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In the late summer of 1920 as we completed the first Dominion Government Telephone Line south from Windermere to Fairmont Hot Springs I returned to my home in Windermere to look for another job, hopefully, for the winter. Within a few days I had located a job as a laborer out on the Banff-Windermere Road.

With my bed roll, plus other essentials, I took the mail stage from Windermere to Athalmer. From Athalmer, I took the train to Firlands where I transferred to the transportation system that was carrying the freight and passengers to the various construction sites on the Banff-Windermere road. The rapid transportation system then in operation consisted of several World War One Reo Trucks which had saw service in other areas of Canada before coming into the valley. There were also several teams and waggons employed in this transportation system to haul supplies and equipment to points along the way. Myself, along with several other valley residents were transported by the slow moving Reo trucks over the steep mountain grades and the high crowned road from Firlands to the camp site at Kootenay Crossing.

Upon arriving at Kootenay Crossing where the camp was established, I, along with several others were assigned to a medium sized square tent (a number of tents in the camp site at that time were the old army Bell Tents) suitable for four workmen. The bell tents had been in service in other areas of Canada before their arrival at Kootenay Crossing.

The camp was located on the left side of the road on a flat that had been previously cleared by one of the early settlers prior to the area becoming part of Kootenay Park. The previous owner, Mr. Robishaw, was now the camp blacksmith to shoe the

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various teams and to make repairs to the road equipment. The camp foreman, was Mr. Jim Finn, the camp cook, Bob Elliott. Stationed in the camp along with others on the project was the engineering crew, composed of some five men with Wally Wilson in charge of the engineering survey crew. Mr. Wilson was more or less the camp photographer and sold various construction pictures to the workers. At this late date, I still have four or five pictures that Mr. Wilson took while we were camped at the crossing. I do not remember the names of all the men who were on the engineering crew at that time, most, if not all were from the valley. One whose name I recall, was a Mr. ~~KAGXXX~~ Edgehill from the benches near Wilmer.

The following day after our arrival, I, along with several others were introduced to a Grubhoe, a Pick and a Shovel and taken east of the river to start clearing the moss and roots off the roadway. The slashing and burning had previously been completed, the many stumps had been cleared off the roadway and the survey stakes were all in place. To clear the moss and roots off the roadway we started on the very top of the sidehill clearing that had been slashed and continued working down the hill to below the center line. One of the purposes of clearing off the moss and roots, we were told, that the moss and roots got underneath the horse drawn slips and prevented the loading of them.

Our working days, as I recall, was nine hours on the job. I cannot recall what the wages were per hour or per day, or what we had to pay for camp board. Looking back to those days, I can say that I very much enjoyed the work, the camp environment and the excellent food prepared by our camp cook.

Our camp cook, a large man, whose mighty voice I can still hear, was formerly

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an army cook prior to coming into our area. Our camp cook, to many of us younger men, also acted as the Camp Alarm Clock . Each morning, around six, a.m. his mighty voice could be heard throughout the camp area as he called out, "Roll Out or Roll Up". On moving days, he called out, "Roll Out And Roll Up", and I do not care which.

When I arrived at the Kootenay Crossing camp in the early fall of 1920, they had just completed the western approach to the bridge. Material for this approach was obtained from burrow pits on each side of the highway. Horse drawn slips were in use with some eight to nine teams on the slip Merry-go-round, which we later called the "Slip Ring".

In the camp at this time (if my memory serves me correctly) there were nine or ten teams on the project from different areas of the valley. Eight or nine of those teams were employed on the merry-go-round slip ring. Day after day as the eagle eyed foreman walked up and down the grade the teams never stopped in their merry go round from the burrough pit to the fill with their loaded of fill to be deposited on the bridge approach or the fill along the project. Many stories could be related on happenings and experiences to those who filled the slips in the burrough pits or cuts along the project, or those employed to demp and spread the loaded slip upon arrival at the approach or fill.

There were times in the early summer when both men and horses had to put up with the pesky mosquitos in the area as they traversed the merry-go-round in the slip ring circle. We never experienced the mosquitos so bad in our area as the story related to us on the experience of one teamster's experience when building the Kootenay Central Railway along the Columbia River south of Golden. The story,

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as related to us told of one teamster, to escape from the hordes of mosquitos, turned his slip upside down and crawled underneath it. The mosquitos, to get at their intended victim underneath the slip drilled holes through the metal slip. The intended victim underneath bent their drills over as they penetrated through and thus made it impossible for them to ~~fix~~ withdraw their drills. Soon there were so many mosquitos securely attached to the metal slip that they flew away with it, leaving their intended victim at the mercy of the many unattached mosquitos in the area.

During my first week or ten days at the camp I had noticed that one very fine team of horses were having problems with their handler. In the evenings, after the long days work each team, on ~~the~~ its way to their stabeling quarters would stop at the watering hole at the rivers edge on their way to the barns. The handler of this team was a very loud mouthed individual who seemed to delight in getting the team all excited with both the end of the reins and by loud abusive words. Having noticed this, with a few thoughts of my own on such behavior I passed it off as it was of no concern to me as it did not have anything to do with me and the ancient hand tools that I was then using. On several occassions, silently, to myself, I wondered why our foreman did not notice what I had observed, or why he did not do something about it, those were some of the thoughts that ran through my troubled mind.

Late one evening, some ten days after my arrival in the camp, and to my great surprise, Harry Smyth, a very respected friend of ny Father's and a well known horseman of the valley for many years, arrived at my tent to have a quiet talk with me. His purpose on visiting with me was to ask if I would take Frank Richardson's team for the

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balance of the season. This was the team that I had observed, on numerous occasions that was having trouble with their handler.

After much discussion with Harry, I informed him that I had no interest in handling a team as I had, had very little experience (none at all in such construction work as this), and, besides I did not think that I could stand the merry-go-round for nine hours in the slip ring. Harry left my tent rather discouraged for being turned down as I sat on the edge of my bunk pondering, to myself if I had done the right thing. However, in my eyes, this was the end of the team business as I pondered over our late night discussion. I did not realize that this proposal would keep recurring over the next few days.

The next evening, our foreman, Jim Finn, a man who I had come to respect in my short stay thus far in the camp, arrived at my tent with the same proposal as that presented to me the night before by Harry Smyth. Again, as I had the previous night, I rejected the offer with a number of very lame excuses which did not apparently meet with either of their proposals. I had noticed, as Mr. Finn explained to me that the former, loud mouthed teamster had been removed from handling the team and an elderly man had taken them over temporarily until such time as they could find a man, preferably a younger man to take the team over for the balance of the season. In my eyes, that man would not be me, so I thought. What I did not know, and later learned, was the working, in the background to trick me into being the driver of that Frank ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Richardson's team.

