

## THE TRIP

**By William F. Duthie**

**Being an account of a 10,351  
mile family trip by motor car  
across North America in a  
1950 Studebaker Champion  
during the summer of 1950**

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### THE TRIP

All you need for a really enjoyable two months motor trip with the family along is the time, the money, a good car and good luck. With all of North America available there is no problem of a place to go.

A year ago I never expected that now (January 15, 1951) I would be setting down the history of such a trip. The idea was there and the opportunity was a possibility but in the background was the fear that for a family that thinks twice or more about a 50-mile drive, a transcontinental one might turn out to be a mistake. For one thing I usually get very cramped and tired driving and have not the faculty of relaxing or sleeping when others drive. The children aged 10 and 12 were usually restless and after any distance we had experienced, became peevish and tiresome.

On the other hand we all shared a strong desire to revisit Vancouver where we had lived for a few years during the war. British Columbia was my birthplace, as well as my mother's and grandfather's. In B.C. that covers a long time in its history. There were lots of things and places there I'd heard about but never seen. In the United States, the Grand Canyon beckoned, and Salt Lake and California. For some reason, they were places we felt must be seen.

So we talked about it, and occasionally did something toward it, though barely with the thought that it would become a reality. At Christmas we bought an ice-chest for the car as well as a jeep gasoline stove. They would prove handy for picnics if we didn't go. Reading over the road map and plotting out a route showed that it would cover 9000 miles. The car we had was three years old and in good condition, but could it be depended on to be trouble free for that much more? We got a new one after examining every make available from Ned Spark's old Lincoln to the smaller British cars. It all boiled down to whether I could get my long legs in, and how big the trunk appeared to be. We decided on another Studebaker. After all we wanted to

see where we'd been as well as where we were going.

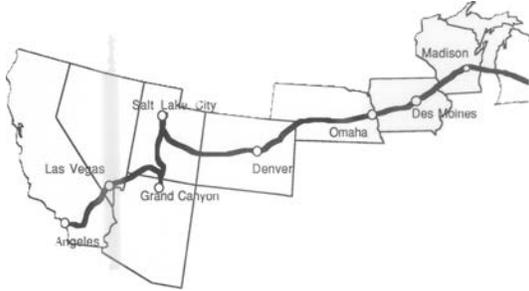
We took delivery in March with the idea of running it in carefully and having all the new car service done before we might leave. It hadn't gone 700 miles before I looked up one morning into the snout of a great highway transport that, out of control, ended up leaning against my door. In those few seconds and before the echo of the crash had died away the thought flashed that this wasn't the year for the big trip. Fortunately, the damage was superficial and with a new fender, door and paint job it was good as new.

The time of leaving was a problem, a job in hand had to be finished before I could go. The children were in School, and where we were to go it would probably be hot in July and August. We wanted to get away as early in June as possible. It still wasn't sure by the second week of June, but having abandoned all other plans for children's camps or reservations in summer resorts for ourselves we realized we were committed. One Sunday the neighbors wondered if we were on the way, all our luggage was piled in the driveway/plus the refrigerator and stove. I had insisted that no luggage was to be carried in the car. so how could you get it in the trunk? Every time we "got everything my wife thought necessary in the trunk the refrigerator was left out. Put it in and two bags were left out. We never did get it finalized that day and decided that this sort of rehearsal was discouraging. The thing to do was to pack up when the time came. This came sooner than we thought. The night of June 19th saw us get everything but ourselves in the car, and only one case inside - I was reconciled to this by then, and anyway it would serve as a table for the children and a barrier between them.

Marion, my wife is a very thorough individual and behind her preoccupied expression during the last anxious days, were detailed plans of mysterious import. These concerned the clothing to be taken, which limited by space must still do for two

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months, Both hot and cold weather could be expected and laundry facilities might be infrequent. Nylon wearables were obtained where : practical and the existing wardrobes: combed with a critical eye. Not to be outdone, I found a first aid kit that fit our glove compartment exactly, and installed a compass and fire extinguisher. The temptation to buy an altimeter was: resisted successfully.



In addition to select clothing, Marion packed in a systematic manner only she could fully understand, and this was carried further by the order in which the bags were packed in the trunk. Except at long stopovers it was never necessary to remove all the baggage at once.

The refrigerator and picnic basket were always readily available. The method behind this first effort proved perfect as although we were to make over thirty stops, we never found a more satisfactory arrangement. There wasn't an inch of space left. The lid of the trunk just barely closed and there wasn't room left for a rattle.

Over a period of months we had availed ourselves of the travel service of two oil companies and the Motor League. None of them seemed to take seriously the idea that we weren't in a hurry or really wanted to go to the places named. Nobody could be found to give any definite information about how to cross Lake Michigan by boat.

When we took off at 7:30 on the Tuesday morning our plan consisted of a continental road map with a line connecting the places we wanted to see. At intervals of 300 miles the nearest town was circled as was where we would stay. We appreciate the help we did get, but if anyone expects to plan a trip

in advance in any detail they are likely to be disappointed in getting truly reliable information.

A resolve we made was that we would take the driving in. easy stages, at least till we got used to it and would alternate seats in the car. We would avoid the main routes where possible add stop frequently. First stop was at Strdtford about three hours after leaving home. In the pretty park beside the Avon River we rested and refreshed ourselves with fruit juice nicely chilled from the refrigerator. At lunch we picnicked in the garden of a friend in Sarnia.

Passing "safely" through the customs and immigration at Port Huron (as both children's diaries remark) we headed for Flint with the idea of staying there and getting the ferry at Muskegon in the morning. At Flint we found that first there was no accommodation and next that reservations were: necessary for the ferry. In addition the car must be at the ferry one hour before it sailed at 8.00 a.m. There was nothing for it but to arrange a reservation both ,on the ferry and for a cabin at Muskegon that night. This was done for us by a very helpful lady at the AAA and at a reasonable long distance telephone charge. The drive to Muskegon, however, was something we hadn't bargained for. Totalling 450 miles the first day this turned out to be a record for one hop on the whole trip.

**June 1950**

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu			
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
		<b>Start</b>					
25	26	27	28	29	30		
<b>Denver</b>		<b>Salt Lake</b>	<b>Lake</b>	<b>Grand Canyon</b>			

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A constant problem was our supply of U.S. Currency under the restrictions at that time. In order to cover the ground we had to budget for not over \$20.00 a day for accommodation, meals and incidentals. The gasoline and most any service on the car was taken care of by charge accounts, having armed ourselves with four charge cards good at a total of about 30 American companies.

We found on arrival at our lodging in Muskegon that the owner understood the limitations under which Canadians travelled and he provided a cheaper cabin than the one he had reserved. This happened on several occasions afterward. The operators of tourist accommodation in the United States, certainly in the area we travelled through spare no pains to be obliging and friendly and we never one had reasons to feel that we were being taken advantage of.

The "Milwaukee Clipper" is a quite luxurious lake ferry and gave us an opportunity to rest after our first days drive. The children attended movies and games and we rested in a cabin. There is a good cafeteria on the boat.

The loading and unloading arrangements are awkward and seem to operate on a basis of first on, last off. Owners cannot drive their own cars on or off. At the Milwaukee end we were shaken by the way dozens of brand new cars were cannon-balled off the ferry, across a road on to a parking lot. It was a relief to find much greater care was displayed in handling the passengers own vehicles. It was half an hour before our car was returned to us.

The exit from the harbor at Muskegon is interesting and the sea walls were lined with hundreds of holiday fishermen. The sky was cloudless, the sun hot and the lake like a mill pond. Our plan was to look around Milwaukee, take a leisurely 80 mile drive to Madison, Wisconsin, and stay there for the night.

With the experience at Flint in mind we visited the AAA Office in Milwaukee and asked if they would make reservations at a place, in Madison, recommended to us by a

friend. After spending over an hour in the office we finally obtained a doubtful assurance of a reservation and also a large telephone account. The young man there was quite sure another place would be better and thoughtlessly held the line while his counterpart in Madison 'phoned all around town. Finally it turned out the place we asked for in the first instance was available, but meanwhile our actual requirements and time of arrival had been confused.

By this time it was too late to see much of Milwaukee, particularly if we were to be sure of a bed in Madison.

On the way to Madison the sky grew threatening and finally burst into a downpour too heavy to drive through. Twice we waited by the side of the road for a respite in the rain. The storm continued all the way to Madison and through most of the night. The sky was almost continuously illuminated by chain and forked lightning and the thunder was like a bombardment. That night a large aircraft was lost with all aboard in the storm over Lake Michigan.

