Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
ROUGHING IT DE-LUXE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

After a few experiences, with an occasional vicissitude or two, in various attempts to pry into the secrets of the wilderness, I am prepared to assert that in about the same ratio as one gets farther away from the teaching-ring does the tin-cup-axe-one-blanket outfit appeal to him less and less. We have all been through that phase and survived it, just as we survived measles and chicken-pox, and with about an equal degree of comfort. Apparently, as we become more antique and perhaps more wise, we no longer feel that the main object of a camping trip is to discover how uncomfortable we can be made within a given time. I have never been able to fathom the mysterious claim to distinction from going foolishly "light" when it was not necessary, and fail to see why the expert elimination of unessentials and the inclusion of all items which conduce to comfort, according to the means of transportation, does not demand as much recognition and have more advocates.

These conclusions were confirmed by a recent pack-train trip, in which I was a minor factor, through an untraveled part of the East Kootenay country of British Columbia. Down timber to a heart-breaking extent and no visible trail through brush and over rock during many days, created a condition which might have been discouraging, but in fact merely added zest to novelty. We had no hardships within the literal meaning of the word, though the necessity of camping per force, at times where darkness overtook us, and often in the rain, presented features
which, except for the comfort of our equipment, might properly have demanded the hardihood of the trapper or the enthusiasm of youth, neither of which attributes did we possess to any conspicuous extent. On this account, therefore, no matter what our previous convictions may have been, we are now unqualified converts to a sort of limited de luxe quality and quantity in all essential ingredients which go to make up what is known as equipment for a ramble in out of the way places.

Partly for the purpose of getting adherents to the above theory, but mainly to exploit our experiences into a comparatively unknown section, which is still the Hunter's Paradise, I have been willingly persuaded to tell my version of the story.

The exact and epochal date at which the events started was the 21st of last August. For the previous four days we had sped toward the land of our dreams, but not until our car was shunted on to a siding at the little mining town of Michel in British Columbia did we feel certain these dreams were coming true. Five months previously the Chief had asked George and me if we would like to try Kootenay with him in the Fall. Though, so far as we were then aware, Kootenay might have been a new breakfast food, we immediately, unqualifiedly and unanimously said we would.

As a matter of fact had he suggested skating to Patagonia or flying to Baffins Bay our reply would have been the same, since we knew well from previous experiences with him that, no matter how casually broached, such suggestions from the Chief are not of the common garden variety, but are sure to contain exciting probabilities.
Incidentally, while the Chief has not been vocational-
ly occupied in supplying the demands of the rest of the world,
for the particular products he alone can satisfactorily furnish,
he has assembled an almost perfect pack-train and camping outfit,
in the exploitation of which we are willing to back him against
all comers. In several trips with him to more or less remote
places, we have watched with interest the light of appreciation
break out in the ordinarily taciturn faces of our guides as they
discovered that this Eastern "dude" had "been-there" and really
knew something they didn't know about their own business.
Sooner or later, but mostly sooner, we have seen them copy fea-
tures of his pack-saddles; secure plans of his camp pantry;
display a real interest in his method of tent setting; watch
and marvel at his camp baking; learn what the possibilities or
requirements of an ideal camp site are, and in a dozen other ways
get a new slant on the art in which they are, quite excusably,
prone to consider themselves exclusive specialists. His boxes
fit the pack saddles more the less perfectly because the butter,
pork, bacon, ham and so forth are insulated against the heat of
the sun and horse; nor are the eggs any less palatable because
their longevity is increased by being packed individually in
buckwheat husks so that the first one is yet to meet a violent
death.

But I am anticipating this part of the story, for
some gastronomical details will intrude themselves as we meet
them on the trail, or on what was intended to be a trail, for
thus early I must confide to you, as one of the secrets of this
particular trip, that contrary to calculations we followed no
trail at times, but one followed us, for we left behind us a
swath in the landscape from the Elk River across the Bull to
the White that will be as obvious to those who come after us
as the Main Street in their home town.

Of course, George and I knew British Columbia geogra-
pherically, just as sundry thousands have known it annually
and casually from C.P.R. windows, and under pressure will tell
their less fortunate friends of the grandeur of the country
around Banff, Lake Louise, Glacier and other beauty spots in
the approach to that really wonderful region of towering peaks.

But of its untravelled trails; its unnamed mountains with their
timbered valleys; its boiling glacier streams rushing to join
the more sedate waterways, even of its sub-divisions, we knew
next to nothing. We have since appropriately blushed to
think how little East Kootney then meant to us, though that
ignorance speedily changed to appreciation as we eagerly de-
voured maps and railway folders which were graphically sup-
plemented by Jack Lewis' letters; and with this absorption came
the realization that we were actually booked for a trip through
the heart of a real game district in one of the most beautiful
and least frequented parts of the Canadian Rockies. Thenceforth
visions of goat, sheep, elk, bear and what-nots clouded our dreams
by night, while lists of impediments, guns and such like details
entangled our thoughts in the office; so that when the day of
our departure arrived we were surely prepared and very wise to
the nature of the country, its flora, fauna and other inhabitants.

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But our party has not yet been fully introduced, for the Chief had elected "Doc", (who had just returned from France), to complete the quartette. Now "Doc" is not spoiled by the splendid record he made with our doughboys, nor is he simply an ordinary sawbones who looks upon you longingly as a potential case, but was a mighty satisfactory complement to the outfit. Thanks to either the air, the food or our natural stability, we gave him no opportunity to experiment on us humans, but in at least one emergency we found him an excellent and natural veterinarian. But that also is another story.

To return from this digression and get back to our starting point at Michel, we had hardly stopped when our guide Jack Lewis appeared. As we had read with considerable interest his voluminous letters, picturing with more than ordinary ability the wonders of the country we were to see, we had been curious to learn what the unusual combination of a ready letter writer and a woodsman would look like. First impressions were good, and during luncheon and while waiting for a wagon to take our outfit to Boiven's Ranch, learned much of his record, which included service with the Provincial Police and with the Canadian Infantry abroad, from which latter he had but a few months previously returned home after a severe hospital experience.

After luncheon we unloaded our outfit in the presence of a bevy of the ubiquitous boy; sent some home telegrams, got our hunting licenses, and made a few purchases at the only store. Michel has only length, though plenty of that, and is a red streak squeezed in between impending mountains on
either side. Its principal or only business is coal, but when we were there the miners were on a strike, though not for what particular reason we could not learn, as most of the miners apparently owned their own automobiles, not tin Lizzies but the genuine article. This was fortunate for us, as Lewis had persuaded one, by a generous subsidy, to take us to Boivan's Ranch, twelve miles up the Elk River, where the rest of our guides and horses were awaiting us. Our driver, though having failed all his life to appreciate the possible advantages which might accrue to him from a working knowledge of English, was excessively voluble in some unknown tongue, but we gained from his actions that he was hardly on speaking terms with his motor. Notwithstanding that handicap, in some other environment he would have been classified as a speed artist, oblivious of everything but his destination. However, we rattled over the dusty and uneven road for half an hour without mishap, until a few yards from the ranch an outraged upspring let go and we cheerfully finished on foot.

