

Pro Campbell

The Ice Box

By DANTON.

LETLY while renewing my acquaintance with Mount Revelstoke and feeling my soul on the loveliness of her surroundings my eye happened to fall on a notice board. I stared hard at it and scratched my head. Was I dreaming? I looked once again to make sure. Holy shades of my thirty ancestors, it proclaimed, directed, large as life and plain for all to see—"TO THE ICE BOX."

My interest was aroused, for after all one has a body as well as a soul. Could this be a practical joke? It did not appear so. The board was no hurried makeshift. That was apparent. It had been erected by the powers that be. Then what was the idea? I frowned. Here was I on the summit of a mountain over 6000 feet in height. And so far I knew the only resident was the gentleman of the "Look Out." Ah, a thought. Perhaps it is his ice box.

But common sense came to the rescue. Would the gentleman in question be likely to direct all-comers to his private supply of refreshments? Nothing doing.

Then came a brain wave. It was the kindly act of the Dominion Government. Premier Bennett in his forceful way was endeavoring to do something for the travel-worn American tourist. He could see them coiling up that long zig-zag road in their Packard cars on a hot day and finding no hotel on the summit. Well, I was a Canadian tourist. At the thought of what that ice box contained my mouth watered. The day was warm. So was I. I snatched my lips in anticipation and followed the course set by the arrow. Lead on, Mac-Duff.

There was another board and I was like a dog on the scent. Not that boards were absolutely necessary in my case. No ice box of such possibilities could long evade me.

Where the walking was tougher, a little further on, I came to a third arrow, and I began to wonder. This was beginning to have the hall marks of a joke after all. Perhaps I would be dragged or led all over the mountain only to find a final board with "You Are" inscribed on it.

However my blood was up. I thought of the brave lad in the poem who refused to rest his head on the lady's bosom and stoutly cried "Excelsior."

I found myself walking on a boulder-strewn slope where loose stones slid beneath my feet, but I plodded on.

Suddenly I found myself in front of what looked like a giant cave only it was without a roof. In fact a chasm with straight precipitous walls was before me.

In a space between those high walls was a deposit of snow and ice, about seven feet long, four feet wide, and fully eight to ten feet deep—the ice box. It was indeed a natural refrigerator completely protected from the sun by thick rocky walls. The only thing wanting was—supplies.

Perhaps by next season Mr. Bennett will have corrected this. There is little sense in wasting a perfectly good ice box. In hard times like these waste of any kind should be discouraged.

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