield.

Hans started to make a switchback as he led the party on. "I skied round a little dip," Hans recalls, "but actually it was a cornice which broke under my weight. I fell down 15 feet, landed on my feet, then tipped over on my head and fell another 70 or 80 feet down a hole. All the time I fell I could feel my skis banging from side to side and I had time to realize I was falling down a crevasse before I landed on my back on some snow-covered chunks of ice wedged in the crevasse." The blizzard started again at that moment and his voice and the shouts of his companions above were lost for a time and unheard. Hans was unhurt and after the five men above had made an anchor point with their five pairs of skis and lowered two ropes, he climbed out himself, then spent another two hours descending again and a third time to salvage his skis and pack.

THEY reached the tree line and its welcome safety that day without further mishap. "We all thought it was quite a miracle we were all alive that evening of Easter Saturday," says Hans. The expedition was almost over. They went out to the highway and bought provisions at a road-construction camp, then skied back up to their own last camp at the foot of the Castleguard glaciers and the Columbia icefield. Eying the weather on Easter Monday, the party headed back regretfully to Banff. Eight inches of snow fell that night. It was as well they hadn't tried to push on. "If we had stayed up top there," shrugs Hans, "we'd probably still be sitting there."

It had been a difficult and dangerous end to the expedition, but if, said the skiers in retrospect, there had been a few shelters up on the icefields, warm and dry and stocked with storm rations, there would have been nothing to worry about and no need to make their almost suicidal way to safety in a blizzard.

ICEFIELD EXPEDITION. The six members of the 1960 Canadian Icefields Expedition, now four days out from their starting point at Wapta, B.C., spent the first night of their month-long high-country trek between Lake Louise and Jasper in the tent camp shown above left. The expedition is being sponsored financially by The Herald and is under way towards Niles Glacier, seen in the background. The photo at right is the last one taken of the party since it set out Saturday the team is about one day ahead of schedule. — Bruno Engler, Ba

'60 Icefields Expedition Praises Ski Equipment

By DAVE COBB
[Herald Staff Writer]
Apr 23/60

The equipment — much of it experimental—that was used by the 1960 Canadian Icefields Expedition was, in the main, found to be faultless.

One major exception was the most experimental item of all and probably the most important: food.

Made especially for the expedition by a U.S. firm with a branch in Vancouver, it weighed only 1½ pounds per person per day's supply—yet in that weight packed, on an average, no less than 5,000 calories.

Criticism of the food did not cut too deep.

FINE FOR CAMPER

Said Calgary's Neil Brown: "For the average type of trippec-camper, it was fine. But it was not quite up to expedition standards in general food content."

Philip DeLesalle, Montreal, found it required "a lack of chewing" and "lacked sufficient energy."

The boots, which would market at about $70 a pair if they were on the open market, brought a chorus of commendation from the group.

"They were excellent in every way," said DeLesalle. "That is, they were effective for both walking and skiing, were warm without causing humidity within the boot."

Praise, too, went to the expedition's sleeping bags, weighing two pounds, which insulated the sleeper against the intense cold.

"The old air mattresses are probably more comfortable on hard, solid ground," said Pat Boswell, "but these were excellent on snow—and warm, where the air mattress on snow was usually very cold."

Down jackets worn by each member of the party were also applauded.

"LIVE" DOWN

"The down was 'live' down," said DeLesalle, "that is, made from live birds—much better than the down from dead birds, in that 'live' down expands with heat."

The heavy steel skis used by the expedition—the top line of a well-known U.S. manufacturer—came in for the highest praise of all.

"They had the performance of a wood ski and yet were suitable for deep snow," said Boswell. The line is new this year and six pairs were made available by a Calgary sporting-goods firm.

The expedition's two French tents and an ultra-lightweight pack-frame capable of carrying 50 pounds without difficulty rounded off the major equipment items used by the team.

In some cases equipment was provided free by manufacturers for the purpose of research; in others at a considerable discount.

By DAVE COBB
[Herald Staff Writer]
April 21-1960

BANFF — Appalling weather conditions, which have plagued the 1960 Canadian Icefields Expedition for the past week, threaten to end the proposed Lake Louise-Jasper trek 70 miles short of its Jasper objective.

This was revealed Wednesday night in a dramatic message to The Herald by Hans Gmoser of Banff, 27-year-old expedition leader.

The message was brought back to Banff by Mr. and Mrs. John Hartefeld, 213 Bear Street, who are long-standing friends of Austrian-born Gmoser.