Here at Bill Boivan's we met Bill and Mrs. Bill (the latter sorrowful because she could not accompany us); Neal, the hunter; Ossie, the axeman; Johnnie, the helper; and William, in whose culinary ability reposed the destinies of the men. Not long after our arrival, our food and camp equipment on two wagons, which we had passed on the road, appeared, and we were in our first camp at last. No time was lost in getting up our tent, after which it was time to appease the inner man, and soon the fires were going. Only those who have experienced it can appreciate the consummate joy of the first camp, which has been anticipated and pictured during the weeks of preparation.
There is an undefined, yet very positive elation, in the mere act of unpacking all those personal effects one assembles at home, picturing as he does it, the surroundings in which they will next appear. There is the rifle which takes on a new aspect on the verge of game country; the rods and tackle are no longer merely evidence of superior handicraft; that heavy clothing and bed roll you packed on that hot day back home now seems very appropriate; all those camp fittings over which you studied and eliminated, bring visions of good meals on the trail, and so on down the list, some items of which you had forgotten but all teeming with the spirit of anticipated use. All these things we unpacked and repacked until each article was most conveniently located, and then—supper. I can recall every one of the viands the chief furnished us at that first meal. No food ever tasted better, due quite as much to its quality, as to the appetites we had already developed.

We had been disappointed at the failure to receive at Michel any telegrams from home, but this was assuaged in the evening by the Chief getting two messages over Boivan’s telephone, one for him and one for me. Though neither were fully intelligible, that little defect did not prevent his transmitting mine in such form that I was satisfied at having an assuring word before we left all such connections behind us for a month. So we turned in for our first night.

**August 22**—This was a busy morning as the first time always is, getting the packs properly adjusted and loaded. The horses were all brought in early, and a fair-looking lot they were, four riding and twelve pack horses for us, six riding and nine
pack for the men; strung out they made a goodly show and a
worthy subject for the photographer. It was in these first
moments that our misgivings over the selection of Bill Roivan
as head-packer were for all times dispelled. Bill had lost one
arm, his left, at the shoulder, and it seemed to us that such a
handicap would be emphasized by the diamond hitch. Jack had
told us that he had been chief packer for the C.P.R., but we were
not prepared to have him develop into the best packer, that is
having less trouble on the trail, that we had ever seen. Besides
this, his care of the horses as well as our riding equipment was
a source of great satisfaction. Most of the horses gave out lit-
tle trouble during the packing even on this first morning, but
one bay colt was a bit ornery and she had to be blinder with a pack-
cover before anyone could get within hailing distance of her with
anything that looked like a load. However, before noon every-
thing was packed and we, with Lewis leading, started off ahead
of the pack-train and up the road which we followed four or five
miles to Brule Creek. Here on the creek bottom we had a hasty
lunch; then leaving the highway, and all such marks of civiliza-
tion, we followed along the creek on an old trail, now for years
gone into the discard and hardly discernible except for the cut-
ting on it which the men had been doing the past two days while
waiting for us. After about four miles we came to the end of
the cutting and decided to spend the night. We cleared an open
space for our tent, cut some poles and waited for the pack which
arrived at 4:30. Just at this point Brule Creek becomes sub-
teranean, and our water supply was limited to a small but ice-
cold spring, though sufficient for our purposes. Pending the
arrival of the outfit we laid on our saddle blankets; made a few prophesies as to the liberties each intended to take with the fish and game encountered; and, with the assistance of Lewis, settled several international controversies. We then set up our tent, the men making their camp in a small meadow near us but not taking the trouble to pitch their tent. We, of course, are doing our own cooking, so at this camp we assigned ourselves to the different jobs of that department. The Chief became the Chef, specializing in pastry and deserts; George was to be the Butler, having custody of the larder generally; Doc. became Assistant Butler, upon whom we relied for almost everything from table decorating to butchering, and I was elected Assistant-Chef, for the very good reason that that was the only vacancy.

We were promised a rough trail in the morning, but as we expected to camp only four miles from here, it is also expected to be a short travelling day.

**August 23** - There should be one uniform table of distances for all the world, to save confusion to travelers. Last night the leading authority in camp advised us to get in bed early as we had to make four miles on the morrow. Several of us had travelled even more than that in a day without excessive fatigue, so we were not particularly excited at the prospect. Yet here we are, still on Brule Creek only four miles from last night's sleep, and we consumed ten hours of constant riding in making the passage. It is true that some of the more desperate of the men aver we came five miles, but since discovering the horrible length to which a British Columbia mile will go, we consider that an exaggeration and are satisfied with the first
estimates. We left camp at eleven this morning, and without getting out of our saddles, except when occasional bad places made it necessary or the men cutting ahead were stopped by heavy down timber gave us a resting spell, we arrived at this camp on the edge of green timber at nine in the evening, and in such darkness it was marvelous that Jack and Ossie, who were ahead on foot, could find any trail to follow. We were all willing to call it a day, and admitted we had developed a new conception of the suesedness of a really bad trail. It developed during the day that no one had been over it since Lewis came through on snow shoes six years ago, and probably no one else in the eight years before that when W. T. Hornaday came through with a party of which Lewis was one. In many places avalanches and snow slides had stripped the mountain slopes of trees and deposited them in an almost impassable tangle at the bottom totally obliterating the trail, which, on account of the growth of Jack pines and smaller bushes was at its best seldom discernible. Jack and Ossie ahead with their axes and constantly cutting made our progress possible, as otherwise no horse could have gotten through. They cut up logs and cut down trees; they found the old trail and lost it intermittently all day; they, that is Jack, swore with a vehemence and earnestness beyond the dreams of even that proverbial pirate who has been the standard for ages. With some minor variations he told what he thought of such a trail, and assured us repeatedly that he had walked more than fifty miles that day looking for the blankety-blank thing and had cut more than fifty cords of wood in the meantime.
It must be admitted that these oratorioal efforts neither interfered with the swing of his axe nor diverted Ossie from the main idea. The latter, though lighter built, was a finished axeman and we found entertainment in watching him cut through a particularly big piece of timber. All day we scrambled over and around logs and jumped others. The last hour after reaching green timber the going was better, but if Jack and Ossie had not blazed a long white streak every fifty feet, the pack-train, which had fallen behind, could not have come through until daylight. It was certainly a mess when they finally staggered in on top of us in the little opening we had selected for a camp beside the creek. Thirty-one horses and ten men in a small space, in inky darkness, save at first for a couple of electric lamps; every one falling over a saddle or a package dropped where they were taken off the weary horses; the eager search for the particular case containing the most easily prepared food, made a situation teeming with potential trouble. But tired as we all were, everyone rose to the occasion and as soon as the horses were let loose to graze, order was restored and a couple of fires going in short order. A couple of boiled eggs and a cup of Erbwarts satisfied the inner man. I say satisfied, but that does not include George or Doc., for just as the former put his cup of soup down to fix the fire Doc., not seeing it in the dark, put his foot on the cup and that ration ran away. A fight looked imminent, but it was compromised by a division of Doc's soup. Then, without even looking for a tent we spread our beds on the ground and with the soothing tinkle of the bells on the feeding horses in our ears, were soon asleep. It was surely a novel and
interesting day and while we would not elect to repeat it in daily doses, we all enjoyed it. There were frequent and fresh grizzly signs but we saw no bears.

