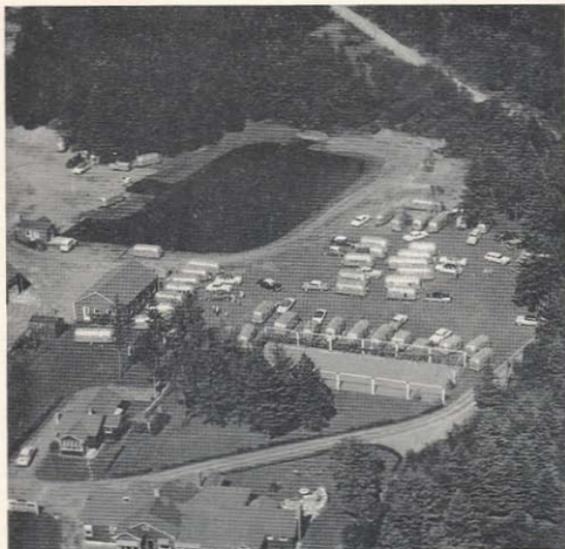


Wally Byam at his July 4 party



The Caravan on the estate of J. M. Kenny at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

**The story of Wally Byam's
Caravan to Canada during
July and August of 1955**

by Mabel Stadler



Huron Indian dancers in Quebec

ONCE AGAIN that old familiar call came over the bull horn — "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Meeting Time!" Another Wally Byam Caravan was gathering, this time for a tour of Eastern Canada.

Nearly 100 trailers took over the City Park, on the shores of St. Marys River below the Sault Ste. Marie Locks, to make their joint exodus over the Canadian border via the ferry boats on June 30th. Many arrived several days early and former Caravaners were given a warm welcome. Newcomers soon became integrated and joined the merry throng in all activities.

Upon arrival each trailer family was properly registered, given name plates and, if they did not already have a number from one of the former caravans, was assigned one by the very busy official Secretary Helen Byam Schwamborn. The numbers currently being assigned ran well into the five hundred and thirties. Wally Byam Caravans are certainly becoming an institution for traveling trailerists. Each trip makes them a more closely knit unit, and, even though all cannot join every planned caravan, many return for the third, fourth and



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even fifth time. This particular group represented just half of our forty-eight states and only one Canadian town. The ages ranged from 4 to 82.

As usual, at the first general meeting of the group several days prior to "take off" time, necessary committees were elected to ensure a smooth running and enjoyable tour under the able leadership of Wally Byam. The busiest of these were: Social, Treasurer of the "kitty," Emergency Man, Mailman, Civic Affairs, Chief of Police, Sanitation, Parking and Cabooseman. Tentative plans of the trip were presented by Wally and then Ludy Selwyn and her Social Committee took over. A potluck fish fillet dinner, a chartered bus tour of the city and a boat trip to view the world's busiest locks helped fill the next few days.

Bright and early on June 30th, the scheduled crossings on the ferries began with five outfits timed to leave on each boat at 15-minute intervals, beginning at 6 a.m. On each trip we have made, the morning "take off" time has automatically worked out very well because the farmers are accustomed to early rising, and just naturally get

up and get going. Those who by habit like to sleep late are ready to leave at about nine or ten o'clock, and the average people fill in the space between. This eliminates the traffic hazard of having a hundred trailers in one continuous line, and makes much easier and more leisurely driving for all.

As each trailer was driven off the ferry and approached Canadian Customs, the procedure went in quick order since all necessary regulations had been pre-arranged through the courtesy of the Canadian officials. Thus we were able to proceed without delay via Ontario 17 to our next stopping point, Blind River (nicknamed Mosquito Heaven,) about 100 miles into Canada at the Mississauga Lodge. This section has a reputation for fine fishing and with the abundance of lakes and streams this sounded very reasonable. Many of the trail-erists from the more arid states, such as Arizona, expressed great envy at the extensive green woods and fields and the abundance of streams, rivers, and lakes at every turn throughout the entire trip.