The following morning, after meeting with foreman Finn, a great surprise came to me in a well planned way, undoubtedly played by Harry Smyth, the foreman, Jim Finn and the temporary

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teamster. As the eight to ten teams were in the process of walking from the camp site to the work area, followed by all the workmen, the Frank Richardson team was placed in the rear. Walking close behind the Richardson team were a number of the workmen, also on their way to the work area. ~~HARRYXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ Harry Richardson happened to be one of the workmen bringing up the rear of the procession of teams and men on their way to work. As it happened, Harry happened to be close to the teamster (possibly the teamster moved over deliberately to be close to Harry - one never knows) he handed the reins to Harry quietly, asking Harry to hold the reins while he rolled himself a cigarette. Harry, unsuspectedly took the reins as the teamster removed his Bull Durham sack of tobacco from his shirt pocket and proceeded to roll his cigarette. Some discussion took place while the cigarette was being rolled. With the rolling completed, the teamster lit his cigarette and turning to Harry, he remarked, Good Luck Son, then turned around and headed back to the camp area. Harry, with the reins of the Frank Richardson team now in his hands after refusing to have anything to do with them on two previous ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ nights meeting, now found himself on a narrow road fill surrounded with teams and workmen, now had to face reality.. Ahead, there was a number of weeks work ahead which would include many miles of walking - the road behind, offered a return to the valley if ~~It~~ I did not continue on with the team, that road had a bleak future of nothing in sight until early spring at the earliest. The road ahead looked the most promising so I stayed with the team which pleased both our foreman and Harry Smyth who had first advanced the idea to me.

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Having been tricked into taking over the job of teamster for the Frank Richardson team in the early fall of 1920, I found myself, along with the team as a member of the merry-go-round slip ring operating from the burrow pit, on the east side of Kootenay Crossing to build up the bridge approach off the road on the east side. Jim Finn, our eagle eyed foreman was ever present to see that both men and horses continued the never ending round and round of the slip ring. Jim Finn, was a dam fine foreman who (rightly) expected and received a fine days work from both men and horses on the job. In ~~the~~ that era, Mr. Finn only had men and horses as a source of energy on the project. Other forms of energy had not yet entered the isolated area in which we were working. In those far off days if one wished to increase production they employed more men and horses to assist with the work.

The Frank Richardson team (two mares) was the only team ~~and~~ the project that had a stable to themselves, all others were enclosed in a large area of their own. The Richardson team were stabled quite a distance from all others to keep them quiet during the dark nights. It was not uncommon to have to go to the stable area at night to quiet them down or to get one or the other out of the feed manger. This team could not be kept in the ~~same~~ area as other horses due to their periodic outbreaks of kicking and squealing among others and among themselves. Out on the job, in all areas in which they worked they were admired by foreman Jim Finn. They seemed to know the time for lunch and for the end of the day to the minute which greatly amused our foreman (In those far off days, there were No Coffee Breaks for either men or horses).

On many occasions when lunch or quitting time was near at hand

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and foreman Finn happened to be in the area, he would quietly step over and take hold of the butt chains and rattle them so as to get the ~~KAMM~~ response of the team, this greatly amused Mr. Finn. The two horses would put their heads together and start prancing as if to say "thank you" for the end of another days work or a lunch break at noon. Mr. Finn greatly admired this teams response to his rattling of the butt chains, as he was a great admirer of this team and all teams on the project. On the job, Mr. Finn expected a full days work from both the men and the horsesm, both of which ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~AND~~ he respected and gave credit too.

Several weeks after taking over the Frank Richardson team the construction was closed down until the spring of 1921. With the closing off the Kootenay Crossing camp all teams returned to the various areas of the valley. In my case, I returned the team to Frank Richardson's in Athalmer and then proceeded on to my home in Windermere for a few days before returning back to the park for the winter work, located on the steep mountain side at a site, then known as the Thirteen Mile camp. Our camp faced to the east in an area surrounded by fire killed trees on both sides of the road and to the north and south of the camp site. Here we would live in tents until the early spring. Our tents were all built up several logs high which were banked up with earth fill and snow. Each tent had an additional covering, then known as a fly, to protect the heavy melting snow or rain from penetrating to the inside. The four or five logs high, on which the tents were erected, was to give some protection from falling trees, trees sliding down the mountain side, and to give additional height inside the tents so that the tenants could stand erect.

Several teams were employed to bring in our supplies over the winter from the railroad station at Firlands. There were quite a large number of workmen employed in the camp, including the resident engineer, Mr. C. A. Davidson, who had his headquarters in the camp area. All were comfortably housed in tents, usually four to a tent. Each tent was equipped with a fine camp heater which was serviced throughout the day and night by the camp attendants assigned to that project on a twenty-four basis.

The camp cook, was our old familiar Mighty Voice, who had been our cook earlier at Kootenay Crossing. The foreman, was Jim Finn who also had been our foreman at Kootenay Crossing. (I cannot recall if Jim Gibson, the other camp foreman was also in our camp with his crew at this time throughout the winter. I have memories in my mind that Mr. Gibson's crew were also in our camp at this time and that his crew worked the area south of the camp on the more steep side of the mountain. Our crew worked the area north, down hill, towards the area of the Settlers Road.

The camp was composed of valley residents from Golden in the north to the Windermere area in the south. In my tent, there were four residents during the winter, Harry Smyth, Graham Nicols, Eddy Barbour and myself.

The purpose of this winter camp was to fall all the fire killed timber back to one hundred feet each ~~side~~ on each side of the road throughout the fire killed area. (If my memory serves me correctly, that forest fire that went through the area happened in 1916, the smoke from it was felt in the area of Windermere). All falling crews started off on the upper side of the highway to clear that area first before working the area below the road. Safety for the workmen was the reason that the clearing took place on the upper side of the road first. Many trees, if fallen up

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up the hill or down the hill would slide on the numerous windfalls down onto the road and some would continue onto the lower side of the road. Many trees, especially the larger ones which had their tops and limbs burned off, when fallen along the steep side hill would roll down onto the road and would have to be cleared from that area. Some of those trees, that had been cleared of all limbs and their tops by the fire would take off at great speed when fallen up or down the hillside.

The crews were made up of three men, two sawyers and one axeman. Many arguments could be heard coming over the clear mountain air from the many inexperienced crews then found in the area who would argue, quite loudly, as to which way the tree would fall. Some very hot and vocal arguments could sometimes be heard, especially from those who had not previously worked in a forested area. There were several falling crews, especially from the Athalmer and ~~KXXXXX~~ Invermere area who had not been in the valley very long, and, who had had no previous experience in working in such dangerous forested area. Working on a steep mountain side it is often confusing to decide if the tree is leaning up or down the hill. To decide which way to undercut the tree and then find that the tree has settled back on your saw and will not fall the way you suggested, presented a problem, hence many arguments. How are you to get your saw out of the cut, was the number one problem, then, which way will the damn tree fall anyway? Such problems led to many heated arguments in the crews working to our right and left.