August 24 - Sunday. Fortunately, it did not rain to disturb our slumbers, and we opened our eyes this morning up on the mess of equipment we had unloaded in the dark. But the all absorbing idea, ahead of every other obligation, was that the individual demands growing out of yesterday's rather meagre meals must be first satisfied. This, a portion of oatmeal, hot biscuits, jam, coffee, ham and a couple of eggs spices helped materially to do; after which we moved camp on to a grassy knoll, first cutting out a few trees to give the necessary space. We are now near the goat country but, on account of forest fires to the westward it was too smoky when we first got up to distinguish any life on the rocky ridges in front of us. Jack and Cissie started early to begin cutting a trail to the summit of the pass which has to be negotiated, we hope tomorrow, on the way to our next camp on Bull River. The Butler, always keen to pick up something, be it a new acquaintance, information or a fight, this morning accumulated a quart of wild currants, while the rest of us busied ourselves with odd jobs around camp, though Doc, after the chores were done, cut himself a formidable club as a protection against bear, and explored the hills back of camp. In the afternoon we all tried the new Savage 25-5000, and the Chief, though admitting he could not use the open sights, managed to carry off the palm. Jack and Cissie returned before dark and reported they had opened up a trail to the summit between Elk River valley, where we now are, and Bull River valley where we hope to be after
the next jump. But they say another day of cutting will be necessary before we can get through, so making a virtue of necessity, we will stay here tomorrow. In the afternoon the smoke cleared and we spent an interesting hour with the glasses watching five mountain goats feeding and making their way across the apparently precipitous face of the top of the mountains opposite camp. As this was the first time any of us had seen creamus at large, we were thrilled at the prospect of meeting him on even closer terms. After yesterday's strenuous hours in the saddle, we were well content to spend the Sabbath in this easy and appropriate way.

August 25 - Monday. This morning George, the hunter, awoke fired with a blood-thirsty zeal to go out alone and kill some big game, including a bear or two of which there were plenty of signs, but we finally dissuaded him, and substituting his .406, (already dubbed "Big Bertha"), for the largest pair in camp, George, the Butler, sallied forth instead in quest of more currants. In this less adventurous enterprise he was ably assisted by Doc and Bill, and collectively they accumulated about four quarts. Later these were converted into the finest jelly ever made on Brule Creek, and it subsequently appeared as an essential part of a four-layer cake of gold medal merit, all the product of our peerless chef. One pint of the jelly was given to the men, who showed proper appreciation by eating it all at one sitting, spread on bread which Bill had baked during the day.

It was at this camp that the Butler, imbued with the obligations of his position, first showed symptoms of an intention to bathe, but after Doc had made a careful diagnosis and reported only in-
sipient manifestations of "dirtitis", the operation was con-
considered unnecessary and indefinitely postponed, much to the sub-
ject's apparent relief.

There are no fish in Brule Creek, and with the opening of the game season a week off, there was nothing to do but killed time in anticipation of moving tomorrow. This we did in differ-
cut ways as the spirit moved the individual, though the Chef was busy all day in his own department, and in addition to the jelly and cake, baked two perfect loaves of bread. Incidentally bread days in camp with the Chef as demonstrator are always an event.

His dough is raised between two hot water bottles in one of the boxes emptied of its ordinary load and specially fitted to receive it. When ready for baking it is put into two aluminum cylinders hinged longitudinally in the center, which in turn just fit the two ovens attached to the back of the folding stoves. In a fraction over an hour, two evenly baked and browned loaves, about five inches in diameter and twenty inches long, are ready for consumption. It is a mathematically exact performance and always receives appropriate applause.

About supper time the whole crew, but Bill, who had also been baking, returned and reported that the trail had been opened to within two miles of Bull River, and that we can move tomorrow in full expectation of arriving during the day.

Though we had done little to deserve it, the Chef condescended to each of us a large slice of his jelly cake as a desert to the fairly substantial meal of cornbread hash, onions au gratin, muffins and chocolate. With that tucked away, we built our evening fire and rumination upon the hardships and dis-
comforts of city life.
August 26 - Tuesday. We think our Butler is a somnambulist. There were several eye witnesses to his retirement last night on his own bed, but this morning the early risers found him, still in a dreamy state, on the unfriendly ground some distance from where he started. We were packed up by eleven and left camp ahead of the men, full of anticipation at the prospect of getting to trout water and the game country. The trail, thanks to the work put upon it during the past two days, was fairly good though nearly a mile of slide rock just after starting made rather poor going for the horses, particularly for the unshod Indian horses. The last part of the ascent over the Divide was pretty steep, but we negotiated the Pass without great difficulty or mishap. Here the work of the men in cutting big timber was appreciated as we would have been seriously delayed otherwise. From the top of the Pass a panorama of great beauty opened up. Across the valley to the south a large glacier lay between two high peaks. At the foot of the glacier several small streams of melted ice united and flowed westward to where in the distance we were told lay the Bull River. As we started down the other side we flushed a bevy of willow grouse, and as Lewis assured us we would find them plentiful on the Bull, we were thankful we had packed the .22. We were pretty well up on the bare face of the mountain forming one side of a wide valley, the trail gradually leading downward, and we were thus given an unobstructed view. The character of the foliage had changed on this side of the Divide, and as we got lower down our way led through a forest of quaking aspens. We reached the bottom about noon, and had lunch in a small grove through which ran ice-cold rivulet
from the glacier we had seen from the summit. We had now reached the end of the cutting, so our progress from this point was slower, but Jack and Cassie, getting out their axes, and leaving us to tow their horses, again opened up a way, so that after going up hill for a time we finally slid down to the Bull about 4:00 o'clock, having made the six or seven miles in about five hours. We picked out a fine camp site beside the river, and while waiting for the outfit to arrive cleared up the ground ready for the tents. The pack did not arrive until 6:30, delayed because one of the horses had broken her leg in some down timber and her load was transferred to Neal's horse, he finishing on foot. It was Johnnie's black mare, a tractable little animal, and he was greatly upset over it. As there was no gun with them and no one wanted to kill it by any other means, the poor animal had to be left where she lay until someone could go back and put her out of her misery. It was very distressing to think of her lying out there in such a condition and it cast a gloom over us; but that is a chance every creature must take in such country, and with the absorption of making camp that feeling gradually wore off, though we could not forget it entirely.

August 27 - Wednesday. Before the camp awoke Johnnie had gone back to shoot his mare. It seemed almost heartless, but Johnnie was told to cut away the underbrush near by so that the carasses can be used to bait a grizzly later, in case we want to. All the other men went up stream, in what has now become a daily pastime, to begin cutting out trail as against the day we move again. After the usual hearty breakfast we tried the fish-
ing but were disappointed in results, Doc and the Chief only
getting one each, both cut-throat. In the afternoon George,
Doc and I left the Chief engaged in cooking some of his new
famous compositions, and rode down stream taking our rods and
the .22, prepared for any game that did not weigh over five pounds.
The rods yielded nothing, but the little rifle stopped two willow
grouse upon which we came unexpectedly on a gravel bar in a bend
of the river. We were a bit uncertain about the date of the
open season for them, but as the change in the game laws was so
recent that they had not been furnished to the game warden at
Michele when we got our licenses, and the men thought the season
was on, we let our longing for fresh meat convince us the men
were right.

On our return George threatened again to take a
bath, but finally compromised by washing his socks. Doc, on
the other hand, without any ostentation, actually took a hasty
plunge in the river, much to the admiration of the men. In the
evening Jack gave us a new idea in the construction of a camp
fire. It had the appearance of a large grate fire, instead of
the usual pyre with the flames mounting skyward, and we gathered
around it in grateful appreciation.

The men reported that by utilizing the river bottom
and bars they had opened up a trail nearly half way to the West
Fork, at which we figure on making our next camp.

In anticipation of staying here a day or two longer
we put up both the canopy and Baker tents, the latter particular-
ly useful to keep the rain, which looks imminent, off the outfit
and food, besides affording us a sheltered dining room. As we had
time on our hands the menu was more elaborate than usual, and com-
sisted of soup, broiled trout with bacon, hashed brown potatoes, macaroni with cheese, chocolate, olives, sliced pineapple and jelly cake. The men are growing so jealous of our culinary art that their cook Bill is almost in despair. His old theory of furnishing quantity at the expense of quality is getting a severe jolt.

