

Reuben Tam Diary (Loose Pages), circa 1966-1970

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 09:03:46

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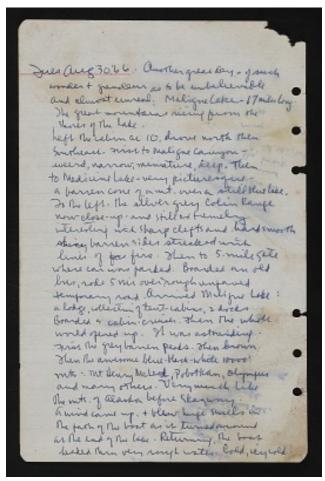
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Tue Aug 30, '66. Another great day - of such wonder and grandeur as to be unbelievable and almost unreal. Maligne Lake - 17 miles long. The great mountains rising from the shores of the lake.

Left the cabin at 10, drove north then Southeast. First to Maligne Canyon - weird, narrow, miniature, deep. Then to Medicine Lake - very picturesque - a barren cone of a mt. over a still blue lake. To the left. the silver grey Colin Range now close-up - and still extremely interesting with sharp clefts and hard smooth shiny barren sides streaked with lines of firs. Then to 5-mile Gate where car was parked. Boarded an old bus, rode 5 mi over a rough unpaved temporary road. Arrived Maligne Lake: a lodge, collection of tent-cabins, 2 docks. Boarded a cabin-cruiser. Then the whole world opened up. It was astounding. First the grey barren peaks. Then brown. Then the awesome blue-black-white 10000' mts: Mt Henry McLeod, Pobotkan, Olympus and many others. Very much like the mts. of Alaska before Skagway. A wind came up + blew huge swells in the path of the boat as it turned around at the end of the lake. Returning, the boat headed thru very rough water. Cold, icy cold!



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