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Travellers' Joy

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, AND WE BEGIN TO PICK UP THE pieces, I hope that every facility for easy travel will be accorded us. Our relations with our neighbors are bettered as we go out among them. Visits keep friendship in repair. Many of the happiest memories of my life have for their background, the open road. No wonder the song "Don't Fence Me In" rings a bell in many a heart.

The joy of the traveller cannot all be captured in words. It is elusive as the perfume of violets wet with dew and as hard to describe as the elation of soul which comes when the sunshine suddenly fills a room. One of the very happy memories of my life goes back to a day in January, 1938, when Wes and I sat in a Greyhound bus in Vancouver Bus Depot with return tickets for San Antonio in our pockets. Twice we had driven our own car on long trips with great enjoyment, but this time our anticipation was even keener with no responsibility, no parking problems, nothing to do but sit and ride. Wes and I have diverse tastes in many directions. He has always been a lover of sport, but has fought shy of grand opera, political meetings, and courses of lectures in which my heart delighted, but in the matter of travelling and seeing new places we have certainly been good companions. Travellers' joy—the freedom from routine, the liberating sense of being foot-loose, not knowing what the turn in the road will disclose, lifted our souls that day.