**August 28 - Thursday.** During the night the horses wandered in and around camp so promiscuously that the Chief and George were annoyed, and showed their annoyances by getting out from under the warm covers and hurling most of my fire wood at them. Bill and I watched the ejection proceedings with a sympathetic eye, but thought it best not to add to the confusion by making any outward sign that we also had been annoyed. After spending some time this morning in retrieving over a two acre area all my nicely stacked wood, I suggested that a few of easily obtainable rocks from the river be collected against another equine raid. Bill thought of a better plan and immediately after breakfast began building a corral around camp, which will serve an additional purpose of holding the horses inside when we pack them again.

Jack, Cusie and Neal started early to work on the trail again. We all went down stream to try for fish or feather, and though the trout were shy we got another bird, which with those of yesterday promise a palatable repast. In the afternoon we all did some much needed washing, the Chief and Doo even extending the process to themselves, the former making a good job of it by use of the bath-tent and hot water, while Doo stuck to the river on the ground that it was quicker, speed being the only consideration.

**August 29 - Friday.** The men except Lewis were out again today cutting trail, while we four with Lewis all went up
stream fishing. Notwithstanding the cutting the going was poor. We went only about two miles, but in that distance crossed and recrossed the river sixteen times, besides utilizing the river bed for considerable stretches several times, and as the bottom is paved with large and small round stones even that course made slow going. We found several good looking pools and were rewarded with our first real mess of trout, of which the Chief got nearly half. This was very encouraging as we had of course relied on fish to help out the larder, and had begun to think that the stories of British Columbia fishing didn’t mean fish.

For dinner we split and broiled four of the largest trout, and with them had fried potatoes, muffins, tea and part of a chocolate cake which the Chef baked after we returned from fishing.

**August 30 - Saturday.** This was rather a lazy day except for the Chef, who produced something fancy for each meal, a ham omelette deserving special mention, and for the men who were still cutting now several miles up stream. Bill finished his corral and was so pleased with it that George, while admitting that Bill was some architect, felt he should not be too inflated over such a simple thing and allowed that if he, Bill, would agree to use only his one good arm, he, George, would show him a trick or two in the squared ring, providing only a suitable place and time could be found after he, George, got in proper shape. Bill agreed to all these qualifications with alacrity, and now George is afraid he won’t be able to get in shape this trip.

Doo picked the strange birds we got on Wednesday and we had them roasted for dinner, which also included a suet pudd-
August 31 - Sunday. By no stretch of imagination could this have been called a day of rest, as it was almost everything but that. We were up at six and had breakfast by seven. It had rained hard during the night and looked equally as we began to pack up. Jack had some misgivings about moving as it would be seeking wet in the brush. We were all anxious, however, to get into the goat country for the opening of the season tomorrow, so decided to go, and finished our packing before nine, but did not get started until eleven as five of the horses could not be found though Ossie, Neal and Bill had been looking for them since daylight. They were all finally found and the men returned dripping from the wet bushes. We four, with Lewis, did not wait for the last packs to be tied but started ahead up the river on the trail which had been cut during the past three days. We stopped about 1:00 to eat our lunches of tongue sandwiches, jelly cake and nuts, washed down with an orange. These lunches are a refinement of the art; are always prepared by the Chef, and are carried in small individual water-proof bags, with two circular spreaders, one of wood and the other aluminum, just the size and shape of the bread and with another thin aluminum partition between that and any other soft food, such as cake. The result is that, although these little bags are in turn stuffed into the saddle bags along with our slickers, extra sweaters, etc., the lunch does not come out soggy or mushed, but is as dainty and palatable as one could wish. Cold lunches are not any too digestible at best, and the very slight additional trouble involved in ours seem well worth while.
We did not linger long over luncheon as it began to rain again before we had finished, so we donned our slickers and made good progress for another hour though we encountered considerable down timber which retarded our speed. Here we reached the end of the cutting, and the pack having caught up with us when we stopped for lunch, Lewis and Ossie dismounted and went ahead with their axes. We took turns leading Lewis' horse, which otherwise was a very respectable animal but unless pulled along by the halter rope seemed bent on going in any direction except the right one. Ossie's colt, on the other hand, while so wild it was a man's job to get in the saddle and an unsafe one to get near her heels, followed by herself as faithfully as a dog. The old disused trappers' trail was so overgrown and in places so entirely obliterated, that not the least of our troubles was to even locate it. At first one of us would occasionally call attention to what looked like an old blaze, only to find it was where an elk had rubbed his horns or a bear had scratched his mark or a porcupine had had a lunch from the bark. We finally learned that our suggestions were not of material value, so waited quietly on our horses until a few more yards of trail had been opened up. To appreciate the situation which exists throughout our route, one must imagine the difficulty of picking a way through a pile of jack-straws magnified into whole trees. Only one way could be followed and that on the old trail now at least ten years in disuse. To attempt any other course, except an occasional detour around a fallen tree too large to be quickly cut, would be to invite early disaster, as one would soon find himself in an inextricable maze. Occasionally our way would lead us into compara-
tively open stretches of a few hundred yards extent but, even
t these had elk trails leading in every direction to mislead us and
quite often held dangerously soft spots. Utilizing the gravel
bars on bends of the river when we could, and often the rocky bed
of the river itself, we finally reached the West Fork of the Bull
a little after four in a light rain. Peals of thunder reverberated
from the surrounding peaks, but it looked as though we were
out of the storm zone, when it veered in our direction and poured
hard for about an hour. We had lost the pack somewhere coming
up so stood around taking our medicine until 5:30 when it arrived.
In some of the deep holes in the river four of the horses were
nearly submerged at different times, but only one of our boxes
was badly wet, and as that contained tinned goods no damage was
done.

We had already chosen our camp site in the edge of
the timber on one of the flat gravel bars, and had cut enough
poles for all the tents so our canopy tent and the three of the
moms went up in circums time. It was pretty cold but we soon had
a big warming fire going. This making camp in the rain was another
interesting experience, and we were surprised how easily it was
done without any of the outfit getting very moist. Our slickers
kept us dry except as to our feet, but the men were soaked to the
skin, and to them the fire was very welcome. The rain stopped by
the time supper was ready. Afterwards Lewis constructed one of
his famous camp fires and the whole outfit sat around it until
bed time, one by one successively disappearing tentward until Lewis
only remained. Discouraged, finally, over his vanished audience,
he kicked the drying embers into flame and followed suit.

Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
September 1 - Monday. This had been anticipated as a hunting day, but it opened rainy, with mist on the mountains shutting off all observation of game, so we compromised by indulging in the more domestic pursuits of camp life, including some laundering, barbering and fixing up camp for two or three days stay. In the afternoon, however, we did some fishing, and George in particular, with Ossie, getting a fine string of some fifty trout. We saw everywhere abundant signs of bear, elk and deer, and when it cleared before sundown, with the glasses we could see a bunch of goats on the ridge to the north-west of camp. With these assurances that we were at last in the real game district, we were eager to start something, though it was plainly evident that any kind of hunting would entail hard travelling, and of necessity on foot, as horses could not even make a start up the slopes on account of the thick brush and down timber. With visions of much blood letting tomorrow, we arranged all the details for an early start, and did not linger long over the fire after supper.