The falling team that I worked with, included Harold Richardson (no relation of mine, - a relative of Frank Richardson in Athalmer) and an old Frenchman who we called "Frenchie", and myself. Harold and

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I were the sawyers, while Frenchie was our ~~XXX~~ wandering Axe Man until we had him removed to camp duties as a safety measure to ourselves and to him.

The area in which all crews worked was, for the most part, covered with an assortment of fallen dead timbers, ranging in various sizes, plus the new second growth Jack Pine. Working in winter with several feet of snow on the ground (at times waist deep) , which covers the many windfalls, made it extremely hazardous to move about. In addition, to add to further danger, was the fact that many of the standing stubbs (trees with all limbs and the top burned off) were extremely dangerous as many were burned nearly through at the base while others were nearly burned through at distances of from ten feet above the ground to near their top. Such long snags, often when hit one solid clip with the axe would come falling down without direction as happened to Harold and I, and which resulted in our axeman being removed to the camp area.

As Harold and I were sawing in the undercut on a very large tree, our axeman, wandering aimlessly, as was his usual procedure, took a hefty ^{chop} ~~cut~~ at a tree with with its top burned off and about thirty feet in ~~length~~ height. This stub of a tree was around six to eight inches in diameter. Frenchie hit the stub one hard axe blow with his axe near its base at ground level and it headed in the direction of Harold and I who had just completed the sawing of the undercut and were waiting on our axe man to cut out the undercut. Looking up I saw this long stub coming directly at us. Realizing that we were in danger as we stood among the many windfalls, I gave Harold a push as I ducked down in the hopes of getting by body below the level of the surrounding windfalls. Alas, I was a bit slow and the stub hit me across the left shoulder driving me down into the snow.

~~Almost immediately~~

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Almost immediately I stood up to hear Harold ask how I was, to which I replied fine, I guess. Harold says you better lie down as you do not look too good. With Harold's request I layed down in the snow sweating greatly. Next thing that I remember was that I was being assisted to the camp and put into bed. For several hours after this I sweat greatly to the point where my ~~WOLLEN~~ heavy woolen underwear was very wet. Throughout the night I had to lay on my right side as the left shoulder, around the shoulder blade to near the spine was covered with numerous blood blisters. Next morning, with some determination, I went back to the work area and managed to hold my end up on the business end of the cross cut saw. My left arm and shoulder were still very sore so I could not use that arm for sawing. This also presented Harold with a problem as he would now have to learn to saw with his left hand, a condition that he could not formally do as I always sawed on the left while Harold sawed on the right. It made no difference to me as to which side I sawed from, either right or left, the same applied to axe work which I found was of great assistance over the years while working with timber crews.

My left shoulder continued to be quite painful for many weeks and has given me some trouble over the years as age crept up. Our axeman was immediately transfered from the falling crew to the maintenance crew around the camp.

With the arrival of the christmas season most of the boys left the camp for their various homes in the valley. On our way out, Ed. Barbour, along with several others and myself stopped over at the springs small store to purchase several small articles, such as plugs of tobacco, matches, etc. to take along with us to give to William Morpath who lived in an isolated, log cabin just north

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of the highway and just east of the crossroads. It was customary among some of the workmen as they left the springs area or were ~~XXXXXXXX~~ entering that area to pick up a few odds and ends to give to Mr. Morpath as we passed by and to have a few words with him. We enjoyed meeting with the old fellow who we referred to as the "Hermit". In the past, we had stopped many times to greet the old hermit, to pass the time of day and to give him several gifts. If he was outside on his woodpile or about the yard, we stopped. However, if he was not in sight we would never go to his cabin to see if he was home as we were suspicious of his goings on. On one occasion as we came out of the park, loaded with several gifts, we found the old hermit busy on his wood pile. After a brief discussion around the woodpile, the old hermit invited us in to see his log home. What a surprise we got as we entered the log cabin on the south east side, entering, we turned sharply left, along the log wall on our left and a tent on our right. All along the log wall throughout its interior was neatly piled wood for the kitchen stove, piled some six feet high. After walking the length of the building on the inside, you made two, sharp right hand turns to come to the tent entrance on your right hand, located in the north east corner of the log house and tent combination. Entering the tent, one found a low burning candle sitting on the kitchen table.. We did not spend much time in this rather scarry combination of log house-tent living quarters. This was the one and only visit that I made to the interior of William Morpath's living quarters and it was sufficient to satisfy my curiosity throughout my working period in the area. The pages of history relate the happenings in that area a few years down the road on which much could be written and possibly avoided.

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Towards the end of the winter of 1920- 1921, with the camp work project completed, the camp was closed and all employees were sent to the various homes up and down the valley. Myself, I returned to Windermere to involve myself in some late ling fishing, some muskrat trapping and miles and miles of ice skating from one end of Lake Windermere to the other in search of more muskrats. Undoubtedly during those few idle weeks with no job, I engaged in the traditional local pastime of spending untold numbers of hours each day on the business end of a six foot cross-cut saw cutting wood for friends, neighbors and our home, or to sell to private homes in Athalmer, Invermere and Windermere. In those far off days, wood was delivered to Athalmer or Invermere (by way of Tayntons bay), as we used the lake instead of the highway. Our loads consisted of around two to and a half cords per load which we sold for around Four dollars, ~~XXXX~~ delivered and piled. In this year, 1984, what would workmen think of going several miles to the east of Windermere to fall trees, hand cut them into the required length for sale, then split them with axes and wedges, load them onto sleighs to be delivered three to six miles or more, all for the price of around four dollars per cord. This all took place in the age of low energy and at a time when there were often great scarcities in such items as hay, oats for the horses, fresh fruits and vegetables and various canned good for people, to mention only a few. Mechanical energy (extraneous energy) as we know it today was none existent in our area at that time. In order to supply more wood, if required in the area we had to employ more men on the business end of the cross cut saw along with more horses to move it from the forest to the homes and businesses where it was required.

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As the spring of 1921 began to arrive I found temporary employment on the business end of a long handle shovel to shovel gravel into horse drawn waggon dump truck at a gravel pit mid-way between the Hammond Ranch and Sameul Brewers Ranch (in those days, the long handle shovel was always ~~XXXX~~ to be found on all jobs, during the depression years (later) the short handle shovel came into existence, which some foremen claimed that they could get MORE WORK out of the employee as he was closer to his work. In reply to that stupid thought, we asked some of the foremen of that day, "Why put handles in the shovels in the first place"? . If there was NO Handle, the workman would be much closer to his work.