Both — hearing that the expedition was running critically short of food — made a sortie up to the Saskatchewan Glacier alpine hut Wednesday, about 115 miles north of Banff on the Banff-Jasper highway. The food-shortage reports they heard from Calgary's Neil Brown and Montreal's Pierre Garneau, both of whom left the six-man trail-blazing expedition since the beginning of the week as they felt they could not complete the trek and get back to their jobs on time.

"We met them at the hut after skiing in from the highway for three miles," John Hartefeld told The Herald in Banff Wednesday night.

MORALE FIRST RATE

"Morale of the remaining four members of the team," he reported, was "first-rate. But there's no doubt that they have been through appalling conditions."

Just how the weather has affected the group is revealed towards the end of Gmoser's message: "If the weather stays bad," he wrote out laboriously in pencil, "we will have to return to Banff."

Success of his mission — which is patronized by Prince Philip and would be the first ever accomplished on this arduous route — depends on good weather "within the next day."

SUCCESS IN QUESTION

Gmoser's message makes it clear that even by last Saturday, success of the trip "was in question," owing to the adverse conditions.

Text of his message (with explanations in brackets) runs: "After 10 days of perfect conditions and after crossing four of the eight icefields on our route, we ran into very bad weather and snow on Lyle Icefield.

Skiers Ahead On Trek

By BOB SHIELS
[Herald Staff Writer]

BANFF — The six ski-mountaineers who set out from here a week ago to try to blaze a trail over mountains and glaciers from Lake Louise to Jasper have travelled an estimated 55 miles.

Almost cut off from the outside, they were believed to be heading, Friday, toward the remote Fresh Field Icefield and their second food cache.

Allowing themselves up to 30 days to complete the trek, they are a full day ahead of schedule.

Mountaineers here in Banff are studying contour maps and trying to follow their progress. One group, unaware of the rapid pace being set sided in from the Lake Louise-Jasper highway this week to try to intercept them. They arrived in time to see the group disappearing over a distant horizon.

Conditions today were almost ideal. The weather was warm and sunny and the expedition was in an area which offered a relatively smooth downhill run to the second cache near Mt. Neverville.

Trouble, including the massive Columbia Icefields, lies ahead. Contour maps show that the team, headed by Banff alpinist Hans Gmoser, will be sweating during the next one or two days. The lines on the map come close together meaning a stiff climb.

It's still too early to tell whether the expedition will make it to Jasper. Plagued by bad luck, a similar expedition in 1954 had to turn back.

Starting from Wapa Lake last Saturday, the current expedition had to contend with driving wet snow. They crossed glacier icefields early this week at altitudes of 9,000 to 10,000 feet.

On hands and knees, the skiers crawl up a steep snow slope, 300 feet high, toward the Freshfield icefield.

Near journey's end, they cross Castleguard river. They hope their pioneering trip will open a high-level ski route. ✓

April 1960

Icefield Highway Climbs To 7,000 Feet

(Herald Correspondent)

The land of year-round snows, hanging glaciers, flower-strewn meadows and mountains often caught in mists — that is the British Columbia Icefields.

And the road leading to the Icefields, the Banff-Jasper Highway or Columbia Icefield Highway climbs to 7,000 feet above sea level, trailing alongside the continental divide.

10,000-FOOT PEAKS

Jagged peaks rise to 10,000 ft. heights like unbroken walls along both sides of the narrow valley for most of the length of the 142 - mile highway, a wide pavement ribbon that starts at Lake Louise and ends at Jasper town on a boulder - strewn flat.

The Rocky Mountains were folded and up-lifted about 100 million years ago, just after the dinosaur age. Just one million years ago they were altered by the glaciers that covered most of the continent.

SHELVES OF ICE

Here the glaciers remain as heavy shelves of ice, clinging to their mountain sides, a remnant of an age when snow fell here all the time.

The Columbia Icefields, the major attraction on the highway, is the largest body of ice south of the Arctic Circle — according to travel folders, presumably until one reaches Antarctica.

Over 130 sq. mi. in extent, running from the moraines by the highway up to 9,000 and 10,000 ft. above sea level, the fields are "the mother" of rivers emptying into the Pacific, Arctic and Hudson's Bay.

Bus tours from Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper daily wheel along the highway, in summer, to the glaciers and the Icefield Chalet that dominates the view from the other side of the valley.

Although the road is new and wide the parks restrict some traffic. Cars and trailers over 40 feet in length, together, trailers wider than 8 feet and buses longer than 35 feet are not allowed.

NO TRUCKS

There is a bonus in these restrictions — no commercial traffic allowed.

Leaving the Trans - Canada Highway at Lake Louise townsite you'll find viewpoints, short side-trails, picnic and camp sites almost every 5 miles.