September 2 - Tuesday. This was our day of days, and one crowned with some measure of success; for we have in camp tonight a very fair mountain goat's head, the original owner of which was shot off the utmost peak of the ridge on which we saw the bunch yesterday. It all came about in this fashion. We were up at daylight, and after a hearty breakfast all set out on foot before seven. The Chief, with Neal and Johnnie, went up the slope west of camp to look for deer, while George, Doc and I, with Lewis and Ossie, started up the river to try the peaks to the
north-west for the goats we had seen with our glasses. With the possibility of being obliged to spend the night out, we carried a respectable lunch and sweater apiece, and I also took my camera and glasses. After leaving the river the grade was steep, but that feature was nothing to the tangle of brush and fallen timber we encountered during the first three hours. We had all put hob-nails in our shoes last night, and soon learned to avail ourselves of prostrate logs leading in the right direction. Of course we all fell off occasionally, but they at least afforded smooth going for a few feet at a time. Lewis, who was leading, aggravated us considerably, as neither the incline nor the tangle seemed to retard him in the least, and as he seemed bent on breaking some record, the result was that we could not keep up and were continually losing sight of him. When we were to all appearances lost, so far as he was concerned, we would call and remonstrate with him over his speed. Then for a short distance he would keep in sight, but the performance would soon be repeated, he maintaining that there was no hurry and that we had only to yell at him and he would stop, but that he simply could not walk slow. We tried psychology on him, explaining that the effort to keep up created a mental exhaustion, which supplemented by a growing peevishness, would spell our finish long before we were out of the woods. Finally we hit on the happy expedient of having Ossie do the leading and we got along, possibly with less speed, but with infinitely more amiability. By the time we had reached the rocks at timber line, most of our spikes were gone, and as we looked upward it was with some misgivings, for the rocky ledges looked treacherous for one not properly clad. Here we stopped for our breaths.
to catch up, and discussed the prospects. George, whose hob-nails were all gone, leaving his leather soles more slippery than my composition rubber, felt that it would be useless, if not dangerous, to go on, and reluctantly decided that he and Ossie would stay in the timber in the hope of getting a shot at a mule-deer, of which we had seen numerous signs. So Doc, whose army trench-shoes still held some nails, Lewis and I, then pushed on up over the rocks, the ascent becoming constantly steeper, until about one o'clock, when we stopped to take a hasty lunch in the shadow of the summit. Lewis was studying the formation of the serrated peaks which stretched away from us to the west, to figure how we could make our way along the face of a rocky wall which seemed to shut off a passage to the adjoining basin in which we thought we had seen the goats yesterday, when suddenly he made an exclamation and pointed to the pinnacle above us. We followed his point and there saw our first goats. At first we could see but two, a nanny and a wall grown kid, but Lewis said there surely must be more. From this point Lewis showed good ability. He figured that if we approached them from the east they would not get our wind, so we changed our course and for 300 or 400 yards followed in the lee of a wall-like formation which lead up to the crest of the ridge, and brought us on a level with the goats. We came out on the knife-blade edge of the summit, and peaking around the wall saw the goats about 125 yards away. In our excitement we had forgotten our fatigue, which was quite prevalent when we had stopped for lunch, and I, at least, quite ignored the elevation during the last dash, though we had previously stopped at stated intervals to allay the pounding of our hearts. I had brought along a 9 mm Mannlicher, while Doc carried my new 25-3000 Savage. Quiet
obsessed with the opportunity and completely ignoring the fact that anyone else was in the party I picked out my goat and fired. The bullet as I found out later, struck at the top of its shoulder apparently killing it instantly. It fell and rolled about 100 yards down the cliff out of sight, but Lewis yelled not to worry as we surely had him. At the report of my shot two rams came into view, but Doc had already opened up on the younger one and fired twice. Most unfortunately, the rear Lyman sight on the "Savage" had become loose on the way up, and as it shut off all view of the front sight he was prevented from getting a true aim. It was too late then to remedy the trouble, and with Doc only able to guess at the direction he was pointing, the goats made a hasty and successful get-away, and our chance for that day was gone. I might have gotten in another shot, but besides being satisfied with what I had already had, I was too much exercised at the trouble Doc was having with his sights to butt in on his opportunity. I blame myself for Doc's disappointment, since, had I set the sight properly when I put it on, that goat would now be decorating Doc's study, instead of posing as the hero and survivor of an exciting bombardment. When the bunch retreated Doc and Lewis ran to the edge of the cliff down which the goats were making a hasty retreat, and the latter speeded them some by sending a couple more bullets in their general direction. I, meanwhile, went down to where my goat, after falling a couple of hundred yards, had finally lodged against an old stump. As it represented a successful culmination of a real effort I could not resist the temptation to perpetuate the event with several photographs. When Doc and Lewis returned from their chase, we, that is they, cut off the
head and about 60 pounds of meat, which made a good load for Lewis. The joke was not all on Lewis, however, for when Doc and I divided up what Lewis had brought with him and added it to our own load, we were glad that our route was down hill and that we had not tossed up any more of a cargo, for it surely would have been jettisoned before we reached camp. From where we stood a more or less smooth canyon seemed to lead directly down to the West Fork, which we could almost see dividing the ridge we were on from the one just west of camp. As it not only promised easier going than the course we had taken coming up, but looked much shorter, we decided to take it. It may have been shorter and doubtless was easier, but we suffered the same old disappointment one always encounters from an overdose of constant downhill travel. It first developed in our hind legs, and then, loaded to the gunwale as we were, our shoulders began to complain. However, all things end in time, and after two hours on our heels we finally reached the West Fork, which, as we had had no water since leaving camp early in the morning, we gave an imitation of drinking dry.

While resting by the stream, Neal appeared, having left the Chief and Johnnie and doing a little hunting on his own account. He reported having seen nothing but the goats we chased off the peak. Going down stream we heard George and Ossie coming down through the timber and evidently making bad weather of it, but we were having too much trouble of our own to expend any sympathy on those two huskies. We found the bed of the stream both rocky and cold, but switching to the banks did not help as the down timber was too prevalent for comfort at the tag end of a long day. For another hour we oscillated back.
and forth between the streams and the hill-side, until we finally reached the trail leading to camp. There we found the Chief and Johnnie had just returned without getting a shot, but firmly convinced that they had encountered the worst going of any of us. We might have let them get by with that theory, had not George and Ossie just then appeared satisfied with having successfully scouted through country which would have been too difficult for any other pair in camp. This was too much for Doc, who intimated in his usually diplomatic way, that if any of the others had been foolhardy enough to have followed us there would have been less left of him than there was of that goat whose hide was decorating the slopes yonder. This, for some reason, seemed to form a basis for argument, but before any conclusions were reached, the Chief announced that if there was going to be any food served in camp before dark it was time to be up and doing. This appealed, but hungry and tired as we were, we all used the first available hot water for a real bath. In this matter of intermittent bathing we had adopted at the outset for mutual protection a sanitary standard, exemplified by the slogan "a bath for all and all for a bath", which worked very well as it helped to curb individual enthusiasm in that line, though it must be confessed that the Chief was a flagrant offender against the limitation.

It had been a strenuous day for the whole camp, but no one was any the worse for it. We are quite thoroughly convinced, however, that goat chasing is not a parlor game, and that there is no easy road by which a successful hunt may be had. There is likewise one essential thing which must not be omitted
from the outfit, or rather from the shoes, and that is plenty of medium sized screw shoes in strong soles. There is no other one thing, the lack of which is so sure to produce failure. They are a help on an incline; a protection from accident on fallen timber and a necessity on the steep rocky slopes. George failed to get his goat simply because his soles did not retain the nails, and I am sure that my struggles to keep going would have been lessened if I had had better ones and more of them.