While working at the Hammond Ranch gravel pit a messenger arrived to see me from Frank Richardson in Athalmer, requesting that I take his team again for the season out to the Banff-Windermere Road. I informed the messenger that I would take the team and that I would be down to Athalmer the next day to see Frank Richardson. Completing the day at the gravel pit, I walked home to Windermere and proceeded, during the evening, to assemble my bed roll and other essentials to carry with me throughout the summer.

Next day, about mid day I found a ride to Athalmer where I met with Frank Richardson and made the necessary arrangements for the summer work. Leaving Frank's store, I proceeded over to the barn to care for the team and get everything in readiness for early next mornings trip to Firlands. Having completed everything at the stable area, I proceeded to look for a room for the night and found one about a block west of the Tin House (Coronation Hotel). Several hours after supper I proceeded upstairs to my room in the dimly lit hallway. As I walked to my room, which was rather late at night, I noticed that adjoining rooms had their lights on which seemed a bit strange, and ,

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since it was none of my business I entered my room and proceeded to retire for the night. Shortly after retiring, I continued hearing movements from the adjoining rooms and at times some loud talking. Thinking nothing of ~~kk~~ this commotion I rolled over in my bed in the hopes of getting a good nights rest to prepare me for the hard day ahead. The continuous noise from the other rooms kept me awake for a short period of time, then suddenly I too was rolling from side to side in my bed, jumping out of bed to scratch myself as I threw the blankets rapidly back to see what was causing my unsettled condition. It did not take long before I surprised my very unsuspecting bed partners as Bed Bugs. The first and only time in my life that I had ever met up with these bed fellows. As the bed bugs and I could not get along in the same bed for that night I replaced my clothing, bid those hungry bed bugs goodbye and moved over to the stable area to spend an undisturbed nights sleep in the stable among the hay. It was far more comfortable and relaxing to rest on top of the hay than to be covered with blankets under which a number of bed bugs were there to greet and accompany you for the night.

Early next morning, with the team and waggon, plus the necessary equipment we headed for Firlands where we would spend the night in preparation for the next days trip over the Sinclair Summit. For that night, I had a very good bed, free from any companions.

Early next morning, having fed and cleaned the team, I, along with some other teamster were served an excellent breakfast in the farmhouse. Shortly after breakfast the team and I moved down to the railroad station at Firlands to be met by several attendants there to load my waggon. There was also a second team present, but I do not recall who it was. The attendants had a list of what our load of freight

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to Kootenay Crossing would contain. For my waggon, the load consisted of baled hay, oats and cases of dynamite, twenty and forty percent strength. As the attendants started loading the dynamite onto my waggon they had many comments on such cases, such as, 'well it is only twenty percent as they carried the cases onto the waggon and dropped them to the floor. To me, who had not had any previous experience in either moading or hauling such material, I was greatly concerned in the behavior and remarks of those experienced ? loaders who were very prominent in the area for many years thereafter.

With the waggons loaded, we headed eastward over the Sincãair Summitt with our heavily loaded waggons and the steep grades along the way. From the summitt, down the long hill we met up with considerable snow, water and mud along the way, plus numerous rocks that had rolled down onto the highway and which he had to roll or lift off the roadway in our path. On reaching the bottom of the hill another problem we had to contend with was the many very soft spots in the road where our heavily loaded waggons sank nearly to the axle in places, which placed an additional load on our willing teams. Reaching McLeod Meadows, we pulled into the area, prepared our teams for the night and then entered the cabin to prepare our supper, to warm the cabin up for a good nights rest - hopefully, if Mr. Pack Rat did not make his appearance to leave his very undesirable trail along the way or on our clothes. During this rather hectic day, plus the very tough and bumpy road along the way, I had some thoughts regarding those cases of dynamite which made up a portion of my load.

Early next morning ~~we loaded our waggons with an assortment of~~
~~camp supplies and again headed~~ our two teams were headed to our final destination at Kootenay Crossing where we unloaded our cargo and returned to McLeod Meadows to spend

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our second night on our way out to Firlands for our second and final load.

On our second trip, we loaded our waggons with an assortment of camp supplies and again headed over Sinclair Summitt and through to McLeod Meadows. (Returning for our second trip, we travelled from McLeod Meadows to Firlands where we stopped over for the night..)

With our arrival at Kootenay Crossing with our second freight load from Firlands, we proceeded to get the camp constructed as it had been in the fall of 1920. For my team, they returned to the same area that they had occupied the previous fall. The cook tent was erected in the same location, so also were all other tents. Many other teams followed closely behind our second trip, most of which brought in supplies. With the arrival of all teams, the freighting was taken over with several Reo trucks to haul in the supplies daily from Firlands to Kootenay Crossing.

Our Camp. in the spring of 1921 was operated by our previous foreman, Jim Finn, with Bob Elliott (mighty voice) as the excellent cook. A second camp was also established around this time in the area, then known as The Island Camp, with Jim Gibson, again as foreman. (A brother to Jim Gibson, once operated the farm on the back road on Windermere Creek, he had three sons who attended the school in Windermere along with my family and the Tegart family

As camp operations started in the spring of 1921 at Kootenay Crossing, the teams and crews were engaged in completing the eastern approach to the bridge and adding some fill to the western approach which had settled over the winter months. For the first ten days or so, me and my team were part of the merry go round on the slip ring to haul dirt, with horse drawn slips from the burrow pits to complete the eastern approach.

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After some ten days on the merry-go-round, the team and I were moved ahead to start pulling stumps from off the rideaway that had previously been slashed and burned the previous year. The larger stumps were shot ahead of us a short distance by several men acting as the explosive crew. Occassionally we would pull a stump to discover that there was a dynamite charge underneath that had not been exploded. When such a condition happened, my chainman let the explosive man, who was working ahead of us know about the incident in very plain language.

The highway stumps had been pulled previously to my starting to the first lake, east of Kootenay Crossing. From that point on, through to east of Wardle Creek, where we joined with the Alberta crew, my team pulled all the stumps and built the first Tote Roads along the many sidehills so that waggons could get in.

Working with me as Chainmen in the beginning, was Joe DeCosta from Wilmer and Tom Hart from down the valley. In addition, working along with us, were some six men with picks and shovels to assist with the building of the Tote Road for future waggon travel. The tote road started at the highest part of the rideway clearing and continued down the hill until we had sufficient width for waggons which would be some distance above the final grade which had been laid out (staked) by Wally Wilson and his small crew, working just ahead of us and behind the explosive crew. Standard practice ^{those} in ~~KNA~~ far off days , and a requirement of the Parks authorities, was that all stumps removed from the rideway had to be hauled back into the bush a sufficient distance that they could not be seen from the motor road. All trails, as used to haul the stumps back into the bush area had to be hidden as much as was possible from view of those passing by in the future. A lot of of sidehill work

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was required along the many sidehills from the first lake, to the second lake and the many sidehills and sharp switch backs leading down to where we first reached the Vermillion River.