Madison is a very pretty University town and one I had visited before. Several times I had promised the family that it was one town I could show them around. Actually it was the only town in which we became hopelessly lost. Anything we saw was in lapses between downpours or illuminated between flashes of lightning. The cabin was a nice one although as Bob's diary remarks "the beds weren't long enough for Daddy".

Waking early we left at 7:00 a.m. and made our breakfast at a pleasant roadside table. The aftermath of the storm was evident and at one place we drove a few hundred yards through water that swirled over the road. A car had come through before us and we followed its path on the wrong side of the road, behind us a transport truck followed so we were sure of a push if we stalled.

Des Moines, Iowa, was our destination and this route took us down the Mississippi valley across the bridge to Dubuque and on to Cedar Rapids where we stopped for lunch. The country was very rolling and less

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cultivated than one would expect. There was frequent reference to "mounds" along the highway and we half expected to find some Indian diggings. It turned out that this is the local name for the low hills. Toward Des Moines it flattened out although the road could seldom be seen for any distance ahead. The highway transports came thick and fast on this route which is the main road west from Chicago to Denver. Some of these transports are enormous and it always seemed that they would appear in greatest numbers when Marion was driving. Travelling at great speed on the level or down hill, they would crawl up the grades, belching clouds of black smoke from their diesel engines.

Trying our own luck at reservations we phoned ahead from Cedar Rapids and secured a room on the west border of Des Moines, but when we *got* there we found a more attractive motel, the Service Inn, situated in a grove of trees, near the military hospital, so we cancelled the first reservation. This turned *out* to be good luck for us as the Service Inn introduced us to the Best Western Chain of Motels, and we stayed at many of them from then on. Reservations could be made ahead and paid for so there was no need for hurry to meet an early deadline.

On June 23rd to quote Bob again "We went to historic Omaha, "where Daddy one year ago won his refrigerator". This of course is true, but is another long end complicated story. We stopped first at Council Bluffs, went through Omaha and headed straight west on the prairie for Kearney, Nebraska. The sky was cloudless and the heat was getting uncomfortable. At Wahoo we found a nice green park in which to have our picnic lunch. It was quite remarkable, thinking of leaving Toronto with Lake Ontario at its feet, and through shortage, water dribbling from the garden hoses, to find these prairie towns with fountains spurting, sprinklers going and lush green grass. At Kearney there was a very fine public swimming pool, near our motel. It really brought Louise and Bob to life. It was clean, cool, and well supervised.

During the day it was getting very hot in the car and at Wahoo we had persuaded

the local cold storage plant to sell us some dry ice. Somewhere we'd heard that if wrapped up on the car floor it would keep the air cool. The attendant said quite frankly he was sure it wouldn't do any good and might be dangerous due to the gas it forms as it evaporates. He was right it didn't do any good, and the fumes it gives off are unpleasant. The remains were defrosted in our refrigerator as we had run out of ice. Here it froze everything solid including four cans of beer. Next day we still hadn't found ice but the frozen beer served us well and nothing spoiled.

Heading west again the following day for Denver the heat continued. At Oglala we bought one of the car coolers we were beginning to see in increasing numbers. A large cylinder mounted on the right hand door, they cool by evaporation of water. It turned out to be a good investment and we were much more comfortable. The road was really establishing a western motif by this time with such items as a huge covered wagon a few miles out of Kearney. All day we kept expecting to see the mountains. The first sighting turned out as Bob said to be a "massage". Gophers or prairie dogs, both quick and dead, were thick along the road. The children kept a lookout for trains and were finally rewarded by seeing a streamliner streaking along. At two in the afternoon we finally did see the Rockies and from my point of view our holiday had begun. Near Denver we dined at the Pepper Pod a roadside bar specializing in buffalo steak. A few moth eaten looking descendants of the great lords of the plains were disconsolately fidgeting in a corral nearby presumably enroute to the grill. Chief White Eagle, obviously the genuine article presided over a souvenir shop and obliged with an autograph and a few grunts. He was a wizard at making change.

Arriving in Denver in the early evening we stayed at Deters Colonial Manor, as its name implies a New England style moved west. It was a very comfortable place

As will become apparent later we have relatives spotted at strategic points and Denver was the first. Carl and Lillian Rathgeber and their charming daughters

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Barbara and Susan are there. Although warned of our approach they had not left town and we spent the next day, Sunday with them, seeing the sights, eating and drinking.

Denver is a lovely city, not in the mountains, as I had thought, but within sight of them. It has many beautiful parks, wading pools, a lake and other out-door attractions. The Museum of Natural History was visited as well as the botanical gardens. While water comes from 50 miles away it is splashed around lavishly and the lawns there are a great source of pride. A "mile" above sea-level the sky and air are crystal clear.

### THE MOUNTAINS

Our original plan as sketched on the map was to go from Denver to Salt Lake by highway 40 which goes through places with such interesting names as Steamboat Springs and Rabbits Fur Pass. However, the heat and the enthusiasm over the swimming pool at Kearney brought up the suggestion from the Rathgabers that there .was a swimming pool at Glenwood Springs on route 6 that would make a good midday target. The pool was hot at one end, cold at the other. The largest in the word, it was said.

We were now to enter the mountains for the first time but were reassured that there were barriers along the steep sections and no danger of rolling over if reasonable care was used. Somewhere I'd got the idea that no main highways went much over 5000 ft. above sea level. We made an early start but lost about an hour when a service station attendant dropped a cap from the battery into the works and a most diligent search failed to find it. Another was finally located in a neighboring competitor's rubbish heap and we were off into the foothills.

We climbed for several hours and after a particularly steep and winding ascent on a newly surfaced gravel road - without barriers at the edge - we found ourselves in snow at the continental divide of Loveland Pass - altitude 11,992 ft. Just to make it even we climbed up on the bank.

Snowballs were thrown for the novel experience of doing it in June. There were many small flowers growing in the bare patches. The air was cool and crisp and the sun bright. The worst sunburns we experienced were collected this day.

Our picnic was in a meadow on the bank of a rushing stream and we kept a sharp eye for bears or other wild life but nothing was seen. There were two more passes, both over 10,000 ft., and then a magnificent drive along the Colorado River to Glenwood Springs. The first wild life item was a lizard that was reposing on a wooden rail at a lookout point. It watched us closely but always kept out of reach.

Louise and Bob had worked up a great appetite for a swim by the time we reached Glenwood Springs and finally located the great swimming pool. Shielded from view, it was not until we had walked through: the grounds that we found it was closed for that day and in fact had just been drained dry. This was a bad let-down that even an ice-cream soda at a neighboring restaurant did little to relieve.

Following the river, the scenery changed from snow-capped mountains to brilliantly colored cliffs and eventually a broad valley with magnificent ramparts and battlements in purple and white tones to the South. Grand Junction was our destination for the night and was found to be in a fruit farm belt - probably irrigated. Fortunately, it had a public swimming pool, but not a particularly clean or attractive one.

On June 27th the road headed out of the valley into a broad desert with the brilliant cliffs always in view but more distant and more eroded. The heat was more intense and the desert was white and baked, even the tufts of grass and weed disappeared. Out of curiosity, we got out and looked at it closely and found it was white clay. At one point a small enclosure advertised a 50 ft. geyser, which Bob and Louise paid to see. In our desire to please the Canadian minister of finance Marion and I refrained from this pleasure to conserve U.S. Funds. Also it seemed fairly probable that it was a fake. Entering Utah, we bought some huge California

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strawberries at Price. They were delicious and were the last we saw. In one particularly hot and desolate stretch of desert we passed a man pushing a wheel barrow on which he had a radio and headlight as well as his baggage. We still wonder what he had in mind.

The desert valley closed in and we had entered the Wasatch Range. It was not long before we were through the passes and at Provo on Lake Utah. By this time we were becoming more philosophical about our resting places for the night and had not bothered to obtain a reservation. An attractive cabin court turned up called the Alpine Villa about 15 miles from Salt Lake City. A magnificent mountain formed a backdrop to the site and we decided to stay for two nights.

Next day we spent at Salt Lake City, the well-kept city founded by the Mormons under Brigham Young. The need for haircuts caught up with us at Salt Lake and here we made first contact on a major scale with that western currency, the silver dollar. The great Mormon Temple and its enclosure dominate the city and one is constantly reminded of the incredible faith and fortitude of the Mormon band that entered this desert area and created the beauty and wealth that now exist. It is claimed that there were no trees in the valley before their arrival. Now there are many.