After continuing on Route 17 for about 200 miles through pretty, roller-coaster scenery, and after an

overnight stop on the grounds of the Chippewa Barracks at North Bay, we reached beautiful Algonquin Provincial Park in the wooded area surrounding Lake of Two Rivers. Here we enjoyed a three day stay with swimming, and hikes along nature trails. Because we were many, many miles from any church that Sunday in this 2,700 square mile park, the caravan carried on its own very simple church service out under the pine trees with their serenity and inspiration. We were fortunate to have the choir of the Indian Road Baptist

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Parade at Annapolis Royal

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Church assist us. They were camping out for a holiday week-end, and appreciated and enjoyed this occasion as much as we did. Though not according to true religious form, we closed the service with "God Save the Queen," "Oh Canada" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

July 4th arrived and, in true American tradition, we had a celebration which commemorated Independence Day and also the birth of our leader, Wally Byam. The potluck dinner arranged by the social committee was sumptuous and even included table decorations of sumac leaves. Following the meal there was the birthday cake, presentation of a birthday token to Wally, his usual warm, whole-hearted response and the after dinner speeches. A tribute song was sung to him to the tune of Davy Crockett which started like this:

Born out in Oregon or so I hear,
Never got nosey to ask the year.
Worked on a paper as a publisher.
Left that vocation with nary a
tear.

CHORUS: Wally, Wally Byam . . .
Calls us to meeting time!
Wally, Wally Byam . . . Leader
of our caravan!

Also at Algonquin the traditional "bull session" was held with Wally as moderator. This discussion of the pros and cons of all kinds of trailer equipment, new ideas in trailer building and any constructive criticism brought forth many public speakers. Because the men-folks rather monopolized the floor, a special women's "bull session" or "cow session" as someone quite aptly renamed it, was held at a later date.

Restful and enjoyable as Algonquin was, we could not tarry too long. The long road again beckoned to us, and 170 miles away we arrived at Ottawa, the Canadian capital city of the Confederated Dominion of Canada, situated at the junction of the Gatineau, Rideau and Ottawa Rivers. Our caravan was set up at Lansdowne Park, the exhibition grounds which house the second largest fair in Canada each year. The park is located on the well kept and landscaped Rideau Canal, built between 1826 and 1832 as an inland military route between the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario. This was our first experience of "lush" caravan-

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ing, for arrangements were made with the local electric company to install a transformer and supply electricity. With the aid of cable which Louis Beatty of Escondido (the biggest hearted person I know) had so generously carted in his pickup from California, electric refrigeration and electric lights, just like at home, were utilized. With the Emergency Man ever ready to answer to the call of "Gib! Gib!" many of the everyday technical problems were solved without delay. Surely many of the citizens of Ottawa who visited us were surprised and possibly confused to see a large placard on Fred Doane's trailer reading, "Los Angeles City Limits." But certainly he should be a proper authority, having recently retired from that city's police force.

During the four-day stop at this city of great national importance, arrangements were made through the ever helpful Canadian Tourist Bureau for a 5½ hour rubberneck bus-tour of the city, an hour boat-trip on Rideau Canal, a personally conducted tour of the Royal Canadian Mint, (here we were not given any free samples, and were even warned not to touch any of the metal being processed as it was very hot), a visit to the E. B. Eddy Paper Mill and a smorgasbord dinner. The sight-seeing trip of the city was the highlight of this visit to Ottawa. At the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Training Center where young men between the ages of 18 and 30, chosen after very careful screening, go through nine months of intensive and strenuous training at the beginning of their first five-year hitch, they put on a special drill for us. We visited the famous and very beautiful stone Parliament Buildings with the impressive Gothic-style Peace Tower, from which we viewed the entire city in four directions.

Leaving this lovely city of Ottawa via Ontario 17, we crossed the provincial boundary 75 miles away, and entered the largest province of Canada, Quebec. Fifty miles further on we reached the largest city of the Dominion, Montreal, on Montreal Island, surrounded by rivers. Here during our three day stay we had the hottest weather of the entire trip. It reached 88 degrees two days, but we could go to the water's edge and find a cooling breeze. However