(Years later, the period, 1932 to 1935, several of our young workmen, who were also amateur trout fishermen, while camped at Kootenay Crossing, caught a number of small trout which they kept alive in gallon fruit cans from the kitchen area, carried them to the first lake east of the crossing where they were released. Since that time, I have heard that some trout have been caught in that lake .)

Before carrying on with the road construction ahead, a look back to some of the activities, after regular working hours around the camp area. In the fall of 1920, at Halloween time, there was great activity around the camp as the young men, to celebrate the occasion, carried out a number of pranks around the camp, such as chaining all the horse drawn slips together, barricading the road with a number of stumps, logs, etc. One of the main events of that historic night was to take the blacksmith's democrat, (Mr. Robshaw's) and hang it high up in a tree, some thirty feet to forty feet immediately behind the blacksmith shop where it stayed for many days. Other activities, as a form of recreation after hours was horse shoes and football (now called soccer). Soccer was played several nights a week to prepare the camp team to meet the Jim Gibson team on our field. Gibson's team did not have a suitable area for playing so all challenge games were played in the camp area of Kootenay Crossing. On sundays, swimming was also a great camp sport which usually took place at the first lake east of the crossing. Red Hawks, from down the valley was undoubtedly the champion surface swimmer and also the champion underwater swimmer.

The Kootenay River was also a place where the swimmers enjoyed

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the sport until one of the swimmers nearly met up with a fatal accident as he dived into the very muddy river at its peak flood condition. Diving in the muddy water one evening the diver came up with a long scratch extending diagonally from his shoulder to near his knees. The scratch was that deep that it brought blood all along the area and scared other divers and swimmers from participating in that river sport until the river had cleared and receded from its flood state. Of all camp activities, I think Poker drew more participants than all other activities. Each night, there were several games being played in different tents.

As the camp opened up in the early spring of 1921 there were a number of young fellows from the valley back in the camp who had been there the previous fall. A few days after our arrival at Kootenay Crossing in the very early spring of 1921, there was quite a bit of ice and snow in various areas. The river was still covered with heavy ice pack on each bank that showed the level ~~XXXXXX~~ of the water back into the surrounding brush area from the winter weather. Steps had to be cut through the ice in the area of the cook tent to get water for the camp site. The river, at that point was quite ~~XXXX~~ narrow, possibly twenty feet at most, but rather deep.

Several days after our arrival at the camp, a challenge was issued by several of the younger Polar Bears Swimmers of the area to swim across the river and back in the area where the water was taken from for the kitchen cook house. A few mornings later, one of the few days that the camp did not work due to weather conditions, on this morning, amidst heavy snow, mixed with rain, plus wind, a call rang through the camp challenging swimmers, throughout the camp for the swim across the river and back. The tents were located were located some one hundred and fifty feet or more from the river bank.

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Four men, in the nude, came rushing across the muddy field for the race. As they left the muddy field they had to walk, or run some ten or more feet across the ice and then dive into the river some six or more feet below. Several stopped at the ice edge and hesitated, two others ran across the ice, but only one took the dive and swam across the river and back, that one was Red Hawk. He dove in, swam ~~across~~ across the river and back, crawled up over the ice and made a ~~XXXX~~ grand rush to the comfort of the tent.

On Sunday, with the river at flood stage, several explorers, with several axes and some bailing wire collected up around the horse barns, proceeded some distance up the river (possibly a mile) to build a raft on which they planned to drift down the swollen river to the camp site. After completing the raft, cutting several poles to assist in guiding it down river, one of the very eager explorers jumped on the raft, without a pole, to show his readiness as a brave river rat. To his great surprise, several of his companions gave the raft a huge shove out into the current where he found himself all alone floating down the swollen river, with its large overhanging bushes along the way, all his to enjoy. His many companions, to their great delight, rushed through the winding trail to the camp to collect several lengths of rope to throw to him as he passed under the bridge. For some reason or other, they missed him at the bridge, but caught up with him a short distance downstream at the point where we watered the many teams. He reported that he enjoyed his solo trip down the swollen river except for those many places where the current pushed him through the many overhanging bushes along the way..

Jim Gibson's Crew from the Meadows Camp area arrived several Sundays for soccer games, which, in those days was known to us as just Football. I do not remember the scores or who were the winners,

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it afforded entertainment and pleasure to our group in that isolated area. Later, I will relate an incident that took place after the Jim Gibson crew moved ahead of us, to the banks of the Vermillion River.

One night, a number of the occupants of our adjoining tents were visiting us, and, to our surprise, our foreman, Jim Finn made his appearance with a book in his hand. This was very much out of the ordinary for our foreman to visit around the tents at night, we wondered what was taking place. Mr. Finn had in his hand a book, ~~XXXX~~ possibly the Popular Mechanics, in which there was an advertisement showing an instrument which they called a "Radio". Mr. Finn went on to read the advertisement to us and then to discuss how nice it would be if we, in the isolated area, at that point in time, could have such an instrument to pick up music or news reports from the outside world. Mr. Finn continued to emphasize his interest to us in such an instrument but there was no interest among us for such an instrument. In fact, to a number of us, the thought of such an instrument and what the advertisement had to say was so far over our heads that it was all a dream years into the future. On many occasions since that evening, in that isolated area, I have thought of how unreceptive we were regarding a simple idea that was placed before us that evening long ago.

Sitting around the camp fire on another occasion a group of us were yarning about past experiences with a few thoughts to the tomorrow. Many experiences were related and a few ideas for the future when one of our number addressed us with such a far out idea regarding the future that he was almost tied to a stake to be burned up with his idea of the future. Our discussion had centered on various cars of that era, all of which, so far as we were concerned were of the open touring models of that day with curtains that could

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be hung up to shield oneself from the weather. Our bright boy addressed us with the idea, that future cars would all be manufactured and enclosed with Glass (of all things ?). all around to shield and protect us from the weather. His simple idea, or his thoughts to the future regarding the glassed in cars was received with a very loud disapproval - Why, they asked, people would not ride in such cars for fear of being cut to pieces if the car met up with an accident. How wrong we were then as a group regarding an instrument called a Radio and closed in cars.