At noon we heard the organ recital in the concert hall, erected many years ago, yet still an outstanding example of acoustical engineering. It was filled to capacity with over 2600 people at that hour. Several first rate organists give the program. Volunteer citizens conduct tours through the temple grounds and there are no charges or collections.

After lunch beside an artificial brook in which we thought was a park but turned out to be a cemetery we went to Saltar on Salt Lake. The buoyancy of the water is not exaggerated. It's only about three feet deep but you can lie down in it and read a newspaper. As it is 25% salt it is dangerous as well as unpleasant to get the water in your mouth or eyes.

Our original route had planned skirting the Grand Canyon on the South side but we found out here that the north rim was more accessible from where we were and would make a shorter run to the coast.

The next day we drove south through low mountains and hills of varying colours, having lunch in a small town park at Richfield or Gunison. The service station operator there was depressed and volunteered the information that one of his employees had shot himself a few days previous. Several of the local men had taken that way out, so he said. It seemed a pleasant enough place to us.

Armed with a note and a strong recommendation from the owner of the Alpine Villa we headed in through increasingly tortuous roads and brilliant red cliffs to Parry's Lodge at Kanab. Although this place had not been suggested by the AAA in Salt Lake it was a high spot on the trip. The cabins were as luxurious as any we saw and in addition a first class and reasonably priced dining room is operated. Parry himself, weather-beaten, brusque, is almost a part of the landscape and gave us a warm welcome. Here we found that the extraordinary variety of scenery has made Kanab the Technicolor western movie center, and Parry's Lodge is the headquarters of the Hollywood companies when engaged in such work. It is a centre for exploration work by the National Geographic Society in the almost inaccessible territory to the east. In every direction there is what must be some of the most spectacular scenery in the world. Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon, and Monument Valley are in this area.

We could not avoid a feeling of excitement at this point as we were nearing the Grand Canyon and feared that it could not come up to our expectations.

A three hour drive brought us to the north rim of the Canyon and there it was, the most beautiful panorama that can be imagined. It has a hazy unreal look, differing from every viewpoint, a natural kaleidoscope of color and formation. Unlike other eroded areas it has a great forest of Ponderosa pine at the crest. There are

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many varieties of wild flowers and the sky was always a brilliant blue.

The high altitude (9100 ft.) and clear pine-scented air all contribute to its beauty. The Grand Canyon Lodge on the bank of the Canyon provides a variety of accommodation from tent and trailer camps to luxurious suites. Our log cabin near the main lodge was not more than 150 feet from the Canyon edge but built in among the pine trees.

In the evening while driving to the lookout at Pt. Imperial we saw many deer grazing at the forest's edge - not tame, they took off as we came near.

As the Grand Canyon was one of the main objectives on our trip we decided to forget Mr. Abbott (Canadian Minister of Finance in 1950) temporarily and celebrate by having a grand dinner and to hell with expense. For this purpose we lined up outside the dining room of the lodge and waited for a half hour until the curtains were drawn back revealing the waitresses all lined up against the backdrop of the view of the Canyon through the huge windows. The setting couldn't have been more appropriate for such a special celebration. The waitresses sang a chorus and then the guests swept down the grand staircase into the dining room and were placed at large round tables. The other guests at our table were very pleasant people, one couple from California and the other from New York. Then the anti-climax came in one of the poorest meals we were served anywhere on the trip. Poor Bob, after being warned that this time he was not to demand a hamburger, found he had meat that defied the most aggressive efforts of the knife. After dinner there was a good musical show in the auditorium that the children enjoyed while Marion and I gazed at the Canyon under brilliant moonlight.

The lesson here seemed to be that Grand Canyon Lodge is long on scenic grandeur and entertainment but short on food. Best results there are obtained by taking your own food and eating it under the pines in the beautiful park, which is well equipped with fireplaces and fresh water.

Another occurrence here was the car acting as if the automatic choke was out of order at times. On enquiry at the service station the attendant told us that it was probably the altitude and to use high test gasoline. . . Actually it was the first time we had used high test gasoline, thinking that it might have some merit under the local driving conditions. Reverting to the cheaper gas and getting into lower altitudes cured the trouble.

On July 1st we reluctantly left the Grand Canyon and headed for Beaver Dam Lodge at Littlefield, Arizona. Parry had obligingly made a reservation for us and guaranteed it personally he said on the phone. With the July 4th holiday approaching accommodation was getting scarce. The road led through Zion National Park which was entered through a mile long tunnel. Carved through the red rock, this tunnel had bays cut through at intervals to ventilate it. From these you could look into interior canyons of spectacular beauty and coloring. At one of these there were many queer squirrels waiting to be fed. Some were very small like chipmunks and the larger ones had flat tails.

At Zion Canyon we had lunch in a camping ground. Hedged in by the great red walls of the Canyon and with little shade this was an extremely hot place and we did not stay long. The heat seemed to be getting more intense each hour but we did not seem to feel it much more than usual until climbing a long grade - about 18 miles toward a place called Camel's Back, which should have given us a clue. Many cars were stalled and boiling and others drove with the hoods off or partly open. I congratulated myself on my foresight in having anti-freeze in the radiator which was not supposed to boil. However, the heat indicator rose alarmingly and when I got out to check up I found the antifreeze boiling over and making a pretty blue pool on the ground. The contents of the water bag which we had hanging on the bumper was poured in and served till we reached the top. There at a service station water - hauled 22 miles was free with the purchase of ten gallons of gas. Parked all around were cars both ancient and modern, passenger and truck, big and little, all hotter

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than a ten-cent pistol. I asked the man what lay ahead and he said it 'was downhill from there on and we should have no more trouble. How hot was it? He said he never looked to see but pointed to a thermometer in the shade of the canopy. It read 112!

Parry had extolled the advantages of the Beaver Dam Lodge and particularly its open air swimming pool. Driving down from the Camel's Back all you could see was a barren waste with only a few cactus and low mountains in the distance. Anything remotely resembling a Beaver Dam seemed impossibility. Until we were almost on it there was no indication of the green oasis in which the lodge was situated in the shade of great willows. It was an attractive looking place of Spanish design and entering the large attractive lobby we found a refreshing coolness somewhat flavored with beer. This was accounted for by the large bar at one end. We were sharply reminded to shut the door and keep the heat out.

The woman in charge was helpful in a preoccupied sort of way probably due to the peregrinations of a drunk who was trying to phone somebody in Minnesota. He was finally carted off supported on both sides. She remarked that it was cooling off outside now - down to 110°. She said it had been 118° at 2 o'clock. We had intended to go on the next day to Las Vegas and see the sights there staying overnight and then on to Los Angeles. We were told then that there wasn't a bed to be had in Las Vegas and with the heat continuing the drive to Los Angeles in daylight would be unpleasant. We all swam in the pool which was a fine clear one set in the grass under the trees. Around it were very fancy beach chairs on which to lounge and enjoy a drink like a man of distinction. The heat was brought home to us when we stepped outside after dinner and were met with a hot blast like that from a foundry furnace. We decided to rest and leave at midnight. Obtaining a couple of thermos bottles of coffee we packed most of our luggage and when called at midnight we were on our way in ten minutes.

Bob and Louise agreed to alternate between sleeping in the back and sitting in

front with us. It worked very well. Bob stipulated that he was to be wakened in Las Vegas to see the Golden Nugget Gambling Hall, Which he had seen advertised in various ways for hundreds of miles.

It was still around 100° at midnight but cooled off a little in the hills. Our idea was not an original one and there was more traffic on the road than we had experienced up till then. Under the moonlight the desert was a weird and barren place. Occasionally there were large groups of giant cactus. Las Vegas appeared in the distance about 2.00 a.m. as a cluster of lights in a valley twenty miles away. As we got closer we could see the great electric signs which rival those of the largest cities, as well as an active airport. As we drove through the streets were full of people and the gambling halls, dance halls and restaurants looked busy. Neon signs proclaimed Joe Zilch, Justice of the Peace, Marriages Performed. Florists had signs advertising their wedding chapels. Some fears of the problems of the drive ahead kept us from stopping and we went on to Baker, California, which we reached at dawn. It was 105° there "in the cool of the morn", and we stopped for breakfast. As the light grew we noticed many trailers drawn up on the desert off the road as well as people sleeping on blankets in the open. The road is lined with the burnt out hulks of cars, the modern skeletons of the beasts of the desert.

It got no hotter and the temperature lowered as we went through: the mountains at San Bernardino into the Los Angeles area. There is a sort of small desert in the highlands of that area subdivided into lots, on most of which there are luxuriant cactus growing. We had our breakfast beside the road, near a dump. California does not seem to have the roadside picnic spots maintained by other states. Any pleasant looking spot was usually ruined by garbage.