We did not linger long over the fire that night, nor was there any indication of sleeplessness after we turned in.

September 3 - Wednesday. This was rather a restful day after yesterday's strenuous events. I awoke, obsessed with the idea that as a successful big game hunter I was to receive a more exalted place in the sun, and while dressing expected momentarily to be embarrassed with words of praise upon my skill, fortitude and marksmanship. I was quite conscious of my superiority and it was, therefore, more or less disquieting to gradually realize that my companions were more interested in food than in my achievements; in fact they seemed to have forgotten my prowess, and I received intimation that if breakfast was not ready soon I, the Assistant Chef, would be demoted to the rank of chief garbage incinerator. I attributed such an attitude to petty jealousy, and while ignoring the threat, followed my usual routine and had an appetizing breakfast ready by the time the others had emerged from their blankets. My pride was somewhat assuaged, however, by the appearance of Lewis soon after breakfast with my goat head, and to know that he, at least, felt the event was worthy of perpetuation, for he spent all the morning cleaning the skull and skin and hanging them up to dry. Except for the pride I took in starting the
morning fires and the breakfast on its way, I would have left that duty to less skilled and far less worthy hands, even though I suffered from the depreciation in quality along with the others. It is probable, too, that if I had resigned this maternal duty, the camp would have run short of matches long before we completed our course, so I decided to save my own life even though my unappreciative partners also survived.

We all went fishing up stream and caught enough trout for the entire camp. Neal and Ossie were out all day cutting trail towards Porcupine Creek. Only two events are really worth mentioning, one, that in which Doc figured as the hero of an affair with a porcupine, from which he emerged victorious under circumstances which handicapped him at the start. The other was the effort of the Chief to bake bread which at first refused to rise. For some reason he chose the evening to start the process, and the night air or some other malign influence set in to thwart success, with the result that George and I spent the hours from dinner to midnight toting firewood before the Chief was satisfied. It is worthy of note, however, that the loaves finally emerged brown and appetizing as usual.

September 4 - Thursday. We left West Fork Camp about 10:30 bound for Porcupine Creek, and made the first two miles, which had been cut out, in about an hour. It looked like rain while we were eating our lunch, and just as we finished and the pack had caught up, it began to drizzle. From this point there was quantities of down timber and thick brush, and though Lewis and Ossie were ahead with their axes, our progress was very slow for the next four hours. Just before reaching Porcupine Creek the course opened up and we traversed several pieces of meadow which
had some soft places in which the horses narrowly escaped getting mired. Arriving at Porcupine Creek we had difficulty finding a suitable place for camp, as there was down timber everywhere. It did not take long, however, to clear enough space for the tents which we put up quickly as it was quite evident that the light rain we had all the afternoon was going to develop into a real storm. It had grown cold and we felt sure we were in for a snow storm. Just as we got things settled and were starting in on dinner, a heavy thunderstorm broke, but it was too late to do us any harm. For dinner we had a ham omelette, hashed brown potatoes, chocolate, hot muffins and a suet pudding with real foaming sauce. Though the low-hanging clouds shut off any extensive view, it was quite evident that from this camp the scenery is far more impressive than we have had. As the temperature had dropped to near the freezing point the big warming fire was appreciated.

September 5 - Friday. It rained hard all day and was cold and raw. There was a heavy fall of snow on the peaks but none reached us. Immediately after breakfast we put up the Baker tent for the first time and moved all supplies into it. This added materially to our comfort, as it gave us a protected dining room. We also constructed a shelter over the fires with pack-cloths so had protection in every way from the weather. The Chief made some jelly cakes with maple frosting, just to add to our comfort. Lewis having reported that he saw a bear near camp, George and Doc took their artillery and went scouting, but managed to evade any contact with Ursinus, bearing in mind the injunction not to shoot at a bear if they saw one.

The whole crew, notwithstanding the weather, spent the day cutting out trail towards Monroe Lake, our next stand, somewhere
to the north any distance up to twenty miles. They returned at supper time drenched to the skin but with the welcome news that the trail as far as they had gone promised better going than we had been having.

September 6 - Saturday. When we awoke this morning the rain had stopped and it looked propitious for a good day's travel. The peaks all around us were covered with snow, and the sun breaking through rifts in the clouds, which were towering near the tops, presented a picture which I tried to save by taking several photographs. As soon as the horses were all cornered in camp, Lewis and Ossie started ahead to cut out trail beyond the point the men had reached yesterday. Following our usual custom we left as the last horse was being packed. This enables us to keep ahead of the pack and gives us time to eat our lunch without being overtaken. We were not sorry to leave Porcupine Creek as it was a most inhospitable place, though under better weather conditions our opinion might be modified. We had no difficulty, after fording the stream, in following the well cut trail; in fact it is doubtful if we could have moved in any other way so thick was the brush and down timber. We had hardly started when we ran into a bunch of fool-hens, at which, after failing to capture them by hand, I shot at twice with my Mannlicher, making a clean miss each time. George did some better with a handful of rocks, knocking one down, but when he went to pick it up, it flew away, much to his disgust. As this story might be scanned by innocent eyes I dare not give a verbatim account of what he said. Suffice to say he enlisted both our sympathy and admiration. Farther on, just before we stopped for lunch, we had better luck, for this time I unlimbered the .22 and got four plump grouse. We had lunch of tongue sandwiches, jelly cake, prunes and oranges, washed down
with icy water of Bull River, which here begins to show its source is not far away. As we finished it began to rain again, and with the bell on the leading horse of the pack-train just audible, we donned our slickers and went on. We caught up with Lewis and Josie about 2:30 o'clock. From there on the going was slow, as the course was all overgrown and in places marked up with numerous elk trails which were misleading. The situation had a bad influence on Lewis' nerves, and he damned the elk, the trail and the weather with eloquent and indiscriminate favor. He is a very hard worker, though with some lost motion, and some excuse should be made for him as he had been soaking wet all day, not only from the brush but from having forded the river on foot at least a dozen times, besides swinging his axe almost constantly. It was heartbreaking job, but our route was of his own choosing, and he had no one else to blame for the exercise of exceedingly bad judgment. Josie, on the other hand, a much younger man, was more philosophical, and while an equally good axeman kept on chopping and said nothing, although a few days ago he admitted to George that the trip was rather a surprise to him, as he had been led to believe that we were a moving picture outfit bent on securing a proper setting for some thrilling drama in which, in all probability, his hardest work would be to risk his life in some heroic scene. While we regretted the jolt to his histrionic ambitions and would gladly have carried out the plan if we had had the proper apparatus, we felt it would hardly pay to go back and start again with the necessary equipment.

About four we reached the Divide, though the approach was gradual and so level we were not aware of it except for the fact that the Bull River had disappeared and the water began running the other way. We finally reached Monroe Lake about

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seven o'clock having covered, as we estimated, about 16 miles in a little over eight hours riding.

At first we could not find a suitable place to camp, as the beavers had constructed a large dam at the farther end of the lake and the water had backed up at the south end, where we were, making all the shore line too marshy. After spending all of the remaining daylight looking for a dry spot large enough to accommodate the outfit, we finally unpacked about a hundred yards from the lake. Fortunately the rain had let up and as the men were all pretty tired, we decided not to try to put the tents up in the dark. We had a quick supper of wurst, melted cheese on crackers and tea; then after covering the stuff with the pack cloths against the rain, we spread our beds on the ground and crawled in with the rubber sheets over us and a cooking fire at our feet. It had been another full day.