As we proceeded eastward from Kootenay Crossing the distance became too great to return each noon hour to the camp so lunches were packed up for the crews. The many teams also had to be fed and watered. As there was no water throughout this area the water, plus lunches and feed , such as hay and oats for the horses also had to be transported from the camp area. This project fell to me and my team and the chainman who worked with me. Each morning, with several large barrells on the waggon, we pulled over to the river and loaded up the barrells and hauled them out and parked them in a suitable area for the noon hour crews. This was the only team and waggon that had a full load each morning to take out to the work area , the rest of the teams proceeded to the work area empty. Many workmen would climb on the waggons to hitch a ride to the work area until stopped by our foreman. The same applied at night as we returned with the empty waggon to the camp area, many of the workmen would climb on the empty waggon until stopped by our foreman who told the men that the team had worked hard all day as they had. There were some who did not like the foremans interference and complained but in the end the foremans orders were obeyed. Mr..Finn also

explained that there was a safety measure involved, such as the waggon upsetting or the team running away - good thinking on the part of Mr. Finn

As we completed the pulling of the many stumps along the many hillsides to the large flat, to where we could look down, for the first time to the Vermillion River, it was a relief to get away from those hillsides and onto more level ground, temporarily. On this large flat there were many stumps to be pulled before we came to the down hill area again as we wended our way towards the Vermillion River. First off, to pull the stumps, then build a tote road along the winding hillside area, suitable for waggon traffic to allow Jim Gibson and his crew to move ahead of us from the Meadows Camp.

As we constructed the tote road in the above section, we also had to have our waggon along with us to haul lunch supplies for the small crew and water for all the party. On our way into this area, we left a number of barrells of water on top of the hill for the main crew. Arriving at our work destination for the day, our waggon was left part way down the hill at a very sharp turn in the road. As we worked ahead, one of our number was given the job as Water Boy, this job fell to my earlier working companion of the previous winter, "Frenchie". At noon hour we all returned to the waggon for lunches. During one mid afternoon period I sent our water boy, Frenchie back to the waggon for several buckets of water for the crew. Shortly after he left, we saw him come a running, breathelessly over the hill with the empty water buckets floating through the air. As he reached reached our area, breathless, we asked him where the water was ? - poor Frenchie, all he could say "Black - Black" (etc) plus some words that I will not repeat. Finally, after he got his breath back he said that as he rounded the sharp corner where the waggon was

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parked, all he saw was a very Black animal up in the waggon rumaging through the lunch pails. Not knowing what the animal was, and caring less, he decided the best move for him was to return to the safety of the working crew to find out what that strange black object was in the waggon. When we told him it was likely a black bear, that settled Frenchies trip back for water until we parked the waggon in an area where it could be seen from a greater distance.

As the Jim Gibson crew moved ahead of us, in the early summer of 1921, one of their first priorities was to erect a long piece of log cribbing along the Vermillion River at the large gravel slide and to construct a tote road through that area so that the Jim Finn crew could move ahead from Kootenay Crossing. At this time, that gravel slide came right down into the river making it impossible to build a tote road along the area without a proctive cribbing wall.

As the Jim Gibson crew moved to the Vermillion area, the Soccer (football) rivalry between the two camps became more intense as the crews were now much closer, within walking distance over the old pack trail . Every few weeks, on a sunday, there would be a soccer game at the crossing. Also, there was swimming in the lake just east of the crossing which interested swimmers, from both camps. One of Invermere's finest young men at that time spent one of his sundays swimming and as a spectator at the soccer game with us at the crossing. Shortly before dark as he was returning to his camp over the steep mountain pack trail, he came across a brown bear with two cubs a short distance to the side of the trail. As he related the story to me some few days later, he said he started running down the trail with his bathing suit in one hand and his brownie camera in the other and a jack rabbit jumped out of the bushes in front of him and started

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running down the trail in front of him. He said that he kicked that rabbit off the trail and told it to let someone run that could run. Next day he returned back up the trail to pick up his camera and bathing suit that he had dropped as he ran down the trail.

Another interesting thing that happened on numerous occasions during that summer and one in which I have not yet found an answer to. Lunching out as we did day after day throughout the summer, the camp cook nearly always included one, or several four pound cans of jam, usually Plum and Apple, and Blackberry. The plum and apple jam was not too bad, but that blackberry, with all its seeds, was not liked by any of the workmen. Each day, as the lunch buckets were returned to the camp kitchen, the cans of blackberry jam were left in the area where we lunched. Such tins, with the lids securely in place, would be found the following day nearly empty. The covers would still be in place but the cans would have a number of holes in them about half an inch in diameter. On opening the tins, we would find that practically all the thick jam had been extracted by the bears. Blackberry jam, in those far off days, was very thick and would not flow out of the cans - how then did the bears remove the jam from the covered cans ?

I am not sure at this point in time if the Jim Finn crew moved east of the Gibson Crew in the late summer of 1921 from Kootenay Crossing. In any event, when the Finn crew moved east from the crossing, they moved about a mile east of the Vermillion River gravel slide, to a large gravel flat a few feet above the river. (Around 1933, or 1934, when we were camped again at this same location with Jim Duncan's crew we were flooded out by the rapidly rising Vermillion River, we moved our camp site twice then

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and finally moved all the camp to the Vermillion River Crossing site) .
(More on that in a later article - If I get around to it ?)

The rideaway, just east of the Vermillion river gravel slide, had been covered with a very heavy growth of spruce trees and the moss covering the area was very heavy. Due to the gravel and hard pan type of soil in this area, several problems presented themselves. Shooting such stumps did not prove very successful, secondly, to pull the stumps, many of the roots had to be cut, leaving much of the root system still in the ground, plus all the moss, both of which caused much difficulty with grading and fills with the slips. To overcome this problem, Harry Smyth, with his many years of logging operations over a large area in the valley, came forth with the idea of using Cable and two single blocks, a hitch which he named the Luff. Apparently, Harry and the foreman had discussed this method to overcome the heavy moss with its many roots. Harry came to me with the idea and suggested this new method and how it worked. Several days later several hundred feet of heavy cable arrived along with two single blocks. Harry came out into the field with the new equipment and proceeded to show ~~me~~ us how to make the it up - For the third single block we threw the cable loop around a distance stump, then we were in business. This new method proved very successful and was used throughout our project. One disadvantage, the stumps, plus their connected root system and the moss covered such a large area that we had trouble moving them off the ~~XXXXXX~~ rideaway once we had removed the block and tackle. On reaching the edge of the cleared rideaway many of them had to be trimmed before we pulled them back into the forest to hide them from view of the travelling future public.

Working with the cable and blocks to pull the many stumps in the mid summer of 1922, I had two chainmen to assist with the additional

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as very few of the stumps were shot in this area. One of our biggest problem was if we had a large root directly behind our pull we had to search for it and cut it off.