This time we finished the last of two pounds of butter, taken aboard in Toronto, and which had kept perfectly in our refrigerator. This item of our equipment proved its worth many times over. Bob and Louise always ate ravenously at any of the

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picnics but seldom had any appetite at all when we visited restaurants. The gasoline stove was seldom used as we found it more convenient to buy a cup of coffee when stopped or to get our thermos filled. Milk was never a problem as we usually obtained it in paper cartons and it kept well. Fruit juices and canned orangeade were popular numbers. The Americans have every known juice bearing fruit so there was plenty variety. In California, Florida fruit juices are the cheapest, much to our surprise.

Driving into Los Angeles, 50 miles along the same street, we discovered ourselves among the orange groves, the trees all loaded with fruit. For some reason this was a surprise to us, we had forgotten all about the California oranges. With some amusement we noticed a roadside restaurant advertised by the sign "Hangman's Tree" and below "just lousy food". Obviously Hollywood could not be far away.

At Eagle Rock – between Pasadena and Glendale, we weaved into the Royal Palms Motel at 10:00AM and promptly had a snooze. I was awakened late in the afternoon to a fine dinner of roast chicken with the trimmings. Apparently many of the grocery stores are open on Sundays and holidays and Marion, Louise and Bob had been on a shopping trip. Our apartment was equipped with a really good kitchen and we settled down there for three days.

July 1950

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Los	Ang			San	Francisco		
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		Vancouver					
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
		Spoke					
30	31						

WEST COAST

Los Angeles, or to be exact, Glendale, is the home of another strategically placed cousin, Edward Chilcott brother of Lillian who we visited at Denver. It turned out that he and his family lived about 15 minutes drive from where we were staying. With Edward and his eldest son, Tommy, we attended the Firemen's annual fireworks display and circus at the Rose Bowl on July 4<sup>th</sup>. This turned out to be a really big show, super colossal grade, including trapeze acts done from a helicopter hundreds of feet overhead and a parachute jump. The fireworks included a number of mobile sets unlike any we had ever seen.

The notorious Los Angeles "smog" was present over the city during most of our stay creating an atmosphere that seems foreign to this otherwise pleasant place. Most gardens have a variety of brilliant flowers, but good lawns are scarce, probably due to lack of moisture. In some cases a "lawn" is made green entirely by the use of ground ivy. Palm trees line many of the streets and there are several varieties, the tall Royal Palm and the stubby type that look much like overgrown pineapples.

Los Angeles and its suburbs cover a tremendous area. On the holiday we drove sights and looking for a picnic spot. The beach areas at Venice and Santa Monica were jammed. Turning east through Topanga Canyon, within a few minutes we were again in a hot, dry, but clear climate. where we picnicked in a field.

The area is traversed by several "through ways" and traffic moves at a fast clip. The drivers seem to be better on the average than those in Ontario and give adequate signals of their intentions. The famous Beverly Hills community was visited as well as Hollywood. In the latter place the impressions of feet, hands, noses and even a complete profile are placed in the immortal concrete of Sid Grauman's movie theatre. Apparently Mr. Grauman is the judge of immortality and if later the actor so honored falls below the standard, a pavement breaker soon opens up a vacancy for another candidate.

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That great American institution, the Drug Store, is carried to its ultimate development on the Miracle Mile area of Wilshire Blvd. I had arranged to meet Marion and the children at the Drug Store in the Prudential Building. At the time appointed, Lloyd Jackes and I drove up to where we expected it to be and found ourselves opposite a very large window display entirely made up of tennis racquets, guns and other sporting goods. This didn't surprise me but Lloyd was sure it couldn't be the Drug Store with such a display. He was looking for a window full of used cars.

The California Hot Rod is a popular institution among the adolescents of driving age. Unlike our home town jalopies, these are frequently large, high powered cars cut down and "souped up" to create truly lethal highway weapons. With tops lowered and windshields reduced to a slit of a few inches some are painted dull black to reduce their visibility. The casualties are said to be high among the fraternity and reference was noticed in the newspapers to traffic deaths of drivers and passengers in these cars.

Hollywood and Vine, the shrine of the entertainment industry, gave little outward evidence of its activities except for a tall "Southern-type gent" who was strolling around with a dwarf. The radio stations nearby are a tourist attraction and those who wish to attend a broadcast of such educational institutions as the quiz shows are kept lined up in the hot sun for no particular reason other than to create an impression of popularity. Generally the people in these queues look about as intelligent as they sound through the radio.

Leaving Los Angeles at noon we picnicked at Santa Monica in a park on the embankment overlooking Laguna Beach. It was our first real view of the Pacific. Bright blue and with never ending white limes of surf we were to drive north along it for over a thousand miles.

Santa Barbara was our stop for the night and there we entered the salt water for the first time. The beach is pure white sand and must stretch for miles on either side of the yacht basin. The surf was heavy and the

undertow strong so we did not venture far from the shore. The water was ice cold.



Santa Barbara is reputed to be one of the most desirable places in California and from what we saw it is not hard to believe. It has well kept gardens and interesting shops. The restaurant in which we had dinner, Mother Kerry's was first class. There are several classes of motels, the most expensive being on the beach drive. Ours, the El Banyan, was a block away but could not have been more attractive. It like most of the motels in the southwest was set off with many flower beds and good lawns.

On July 6th we left early for San Luis Obispo, another old Spanish mission town established about 250 years ago. From there the road returned to the coast along which it runs, up and down, in and out, for over 150 miles. Occasionally going through forests, it is mostly along the brink of cliffs or the side of mountains, sometimes a thousand feet or more above the sea. The panorama of surf and rocks never ceases. At one point after the usual "curve" and "steep grade" signs, there is one that reads "sharp curves and steep grades next

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69 miles". While on this day we went little more than 200 miles it proved tiring, and we were glad to reach Monterey.

Monterey was the home of Robert Louis Stevenson and is the centre of a number of interesting sights. We saw little of these, however, being glad to find a place to rest. It was not one of the better places on our trip. Visiting the fishermen's wharf we sat down in a restaurant recommended by the AAA. It reeked with atmosphere to the extent of having an open bonfire kept going with old fish boxes. One look at the menu, starting at \$2.75, confirmed our suspicions that we weren't hungry, so we left as if we had forgotten something; probably money.

A small fish and chip shop was our next stop. The factotum there was a cheery soul, but it didn't take long to realize that his normal occupation was probably something other than cooking or waiting although he was very proud of his accomplishments in this field. Abalone chowder and fried prawns were items we tried - with regret. The washroom facilities at this place were indicated by a hand pointing. On it was painted the single terse explanation - IT.

Back: in our cabin we found all our possessions had been taken over by small black ants. So ended a rather mixed day.

San Francisco was our next port and leaving Monterey early this was an easy morning's run. As luck had it the only place we knew of was on the ocean which was the other side of the city from where we entered. We could only stay there one night but were able to obtain another place near the Golden Gate Bridge for the next night. This worked out very well as the first place was near the famous Fleishhaker Zoo which was well worth a visit. A major attraction is the Golden Gate Park, which must be one of the finest in the world. The aquarium alone drew us back twice like a magnet. It has a great collection of fish, reptiles and seals all excellently displayed.

Strangely enough we visited a performance of the Shipstads and Johnson Ice Follies, whose headquarters is there at "Winterland" a small artificial ice arena, well

suited for this type of entertainment. This pleasure was due to the presence of another cousin, Frances Claudet, who has made the Ice Follies her career.

San Francisco is the sort of city in which you could spend several weeks of enjoyment as it has great variety in every respect. The hills are known through the cable cars, but you have to be there to realize that these are not just a tourist attraction but an important part of the transportation system. It seems possible that some streets rise at an angle of 45°. These are so steep that cars are parked sideways across the sidewalk. Getting in one is quite a trick and driving requires strong faith in one's brakes, clutch and running gear. Famous for its restaurants, we were not disappointed at any we visited. The outstanding spot was the Cliff House, at the (Golden Gate, where excellent food and service are obtained at reasonable prices. The dining room overlooks seal rock where the seals splash around in the surf. Ships entering and leaving the harbor add to the scene.

Even the climate varies in the city. It may be foggy and chill at the coast and warm and clear around the other side of the park. Twin Peaks, in the city, are reached by a spiral drive and from these a magnificent view of the city is obtained. The clouds drift by in long fingers reaching in from the ocean. Visiting Frances Claudet's apartment we had our first look at a really continental abode. Decorated by a famous French designer, it was beautifully furnished and included a roof patio nicely planted with shrubs. From it is a clear view over the harbor to Berkeley and the mountains beyond. In the foreground is the yacht basin and further out the grim prison fortress of Alcatraz.

