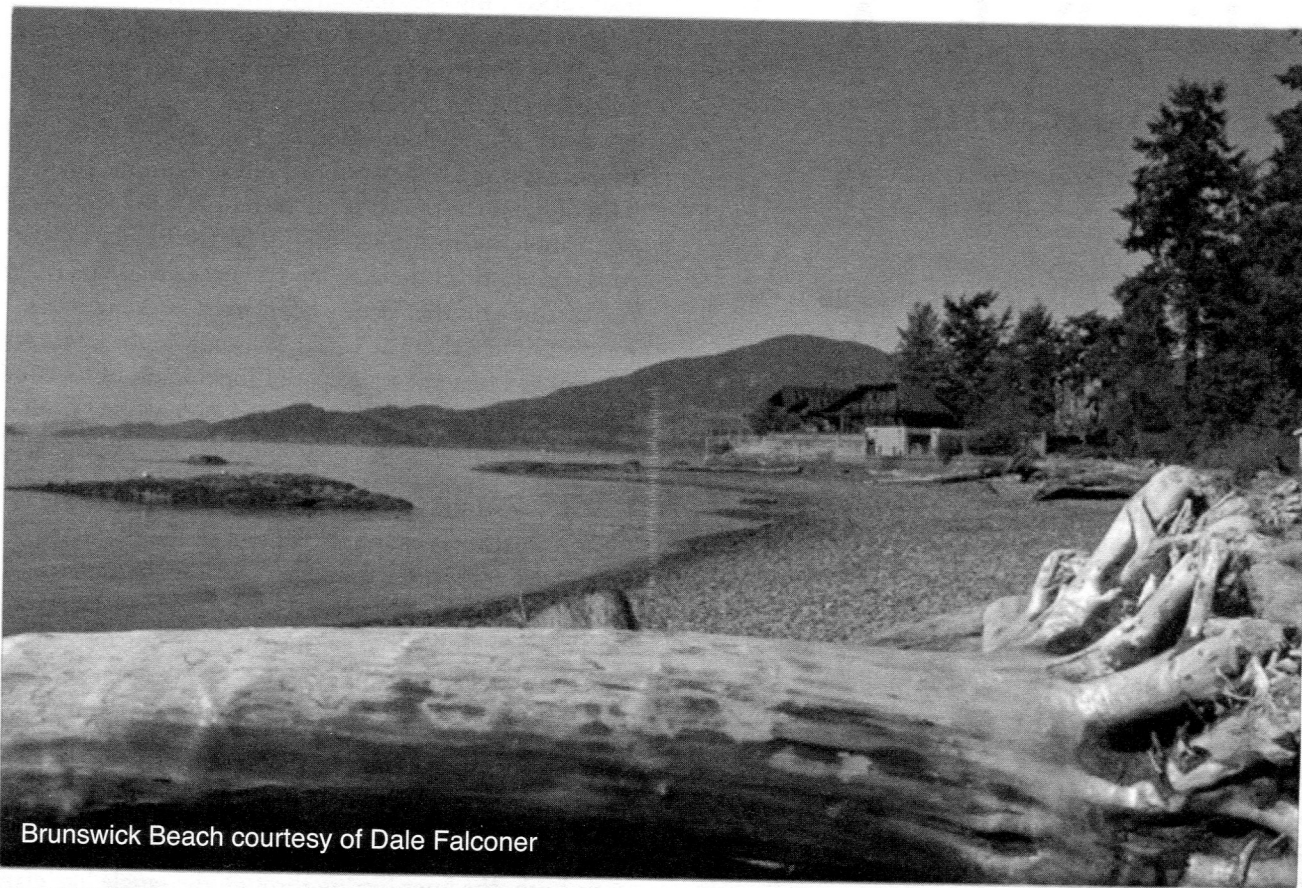


Hardly your standard camping gear. Yet this seemingly urban man who wouldn't - no, couldn't - abide the sight of a playing card, carried within him (and there are those who say he passed it on to me) a certain restlessness. He journeyed from Ontario's heartland to the still new Vancouver and kept moving within the city, always on its outer edges, homing at last where the

was chiefly responsible for it - a scanty frame of two - by - fours rose in 1920 to be covered with shakes split from cedar washed up on the beach, its windows simply openings in the walls, one wall, eventually, mostly a round-stone fireplace. "It isn't much," the sign within read, "but its camp to us. Please respect." And for the most part, casual visitors- many of them en route to



Brunswick Beach courtesy of Dale Falconer

streets stopped short at the edge of the Kitsilano forest. So when in the first decade or so of the century, developers drew up a subdivision on Howe Sound, he was a ready investor. It was a fine looking subdivision on paper - named streets and tidy lots. The fact that it could be reached only by sea and that development in the urban sense would not occur for many decades were probably plusses in Grandfather's mind. They certainly were to the family.

A few cottages were built, mostly down by the point and in Alberta Bay. But the only development on Grandfather's part of the beach was the shack. My uncle

climb the Lions - did respect it. The shack served the family well, and, though long unused, was torn down at last only within the past few years.

Not that we always slept in the shack. Often as not it was out under the trees, even in the face of imagination's bears, or out on the boat my uncle built and anchored off-shore. But the shack was always there, the rainy day shelter, the dining room, the center, the family haven, the family seat.

Around it was the bush; behind, the mountains; in front, the sea. Around all, a sense of isolation, of no - contact, and growing within me a feeling of