The road crew working behind us at this point had been split up into two crews, one engaged in the construction of the roadway and the other in constructing a bridge over the rock and snow slide that crossed the road as one leaves the river bottom, some distance east of the Vermillion river gravel slide. To make the approaches to the bridge some new equipment was brought in for the long haul required. This new equipment was wheeled scrapers and was used only at this location on the British Columbia section. Those wheeled scrapers required extra men to both load and unload, they also required an extra team to assist in the loading. This extra team, named a snatch team, was connected ahead of the pole team and unhitched as the scraper was loaded. Apparently, the extra energy required to load and unload them was too costly. Benny Raugh, from the lower end of the valley operated this extra team while the wheeled scrapers were in operation.

In the process of building up the approaches to each side of the bridge, it was necessary for the teams to turn the 360 degrees on the bridge with the wheeled scrapers. This was no problem for most of the teamsters except one very old man from the Golden area who had only one arm. This fine old man, with his handicap of one arm had the largest team of any working in any of the camps. One day, while turning on the bridge with the wheeled scraper the team started backing up with the scraper in spite of all the old man could do. The result, the wheeled scraper dropped over the edge of the bridge and had it not been for quick action on the part of several other workmen it looked as though the team would continue to

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back up and fall over the bridge. Shortly thereafter he was taken off this job and put to work in another area to handle the heavy breaking plow, or on the grader, many times with the skillfull teamster Harry Smyth in control. With Harry at the controls, that team could move most anything.

With the completion of both approaches to the bridge, our camp moved from the river flat area to Wardle Creek, on the left hand side for the camp and the teams. In the case of my team, a seperate area was set aside and on the opposite side of the creek. This camp site was quite crowded with all the tents and stables. Shortly before our camp was moved to the Wardle Creek area, the Jim Gibson camp was moved back to the area around the springs

From Wardle Creek, eastward to where we loined onto the section of road that had already been completed by the Alberta crew, under Ernie Bird. Here we met with a similar condition as we had, had a few miles back. There were numerous stumps, much moss, underlain with heavy hardpan which the roots could not penetrate. As we entered that area, we reverted back to the block and cable method. Looking back to that time and what the rideway looked like as we pulled the many stumps I often wish that I had a picture of it as it was almost impossible to walk down the rideway between the stumps and their very large roots. I remember that when we worked this area there was some photographer came through the area and took some pictures of that jungle of roots. Several years ago on a visit through Banff, I stopped at the archives to have a look for such pictures but had no luck.

After having completed the ~~pulling~~ pulling of the stumps to where the road had already been constructed by the Alberta crew, my team and I, along with my chainman, Red Gaffney, were moved back to work with the bridge crew that were cutting and hewing the timbers

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for the wooden bridge across Wardle Creek. Mr. Hantz was the official broadaxe man who did the squaring of all the timbers required for the bridge, such as the main stringers and other timbers that had to be squared. Mr. Alex Gilmore was the assistant to Mr. Hantz as he did all the axe work, such as scoring the timbers, removing the bark, and branches. There were several others in the crew whose names I have forgotten. Mr. Red Gaffney, the team and I had the job of hauling the prepared timbers out of the wooded area to the bridge site. All timbers required for the bridge had to be cut a required distance back in the wooded area so as not to be visible from the road for future tourists. The trees had to be cut close to the ground and the remaining stump covered with moss to hide their removal.

As the timbers were delivered to the bridge site (the majority were cut on the east side of the creek and to the right of the road.) With the timbers all cut and delivered to the bridge site, the timber-bridge crew started building the piers on each side of the creek. As those piers were constructed that had to be filled with stones from the surrounding area. Together, Red and I, first built a ~~xxx~~ rough stone boat to haul the collected rocks to fill the piers. With the piers completed, the bridge crew constructed a temporary structure in mid stream to support the stringers brought in from each side where they would be butted, end to end in position for splicing. Two heavy plates, one on each side were then ~~xxxxxx~~ fastened to the timbers with large bolts of sufficient length to reach through the timbers and the heavy plates. With the stringers butted together and the plates placed in place, the next procedure was to drill accurate holes through the timbers to match up with the holes in the plates on each side. This boring, in itself was no great problem to these experienced

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workmen as they bored through from each side, half way. However, once the holes had been bored (the first several) through with the wood bit, the next procedure was to put several of the very large bolts through the drilled holes to hold the heavy plate securely in place as other holes were bored. Alas, the wood bit (or large auger) that had been supplied, was found to be several sizes too small for the large and heavy bolts. The question then arose - What shall we do ? There is no communication to the outside world at the springs or Banff, there is also no means of transportation, except by my team, and that would take the best part of the week to travel out to the springs for the required size of wood bit (auger - if available in the area). Also, the team was required to keep the project in operation. Bringing together the combined thoughts of several of the workmen they came up with an immediate solution. BURN them out to the required diameter for the bolts. As this decision was made, Red and I found ourselves with another job on our hands to build a large fire close by and start heating a number of short pieces of drill steel to red heat to burn the previously bored holes out to a larger diameter. The idea worked and the project went ahead pretty well on schedule. We were more fortunate when it came time to use the large wrenches to tighten the many bolts on both the stringers and the super structure truss work as the correct sizes had been supplied (I should have mentioned earlier that the road construction crew had been completed when we started getting the bridge timbers out of the forest. Jim Finn and his crew had left to work on cribbing in the canyon area below the springs, we were left a small crew with a young Scotchman as our cook to complete the Wardle Creek Bridge.

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Our cook took up residence in a small bell tent along with the camp supplies . A small tent was erected next to the cooks quarters which acted as the kitchen and dining area for the small crew, During the afternoon, the cook with plenty of time on his hands wandered around the camp area with kitchen scraps to throw at animals in the area, such as bears, if such were seen, Much to his ~~worror~~ his afternoon recreation came back to haunt him in the wee small hours of the night. We in the camp often heard his screams of fear through the night as the bears wandered around the tents attempting to get in. Barricades were set up around the tents which the bears, leaned on in their attempts to get to the supplies. Calls went out to the authorities at the springs and the park rangers visited the area to calm the cook. Very early one morning we heard ~~a~~ deathly screams from the cook, quarters calling for help as the roving bears had succeeded in getting over the barricades and were then leaning heavily on the tent and shaking it. Numerous places their heavy claws had penetrated and tore the tent fabric. Rushing from our comfortable beds close by, we answered the cooks screams for help to find him sitting up in his bed tremoling with a large butchers ~~knife~~ cleaver and knife laying along the side of the bunk and a revolver laying close by. With our lanterns, plus the noise that we made as we looked for the bears, the balance of the night was spent in silence as the cook returned to complete his sleep. For the balane of the few remaining days that we were in thexcamp our cook ceased his roving of the area with kitchen scraps to feed bears and other animals - for the future, there was no more trouble from unwanted night visitors to the cooks quarters.