Just to add variety, at this point Bob was afflicted with a rash that seemed to be something like poison ivy. Great series of blisters appeared and disappeared all over his arms and chest. He felt quite miserable with this and we visited a doctor. He opined that some unusual food was probably responsible, so it was blamed on the meal we had at Monterey. The rash disappeared almost as soon as we left the doctor's office

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and never returned.

It was cold at night and we were pleased if surprised to find our motel had steam heat in full operation. Breakfasting in our room we left on Sunday morning to follow the Redwood Highway to Eureka.

A small but satisfactory event happening this morning still amuses us. Our oft-mentioned refrigerator had of course to be supplied with ice and while this seldom presented any real problem, it was usually on our minds. Finding the ice house in a small town is easier than in a large city but on the coast the usual source was a coin in the slot proposition, where, for 25¢, rumbling noises would be heard, and then a 20 lb. block would come charging out of a hole in the wall. This had to be cut down to 10 lb to fit into our box, and the wasted ice gave me some pain. Having gradually learned how to cut a block in half, I would push this back under the flap as a bonus to the next customer. This Sunday morning the bread on the water returned - some one else had been there before and a nicely sized piece was waiting for us free.

Unlike our Canadian custom the Americans have been farsighted enough to preserve their forests and the Redwood Highway - to our surprise - actually goes through Redwoods for a very great part of its length. There is simply nothing like it in Canada, where every living stick of Douglas Fir near an highway has been removed and nothing but charred stumps remain. Years ago I remember the campaign of a Mr. Frank Barnsum in Canada to preserve the forests. It fell on deaf ears and I believe even the forest he intended to leave to the nation fell to the axe. The whole coast of British Columbia is a monument to waste and one has only to fly the length of Vancouver Island to see how the great forests there have been reduced to little more than desert through lumbering and fire. There is more waste timber floating and on the beaches there than you see in the log piles beside the pulp mills in Northern Ontario.

On the Redwood Highway the road winds around the great trunks of the trees. Among the hazards are huge tractor-

trailers, seldom with more than five logs, sometimes only one ten-foot-in-diameter monster. Yet these are not cut bordering the highway. Many spots have been highly commercialized, such as the Tree House and the Trees of Mystery. However disconcerting it may be to have an automatic phonograph endlessly rendering "Trees" while you are looking at some of these wonders, it is an assurance that they will be preserved for commercial if for no other reason. There are also many fine stands of timber, or groves as they are called, sponsored by various organizations and named in honor of famous citizens of the United States.

This day brought us to Eureka, a lumber and fishing town, seemingly of a particularly tough character. Some weeks later we noticed in the newspaper that an escaped Canadian murderer and desperado had been captured there so our impression may not have been unfounded. The town seems to have no scenic or other merits other than its convenient distance as a stopover north of San Francisco.

Our last stop in California was at Crescent City, where at a small private aquarium we saw a few octopi. They came up to our expectations and were satisfactorily horrifying. They move around at a good speed and slither their tentacles up over the edge of the tank in a menacing way. Apparently they are difficult to keep in captivity and require cold water and darkness. Outside as a free attraction was a seal that begged - and barked like a dog. The ease with which it would swim and hop out to balance on its tail-flippers on a narrow ledge is quite surprising.

Crossing into Oregon we found what could well be christened the "Picnic State". The Oregon coast is another panorama of surf, sand and rocks with a special beauty of its own. Wherever there was a particularly attractive beach or view point, the state had established a park with good facilities for picnics. Devil's Elbow was one of many such places.

The settlement of this part of Oregon is fairly sparse and there are no towns of any size. We stayed at Bandon, a small fishing

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town, at a motel recently built by a man from Chicago. He had gone out there on a holiday and just decided to stay.

The Sea Lions Cave is on this road and proved to be a most interesting place. A path has been built zigzagging down the cliff from which the sea lions can be seen lying in the sun, and their roaring can be heard above the pounding of the waves. The path ends at a wooden tower and spiral stair built straight down the cliff to one of the cave entrances. Inside the large cave it is lighted by the light reflected from the water at the mouth on the ocean side. There must be hundreds of sea lions there; the big bulls are large as cattle and said to weigh over 2000 pounds.

At Otis we left the coast and headed north east to Portland. This road lies in orchard country and the cherry crop was being harvested. They were good - and cheap - at the roadside stands. When we arrived at our motel in Portland, the manager had placed a gift of a basket of cherries in our room.

Spending the morning in Portland as the guest of our Mr. Cato we visited the beautiful park and rose gardens for which Portland is famous. From a high point there is a superb view of Mt. Hood, floating like a white cloud. At lunch we sampled that famous west coast delicacy Crab Louis, a salad of crab meat. Portland has one of the most modern and unusual office buildings in the world. The Equitable Savings & Loan Building provides all offices with large windows from which to enjoy the view and in addition it is heated by a process of refrigeration. Using temperature differences in two deep wells, the only fuel is electricity to operate the pumps. It does not save in operating cost but there are no ashes or smoke, and no space is required for fuel storage, boiler, or smoke stack.

Crossing the Columbia River into the State of Washington we headed for Seattle. In this area there are a great many places to see but we were getting anxious to reach our destination in Vancouver and did not leave the main route. Stopping for dinner at Olympia we took the express highway to Seattle, passing the great Seattle-Tacoma

air terminal on the way.

During our stay in Seattle the city was shrouded in its own version of the Los Angeles smog, which blotted out the mountain views that must be there. Situated on Puget Sound and Lake Washington, Seattle is an active centre of boating and water sports. A park system extends on all sides and there are many places to swim.

On July 14th, after 25 days and about 5000 miles of travel we crossed the border again and entered British Columbia. Leaving the direct road to Vancouver we visited Crescent Beach, a resort where I had spent three summers as a small boy and revisited with Louise for a few hours during the war. Early memories of the miles of clean hard sand, and interesting marine life were disappointed but we did find a few agates among the beach pebbles. The old hotel and tuck shop had gone, burnt only a few years ago and its site was still a heap of charred rubble. In no time we were crossing the bridge at New Westminster and driving into Vancouver.

There are no more hospitable or friendly people in Canada than the citizens of Vancouver. Even with that certain knowledge and previous experience it is always a thrilling surprise. Also there is no more beautiful and changing scenery than they enjoy. We went straight to Stanley Park and after gazing again at Burrard Inlet and the Lions Gate Bridge we had dinner at the Park Pavilion. During the war gas rationing limited sightseeing and we were anxious to see everything at once, so we drove around the Marine Drive through Pt. Grey on our way to the house in Shaughnessy of our good friends Do and Ray Mann. Here we stayed while they went on their own annual vacation.

Following ten days in Vancouver, that seemed like a weekend, we left for Glenairlie Lodge at Sooke on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Here at last Bob and Louise were free to camp in the normal sense of the word. Bob tried fishing at last, having brought his rod all the way from Toronto. There were other children with whom to play. There were horses, dogs

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and cats and trails through the woods.

When the tide went out the shore was covered with purple starfish and on one day there were large pink starfish. On another day ray fish turned up. Varicolored, they have more tentacles than a starfish and seem livelier in their movements. Occasionally the head of a hair-seal would look out of the water off-shore. The water was extremely cold to swim in.

One evening Bob and I rowed the dingy along the shore looking for a fishing hole as so far he had caught nothing but small rock cod and bullheads. Looking down in the dark cold depths made you wonder if any octopus or such monsters lurked there. On the way back we saw what appeared to be a large plank projecting from the water but when we looked again it had gone. Our host told us it was probably the dorsal fin of a killer whale, occasionally seen in the bay. Sooke is almost as far west as you can get by car in Canada, the road ending at Jordan River.

Victoria is too well known as a resort and capital to need much description here. The stores are good and the clerks obliging and pleasant. This was not the case during the war. There are several good motels and of course the famous Empress Hotel with its beautiful rose gardens and glass enclosed swimming pool. Unfortunately this tourist centre is inclined to forget the rest of the island. While there is a modern streamlined information centre, the staff seemed uninformed about anything more than a half hour's drive from Victoria. The Malahat Drive is magnificent, as far as it goes, but the rest of the road up the Island is badly marked and in poor condition.

Still stinging from the comparison of Oregon and California forests with our own we asked how to get to Cathedral Grove. Nobody knew directly, in fact the first girl hadn't heard of it. What advice could be obtained about the Fraser Canyon Road and the Big Bend Highway? Nothing definite. It was suggested that if we intended to visit Banff the best way would be to go through the United States. Maybe the Vancouver tourist office could help, they said.