At mile 76 the highway passes within a mile of the Athabasca Glacier, a tongue of the great Icefield, and a side road takes you to the foot of the glacier where snowmobiles tour in summer around the crevasses, icefalls and ice "hoodoos" with their stone caps.

From the high neve, where snows are heavy and come year round the glaciers are still accumulating and the great central ice reservoir, lying between Snow Dome, Mount Castleguard and Mount Columbia and capping the continental divide for about 20 miles, three valleys radiate outwards. Through them flow the Athabasca Glacier to the northeast, the Saskatchewan to the east and the Columbia to the northwest.

ICE TONGUES

From other points smaller ice tongues flow into the surrounding valleys, and in a number of places ice tumbles over precipices to form reconstructed glaciers such as Dome Glacier at the head of Hable Creek, and the north - flowing glacier between Mounts Columbia and King Edward.

The melted waters flow into great rivers — the 765-mile Athabasca, a sub - tributary of the Mackenzie; the 1,205-mile Saskatchewan which crosses the prairies and empties into Lake Winnipeg and via the Nelson River into Hudson Bay; and 1,210-mile Columbia, which cascades through scenic gorges into the U.S. and the Pacific.

It's usually surprising to tourists when they learn the glaciers are moving, "plastic" ice, still piling up but receding too (as the climate gradually warms and snowfalls lessen).

SLID OFF ROAD

Many glaciers in the mountain parks have in fact gone. There were hanging glaciers on Mt. Eisenhower in 1936 and in 1938 an entire glacier slid off the north end of Mount Hector (at mile 10 on the icefield highway) covering the pass to a depth of 200 feet for five acres.

The story still perpetuates, valid or not, that the glacier caught on the peak of Mt. Temple, grows more than it recedes. Not so with other glaciers at least.

But the highway has a great deal more than icefields to recommend it. The lakes along the road — Hector, Bow, Peyto, Mistaya, Waterfowl Lakes, Glacier Lake and near Jasper, Amethyst, Geraldine and Horseshoe Lakes and of course Lake Cavell — are the emerald and turquoise tones of glacial waters.

There are the Athabasca and Sunwapta Falls in Jasper Park, the valley of crooked trees and renown angel glacier on Mt. Edith Cavell (up a side road 8 miles out of Jasper - town). And at Jasper at the end of the highway the towering totem pole and from these a complex of trails and roads to canyons, passes, lakes and hot springs.

It's a wilderness road, uncommercialized except for a gas station, the snowmobiles, a chalet and a few cabins. There are the frequent campgrounds, but not towns and not many bottle-caps in the roadside gravel. It's wild with animals not found so often in the busier parts of the two parks it joins, and some not found at all — the caribou, the grizzlies and the wolves. A fascinating "highroad".

April 1960

Exhausted and hungry, Pierre Garneau lies back on his pack in the snow, does not even take time to unfasten his skis.

93

FROM THE CALGARY WEEKLY HERALD FOR SEPT. 6, 1900

Sept.

It is stated that Commissioner Perry, NWMP, is about to introduce a much needed change in the uniform of men of the Mounted Police force.

Instead of the little caps now worn in summer at a very critical angle on a small portion of the superficial area of the head, it is proposed to adopt the cowboy hat worn by members of the Yukon force. 1900

* * *

May 16-1908

Adam Dalgleish has been appointed caretaker of the buffalo corral in place of Ed. Ellis. The appointment is a good one, and "Adam" will prove a worthy successor to "Ed."

May 16-1908

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May 16-1908

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Alpine Club of Canada

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BANFF, SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1910

1910 ←

1910↓

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93 1911

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1913

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---

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Craig-Canyon-May 6-1911

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Season Opens Early.

Craig-Canyon—May 6-1911

The season has opened early this year and the hotels are all doing a brisk business. Mr L. Lussier is now managing the Sanitarium hotel, which has been leased to Mr Phil. Rodriguez for five years, and Mr H. G. Gordon has taken the Hotel King Edward on lease for three years. Chas. Stenton still holds the Alberta hotel, and Mr Dave McDougall is preparing the Mount Royal for the summer rush and will open on the 15th inst. As for summer cottages the early birds got most of them and very few are left for rental.

