

# JASPER PARK TENT TOWN IS AN IDEAL TOURIST RESORT

(By May L. Armitage)

A glint of camp fire, a gleam of white tents and bright awnings against a gorgeous vista of lake, wood and mountain, a spicy smell of pines, a hint of fish frying and coffee steaming, and the traveller knows, as the road winds from Jasper over the boiling Athabasca, that he is nearing Jasper Park Tent Town.

The newest of western new things is the tent city. Opened only on June 15, it is already a hive of industry, having visitors' names on its guest book before the end of June from Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, New York, Washington, D.C., Cambridge and Springfield, Mass., Harrisburg, Penn., and Seattle. Trust the Americans for sniffing out a new summer play ground! It would be strange, would it not, to find out that New York knows more about Jasper Park Camp than Alberta. From the visitors' book one might almost draw this conclusion.

## Situation of Camp

This wonderful little town is situated in Alberta in the heart of Jasper Park, two and one-half miles from Jasper station, and just seventeen miles from the border of British Columbia. To Mr. Tilly, district passenger agent of the G.T.P., and Mr. Stanley Bone, manager of the Edmonton Tent & Mattress company lies the credit of the location of the camp. Mr. Tilly and Mr. Bone spent two days going over the territory in search of a suitable site, and the one upon which they decided assuredly meets the requirements in every possible way.

Situated on the shore of Horseshoe Lake (which, by the way, Conan Doyle characterized as one of the most beautiful lakes it had ever been his lot to behold), with the mountains all around, Fitzhugh southeast, Gelkie directly south, with its 11,000 feet, rearing its stately head beyond, Pyramid and Goat north west, and the "Old Man" mountain keeping guard over all, the camp lies on gently rising ground, as though specially designed for its reception.

When leaving the train at Jasper, the traveller finds transport wagons always waiting, two companies, Brewster & Moore, and Otto Bros., well known to western tourists, making a specialty of transportation and service for the camp. The two and a half mile drive to the tent town is over one of the finest, as well as most picturesque roads in the park. This is a Dominion government road, built from stone and gravel, leading to Maligne Gorge being one of the roads built recently to open up the park to tourists.

## Management of Tent Town

The tent town was a bright idea of certain G.T.P. officials, seeing that the magnificent Jasper Park chateau they have in prospect is not yet erected, and the idea is being carried out to perfection by the Edmonton Tent & Mattress company, who are responsible for the erection, equipment, and management of the camp. The Edmonton Tent & Mattress company need no introduction in Edmonton or the west in general for that matter. They have the honor of being the oldest, most widely known firm in Canada for supplies of this kind. Twenty-five years of enterprise and ever increasing business, wholesale and retail, stands to their credit in Ed-

so clear and so deep is the water (between 60 and 70 feet) that it acts as a constant reflector for all the beauties around, taking on the colors of an opal as the sun touches this point and that.

## Kitchens, and the Cook.

Coming down to practical things such as kitchens, store rooms and sleeping apartments, they are all bountifully supplied at the camp. The kitchen is under the direct supervision of a domestic science graduate, the water supply is from the depths of the lake, and the sanitary arrangements are excellent.

And the camp boasts no less important personage than a real Swiss chef, "Jacques" by name; the mountain air makes appetites worthy of his excellent cooking. Jacques' kitchens and pantries are his pride and delight, the equipment being put in under his supervision. With his canvas walls thrown open to the lake, he can be as cool as he likes, while his model sink, sloped draining table, ingenious cupboards and shelves, make the kitchen a place to linger in, and marvel at. The ice house is at hand and the storage tents within easy distance; in fact one would think that many months instead of a few weeks would have been necessary to get this excellently run department of the camp in shape.

## How the Camp Sleeps

The tents, "individual" and "family," cluster around the bigger ones, and already are twenty-five in number. Each tent is smoothly floored, boarded up a couple of feet, and double roofed as tight as a drum from dampness. Sleep has not to be wooed but rather fought away at tent towns, if the visitor would not miss the glorious outdoor hours, for the beds, blankets and tent equipment in general all spell comfort, the breakfast bell rings much too soon. There are mats on the floor, dressing tables, mirrors and toilet fixtures; all there is to do is to put in personal belongings and make ones self at home. Tent Town stands for health, rest and recreation in the most seductive form possible; it is camping without any of the discomforts of camp life, and getting near to nature with all the essentials of civilization supplied.

## Pleasures for Everyone

How does the time pass at Tent Town? Almost any way the fancy dictates. There are canoes, rowboats, and a motorboat to be installed on the lake; there are riding trips, fishing trips, driving trips, walking trips in every direction which makes it a tourist's paradise.

Brewster & Moore have an office at Tent Town, besides the telephone connection with Jasper, and a trip for a party, or a solitary explorer, with guide, grub, mounts or conveyance can be supplied in no time. The string of shaggy ponies which "Fat" can conjure up on short notice, know their mountain trails like a book, and even the least experienced rider may be sure of a safe journey.

## World-Known Beauty Spots

Though Jasper Park is 4,400 square miles in extent, some of its most famous beauty spots lie within easy distance of the camp. For instance, the Maligne Gorge and Pyramid lake, both coming under the head of nature's wonders, are within five miles of the camp. At the Maligne canon the water takes a clean plunge to a depth of 175 feet, while the walls of the gorge rise on either hand in the most fantastic shape, as though chiseled by the hand of a mischievous giant. The river winds and winds, cutting its way



Only one of the many delightful scenes in the vicinity of Jasper Park Tent Town, Maligne Gorge, a mighty, rushing waterfall, plunging to a depth of 175 feet.

these last two seasons. When the bridges over the Athabasca were threatened during the recent flood, they worked thirty-six hours to free the piers from the enormous amount of debris swept down by the torrent and were successful in their efforts.