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we did not allow this to keep us from seeing and enjoying the city. On a private excursion into downtown Montreal on Saturday night, we discovered, through an informative street car conductor, the Observation Car which consists of an open top, tiered trolley car with wrought iron railings and several lighted hoops above. On this car we circuted the city for about an hour and a quarter seeing Westmount, where the well-to-do English people live in beautifully kept homes, (we were told each lot here must have at least one shade tree and the grass must not be allowed to grow to a height of more than two inches); Outremont (Over the Mountain), the wealthy French section; St. Catherine Street and the downtown sections and the Shrine of St. Joseph's Oratory which was started in 1937 by Brother Andre and is so extensive that it is not yet completed. Later, on St. Catherine Street we were intrigued by a placard on the front of a bus reading "Nowhere Bus" and a two-block-long line of people waiting to get on. Upon inquiry we were told that Saturday nights these trips are planned

to drive about 25 miles out into the country. They do not advertise the destination, but stop for refreshments and dancing for about an hour and then return—all for a dollar per person. They have proven very popular with people without automobiles, and furnish a reasonable evening of entertainment. On the way back, Phil, our guide, who was a young college student, told us we were traveling along "All Saints Road," (appropriately beside a very large cemetery) so named because "it knocks heck out of you." The famous Wax Museum was next in the tour and, while it was quite interesting, it seemed to me to be overrated. Then Notre Dame Church, second largest church on the North American continent and built in 1829. It seats 10,000 people and has 6000 pipes to the organ. Phil told us the large industries are controlled by English-speaking people, and for anyone to have a good job in Montreal, he must be able to write and speak both English and French. Montreal is a city of churches, having 450, but, even though it is four times smaller in population than New York City, it has more taverns—some 2200.

That evening Wally and Stella Byam invited the entire caravan to

their Farewell Dinner. It was prepared by caterers and held in Shack #4 in the picnic area, for they were not going further with us. They were flying to Dusseldorf, Germany where a special "Bubble"—small trailer—was awaiting them with a Volkswagen to pull it for the next four or five months all over Europe, scouting for the proposed "Caravan to Europe" next Spring. Of course this dinner had in it a note of sorrow and regret, for we were all a little fearful of what might be ahead of us without the leadership of Wally, but in his ever effective way, he made assurances all would be well and placed us in the hands of his cousin Helen, the official secretary. The evening concluded with songs, speeches — always short — and entertainment by the very resourceful younger set, which included about 20 of the best behaving and well-mannered youngsters from 4 to 18 that could be found anywhere.

Rather reluctantly we set out from Montreal via Route 2 on the 175 mile jaunt to the city of Quebec (pronounced Kay-ber by its citizens). Enroute we passed through the interesting town of Three Rivers. Much of the way was

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along the St. Lawrence waterway with its deep canal and ocean-going vessels Montreal-bound. Ever since we entered Canada, the importance of wood was everywhere in evidence—we saw cords and cords of wood piled in the yard of every house, huge mountains of wood stacked at the pulp mills, large lumber yards and unbelievable amounts of logs being carried along by or stored on all sized streams, rivers and lakes.

It almost seemed to be a habit, but again we were parked in the Exposition Grounds with "lush" accommodations. We were now 88 trailers strong, some having had to leave for various reasons and a few having joined along the way. (The latter were delayed for such reasons as "having to get the wheat cut first.") Quebec was a city different from any other we had visited—92 per cent of the total population was French Catholic and made up of three women for every man. For four days we were steeped in the lore of this nearly 350-year-old fortress city, which is the cradle of culture and history of New France, and whose people are proud that they have forgotten to forget. Even the mountains in the distance, the Laurentians, a 2000 mile range, are the oldest in the world.

Leaving Quebec we crossed to the south shore of the St. Lawrence and proceeded on Route 2 for 140 miles with the river in view most of the time. We had an overnight stop at Riviere du Loup where we parked in the athletic field of the Tache Academy. This was the "take off" point for the trip around the Gaspé. According to our usual democratic procedure, which we tried to uphold in spite of the absence of Wally, a vote was taken to determine how many wanted to cut across the base of the peninsula to Campbellton and how many preferred the coastal route around. As it was just about an even division, two separate groups were formed and plans made for the one group to wait at Campbellton for the other to reach that point. Some felt reluctant to take the longer trip because of reports and rumors of high bluffs, bad roads, etc., but the more venturesome, including my husband and I, drove 255 miles on Routes 10 and 6 to Grande Vallee the next day and we were well on our way. We found mostly beautiful new