Having come down by the Malahat Drive and wishing to see the Butchart Gardens we headed north and took the Mill Bay ferry. The Butchart Gardens are likely to discourage a person attempting to grow a garden in the East. Everything grows in such profusion. There was a bed of snapdragon about six feet wide and 100 yards long.

Nearing Nanaimo we noticed a site marking Petroglyph Park. With some wondering as to what this meant, we parked by the road, (there was no widening for this purpose), and climbed up. Here under a rustic pergola and marked by an almost obliterated bronze plaque giving notice of its protection by the Government, are some of the most ancient Indian illustrations on the continent. Defaced by vandals, neglected by the authorities, they remain as another monument to Canadian indifference to its tourist attractions. In the United States there might be a hot dog stand nearby, but down there they seem long ago to have realized the value of protecting sites of historic interest. Each year we read of the value of the tourist trade to Canada but the essentials of tourist travel, the points of interest are destroyed or neglected. After seeing the thousands of tourists in the United States visiting their own country it can be realized how many would come here if it was made worth while.

In Nanaimo there is an old Hudson Bay fort - left among commercial buildings near the wharfs. Its preservation is due to the interest of a private group.

Back in Vancouver we stayed a few more days and then reluctantly headed East. Our holiday was more than half over. Still determined to follow a Canadian route through the mountains we tried to get reliable information. The official view was that you should take the new Princeton Highway, although it was admitted that it would be tough going to get through to Banff. Some told us of the terrors of the Caribou Trail and the fearful Fraser Canyon. We were told that the Big Bend highway was nothing but pot holes and dust. Our car would be a wreck by the time

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we got through. I met an American tourist one day - a man of over 70 - while we were looking at the Simon Fraser monument at Point Grey. He volunteered that he had just come down from Banff and had never seen such fine scenery in many years of travel. Sure, there were bad stretches in the road but it was worth it.

Feeling as if we were on the "last mile" we headed for Chilliwack, my birthplace, and there, with old friends, the Watson's, had our last meal. It couldn't have been a better one if we were indeed on our death sentence. At Hope the tourist office told us that there was no reason to avoid the Canyon but there might be delays through work on the highway. On our schedule they thought it would be unlikely. Feeling nervous from the effect of all the tales we'd heard we headed across the bridge and up the river. That night we passed Hell's Gate and stayed at Boston Bar.

August 1950						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
		Vancouver				
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			Banff			
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Calgary						
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
			Finish			
27	28	29	30	31		

### THE FRASER CANYON

The road up the Fraser Canyon is part of the Caribou Trail to the Interior of British Columbia, built in the 1850's. Today with caution you can drive from 20 to 50 miles an hour on it and the Greyhound Coaches make daily scheduled trips. The route followed by the Royal Engineers has never apparently been changed and probably for the good reason that every available passage was used in the first instance. All that can be done now is to widen the road and cut away the blind curves. This is a major blasting operation in every instance

as the road appears to be cut through on a rock ledge for the whole of its 100 miles or so. Where the rock was too steep or too tough the road runs on wooden bridges built out on shelf brackets from the sheer rock wall of the canyon. Additional hazards are snow slides and rock slides. When road signs say "Watch for rocks on the Road" you are usually rewarded for caution by finding some there, and the highway patrols go along picking them up. The Canadian Pacific runs along a few hundred feet lower than the highway on one side and the Canadian National on the other.

At Boston Bar, where we stayed over, there is an interesting device by which the people of North Bend, a village across the river, cross over to the highway. It consists of a wooden platform hanging from two cables. Just large enough for one car, this cable ferry is pulled back and forth by a third cable operated by a power winch. Naturally it sags in the middle over the river, a churning torrent a hundred or so feet deep at that point. It was the most hair-raising means of human transportation we saw on the trip.

Just below the cable ferry is Hell's Gate, the narrowest point in the Fraser where the water is so deep and swift even the salmon cannot get up. Here by international arrangement a fish ladder has been built. We climbed down a long steep trail to see it but at that time of year the fish aren't running so its workings could not be seen.

Wandering into the woods near our cabin we came on a large area of ground covered by empty bottles of embalming fluid. Just why they were there is an unsolved mystery to us. Were they the cause of accidents on the road, or had they all been used in preparing the remains of victims for shipment home? The Canyon View Kabins where we stayed was a well kept comfortable place. It had a bright new coffee shop and everything necessary for a stopover. It even had peacocks strutting around. In spite of this it had a two star rating in the B.C. Tourist Service Manual. We later came to the conclusion that their rating system must have been worked out by a plumber. If a resort had four-piece

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plumbing in each cabin it rated four stars regardless of any disadvantages of location.



The road north from Boston Bar is just as exciting as the section leading to it. The hills are longer and steeper, culminating in Jackass Mountain. Just as we climbed around the curve at the crest of this summit we encountered a large item of road machinery crawling along backwards towards us. While work is in progress along the road the contractors seldom bother to leave any warning signs. At some points the road is not wide enough for two cars to pass but fortunately we were on the inside whenever we met anyone under these circumstances. The obvious danger inspires courtesy and the inside man backs up to a wider spot if necessary.

After Lytton we left the Fraser and followed the Thompson, a brilliant blue river, entirely different in appearance from the Fraser. The road runs through less confined mountains and finally comes out in the rolling Caribou ranch country. Even there a few spots get around a troublesome rock by using shelf bracket bridges, whose boards rattle alarmingly. How the buses negotiate these is a source of wonder, but we were glad we never met on one.

Reaching Kamloops we were glad we had taken the Caribou Highway, We were never as frightened on it as we had been thinking about it. Having heard about it all my life it would have been a real

disappointment not to see it when the opportunity arose. When the old stage coaches were running it must have been quite an ordeal and it is said that some of the early settlers who came in by stage never left the country through fear of the road. Even today many prefer to fly the airline that traverses the route.

At Kamloops we visited a former Toronto doctor who has established a practice there. In that country the picture window really means something. From his window near the centre of the town you have a really worthwhile view.

From Kamloops we headed for Revelstoke taking a short cut from Salmon Arm to Sicamous. This stretch of road had sections as narrow and hazardous as anything on the Canyon but the views of Shuswap Lake are worth the trouble. From Sicamous the road was extremely dusty. They don't believe in calcium chloride out there or oil either for some reason. It would seem more economical to treat the roads than have their surface blow away.

Revelstoke gives the impression that tourists coming through by automobile should be ignored. This may be because it is primarily a railroad town. There are a couple of cabin camps but little in the way of restaurants. Being Sunday all but two were closed. One had a lineup extending out on the street, the other leaned over crazily and another visitor warned us that it was a good one to leave alone. We had a sandwich in the station coffee shop which conveniently omits to have any chairs or stools. While there we decided to meet the Toronto Vancouver train on its way west. All of us had been on the train ourselves several times and wondered about the people on the platform. Soon after the train came in Bob spotted a young man from Toronto that he knew. They were neighbors of ours on the same street that we had never met before, although we had seen their son.

Next day we set off on our way around the Big Bend highway about which we had heard nothing good. Following the Columbia River for about 200 miles there are no stopover points marked on the map.

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We found the scenery on this road very beautiful in the midst of great snow covered mountains, with the Columbia River below. Mosquitoes had been a problem at Revelstoke but it was not until we stopped at Canoe River that we felt their full force. Armed with a DDT bomb purchased at Revelstoke we kept them at bay in the car but nothing worked in the open. At Kinbasket Lake, a widening of the Columbia, we found an attractive cabin camp and coffee shop that seemed miraculously free of mosquitoes so we decided to stay as night closed in. So did the mosquitoes. While they didn't come inside the cabin they pounced on you as soon as you went out. A small pond by the cabins had the clearest water we had seen, looking about 6 inches deep. It was actually deep enough to swim in and Bob went in. Beside the coffee shop we found him joyously collecting coins from the bottom. Unfortunately it turned out that this was a wishing well operated for the benefit of the Red Cross, so he had to put his findings back.

The Big Bend highway's chief disadvantages are its washboard character and pot holes. Sometimes it is dusty but this was not the case when we were there. We found with our car that at 40 to 50 M.P.H. it rode well and the pot-holes looked much worse than they felt. There was nothing about it to discourage going over it again.

From Golden to Field the road is fair and we were rewarded by seeing the Canadian Pacific Train winding its way up through the spiral tunnels. It looks just as amazing from outside as it does from inside the train. The road travels the old railroad right of way and we were able to catch up with the train at Field. Here we could straddle the little stream that divides and dramatizes the Great Divide.