1913

Banff Tonsorial Parlors 1913

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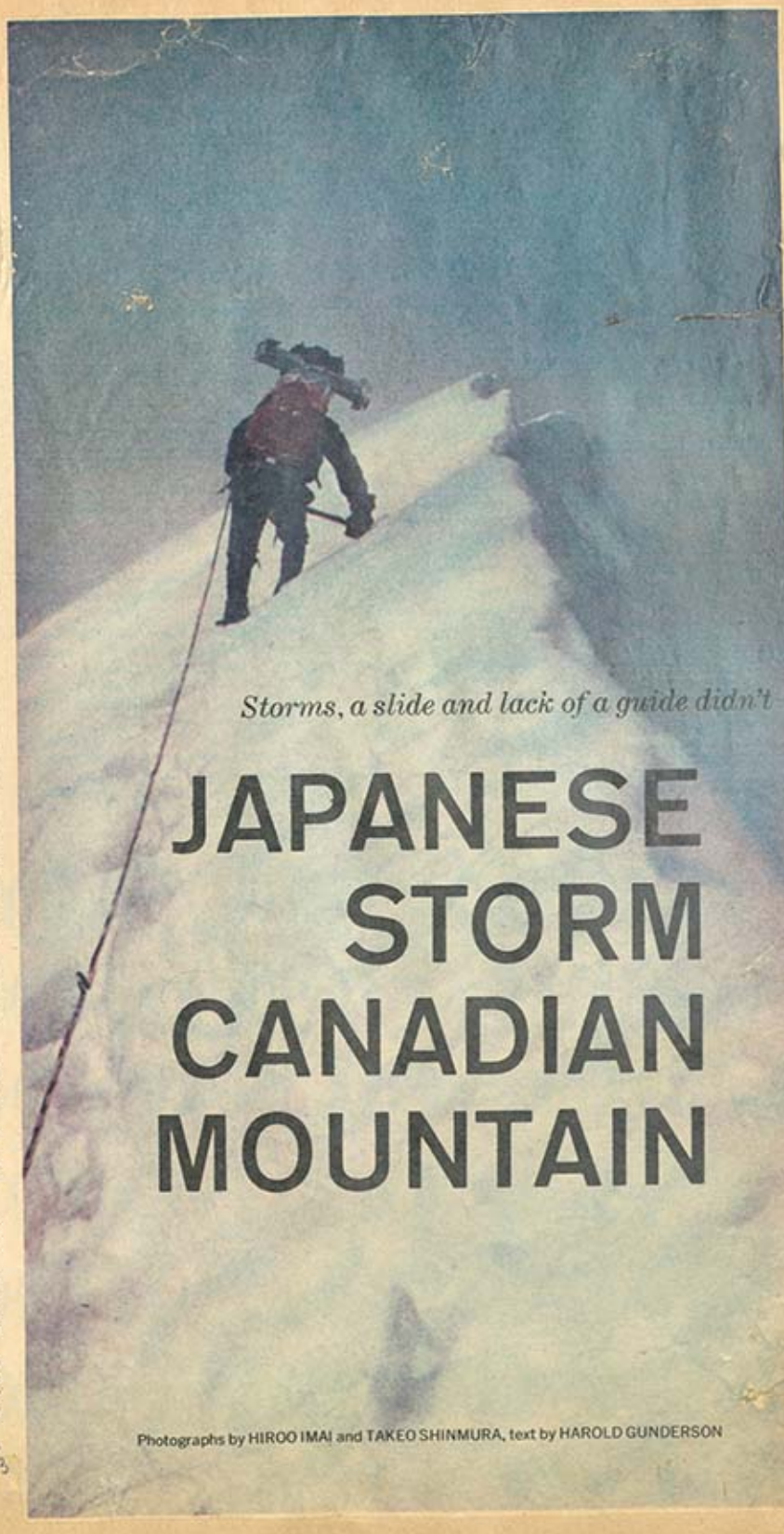


Storms, a slide and lack of a guide didn't

JAPANESE STORM CANADIAN MOUNTAIN

Photographs by HIROO IMAI and TAKEO SHINMURA, text by HAROLD GUNDERSON

They were seven against Mount Logan and their saga is recorded in the hard-packed snow of its lofty peaks thrust almost 20,000 feet into the Yukon sky.

The band of Japanese mountain climbers from Kwansei Gakuin University, Nishinomiya, Japan, conquered the 19,800-foot east peak July 4 and on July 18 they bucked howling winds and driving snow to gain their chief objective—the 19,850-foot centre pinnacle that is Logan's highest.

On one peak they buried a wind jacket and on the other a glove which belonged to a former comrade, Hirotoshi Takada. He had hoped to accompany the Kwansei Gakuin Alpine Club to Canada to scale the mountain in the rugged St. Elias range 20 miles from the Alaska border and 60 miles from the Pacific. But last March the 21-year-old Takada lost his life on Mount Kashima-Yari in northern Japan. Slipping from a ridge he plummeted 2,000 feet to the valley below.