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roads along the water edge with very striking scenery, to reward us for the stretch of 40 miles of gravel and two steep, dusty hills of about 20 per cent grade which we encountered just before reaching the summit. From here we could see the small storybook cove which is Grande Vallee. The people in this section are deeply religious French descendants who cling to their folk lore and ancient traditions. Most of the little coves are centered at the mouths of the small streams and cod fishing, immense forests and fertile soil are the mainstay for this scattered population. Upon our arrival in this good fishing port of Grande Vallee, we were told that fresh cod was available. To our surprise, the owner of the fish storage place completely filleted a whole cod of our choice, and apologized for asking 15 cents for well over a pound of solid fish. Needless to say, everyone in camp had fresh cod fillet for dinner that night.

Several of our group had, for one reason or another, encamped that night before reaching the steep hills, and were in for trouble after a good, substantial rain that night, the first, the natives said, in nearly two months. The next morning even automobiles alone were being towed up the two hills, because traction was impossible in the deep muck which had been dust the previous day. With a little help the trailers also made the grade and without further trouble we proceeded. This shore line road which is being built will be a must, when completed in the near future. Many cod-drying racks were in evidence along the shore, and children with hand carved, unpainted miniature sailing boats tried to sell their wares, probably the product of the cold winter, when time hangs heavy on these isolated sections.

At the town of Gaspé near the very tip of the peninsula, where in 1534 Jacques Cartier had planted a cross 30 feet high and decorated with three fleur de lis to claim possession of Canada for France, we found to our surprise an almost completely English town. About 150 miles from Grande Vallee we stopped for several days at Percé where the much painted and photographed Percé Rock and Bonaventure Island are located. This is a resort area and we were fortunate in being able to park in a

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beautiful daisy field at the foot of St. Ann Mountain, in full view of Pierced Rock. At low tide a few of the more ambitious younger set walked out to the rock, around its base and through the tunnel without getting wet feet. Many of us took the boat ride out close to the rock and on around Bonaventure Isle to see the beautiful sight of millions of Gannets — large sea birds of the pelican family that nest and breed on these rocky cliffs. Many of these snowy white birds measure three feet in length and present a breathtaking sight as they swarm through the air in droves or they plunge upon the fish for their sustenance.

As we proceeded down the coast toward Campbellton, some 185 miles away, the steeper hills became roller-coaster slopes and then melted into rolling farm lands. The result was a beautiful drive all along the coast. The towns became more and more English with many Anglican, United and Baptist churches in evidence. A man, with whom we visited in New Richmond, said the winters come early in November and stay till late in March or early in April, with temperatures to 54 degrees below zero and snow up to the electric wires. We wondered how these people of the Gaspé could support their very large families and we were told about the Family Bonus Plan in Canada, whereby the government pays a monthly allotment of \$5 to \$8 per child from birth to the age of 16. Also in the Province of Quebec there are no public schools, but the government supports the church schools through commissions of the various faiths.

At Matapedia, just a few miles before reaching Campbellton, we left Quebec 6 and crossed the Interprovincial Bridge on Route 11 into New Brunswick, where all French signs stopped immediately and the English population predominated. In this pretty rolling country we saw many pine forests, several pulp mills and countless logs in streams — the important wood industry. Upon our arrival in Campbellton at the baseball park campsite, we had a warm reunion with our fellow caravaners and exchanged news of happenings of the past four days, hearing about the cordial reception and kindly treatment given by the people of the town.

The next morning we all set

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forth on N.B. 11 for Moncton on the Petitcodiac River some 210 miles away. We drove through much wooded country and potato-growing farmland to Natural Park, a recreational area with swimming pool too, where we stayed two nights. Since entering the Gaspé we had taken full advantage of the proximity and abundance of all kinds of sea food, and that day I ate my first Quahaug, a thick-shelled clam, while waiting for some live lobster to be cooked the necessary 12 minutes. I might add, I enjoyed the latter a great deal more than the former.

