

ery more calmly. tennis and laze in water pool on the ey come to frivol. Fairholme Lounge valley and facing ard, and Mount s, play bridge or to the ballad opera concerts in lofty ill. They come to mountain climbing, t out upon a pack again, they may g at all; and you eople that meander y doing nothing in us hunters, moun- s, for it seems that ave led excessively a particular pleasure

vent, some occasion . There are the amped at Calgary, tering, the annual tering of mountaine- se for the climbing Club of Canada, for the Prince of

he most fortunate e those who spend y; who, according inclination, devote orts most attractive the greatest gusto oubtedly the keener to earn their Trail explore the trails make a circle tour camps from Lake e Annual Ride of the Canadian Rock- take a pack trip the guidance of one ckers.

some wonderful cinating partners, e hand in a million eputation in con- ay develop a three but more memor- e happenings will end on the trail in rongly opinionated use. Once your omed itself to its western saddle is le, and you lounge and unfrequented at Louise some ise Valley. There of the unexpected; the beaten paths, eted. If the views ny attracted you, pped by the few by a hundredfold; all responsive, you joy as a cataract hrough the trees, exposed around a untain, with tiny lving into nothing- ally.

ities are as great; enturous, without are many splendid up to this height ar feet you can get make the acquaint- little animals that pes of debris, and he softly clothed the rugged walls s. Switzerland, and age 113

LET'S GET WESTERN

Continued from page 112

from Grindelwald or Zermatt or Lucerne have taken a funicular into the clouds, and looked down upon the quaint countryside, and the sloping pastures, and the chalets, and the winding motor roads. There you have enjoyed sophisticated grandeur, but you have experienced none of the pleasure that comes to the Canadian in the Rockies. There is instinctively in us, I think, a keener craving, a keener appreciation of nature than in any other people; and the untouched, untrammelled, unspoilt, scenery of our Rockies is such that awakens an immediate response, and arouses a great feeling of pride in the realization that they are our own.

BUT the visitor can scarcely survive on a diet of scenery, and he needs must know a little of the people he will find at Banff. They are a cheery, hospitable crew, from the sturdy railway constable who patrols the station platform to the manager of the great Banff Springs Hotel. And, like Banff itself, they are a curious mixture.

Driving the hotel bus or at the wheel of the private Brewster Packard that takes you from the station through the town to the hotel is probably the son of a friend, a university undergraduate, or some blithe youth who is tiding over the summer in this pleasant fashion. They come from the four corners of the earth, and during the first few days of their apprenticeship their versions of the history of the locality are truly amazing. Later on, they all agree more or less, and are nearer to the truth. Nowhere else have I encountered such polished and pleasurable prevarication as I have in the Rockies. I entertain as a consequence the greatest respect for the practised liar, and the entertaining liar. There is an art that contributes more to the delight than to the delusion of the hearer.

But to return to the people you will meet at Banff. On the steps of the hotel, acting as starter to the Brewster fleet of cars, you should encounter Major Bagley, who was one of Sir Sam Steele's original Scouts in the days immediately preceding the organization of the Mounted Police proper, who is mentioned in Morris Longstreth's book on the Force, and who took part in the dramatic round-up of Poundmaker.

THE experienced traveller in Canada will recognize in Mine Host, Mr. Davenish, formerly of the "Royal Alec" at Winnipeg. His assistant is Mr. Davenport, and if you have ever been to Banff before, you will welcome with particular interest and pleasure the merry smile of recognition from Mr. Reg Coysh, the other assistant manager. He is one of the youngest old-timers around Banff, and used to attend to all hotel business on horseback when motors were very young and the roads were impossible. He does not remember Banff as long ago as Mrs. J. A. Wilson of the National Council of Women, who was a visitor last summer. She remembers the tourist resort of thirty-odd years ago when, as she described to me, "the engine would give a toot as it rounded the corner, and all the waiters would hurriedly finish laying the tables, and when it tooted as it pulled into the station, they would serve the

soup." Banff was a halfway house in those days. The grades over the Great Divide were too stiff to be negotiated with a diner, and Banff and Louise served as "eating places" for the traveller.

Then, as *maitre d'hotel*, you will encounter the urbane M. Carmine, who will see that you get the very best that the house has to offer; and Toni, Brannan, Oscar, and other captains who will see that you get a nice table "near the window." Brannan, by the way, is an ex-mounted policeman and serves at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu in winter, and was recognized by many Canadians on the world cruise when they called there this spring.


But you must meet the Brewsters. You should have the opportunity of doing this not only at Banff, but at Lake Louise, Field, the Yoho, Jasper, at the Columbia Ice Fields occasionally, and in Honolulu during the winter. Next to Providence and the railways, they are the most powerful element in the Rockies. Certainly they are among the most hospitable. Then there's Tom Wilson who is famous as the discoverer of Lake Louise, the gentlest and most amiable of westerners, who carries his seventy years with ease; and Dan McCowan, the naturalist, who can tell you about the peculiarities of the mountain goats.

NEXT there are the national park officials; and if you are at all interested in the policy pursued by the federal government in the preservation and maintenance of national parks, you should call upon them, and get some inkling of the magnitude of their task at Banff. The town is the centre of a great national park, three thousand eight hundred and some odd square miles in area, and comprising some of the finest scenery in the Rockies. This has all to be protected against the menace of forest fires; and the telephone system and batteries of portable pumps and miles of hose used in this service is amazing. The great highways, carrying tens of thousands of motorists east and west through the Rockies and upon week-end excursions from Calgary, must be kept in repair. The motor camps established at various points in Banff, in Yoho, and in Kootenay national parks must be kept in order. The red tuniced Mounties must serve as town constables, fire rangers, traffic cops, and game wardens. New trails for the convenience of Trail Riders must be constructed through the bush and over rugged passes.


You must stay at the bungalow camps awhile. If you like riding, fishing, hiking, or just loafing, you have found your *metier* there. They are among the least expensive, and to many, the most attractive of all forms of accommodation available in the Rockies. The ghost of expense haunting the hills should be laid; for there are motor camps, many degrees and varieties of hotels, and many alternatives; and the country is one that every Canadian should see at all costs.

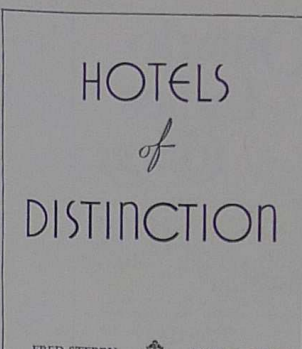
There's lots to see, lots to do out West; and Banff is but one of many places where you should stop awhile. Again: Let's get western this summer; it's fashionable, it's healthy, and you'll enjoy it hugely.

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