The Kwansei climbers decided on the expedition more than a year ago. They knew that Canada's highest peak had been climbed by others without mishap though some had suffered "glacial fatigue" and frost bites. But their interest was heightened by the ties the university has with the United Church of Canada. Again, Dr. Lloyd Graham, a Calgary-born professor of sociology who lectures at Kwansei under church auspices, being home on a year's furlough, was able to act as the liaison officer.

The assault on Logan, second only in height in North America to Alaska's Mt. McKinley, was accomplished without a guide. The man picked to lead the alpinists, Austrian-born Hans Gmoser of Banff, head of a six-man Canadian expedition that climbed Logan in 1959, was hurt at the base camp and had to be flown out.

Of their ascent, the climbers most vividly recall the bleakness that was Logan. . . "The blue sky and the white snow—we longed to see something green," said Kinichi Murota, a 24-year-old commerce student from Osaka.

Others in the party were: Hiroo Imai, 22, and Ichiro Mitoda, 20, Kobe; Kazuo Senda, 23, and Takeo Shinmura, 20, both of Osaka and Toshikatsu Onuma, 23 and Keisuke Konishi, 21 of Nishinomiya.

Transportation to Canada was arranged by Japanese shipping lines. The food—chiefly dehydrated rice, soup and canned goods—was also donated. On the climb each man consumed about two pounds a day.

The group left Calgary May 29 and travelled 2,000 miles in two vehicles to Whitehorse, Y.T. Their next stop was Kluane Lake at Mile 1,054.5 on the Alaska highway.

Here, the party split up. Murota and Imai took most of the mountain gear and drove with Dr. Graham to Glenallen, Alaska. From here the two climbers flew to base camp at the 7,500-foot level of Logan.

The other five climbers, with guide Gmoser, took eight days to walk and ski to the camp by southwesterly glacial route. After leaving Mile 1,063 of the Alaska highway they travelled 125 miles to base camp.

Only two days after their rendezvous—on

P. 13

ON LOGAN'S TALLEST *peak, left page, after his 19,850-foot ascent, this Japanese climber trudges to plant three flags. One was Canada's Red Ensign.*

IN YUKON. *Dr. Lloyd Graham of Calgary greets Hiroo Imai. Home on furlough from Japan, the Canadian acted as liaison man for the Logan expedition.*

HANS GMOSER, *who climbed the mountain in 1959, twisted his leg after the group picture was taken—he's on the left—and couldn't make the trip. But the Japanese pushed on, often wondering why they did.*

stop these students from planting the Rising Sun on Canada's highest peak

June 12—they lost Gmoser. Hurrying to meet Pilot Jack Wilson of Glenallen when his plane touched down, the guide tripped on leaving his tent and tore a ligament in his left leg. He had no choice but to leave on the aircraft that had come to check on the climbers' progress.

At a hurriedly called "*uchi awase*" the Japanese decided to go ahead. At home they had conquered 12,385-foot Mount Fuji and were eager to add Logan to their feats despite risks unknown to them.

They had little background on the wind and temperatures of the mountain discovered in 1890 by Prof. I. C. Russell of the U.S. Geological Survey and named after Sir William E. Logan, the first director of the Geological Survey of Canada. While they had boned up on the reports of other climbers, nothing could prepare them against the treachery of rock and snow slides.

Logan had been climbed four times before, the eight-man expedition of the 1925 Alpine club of Canada, led by Capt. A. H. MacCarthy, being the first.

"The mightiest hump of nature in the Western Hemisphere, if not the largest in the world," MacCarthy called Logan.

That was an apt description. The mountain is based among the glaciers. There its girth is almost 100 miles. Ten thousand feet up it is till 16 miles long and 8 wide.

Its peaks are always mantled with snow as is to be expected in a wilderness where nature dumps 200 inches a year. MacCarthy described his first impression in these words: "Like a layer cake, nuts showing through the frosting, a veritable sea of white expanse with myriads of islands all thousands of feet below."

The 1925 expedition finished in a "more or less dazed condition." Treacherous ice, avalanches, high winds, the strain of plodding through the deep snow and over tumbled boulders sapped the stamina of these pioneers.

Still, 25 years later, one of them, Norman H. Reed of Boston, at the age of 60, scaled the peak "to see if my legs could still take it." The Japanese commented, "What a man!"

On June 18—after several days of rain, fog and snow, their assault began. The target was the 19,850-foot centre peak and the young Japanese estimated the trip would take 16 days. As it turned out, it lasted 19 days and even then their objective had eluded them. When they straggled back after conquering the 19,800-foot east peak they had only a few ice cream wafers and a bit of sugar left.