The two phenomenal attractions of Moncton (the hub of the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland) are the Tidal Bore and Magnetic Hill—both in the “believe it or not” classification. The Bore is a tidal wave which rushes up from the Bay of Fundy into the mouth of the Petitcodiac River, with its narrowing banks and shallower channels, in a wall of water varying from a few inches to four feet in height, twice a day at high tide, with much rumbling and terrific force. The time of arrival is very

accurately estimated, and we were at the right spot, right in the center of town at the precise time to see this spectacle. Magnetic Hill is not so easily explained. It is one of the strangest tricks a capricious Mother Nature ever played on the eyesight of man. It consists in the optical illusion that water runs uphill, that it takes power to run your car downgrade, that the car runs back up that same hill without power at about 10 or 15 miles an hour. The illusion is so strong that even after several trips, the feeling of magnetism was the same and thus the mystery, which has resulted in many queer and silly explanations. The experience was quite different and intriguing.

About 36 miles out from Moncton on Route 2 we crossed the Interprovincial Bridge over the Misquash River to the base of the 17-mile wide isthmus of the Province of Nova Scotia, where a beautifully landscaped parkway and welcome signs greeted us. We had reached Halifax. Our first evening in this city we visited the world famous Public Gardens—17 acres of peaceful park land in the center of town, with every possible kind of tree, shrub and flower from many parts of the world, in addition to a pond complete with swans, miniature ships, liners and

sailing craft. In this restful setting we enjoyed a concert by the band from the United States Aircraft Carrier Antietam which was in port, one of five U. S. ships there at the time. (Some one said 8000 sailors were in town and they were very much in evidence.) The next afternoon we visited, admired and toured the Antietam, a vast, seven-decked vessel with a crew of 2000.

The imposing Citadel, built for defense but never used for this purpose; nearby Peggy's Cove with its unique rock structure and striking scenery; the Willow Tree in the center of one of the busiest intersections, a relic of older, harsher days when its boughs became gallows at public executions, were some of the places we saw, but the highlight of our stay in Halifax and, in fact, one of the treasured memories of this entire trip was the two and a half hour boat ride we had as the guests of the Canadian Navy on H.M.C.S. Granby. As we left Pier 5 and proceeded out of the harbor, each Canadian, British and U.S. ship was “piped” in salute, according to the seniority of the commanding officer. At the first whistle the crew came to attention until the salute was returned. This was done each time the boat passed even though

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some were saluted three times during this trip. All this in addition to preparations for leaving the berth or preparing to dock. We passed Chebucto Head and proceeded out of the harbor itself into open waters, where we were fortunate to have an exceptionally calm sea, then returned past the pier admiring the wonderful view of the city and shoreline. Down into Bedford Basin we sailed through the narrows, where the famous Halifax Explosion of a Norwegian steamer carrying Belgian relief supplies occurred in 1917 and completely leveled the northeast section of the town. We passed The Bear, one of Admiral Byrd's wooden ships of his Antarctic Expedition of 1928, being left to rot. We were served coffee and biscuits (cookies to us) at 3:30, a routine custom on the ship and we were returned to port, very thrilled by our experience especially realizing that two countries can have such an association. What could be possible in the world if all neighboring countries held such trust, respect and friendliness for each other.

Again we were on our way via N.S. 3 to circumvent the lower part of Nova Scotia. We had a special invitation to stop at Lunenburg, only 67 miles along the beautiful coast, with its many bays and inviting sandy beaches. Along the way we could not resist the very blue water with the surf breaking in white foam on the glistening white sands of St. Margaret's Bay. We stopped on the beach, changed (the convenience of a trailer) and had a cool, or should I say cold, salty swim in the clearest, cleanest water I have ever seen. We did not stay in the water long, but were very refreshed and satisfied.

At Lunenburg, a 200 year old German town of Hanoverian settlers, synonymous with the deep sea fishing business, we were parked at the Community Center with all the conveniences of home. In this very clean town with a harbor on both sides, we were received royally and had much to see in our short, two-day stay. Blue Rocks, a typical fishing village which is a seventh heaven for artists, the Ovens Natural Park, a ruggedly scenic spot on the coast, the shipyards and wharves, all attracted us. At the Yacht Club we were privileged to watch a sail boat race from private yachts, following

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around the course for two hours and at the same time enjoying the beauty of Prince's Inlet and Bay with their 365 islands. One sail boat in the race, manned by two young ladies, needed the assistance of a man for ballast, and our mailman, "Mac" McCoy of Compton, California volunteered. He was really initiated in this his first sail boat ride, for he was quite thoroughly soaked before the race ended. In spite of the cheering of all of us from the sidelines, "Mac" came in fourth but this certainly added to our interest in the race.