Then the cowboys and guides come riding in with their gorgeous beaded hat bands and gauntlets and sheepskin schaps; parties from Jasper and beyond with pack ponies and equipment for the trail stay off for tea, and a rest; there is always something happening on the road past the camp. One can sit still and be entertained as far as that goes.

If fishing is the attraction, Rainbow trout, Bull and Mountain trout, Beaver Dam, on the Athabasca river, is only two miles away, and Maligne, Medicine, Pyramid, Patricia, and Jack lakes, are full of the same species, and while they mean a day's outing, there are excellent trails, and they make splendid trips for the sportsmen coming up for that purpose. One ardent fisherman declares the trout in Jack lake will bite on red flannel, bare hook or a hair pin, which statement remains to be proved by the other anglers who visit the camp.

Be mountain climbing the attraction, Fitzhugh and Goat mountains make excellent climbs within easy distance. Fitzhugh lies nearest and has a well blazed trail. The climb can be easily made in four hours, the magnificent vista which lies spread before the climber well repaying his efforts.

The G.T.P. train schedule makes it possible to take delightful day trips too to Tete Jaune and Mount Robson so far as convenience is concerned and for central location among the beauties of the park it would be hard to beat Jasper Park Camp.

## Rainy Days at Camp

Even rainy days have no terrors for the guests. The canvas walls of the big dining room are weather proof, and when the sheet-iron stove is stuffed



Here is shown the Verandah Cafe which provides a splendid view of the 150 mountain peaks, easily discernible while resting comfortably in this spacious tent. The other picture is the dining hall—everything under canvas—which opens out to Horse Shoe Lake, a magnificent body of clear mountain water, where boating and fishing is the joy of the sportsman. These two scenes particularly depict the accommodation in Jasper Park Tent Town, the latest summer resort for the tourists of the continent.

monton, so no wonder their name spells "quality."

As the visitor rides into camp, the gay verandah cafe, with its many comfortable seats and lounges, its convenient tables and pretty flags and awnings, is the first attraction. This is the spot from which one may watch the mountains take on their tints of rose, gold, and silver, and the clouds form "bonnets" for their snow capped heads, while the "Old man" seems constantly to change his attitude as the sun touches him increasingly. The official count of mountain peaks to be seen from this vantage point is 150. All around are the pines and Douglas firs, and that pest, the mosquito, is absolutely taboo. If any guest can exhibit a real live mosquito—or a dead one either for that matter—at Jasper Park Tent Town, the only conclusion is that he must have packed it in his grip at Edmonton, Calgary or little old New York.

The big dining hall 30x30, with the largest floor for many a mile around, is a joy to enter. Sixty or seventy guests can easily be seated here, the dainty tables with their real table clothes and napkins (none of your camp oil cloth), making a most inviting scene. The dining hall is canvas, of course, too, like everything in Tent Town, and is only 30 feet from Horse Shoe Lake, the side facing the water being entirely open to the view though it may be closed at pleasure. The dinner can scarce find time for the good things to eat, so charming is the outlook; the lake changes in a moment from the bluest blue to the greenest green, and

ever deeper and deeper, the rustic bridges erected over its steep granite walls by the park management, giving an overhanging view of unspeakable magnificence.

At Maligne Gorge is a "shelter," put there for the convenience of parties wishing to stay over and explore the district. A similar building lies twelve miles farther on called "Medicine Shelter," at Medicine Lake. These picturesque log houses are supplied with stoves, built-in bunks, tables, benches, etc., with two or three rooms, for the use of parties wishing to remain over night. They are supplied with telephone for the convenience of the visitors and fire rangers, making a charming little bivyac as an out-of-the-way experience for the tenderfoot.

## Protection at Tent-Town

The fire-rangers deserve more than a word of mention. It is comforting to have them coming riding into camp once in a while, and to know that their watchfulness of the beautiful forest park never ceases. Chief P. E. Simpson—"Pete," to venture on a formality—comes into camp often, and is a welcome visitor. What he does not know about Jasper Park never will be known; and to get the chief beside a camp fire spinning yarns is something worth while "sticking around" for.

These men show wonderful ability and ingenuity in times of emergency. They fight the occasional forest fire with wonderful skill, and better than fighting it, they prevent it by unceasing watchfulness, so that the percentage of fire has been practically all

full of spicy pine limbs, the tables drawn out for bridge, the graphophone started, "one step," fancy work, or book made to do duty as the guest's fancy dictates, who cares though the rain may pelt for a few hours? It only makes earth, tree and mountain sweeter and cleaner, and as for the roads and walks, they are sand—none of your gluey mud—and dry almost before the sky stops weeping.

When it gets dry, too, someone thinks of walking down to the beaver dams to see what the industrious bachelor beaver who lives there is doing. He has piled up a wonderful house, and if you have luck you may see him slipping into the crystal lake from his haunt. So clear is the water that its depths count for nothing, and it is a stormy day indeed when one cannot see the pebbles and fossils on the bottom of the lake from a canoe.

## The Camp is Home

Jasper Park Tent Town is a real home to its guests. Mr. Kenneth, the manager, spares nothing in the way of welcome, and the visitor feels that he is being taken into a quaint little town whose open sesame is "good fellowship." To have been one of its first guests is a privilege, and to visit it later on when its register will hold the names of the multitude of wayfarers who will enjoy a delightful outing there will be an experience. It is the first "wayside inn" to make a stay in wonderful Jasper Park possible, and the province should welcome this enterprising little town as a means whereby the travelling public may become better acquainted with "Sunny Alberta" in its most picturesque form.