During the first assault they established four camps, at the 10,800, 12,400, 14,700 and 16,500-foot levels.

Main reason for their setback in the first assault was poor weather, and Gmoser's absence. Both good luck and bad followed them during the move from Camp 3 to Camp 4. Said Murota: "We had to return to Camp 3 and spend the night there before moving the last of our equipment. Back at Camp 4 we found a trail of the previous night had been obliterated by an ice slide. If we had been there when it happened we would have all been buried."

Then a blinding blizzard, with winds screaming across the face of the mountain at 70 m.p.h. and temperature of 21 below, delayed their start from Camp 4 for four days. Realizing they hadn't food to reach the centre peak, they settled for the east peak. After numerous delays, they reached it at 11:30 a.m. on July 4.

There, as they were to do at the centre peak, the party "struck their colors."—They tied a Canadian Red Ensign, the Rising Sun of Japan and the flag of the Kwansei Gakuin University Alpine Club on the end of an ice axe and sank it into the snow.

For a few brief moments the flags waved in the bitter wind as the climbers dug again and buried in a foot of ice and snow the glove that had been worn by their friend Hirotoshi Takada.

"We didn't sing—it was much too cold," said Hiroo Imai.

Boredom brought about by blue sky and white snow almost overwhelmed them. As timber line abruptly ends at 3,000 feet, they pounced upon an outcropping of moss at 10,000 feet and preserved pieces of it.

While snow goggles were an asset, Ichiro Mitoda and Toshikatsu Onuma suffered from snow blindness.

Though the centre peak is only 50 feet higher than the east one it calls for a torturous one-and-a-half ascent by the climber's trail. Regretfully, the party made their way back down the mountain, reaching back at base camp July 7.

There the group split in two. Three—Kazuo Senda, Hiroo Imai and Ichiro Mitoda—started a four-day trek to the Arctic Institute's camp in the Yukon and established radio contact with Dr. Graham at Kluane lake. The other four, again delayed by bad weather, on July 14 started once more for the centre peak. On July 18 at 11:30 a.m. they made it.

Again there was a brief raising of flags, digging in the snow in memory of Takada, and then the descent.

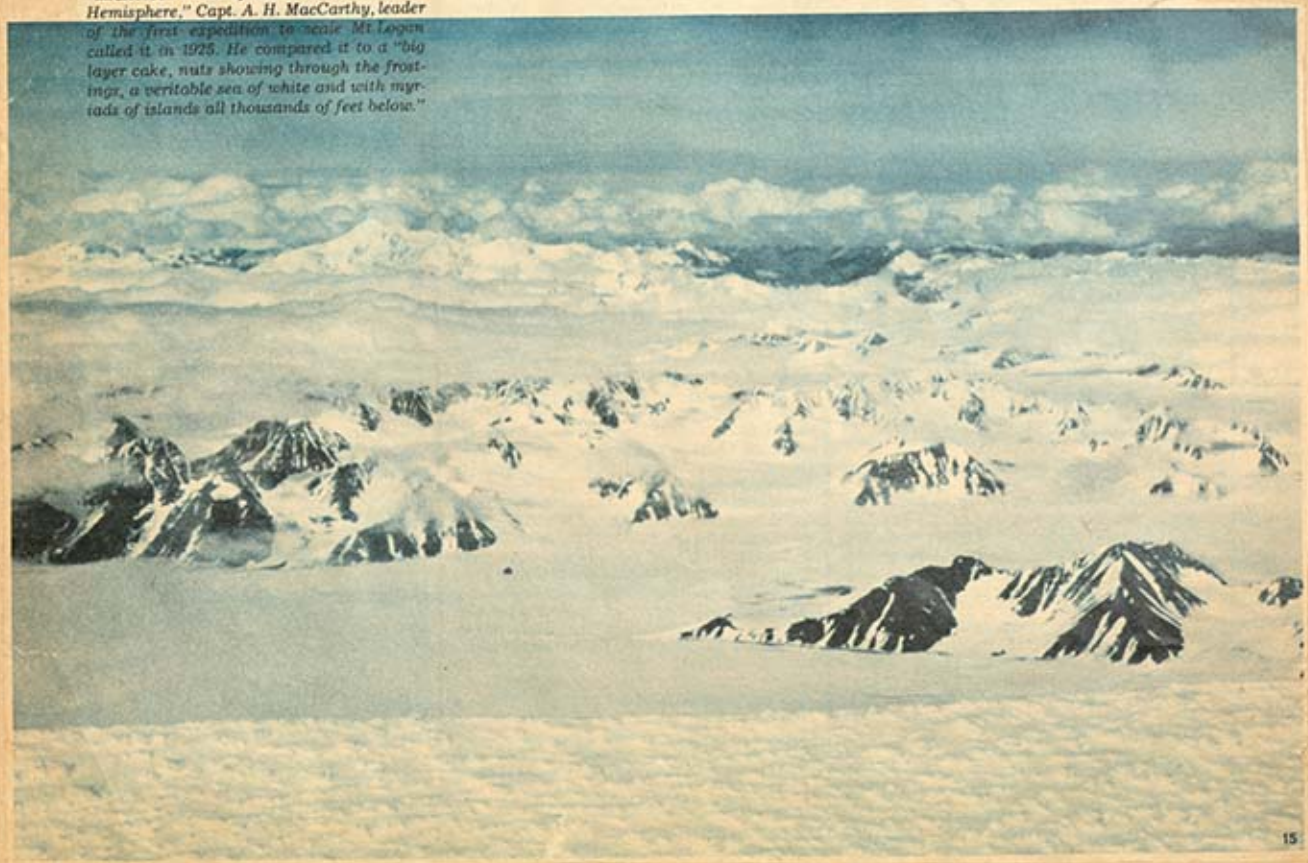
The dry air had parched their throats and they had trouble sleeping at altitudes