Throughout this visit the Lunenburg Chief of Police, Hugh Corkum, had been particularly helpful to anyone and everyone. He was a congenial and likeable fellow who enjoyed the caravan as much as we enjoyed Lunenburg. Our last evening he invited a few of us to ride with him so he could tell about the high spots of the town—the new hospital, the 50 year old frame school building still in very good condition, the 200 year old Anglican Church, the county jail which is mistaken by tourists for a motel, the lovely flower gardens,

the story of "The Bluenose"—undefeated champion of the North Atlantic fishing fleet, Block House Hill. At each turn his justifiable pride grew. As dusk settled he insisted we go to his home where we met Natalie, his wife, their teenage son and his mother. The ham radio was tuned in for a few moments just as a preliminary to the tales of contacts Hugh has made with just about every country in the world via this medium. He has identifying call cards for proof and citations of merit and praise from the government for heroic work during the bad hurricane last year. To top off the evening, along with good, he-man size sandwiches, sweets and coffee, Hugh read a couple of his original manuscripts about his younger days, perhaps some 20 years or more ago. Then he took part in rum running and had interesting close calls — "before I was married," he put it, "and settled down."

Much as we hated to leave this interesting section with the oxen work teams, the plentiful blueberries and intensely colorful roses, phlox and lupin, we continued on Route 3 along the shore line in view of the white beaches and, oh, so blue, water. We read of the blue

Pacific, but this was so blue it was almost purple. Thousands of small Christmas trees grew along the road side — we were told they were for the United States market. The lobster pots, fishing villages and many islands added to the interesting scenery along this 165 mile drive to Yarmouth, a pleasant resort area where we were privileged to park at Pleasant Lake, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Kenny, right on the lawn, beside a 100-foot rose trellis (Rose Avenue, Helen called it) with a pond in our midst and a lovely lake in which to swim. Here our hosts permitted us the use of their immense recreation room and were most gracious in every way.

On Saturday night we were all guests of the city at a Clam Bake in the Golf and Country Club, where we enjoyed visiting with the many local people and dancing to a fine little band. For many of us this clam bake was a new experience and we were surprised that the clams served by the heaping plateful were really steamed. The local gentry gave us individual instructions on removing the clam from the shell, then the "sand bag" from the clam, and finally came a

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dip in the seasoned butter sauce. Just for variety, french fried clams (really delicious), crackers, sandwiches of many kinds and coffee were served. Some merely tasted the clams while others ate them with relish. I heard that Harry Hoyt of San Bernardino, California had seven big platefuls of clams. It was quite an evening and very enjoyable even though we had to return to our trailers through the land fog, which we had been fortunate in escaping during our trip. Mrs. Kenny explained that there are two kinds of fog. Land fog is caused by the warm air of daytime coming in contact with cool night air; it is found in low spots, and is completely dispelled early the next morning in the sunshine. Sea fog billows in from the ocean in very thick pea-soup style and engulfs everything; it lasts much longer because of the vastness of the ocean supply, sometimes several days. We were fortunate enough to have only one sample of this kind during our entire trip. While at Yarmouth some of the men went fishing for cod and pollock, which could be pulled in as fast as the line could be

placed in the water. Bringing them quickly back to camp, the fish were cleaned and in the frying pan ready to eat almost before they had stopped wiggling.

As we continued around the coast the decided divisions of French and English towns were evident. At the town of Church Point the three million dollar Catholic Church was beautiful and impressive but seemed out of place for the 20 some houses that were visible in the community. Across St. Mary's Bay, with its deep red soil and reddish waters, we could see Digby Neck. On we went past the Annapolis Basin with a wonderful natural harbor. Here we were in time to see the parade and celebration of the 350th anniversary of the founding of Annapolis Royal, Canada's oldest settlement and even now a small town of less than 1000 people. Many of the neighboring towns and organizations helped in the celebration with floats in the parade and, of course, we wanted to be part of it, too. So Jim Stoll of St. Petersburg, Florida had his car and trailer washed and polished, had a couple of placards made with greetings from the Wally Byam Caravan and rode in the parade complete with pretty bathing beauties on the fenders. It

was in this town that "The Order of the Good Time," the oldest social club in America, was founded by Champlain back in 1606 to keep alive the spirit of fellowship and good cheer among early French pioneers. Now visitors to Nova Scotia, who stay there seven days or more, are eligible for membership and receive a certificate of membership and membership card. We each received them through the mail upon our arrival home. The only things asked of the members are to have a good time, to remember Nova Scotia pleasantly, to speak kindly of Nova Scotia and to go back again.

