

My hands are upturned to greet the Giver,  
Who framed the mountains and forest trees.  
Takkakaw and the foaming Yoho,  
Where'er I roam I'll return to thee.

That the songs were not all as solemn as this is proved by the one about the moving-picture star, who when asked by the guide where she meant to start her fifty miles to qualify as a trail rider

"answered with a freezing air

'I ride upon a rocking chair'

And she said she went a-riding

The livelong day!

A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,

She said she went a-riding the livelong day."

There were many good speeches from famous people about which there is not space to tell. Mrs. Julia Henshaw, in a coat of buckskin, told how once out gathering rare specimens of the mountain wild flowers about which she writes and lectures so acceptably, she met a grizzly face to face but did not wait to improve the acquaintance; another lady told of having paid her first visit to the Rockies in 1889 and said she had been coming every year since. Captain Russell and Mr. R. S. Stronach as representatives of the national parks, made their contribution to the good cheer of the evening. Then Tom Wilson was called upon, Tom Wilson discoverer of the Yoho and pioneer of Rocky Mountain Guides of whom it has been written:

"when at night to camp he came, his ammunition spent  
He played black-jack and poker with the grizzlies in his tent."

Tom was evidently a man of deeds more than words and was brief though humorous and pithy in his remarks.

Not least of the enjoyable events of the evening was a war dance given by Chief Buffalo Child, Long Lance and Chief Walking in the Road, the former especially a most imposing figure as he must have measured seven feet to the tip of his head dress. As one listened to the awe-inspiring staccato cries with which the dancers accompanied their weird posturing one could conjure up some dim realization of the terror that must have been called forth by such sounds to white captives of the Red Man in pioneer times.

The rain was still coming down heavily as we took our way to the tepees after "Auld Lang Syne," humming the refrain:

"And deep in the Rockies our camp we shall pitch,  
A tent for our palace in happiness rich,  
And there round the fire in a jovial ring  
Our tales we shall tell and our songs we shall sing."

Unfortunately in our particular tent, we had not thought of collecting fuel for a fire so we had to do without one. Perhaps it was just as well, however, as there was always the possibility that our chimney at the top would not draw. It might well be that, to get the best out of it, life in a tepee required some experience. However, my tentmate, Frederick Niven and I lay awake for some time and in spite of the lack of a fire, snug under our blankets, swapped tales and experiences to the soft accompaniment of the rain pattering on the tent and the louder ceaseless booming of the Falls half a mile away.

In the morning we saw the snow had been falling on the slopes nearby though not in our valley and the sight whetted our appetite as we gathered in the big tent and discussed porridge, bacon and eggs and pancakes and syrup.

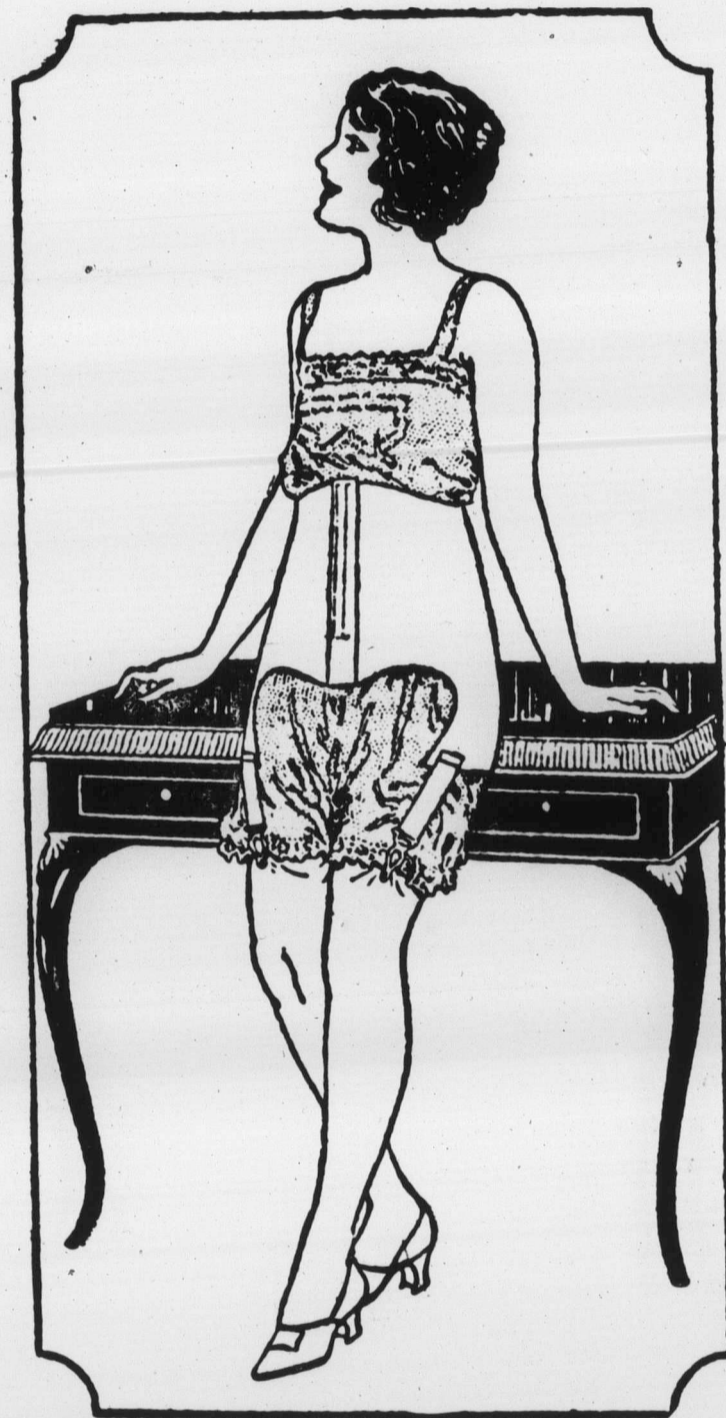
After breakfast we all gathered outside and with due ceremony a bronze tablet was unveiled bearing a bust of Tom Wilson who was duly photographed by the "movie men" in attendance. Then it was "boots and saddles to horse and away."

There were about seventy-five riders started on the ride up the valley to the Yoho Glacier. At first, we rode by fours while the trail was wide but soon we began to ascend and then

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