In this realm a hunk of green moss is a prize.

PARKA HOODS *muffling their faces in the biting wind, three of the Japanese poke flag shafts in the snow. About 200 inches falls in a year on the highest mountain.*

DOTTED LINE *shows route from base camp at the foot of Logan to the summit. To climb the last 50 feet mountaineers must follow a trail a mile and a half long and danger lurks with every step. One man was rescued by ropes. He tumbled 16 feet onto a ledge.*

"MIGHTIEST HUMP *of nature in the Western Hemisphere," Capt. A. H. MacCarthy, leader of the first expedition to scale Mt Logan called it in 1925. He compared it to a "big layer cake, nuts showing through the frostings, a veritable sea of white and with myriads of islands all thousands of feet below."*



where oxygen thins out. And Keisuke Konishi had a close call. Falling through a snow-covered crevasse he landed on a ledge 16 feet below. Beneath yawned a bottomless chasm. Konishi was roped to Toshikatsu Onuma, who halted Konishi's plunge. Others threw ropes and together they hauled the climbers to safety.

Logan's ice, much harder than the ice found on mountains in Japan, sometimes delayed their advance to 40 yards an hour due to the difficulty of making ice steps.

Tired, but with spirits high, the group returned to base July 20. Again they were pinned down for seven days because of heavy snow. But once it lifted they reached the Arctic Institute's camp in two days.

Reunited again, the expedition set out on a tour of Alberta before embarking for home.

There is an ancient proverb of the East which says, "Thinking well is wise; planning well, wiser; doing well, wisest and best."

In the measure of their conquest of Mount Logan, through adversity to the heights, the young men of Japan may well be judged in the light of that proverb.●

97

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A climber stands on the cloud-girdled summit of Mount Robson. It wasn't reached officially until 1913, but Kinney's near-success won world-wide fame.

THE MAGNIFICENT FAILURE

Continued from page 56

taineer would come to a sudden end.

The weather now turned sour, and storms kept them from the slopes until Aug. 9. That day, beginning to feel familiarity with the cliffs, if not contempt for them, they began taking their heavy packs up places where they had had trouble earlier, even travelling light. They were at 10,500 feet when another storm began. They decided to keep going, up a sheltered narrow gully.

Within a short time, three or four inches of snow had fallen, and suddenly avalanches began to swish by them. They tried their best to ignore them — even when one swept off Kinney's hat and whisked it out of sight below. However, somebody up there liked him. A few yards away he found a hat that had been blown off on an earlier trip there.

The slides began to get bigger, and suddenly they realized what a dangerous spot they were in. They put their packs under a rock and ran for it.

For three more days it stormed. The food was almost gone down at base camp, and they regularly ate stews of grouse and whistling marmots, a mountain ground hog the size of a Persian tomcat. They tried shooting mountain goats, but the rifle sight was so badly damaged that they shot off all their ammunition in vain. Five minutes after the last bullet was fired, a fine big billy goat ambled sedately to within a few yards of them, and wagged his whiskers with a suggestion of a snicker.

It cleared on Aug. 12, and quickly they packed up to the 10,500-foot level, and then worked their way along to a camp on top of the west shoulder. They dug down through two feet of snow, and lined their beds with dry stones before shivering through a bitter night.