We now finished the circle back to Halifax by Route 1, but bypassed the town and continued on #7 up the coast in the opposite direction. We had an overnight stop at Sherbrooke, which looks much larger on the map than its three general stores and a barber shop warrant. Along that very lovely 200 mile drive of rolling hills, spruce and pine woods to Antigonis, and Route 4 to the new Canso Causeway which we used a few days before the formal opening. This largest and deepest causeway in the world marks a milestone in the joining of Cape Breton
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Island to the mainland of Nova Scotia, because it took 55 years of working on the idea before the project was undertaken, and involved cutting down millions of tons of rock from Mt. Porcupine to fill in the 185-foot depth of the water. This nearly mile long project took 26 months and contains a canal built to carry any and all ocean going vessels.

Some of us continued up Route 4 along the coast of Bras d'Or Lake to Sidney, Glace Bay and New Waterford (a little Pittsburgh mining section) but our destination that day was the 17th Annual Gaelic Mod — Provincial Celtic Culture Festival and Gathering of the Clans — at St. Ann. Many took the short road of Route 5 which was later dubbed Rock Boulevard and is self explanatory. St. Ann is the site of the Gaelic College which was founded and is still led by Rev. Dr. A. W. R. MacKenzie, a retired Presbyterian minister, to educate children in Scottish culture including Gaelic, Bagpipes, Highland dancing, Gaelic singing and Highland clan lore. It has no race or nationality limitations. We were greeted with the

Gaelic words "Ciad Mile Failte" (one hundred thousand welcomes), and camped for three days right on these lovely grounds. The hillside was surrounded by many pines and spruce and overlooked a beautiful bay nestled in the trees. Here we really got our fill of bag-pipe music and highland dancing. Many in the caravan actually used the records available here to trace their Scottish ancestry, and some were tempted to prefix their names with "Mac." Many took the side trip from here on the rather washboard-like 200 mile Cabot Trail around the upper arm of the island, where mountains, valleys and sea combine to form a lovely panorama which includes the Cape Breton Highland National Park.

To return to the mainland we chose Route 19 down the beautiful Atlantic coast and that of George Bay, back over the Canso Causeway and Route 4 to New Glasgow, a total of 190 miles followed by an overnight stop and a potluck dinner party to celebrate Helen's birthday with more bag-pipe music.

Continuing on Route 6 to Port Howe, we took the coast road of very good gravel to Baie Verte, where we returned to New Bruns-

wick, and #16 to Cape Tomentine for a total of 120 miles, saving at least 40 miles. Here we had only a few minutes wait for the S. S. Prince Edward Island which took us across the nine mile wide Northumberland Straits to Borden in 55 minutes. The only catch was that we had to back onto the railway-car deck for some 500 feet so we could drive off. Only five units of car and trailer could be accommodated, along with the railroad cars and a few trucks, in the large hold of this ship. The softly rolling farmland of "Spud Island," so called because of the large crops of seed potatoes raised there, invited us as we came off the ship onto P.E.I. 2 for the 35 mile drive to Charlottetown, the capital of this smallest Canadian province which has 85 per cent of its land under cultivation. Here we were just in time to see the parade in celebration of its 100th anniversary, and then on Route 15 to Brackley Beach. Here, on the north shore of the island in the National Park, the caravan camped for a restful few days, lolling on the lovely reddish golden sand or bathing in the unbelievably warm Atlantic waters, (70 degrees due to the influence of the Gulf of St.

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Lawrence.) Of course we had a few things to see such as the Highland games — especially the tossing of the caber.