September 7 - Sunday. We had had rather an illuring picture given us of Monroe Lake, but when we turned in last night we could have easily persuaded to leave such an unattractive spot at the earliest possible moment. Daylight, however, gave us a different aspect. When we awoke everything was covered with a heavy frost and the water in the pails was frozen, but our waterproof silk sheets had afforded us such perfect protection we had not missed the tent. Immediately after breakfast we put up our tent and the men put up theirs, as it looked like more rain. This done we proceeded to make things more comfortable as Lewis, following what had now become a fixed habit, announced we ought to stay here a day or so to give him an opportunity to open up a way on the next leg. Though it began to rain again we spent most of the morning clearing up a space around the tent and cutting and
trimming out obstructions between camp and the lake. The re-
sult was a picturesque vista of the lake and a general appearance
of ownership which before it had sadly lacked. There was no in-
dication of the rain letting up, although we were beginning to feel
that we had already had our share, so we made a survey of the
shores to find if we had missed in the dark a better camp site.
As was to be expected, we had, for scarcely 200 yards from where
we landed last night, but shut off from our view then, was an ideal
situation, dry and affording a fine view of the lake. It was too
late to change so we charged our loss to Lewis and felt better.

We were anxious to try the fishing, so the afternoon
was spent constructing a raft, the heavy work being done by Bill
and Lewis, while Doc contributed some headwork and considerable en-
couragement. The launching occurred without mishap, and she slid
into the water christened the "Lady Monroe" with Commodore Lewis
as navigator and motive power. It was supper time, when we took
a trial spin and proved her seaworthiness, particularly if not over-
manœuvred, and after making a few futile casts for trout which re-
fused to rise, we tied her up for the night.

The only other item of interest today developed when
we all shaved this morning for the first time in four days. The
Chief determined to let his mustache grow and compete with George,
whose efforts in that line had a week's start and were being re-
warded beyond his most sanguine hopes. My goatee, which got an
impetus the day I got my goat, is making satisfactory headway, but
Doc said it was strain enough for him to coax the same mustache he
brought from home, without adding any new decorations.

Eddie and Neal returned at dark and reported having
cleared out about three miles of trail which they said was pretty
good, meaning better than we had been having.

September 8 - Monday. We learned this morning it had rained hard all night, but we were so snug that it escaped our notice. As the sun came out and the mist cleared from the mountains to the East we saw a band of sixteen sheep just at timber line. As these were the first we had seen they were of considerable interest, and we watched them for a long time through our glasses and lamented the fact that the closed season was on.

As we needed fish, George and I, with Admiral Lewis on the bridge and in the engine room, tried fishing from the raft but could not induce the trout to rise. We were making a circuit of the lake, and as we approached the lower end we saw about twenty teal ducks, some in the shallow water but most of them on a log, looking in the distance like mud-turtles, for which we at first mistook them. We had no gun with us so we paddled ashore, where George and I quietly waited while Lewis went back to camp for the .22 and the camera. On his return we slowly crept up on them until in a line with those on the log and, just as George made an exposure, I got in two raking shots from which four of them bit the water, but one of them was only wounded and got away. This was an unexpected addition to the larder, and we were greatly elated. On the way back we picked up two mallards in the marsh, Lewis again displaying his versatility by wading knee-deep in the mud and water to retrieve them. Just to add to the gaiety of things we got two nice trout just before landing. The stalking of the ducks had been very exciting, and as we had all pined for fresh meat we were well satisfied with the morning's trip.

For lunch today we had goat stew, and it was tender and appetising. Immediately after lunch the Chief and Lewis tried
the raft, and having no luck with the trout, which certainly are not plentiful in the lake, went after ducks which we had seen feeding at the same spot where George and I got ours in the morning. We heard the .22 several times but were much surprised when he returned later with three widgeon, as we had not seen any of that species in the morning.

In this way another good day was spent, and that night we topped it off with goat steak, trout, fried potato, graham muffins, chocolate and preserved strawberries; rather a difficult menu to starve on.

Ossie and Neal had been cutting trail all day towards White River, and reported it pretty fair as far as they had gone. However, on some subjects we are all from Missouri and refuse to get too hilarious over the prospect.

September 9 - Tuesday. With the fixed habit now assumed by the weather, it rained all night and was still at it when we got up for an early breakfast, but cleared soon afterwards. To add emphasis to the weather condition, two of the horses could not be found, though the men were out at daylight to round them up. They were finally found quite near camp and obviously hiding under the thick branches of a large spruce. As soon as the horses were all in camp, Lewis and Ossie started ahead on the same old grind of opening a trail. As nearly six miles of it from the lake had been cut they took their horses. We left just before noon and found the going quite good, so made fast time. We had lunch beside the river. There the pack-train overtook us, and about 2:00 o'clock we caught up with Lewis and Ossie. From there on we made slow progress, as the down timber was abundant and a way through it more difficult than usual, as the brush was thick and obscured.
an extended view ahead. This combination provoked Lewis into breaking out again with a steady stream of anathema against things in general. We have discovered, however, that he exhausted his vocabulary in his first exhibition days ago, and all we get now for our diversion, is uninteresting repetition of his complaints, and we endure them as we would any other disagreeable feature, with this qualification, namely, that we all recognize that there is a time coming when we shall feel that we have had enough, and when that moment arrives Lewis is in for a show-down. This too, in full recognition of the fact that swinging an axe eight or ten hours a day under most adverse conditions is not conducive to much improvement in one's attitude towards the natural perversity of inanimate objects.

We had hoped to reach the White River tonight, but by the middle of the afternoon it was clearly obvious that it would be impossible. In the distance we could see the valley through which it flows, but at four o'clock it seemed as far off as at noon, so we began looking out for a suitable place to camp. This we finally found about six o'clock. Having had in front of us the prospect of again groping in the dark along an elusive trail, simply that we might make a known destination, the decision to stop while it was still light had the effect of putting everyone in a most amiable frame of mind, and we went at the work of making camp with even more hilarity than usual. We found a lot of old Indian tepee poles which simplified the tent setting, and we bestowed the industrious brave or, more likely, squaw who many years before had unconsciously worked for us. We had come all day down a valley, following the outlet of Monroe Lake, and our tent was pitched near the stream with high mountains both in front and behind us each termi-
nating in peculiar rocky towers, from which we named this camp the "Two Sentinels." Doc and George were in a particularly joyful mood, as they just missed being mired in soft spots they each got into at different times during the day; while I was thankful my neck was not badly sprained when my horse fell backward from the bank into the stream out of which he tried to jump at a very poor spot. For some reason the Chief had no adventure, though we all admit he takes chances we would shy at. We gathered in four more grouse during the day which assures us some good meals ahead. Doc got in some professional work on one of the pack horses which received a deep wound in its chest from having run into a sharp snag in jumping over a log. It must be admitted that Doc was rather apprehensive of what would happen when he injected iodine into the gaping cut, but the poor beast seemed to realize that he was trying to help her, for she was as quiet as though Doc had given her an anesthetic.