Entering Yoho National Park we were in the area that with Banff is Canada's answer to the United States Grand Canyon. You have to see both to realize how magnificent nature can get! While entirely different they are both easily accessible and ideal holiday areas. Here the Canadians have done a real job for the tourist. There are all

varieties of accommodation, and the three great CPR hotels equal or exceed in facilities anything provided south of the border. The result is that more American tourists are there than we had seen elsewhere.

We had lunch at the Emerald Lake Chalet which is situated amidst almost incredible beauty. The Lake is actually the color of emerald with water as clear as crystal. It was an excellent lunch and reasonable in cost. Brilliant flower beds surround the lodge. At Lake Louise also there is a magnificent scene and beautiful flowers. The Chateau, however, is architecturally foreign to its surroundings. It would be more at home in Chicago or Toronto. A popular spot, it was swarming with people and we had to take a new but poorly equipped cabin some miles out to get a bed for the night.

Driving to Banff we discovered that whenever a group of cars had stopped together there was something to be seen. Once it was the rare Big Horn Mountain Sheep - then a trio of moose. A sign pointed to a beaver dam, and sure enough the beavers were swimming about. Near Banff a road sign says "To the Bears". You follow this to the city dump and the bears are so thick they are mixed up with the crowd of people. While many signs warn against feeding them, they expect it and one followed me back to the car. I jumped in, slammed the door, and had to close the window in his snout. His paw prints on the door were souvenirs for several days. In the paddock you can drive through the area among a herd of buffalo, the only restriction being that you must not leave the car.

We stayed at Banff in a comfortable cabin for four days. While the most expensive we had encountered, it did not have a refrigerator, it did have a stone fireplace, and was in keeping with the camping spirit. I inquired about bears and was told that if we didn't want to be disturbed by them to put the garbage cans far away from the house. Naturally, we left it right under our window and armed with a flashlight waited for results. About midnight there was a racket and I jumped to the window with my light and found myself

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looking straight into the face of a large buck deer. Later we found that these deer wander all through the town and are very tame.

There are two fine public swimming pools, one fed by a very hot sulphur spring far up on the mountain, and another lower down that is cooler. There is no end to the drives around Banff and great variety to the scenery. We saw Marble Canyon, in Kootenay Park, the Hoodoos, a strange rock formation overlooking the Bow River valley and several lakes.

By this time we began to realize that there was not too much time to get back to Toronto if we considered a regular pay check was going to be part of our scheme and we had to leave. The drive to Calgary is fairly short and the mountains gave way to the plains in very little time. We stopped once to investigate a large hawk sitting on a fence post.

Calgary is a lively city and for the sake of old times we had lunch at the Palliser Hotel. It is one of the places where you can leave the train for breakfast on the way west. Our motel there had some of the finest flower beds we had found anywhere. We visited St. George Park, where there are a great many reproductions of the great prehistoric animals that roamed the area, millions of years ago. They are realistic enough that if encountered in the dark some night, a person would resolve to use more water.

At the Calgary Brewery there is a fish hatchery and pools in which a large variety of trout and other fish loaf around in perfect safety. Bob was dying to drop in a hook. So was I. We visited my good friend Harry Lyne and Mrs. Lyne. By this time we had become so used to the routine of travelling that I don't recall any concern about our next day's route other than a casual glance at the map.

## THE WILD & WOOLY WEST

Leaving Calgary on August 14<sup>th</sup> we had the feeling that our holiday was really over and that after a quick look at Yellowstone there was nothing but a long drive home. It wasn't long before we began to find out how wrong we were. Bowling over a good road south from Calgary we were almost out of sight of the mountains and on the bald prairie and it was hard to believe that any mountain driving lay ahead. The road deteriorated as we left Cardston, Canada's main Mormon town, and neared the border. Both the Canadian and U.S. Customs were located on a piece of road that looked as if it had been fought over. Actually it was being reconstructed.

The State of Montana is full of surprises. Entering the foothills where there were small lakes and scrub growth of timber we came out, without warning through a pass at the crest of a hill. A great valley, almost surrounded by mountains, stretched before us. Later we entered a canyon across the valley and passing through it another valley opened up. It seems to be mainly cattle country and there were many herds dotting the landscape. There were several of these mountain and valley combinations. Finally we came over the last and saw our destination, Helena, at the end of a road straight as a ruler for 16 miles..

Helena is an old place, a mining town originally named Last Chance Gulch. A modern city, it is also one of the last strongholds of the cowboy and the prospector. The main street is very narrow and crooked - laid out in that way, so they claim. so that you couldn't be shot in the back from a distance. The largest gold dredge in the world operates close to the centre of town. The municipal building is a design straight out of the Arabian Nights. There are many bars, open to the street. On one a sign said "Juveniles keep out, it's the Law". Another, the Stockmen's Bar appeared well patronized by cowboys. The genuine article, so Bob decided, they wore high-heeled boots. A grizzled character the living image of Roy Rogers pal, Gabby Hayes, passed us on the sidewalk solemnly chewing his cud.

## THE TRIP By William F. Duthie

We were back in the silver country again and the lining of my pockets was heavy with change. One merchant I asked to give me paper money said sure he could, trouble was to get rid of it because local folks preferred silver.

Without a reservation we had a little trouble getting a suite but finally found a basement in a new motel. It was well equipped and comfortable.

The Montana Highways Department has a sense of humor, as we found when reading their markers for historic sights. Beautifully mounted in carved wood, these signs were well worth reading and usually contained a chuckle.

The road from Helena to Yellowstone is another series of mountains and valleys but on a smaller scale. Noting a sign "Antelope Crossing" we kept a lookout and saw some leaping along in the fields. A great flock of wild geese passed over at one point.

Arriving early at West Yellowstone we had a choice of several cabins. Marion proved again to be more of a gambler than I am. Usually I would have settled on the first place but she always felt that a cheaper or better one could be obtained. West Yellowstone was a great victory for her as we got both a cheaper and a better one by shopping around. The Three Bears Lodge was both comfortable and convenient. We entered the park and drove directly to the Old Faithful Geyser. It must have been waiting for us as we had hardly parked the car and wound up the movie camera than it went up in a towering cascade of steam and water. The whole park is full of queer springs, pools and fountains, colored mud bubbles and streams. There are continuous and periodic geysers, both small and big. Some pools are clear, deep and beautifully colored; others bubble and erupt like cauldrons. The walks are hot under your feet in places and steam emerges from the cracks. A clear cold mountain stream is sometimes bordered by geysers spouting steam.

Among all this living example of Dante's Inferno are forests and meadows, deer and bears. Everywhere is tourists, peering down

or up. Whenever a car stops all the cars stop and everybody rushes out with cameras cocked. Fishermen wade in the streams and the whole place is a hive of feverish holiday activity.

Leaving West Yellowstone we crossed the park and saw an almost interminable series of natural wonders. The Yellowstone Falls are magnificent, raising a great spray against a background of colored cliffs and forest. At one place there is a cliff made up of glistening black jet. We filled our thermos at the apollinaris spring.

The scenery gets even more spectacular as you come east, beside Yellowstone Lake and through the Shoshone National Forest. We stopped at Buffalo Bill's old Hunting Lodge to phone ahead and confirm our reservation at Cody. Nearing the Buffalo Bill Irrigation Dam the road is cut through: arches of red rock and at the last arch, almost a tunnel, there is a warning to use low gear on the hill ahead. Putting the car in low we came out of the tunnel and looked down the terrifying steep hill along the canyon. Very narrow, it hugs the cliff wall on the left and a 300 foot drop on the right. The car picked up speed and I realized it was still in overdrive. I pulled it out and with a screech of the tires got slowed down. On this hill the State maintains a free towing service westbound, for cars with trailers or any doubts of their climbing power.

At Cody we were greeted with a procession of cowboys, an old stage coach, buckboards and all the paraphernalia of a western rodeo. This was the nightly roundup of patrons for the performance which is given by a local organization throughout the tourist season. We were sorry we didn't see it but you can't do everything.

Our reservation at Cody proved worth while. For several hours after we arrived the manager worked steadily placing people in private homes. This woman was an asset to any town. No matter how pressing the unending line of tourists was, she was courteous and helpful. She also found time to obtain a reservation for us at our next stop and was up when we left

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early in the morning.

The high spot of this day was our picnic beside the Ten Sleep Canyon. It was a beautiful grove of trees beside a rushing stream and yet across the road were great cliffs and barren mountains. Driving through Big Horn National Park we climbed to 9,000 feet before again coming out in a broad valley to spend the night at Gillette. This place has little to recommend it except as a stop over on a long drive.

Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota was on our route. Following the "scenic route" mapped out by the Motor League we found ourselves on a one way winding road that was deep in dust, and as it turned out a quite unnecessarily rugged way of getting to our objective. The great carvings of the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum are on the face of Mount Rushmore. It is interesting to wonder what the people a thousand years from now will think of the enormous monument.

Rapid City was the last of the foothills for us and we arrived in time to spend the afternoon seeing the sights. Caves are a popular attraction around here but we never got around to going in any of them. Aside from the expense, they seem to take an hour or two and from the warnings are an arduous experience. We did see the Reptile Gardens, a private snakery where a huge collection of snakes has been gathered. These are divided into poisonous and harmless varieties and Bob managed to borrow a four foot chicken snake of rather affectionate disposition for a picture. There was a large pit full of rattlers and cases with both small and very large varieties, including pythons and boa constrictors. The Skyline Drive gives a beautiful view of the surrounding country and includes a dinosaur park with some huge concrete reproductions constructed in the palmy days of the W.P.A. The Chuck Wagon, about which we had heard in Vancouver, came up to our expectations as a good place for lunch.

## THE BADLANDS

For hundreds if not thousands of miles we had noticed road signs and bumper signs proclaiming the unusual specialties of Ted Hustead's Drug Store at Wall in South Dakota. "Free Ice Water" is probably the most frequent. As we left Rapid City and neared this shrine of advertising the signs became more frequent including such items as "Petrified Wood by the Piece or Ton", "See the Cowboy Band", and "See Badlands Hound". As we had left Rapid City very early and it is only a little more than an hour's run, and also because Wall is a little off the main highway, we thought we mightn't have much more than a glance at the place. When we arrived about 8.00 a.m. the main street of Wall, about a block long, was jammed with cars and it was hard to find a parking place. The Wall Drug Store is in an old false fronted wooden building with a projecting canopy. Inside we found a large restaurant and soda fountain as well as counters stocked with souvenirs and all the usual variety of goods found in an American drug store. It even had a prescription counter. We asked for a tube of Phillips toothpaste and the clerk was genuinely embarrassed to find they did not have this staple item in stock. The cowboy band and Badlands Hound are part of the ingenious animated life size marionette show that operates in a show window each half hour. For the convenience of spectators a few boards have been arranged in the form of a small bleachers and it was always full. A stuffed cayuse is available for children to sit on as they pose for photos.

The town of Wall is situated on the fringe of the Badlands in about as unproductive country as can be imagined short of desert. The Drug Store, which has been written up in several national magazines this year is a sort of monument to advertising and the imagination of a young man and his wife, who, with nothing but a pharmacist's degree and a shoe string, nursed it through the depression and the war into a prosperous business on which the whole town depends for its main income.

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The Badlands National Monument is a remarkable example of erosion from wind and drought, it extends over an area of 50 miles or so, it is a mass of pinnacles and ridges of clay. For us it was the last of the scenic west. From there we drove through the plains, crossing the Missouri River at Pierre, the capital city of the State. The Missouri is a broad brown river but appeared to be quite swift. We spent the night at Huron.

Sunday morning we left for Minneapolis, stopping for breakfast at a wayside coffee shop. A small family was there for the same purpose and a grandfather was happily feeding a three- year old girl some cherry pie and ice cream.

There wasn't much scenery and we were all feeling quiet. A strong wind was blowing from the West and there was no howling in the windows or ventilators. The car was in overdrive and the engine was just purring. I glanced at the speedometer and found we were doing 85 m.p.h. We had been following a practice of seldom exceeding 65 even in open country so I started to slow down. The children stirred and looked out. "What's the matter, Daddy - what are we stopping for?" they said. It wasn't long before I found we were up in the 80's again and we arrived at Minneapolis about noon. In about five hours we had gone some 300 miles. It was our fastest run on the trip and we were just lucky.

Motels and cabins had long since become our normal over-night stopping places and we set out to find one in Minneapolis. After about three hour's driving around the city we still hadn't found a good one so we decided to look for a hotel in the business section as we planned to do some shopping. I had been there before and was impressed with the fine stores. In spite of a State Fair opening next day we got a suite in the Curtis Hotel. It turned out to be a most comfortable place with an excellent dining room complete with orchestra. The cost was less than we had paid for some inferior motels. The staff was courteous and helpful and our stay there turned out to be a great success. We had to reaccept civilization so far as clothes were

concerned, but it was an easy re-introduction.

On Monday morning we went shopping and found that most stores there were closed on Mondays, at least till noon. Impressed by our success with a hotel, and as we were entering what promised to be a summer resort area, we reserved rooms at the hotel in Rhinelander, Wisconsin. Most other places seemed to be resorts at weekly rates. It turned out to be more arduous drive than we expected and the weather had become quite cold. After dark we arrived, secure in our knowledge of a reservation, and found ourselves parked in front of what Louise describes in her diary as a "dump". Before entering we looked around the town to see if anything else could be found but were out of luck. For two rooms with iron beds, peeling wallpaper and frowsy carpets we paid more than for the suite at the Curtis. This was the start of a general deterioration of accommodation as we neared home, and in a sense it may have been a good thing as it made us glad to get home.

The drive from Rhinelander to St. Ignace is through country similar to our own northland, and the road skirts the northern shore of Lake Michigan.

Nearing St. Ignace the road is dotted with motels and cabins many of them very nice looking, but we were determined to cross the straits of Mackinaw that day. There was a huge lineup at the ferry, but well handled, with continuous service utilizing the railroad ferries. We got on one of the latter, which has little space for passengers and no coffee shop. Fortunately it is only a short trip. Mackinaw City and Cheboygan are highly commercialized tourist centers with jammed restaurants and high priced rooms, most of which were filled. After some cruising around we found a new one, back in a field with pretty flower boxes on each cabin. They represented the minimum in cabin space we had encountered till that time. We had a single room with three beds. In the middle was an oil stove. A sink was on one wall. A toilet enclosure and shower completed the facilities. It was really cold there even on August 22nd it was near

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freezing. The manager suggested that the stove be lit that night as we might have difficulty in the morning. It had only two speeds, full out, or off. After sweltering for a couple of hours we decided to take our chance on freezing and turned it off.

It was a morning's drive to Saginaw and the hotel apparently always full. We finally got into the smallest cabin we had found. With two rooms and a connecting bath there was hardly space to breath. Putting on a shirt almost meant that the other occupants had to stand outside. The water supply is of the type that the manager darkly hinted was medicinal. We completed the shopping in Saginaw that we had started out to do in Minneapolis. Bob and I nested down to sleep together that night, as there wasn't room for an extra cot for him. We are both twin bed adherents normally and the hooting of diesel locomotives nearby and the roar of transports on the highway were our only lullaby. It was a sleepless night only endured with the thought that the next would be in our own beds.

We crossed the border again at Port Huron, rather expecting an official welcome from the Customs. Instead they gave us a very careful inspection. It's a great pleasure to have a clear conscience at times. We had about 19¢ in U.S. funds left.

The extent and variety of the country we had seen made us more than ever conscious of the cultivation of the Ontario farm belt with its elm-lined roads and groves or "bushes". Ontario roads which I had always thought of as wide and straight seemed strangely narrow and winding. There was no accidental exceeding the speed limit on No. 7 highway. Cars passed us on hills and curves and the last of our

trip seemed more hazardous than any other part. We stopped at one of the wayside picnic tables for lunch, after we got everything laid out, and realized that it would be our last picnic we found the flies a nuisance and also a very disagreeable odor. Investigating, we found some kind person had thrown a dead dog over the fence nearby. It must have been there for a week.

The last 20 miles of the drive were by far the worst. We were continuously passed by cars on hills and curves. Several times there were near misses ahead of us. Finally we came on a crash between a truck and a sedan, there didn't appear to be anyone injured but both cars were seriously damaged. It was the first crash we had seen in over 10,000 miles. Waiting for the light to turn at Thornhill the car behind started in anticipation and gave us a jolt. No damage was done but it was the first time we had been even bumped on the whole journey.

About six o'clock we entered our own driveway. There were no flags, no band. In fact until we looked around there were no people. Even our little dog Happy was not here to greet us. Through some misunderstanding we weren't expected back until the next day.

Our trip covered 10,351 miles. In all that time we never changed a tire, and seldom had an anxious moment on the road. From June 20th to August 24th we had rain for two days and showers on only two or three more. Except for the last few days the weather was almost always bright and warm

It still seems like a dream.