Our return trip from the island brought an unexpected experience as Gorgeous George Grant, the wrestler, was a passenger and seemed to enjoy visiting with his fellow Americans. He is a very personable young man, interesting to talk to and not really like the person he seems while wrestling. He kept his long blond curls under a red beret, and talked more of his children, his mother and his home in Venice, California than about wrestling and his current one night stand schedule. He told us of his 6 x 9 foot bed, equipped for remote control TV, in his orchid house overlooking the ocean at Muscle Beach. He was scheduled to appear in New Glasgow that evening and admittedly would not be at his best — "should have had my hair up in pin curls." The time of crossing the Straits passed quickly, and we were soon at Cape Tormentine on Route 16 again; back to Port Elgin and then 15 to Shediac, the lobster capital of the world, only 35 miles from the Cape. At Shediac we parked on the grounds of St. Joseph Girls' School awaiting the opening of the annual Lobster Festival the next day with a lobster supper, entertainment and midway. It was similar to agricultural exhibitions and fairs of farming communities. The caravan was invited for a special ride on the fisheries' patrol boat, C.G.S. Cygnus to see the lobster pots in use and the bay at Point du Chene.

At St. John we were greeted by signs "Welcome Wally Byam Caravan." About 20 of these signs must have been used to direct us to the old airstrip where we parked for the next two days, and we all agreed that this was a much better method than having a police convoy to get us in and out of large cities. Here the main points of interest were the tides of the Bay of Fundy, (they are the highest and the lowest in the world) and the Reversing Falls rapids where the St. John river meets the Harbour. The falls flow in one direction as the powerful tide from the bay flows inward, forcing the waters of the river uphill, and they flow in the opposite direction down the river through the harbour as the tide retreats. Just at

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slack tide the waters are as quiet as a millpond, because the pressures are about equal. It was interesting to see a patrol boat in the Market Slip at low tide with just the tip of the crow's nest level with the wharf, while at high tide the ship was some 30 feet higher than the wharf.

On Sunday night, August 14th, at St. John we had an extra special potluck dinner with Mayor Peak and his wife as guests. We were nearing the end of our journey together and some of the group were not going to cross the border the next day to attend the farewell dinner at Bangor, Maine. Two of these were Pa and Ma Riley of Avondale, Arizona. They were to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary two days later. Altogether we had quite a few reasons for having a big dinner and celebration, and that we did. After a few songs in tribute to the Rileys (one especially appropriate "My Wild Irish Rose"), a few words from both of them and some songs on the harmonica, the surprise of the evening was introduced as Sir Scallop MacLobster of the Mac-

Lobster Clan. With knee-length plaid skirt, a whisk broom in the appropriate place and even a garter to show he was a Knight of the Garter, he proceeded to tune up his imaginary bag-pipes and play a tune. After all the bag-pipe playing we had heard in the past three or four weeks, this topped everything and no one could hear the "music" for the laughter and applause. Fred Eichbauer, a serious-minded professor from Paradise, California had put on his act very well. Four of our pre-teens displayed their ingenuity with an impromptu skit, and the evening closed with Auld Lang Syne and some goodbys.

Native citizens throughout the Maritimes had assured us that this summer was the best season weatherwise for a long time, and we certainly appreciated the very comfortable days and nights, when letters from home brought us reports of 100 degree temperatures.

We followed the coast route to the border crossing at Calais next morning, and on through Ellsworth on U. S. 1 to Bangor, Maine. There we parked at the Grey Stone Trailer Park in nearby Veazie, and overflowed into a neighboring gravel pit. That evening about 100 of us gathered at the Oronoka for

our final get-together of this caravan. After a wonderful roast chicken dinner with all the trimmings, we moved out to the adjoining square-dance barn, did some dancing and said our goodbys knowing, or at least hoping, that this would not be the end of the many friendships we had made during this interesting and beautiful seven-week trip. The next morning, after a few last remarks, most of the group set out on their separate ways, proud of the number painted on the front of the trailer and all that it represented in memories, friendships and promise of good times in the future.

We left on our 1300 mile jaunt through the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, along beautiful Lakes Champlain and George, across the tops of the Finger Lakes of New York and the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, along Lake Erie and across the state of Indiana to our home in Chicago, where we completed just under 6000 miles round trip. Of this distance 4200 miles were traveled with the caravan in the company of some very grand people. We will be looking for them along the road, and hope they will stop by to call on us.