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for Frank Richardson to haul hay from the Joe Lake farm along the back road to Athalmer and Frank's stable. Thus ended my Third season as teamster for Frank Richardson, extending from the late summer of 1920 to the late fall of 1922

In the spring of 1923, I found myself working on the Dominion Government Experimental Farm at Invermere along with Herb Chester. My waggon passenger from Hawk Creek, Mr. Fletcher was now working at the farm, principally in the garden area with Mr. Heath, the farm gardner. Both of us and Mr. Chester had room and board with Mrs. Lowes, who operated a boarding house and bakery, across the street from A. E. Fisher's store.

On July, first, 1923, Chester, Fletcher and I sat in front of the bakery to watch the official procession proceed down the street from the official opening of the Banff- Windermere Road at Kootenay Crossing. They were preceded by a large group of horse mounted Indians who led the procession to the Official opening of the David Thompson Fort. Shortly after the arrival of the opening party we were entertained with a Basketball game between a valley team and a team from Fort Steele. After the the basket ball game the official opening dance was held in the fort. (Several years prior to this, while working at Fairmont Hot Springs, Joe Morigeau and I were called out late one night to take our team out to the area of Major Prust's farm to get a family car back on the road, that had slipped down into the bush area off the road in the area, which, each year was flooded from the springs on the sidehill above. The Family, from Fort Steele, were on their way to Athalmer to attend the funeral of a family member. The father of this car family had, earlier been one of the local Police of the area - A Mr. Dawson, whose daughter was Gladys.

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With the bridge nearing its completion there was no further use for the team on its construction so Red and I along with the team were put to work to haul ~~in~~ dirt with a slip to fill in the east and west approaches to the bridge. Having completed the fill of the approaches enough to allow authorized equipment to pass over until the spring when additional fill would be hauled in to complete the work. With no further work for the team on this project, the team and I were sent east, to Hawk Creek to work with an Alberta crew engaged in graveling an area in that vicinity. The Wardle Creek bridge crew returned to the springs area for crib and bridge work in that area.

The team and I worked for about ten days in the Hawk Creek area hauling gravel in a dump truck. This was very heavy work for the team as the roads were extremely muddy in the area and the gravel had to be hauled up quite a grade. After working there some ten days, the weather turned to heavy rain and snow which resulted in the camp being closed ~~XXX~~ and all crews and teams told to return to their home area.

With the work terminated at Hawk Creek in the ~~XX~~ late fall of 1922, I was instructed to return to Athalmer with Frank Richardson's team. As I was preparing to leave for the valley, one of the workmen at the Hawk Creek camp requested a ride westward to the valley with me. He had never been to the valley area before. His name, Mr. Fletcher. I agreed for him to make the long trip with me, the team and waggon from Hawk Creek to Athalmer, as it would be company along the long and tiresome trip. Our first days travel took us to McLeod Meadows where we spent the night to rest. Next day, what a long day, we headed for our final destination, Athalmer. For the next few days after my arrival back in Athalmer, I worked

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During the years, 1932 to 1935, I was again employed on the Banff Windermere Road. This time, first in a number of jobs, such as kitchen held, pick and shovel, timber crew, then with Arthur Newton and Tommy Frater on the cement finishing work on the Vermillion Crossing Bridge, which had not been completed in the previous fall. Later I became the Grader Man with the large grader operating from the cross-roads to the Alberta border. Harry West, the expert grader man (later one of the camp foremans) gave me my first instructions for several days between Vermillmillion Crossing and Hawk Creek. There were several other graders (Brett Granger, and Wally Lantrup) also in operation but I handled all the heavy work such as cleaning out the ditches in the spring from the slides, filling in all the heavy ruts over the area and general maintenance throughout that vast area. My machine was the first out each spring from the Banff Grage to plough snow from the Alberta border to the Vermillion Crossing area.

In the early spring of 1932, the crew that I worked with was x sent to Vermillion Crossing with Jim Duncan as foreman and Frank Edgehill as our very fine camp cook. The purpose of our very early venture into the area was to remove the Snow Slide that had come down and completely blocked the highway opposite the sign pointing to Mount Assiniboi in the distance. This was the First time that this snow slide had come down, or crossed the highway since the road was officially opened. We all laughed as we proceeded into our destination and the work we were asigned To Burn The Snow Slide Out. We reasoned, among ourselves, 'How does one Burn Snow' ?

~~MYXXXXXXXX~~

My secondd period of construction and maintenance work on the Banff- Windermere Road will be left for another story as it will

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deal with an entirely different method of road construction in a far different environment than that previously experienced, plus some attempted interference from local business men, and one from Ottawa who was on his way through the area and had No Authority to stop and give orders to machine operators as he passed through the beautiful area.

My Thanks to The National Parks of Canada for giving me the fine opportunity and experiences that I gained during the late teens, the early twenties and the early thirties. Thanks to those fine men who provided the leadership and direction to us younger men from the local level and the National level.

The National Parks of Canada and their leadership have given much to the many residents of the Columbia Valley during my late teens, my early twenties, and lastly, During the "Hungry Thirties" at which time they gave invaluable service to many of us, who, at that critical time could not find employment in the area. Private enterprise had nothing ~~to offer~~ much to offer, and the Provincial Government had a few scattered jobs which lasted for very brief periods

The Lake Windermere Valley Hospital also owes much to the National Parks of Canada during that critical period when there was sparse employment. The Banff- Windermere Road, in Kootenay National Park gave - (See page 37)

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summer employment, ~~70~~ many family men, extending over a number of months was also very beneficial to the Windermere District Hospital and the visits of the late Doctor, F. E. Coy to the various camps through the Kootenay Park area.

On Sunday, June, 30, 1985, The National Parks of Canada will be celebrating their one-hundredth year with a reenactment of the opening of the Banff-Windermere Road at Kootenay Crossing, which was first opened on June, 30, 1923. I will be present at ~~the~~ that ~~kind~~ ceremony to "Salute" The National Parks of Canada and what they have meant to me, and many others in the Columbia Valley in years past.

My Father, the late H. B. Richardson first came into the Columbia Valley in late April, 1888, from England, to work for Lieutenant, Thomas B. H. Cochrane on his hydraulic gold operation on Finlay Creek. Father spent the summer on that project. In the late fall of 1888, when the project closed down, Father, along with several others trailed a number of pack horses and saddle ponies back to Mitford, Alberta. At that point, Father was layed off and had to decide whether he would return to England or stay in Canada. His decision, stay in Canada. From Mitford, Father went west to Canmore, Alberta where he found employment until the very early spring of 1889 and returned west to Golden and the Columbia Valley. Father left the Windermere area in the ~~IX~~ early 1950's. The Richardson family name will, in April, 1988 have been associated with the Columbia Valley for One Hundred Years.

(June, 15, 1985)

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