The fact that the next morning was Friday the 13th did not bother them. They welcomed the morning — any morning — so they could start to move and thaw out their stiff limbs.

The weather was fine as they set off, but already more clouds were forming on nearby peaks. The snow was firm, and they made fast time. Then a storm was upon them, and the snow began to fall lightly. Kinney was almost going mad with frustration. Heavy snow now meant bad avalanches on the open snow faces above, he felt. And this had to be the last day, because the shortage of supplies would not permit another attempt.

Suddenly he noticed the snow was stopping. Only the occasional flake came down, though they were surrounded by thick clouds.

So they decided to chance it, and started up the very steep slopes, making the most of snow so firm that they could "just stick our toes in and climb up hand over hand."

Kinney recorded of this section: "For hours we steadily climbed those dreadful slopes. So fearfully steep were they that we climbed for hundreds of feet where, standing erect in our footholds, the surface of the slopes was not more than a foot and a half from our faces, while the average angle must have been over 60 degrees.

"There were no places where we could rest. Every few minutes we would make footholds in the snow large enough to enable us to stand on our heels as well as our toes, or we would distribute our weight on toe and hand holds and rest by lying up against the wall of snow. On all that upper climb we did nearly the whole work on our toes and hands only.

"The clouds were a blessing in a way, for they shut out the view of the fearful depths below. A single slip any time during that day meant a slide to death. At times the storm was so thick we could see but a few yards and the sleet would cut our faces and nearly blind us. Our clothes and hair were one frozen mass of snow and ice."

By now, Kinney estimated, they were within 500 feet of the top. All around them were ice feathers, like gargoyles chiselled in crystal, caused by the constant winds, and cornices standing out so far from the top of the walls that they were visible from 10 miles away. The snow, unconsolidated by melting and refreezing at this altitude, was powdery and useless for making steps.

But they floundered, said Kinney, "to the very summit of Mt. Robson."

He continued: "I was astonished to find myself looking into a gulf right before me. Telling Phillips to anchor himself well, for he was well below me, I struck the edge of the snow with the staff of my ice axe and it cut into my very feet, and through the little gap that I had made in the cornice, I was looking down a sheer wall of precipice that reached to the glacier at the foot of Berg Lake, thousands of feet below. I was on a needle peak that rose so abruptly that even cornices cannot build out very far on it.

"Baring my head I said: 'In the name of Almighty God, by Whose strength I have climbed here, I capture this peak Mt. Robson, for my own country, and for the Alpine Club of Canada.' Then just as Phillips and I congratulated each other, the sun came out for a minute or two and through the rifts in the clouds the valleys about us showed their fearful depths. The Fraser lay, a thread of silver, 11,000 feet below us."

In 1913, the prince of Canadian guides, Conrad Kain, quoted Phillips as follows: "We reached on our ascent (in mist and storm) an ice dome 50 or 60 feet high, which we took for the peak. The danger was too great to ascend the dome."

Kinney insisted they had reached the top. At the time, the Alpine Club of Canada accepted his claim. A few years later, when he went to Europe during the war, Kinney lectured to the Alpine Club in London about his ascent, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

At the time he wrote: "I doubt if ever a peak was fought for more desperately or captured under greater difficulties than was that of Mt. Robson."

It was almost 50 years later that Kinney finally conceded he was probably mistaken, and that he had been a few feet short of the summit.

On that frigid day in August, 1909, it had taken them five hours to reach their highest point, and seven hours to get back down to their upper camp because the snow was in such dangerous condition. By the time they reached base camp, they had been going for 20 hours, and were so tired they could barely eat and rest. The trip out was a miserable one — food all gone and trails in terrible shape after the floods.

On the way, they met the English party led by Arnold L. Mumm. "Surely no mountaineering success was ever more richly deserved, or won by a finer exhibition of courage, skill and indomitable perseverance," said Mumm. ◁

Following Grassi's trail

One enjoyable way to spend a sunny day near Canmore is to take a hike up Lawrence Grassi's trail. Constructed in the 1930s, the trail starts at the Calgary Power buildings at the foot of Whiteman's Pass and works its way up for about a mile to the two Grassi Lakes. Grassi single-handedly levelled the trail, cut steps where the going was steep and built ladders on the rock to help travellers on their way.

Halfway up the trail can be found the magnificent Grassi Falls below Chinaman's Peak. At points like this the hiker is invited to sit and enjoy the view on benches hewn from the native timber for the purpose. The benches, viewpoints and trail are a fitting memorial to one of this area's true pioneers. Photos by Bruno Engler.