September 10 - Wednesday. Once more our plans to get an early start were thwarted, and as usual by the failure to find two horses. This time it looked serious, for they were not found until noon, so we were forced to delay our start until after lunch. It was quite a disappointment as we had hoped to reach the White River by noon. Instead we had a rather somnolent lunch, which was preceded by an eloquent address by the Chief on gastronomics, in which we were warned against the dangers of over-eating.
On leaving camp the reason for the reluctance of the horses to appear and be loaded, was discovered to be a grassy slope of lucious feed, which was an acceptable change from what they had been getting. This was evidently the result of an avalanche which had wiped out the timber, leaving a wide swath which ultimately developed into real meadow land. We had some difficulty picking up the starting trail, but after roaming around finally found it. Soon afterwards, we negotiated the steepest bit of climbing any of us had ever seen. We dismounted at the foot of it and discussed the possibility of the horses making the top, but as there seemed no other way to reach the level of the bench which we had to follow, there was no alternative. The horses were reluctant, and we had to drive them up with sticks and stones. In some way they made it though only with great effort. It was about all we could do to reach the top on foot. We caught the horses and went on for a few hundred yards until we overtook Lewis and Ossie, then I went back to the hill to take some photographs of the pack-train as it came up. Unfortunately there was not a good place from which I could get a satisfactory view of the trail up the hill, but I made two exposures which show something of the struggles the horses had to make. By pushing, yelling and beating them they were all finally forced up without mishap, though several fell on their knees on the way. From this point the old trail was apparent and fairly clear, though there was plenty of cutting to be done up to within a mile of White River, which we reached about five, passing a much used salt lick on the way. We came out on a clear level spot on the edge of the river but Lewis, for some reason which never appeared, wanted to make camp across the river. The Chief, however, had him hold the pack-train where we were until we were sure his place
would make a better camp, so we forded the river, which is much deeper and faster than either the Bull or the Elk, and looked the ground over. Our first selection was the best and we returned, Lewis for the first time somewhat sulky but saying nothing, though there was an unpleasant tension in the air as we all realised that he was doomed. As I have already said, he is an indefatigable worker but lacks imagination, which is a fatal deficiency in a head guide. Though of undoubtedly experience on the trail and with more than average knowledge of these mountains, where so few white men have been before, he failed utterly to grasp our purposes and requirements, otherwise he never would have brought us through such unsatisfying country. Though we found later that our thoughts had travelled along similar lines, as a result of Lewis' peevishness, we were all too much pleased at being at last at one of our objectives to let it bother us. We had a fine site at the junction of the East Fork, on which we had spent two days, and the Main White River, and a fine panoramic view of mountains in front which were more picturesque but possibly lacked the ruggedness of those at Porcupine Creek.

September 11 - Thursday. There was a heavy frost during the night, and water was frozen in the bucket this morning. Immediately after breakfast all hands were piped to put up the Baker tent, and that was no sooner accomplished than it began to rain. As our tent yard promised to be dusty, if it was permitted to be by the rain, we made a carpet of spruce boughs which added an aesthetic touch to the picture. As the mist cleared from the mountains we discovered a band of between forty-five and fifty goats near the top west of us. In the afternoon, while the rest of us went fishing, George and Ossie crossed the river to prospect
for a route leading up to the goats. On his return at supper

time he reported that there was pretty good going but quite steep.

He did not try to reach the goats as they were too far away, and

as a bad storm was gathering he tried to beat it to camp, but failed.

We have now become so accustomed to the rain that it would puzzle

us to properly enjoy a fair day. For lunch today we had grouse

split and broiled as the piece-de-resistance, and for dinner half

a roast grouse and duck a piece, wild rice, muffins, chocolate,

camembert cheese and preserved pineapple. The Chief, alias the

Chief, apologised for not giving us more, explaining that there had

been too many diverting and necessary things to do to get camp in

shape for him to have given much thought to the culinary end of

his duties.

For the first time since we started, Lewis failed to

show up at our fire after dinner tonight, and without his conversa-

tion it was a quiet evening. The Chief went to bed early and

George, Doc and I spent nearly the whole evening planning with

Ossie the details of a two day hunt for the goats we had seen.

As we will have to spend one night on the mountain, our conver-

sation was mostly concerning the things we could eliminate, so that one

pack-horse would suffice.

When we all shaved this morning, the new hirsute

appendages seemed to stand out in bolder relief than at Monroe

Lake.

September 12 - Friday. Much to our regret it was still

raining hard when we awoke this morning, and the goat hunt is post-

poned. During the morning Doc caught several good trout, two being

thirteen inches long. Neal discovered a bevy of grouse across the

river, and the whole camp except the Chief, armed with the .22, at-
tacked en-masse. This is how George described the slaughter.

"We opened up at ten yards and the air was soon full of feathers and falling birds. As the ammunition was getting low and the barrel getting hot we wheeled into position, and at three yards poured volley after volley into the now exhausted quarry. It was evident that their morale was badly shaken, and when we finally broke through they fled in every direction leaving six dead and two badly gassed. If I had handled the artillery I could have saved ammunition and had more to show for the noise.

Making allowance for his excitement and jealousy, and eliminating most of his details except the number of casualties, I can find no fault with his report.

In the afternoon we all went in different directions to look for deer, of which there were signs aplenty, but with no tangible results. While we were away a bull elk came out of the woods directly in front of camp across the river. It is a disappointment that we cannot shoot either elk or sheep on account of the closed season. The constant rain, too, has curtailed our hunting enthusiasm somewhat, as it has made climbing quite difficult, so we have refrained from making any determined effort since the goat day.

September 15 - Saturday. This was a comparatively quiet day, free of excitement, but was spent as only one can spend time in such surroundings, doing the multitude of little things which appeal to the individual taste. Doc, having become imbued with the idea that we would starve if he did not keep us supplied with trout, was out early and came back at noon with a fine mess including one of l6g inches. George, for the second time, did some very necessary
washing much to our relief; the Chief baked two wonderful loaves of bread, while I repaired a rod and caught up on this journal.
Late in the afternoon we all again made a futile hunt for deer.
We have concluded that our numerous horses, some with balls, roaming at large through the woods, have driven the game far from camp. Just at sunset we counted forty-four goats on the mountains to the west of us.

September 14 - Sunday. This was another day of thrills.
Our plan was to make White River Lake, estimated to be about a mile from White River which makes an ox-bow from this camp, flowing first southerly and then turning northerly until it reaches the Kootenay. It is supposed to be about ten miles across the band by land and, as we expected to find a fairly good trail, we hoped to make the lake in four or five hours. At the outset, however, we were somewhat bored to have the same old hoary set-back, in the form of missing horses, again appear. Our suggestions that they should be shodded to stout trees the night before moving, was not well received, partly, we thought, because it seemed a reasonable solution of this aggravating occurrence, and we were not supposed to possess any valuable knowledge of the subject. It appears pack-horses always have run away and hid when a hike was on, and that it is not good form to suggest anything that will jeopardize that tradition. Thus it was high noon when we finally started. As at one time we feared the horses had sensed the home-stretch of our journey and were beating us to it, we had our first thrill of the day early. The second came soon after, for within half an hour after leaving camp the trail which had been wandering in, out and along the river, suddenly disappeared in the wash of a spring freshet which Lewis avowed had also changed the course of the river. Lewis
went prospecting for the lost trail while we had lunch. He reported he had found a trail leading up the mountain side, which did not look good to us as it seemed a better bet to follow the river if we could and around the mountain instead of climbing it. However, we retraced our steps and then did some fancy climbing until we reached what Lewis said was a trail. It may have been, but whatever it was, it started trouble again for Lewis and Ossie, who for the next five hours hewed a way for us up and over a sizable mountain, performing as hard a day's work as they have had since we started. We negotiated two deep gulches on the way, which were so steep that on the ascent the horses were obliged to stop for air repeatedly, and we several times felt it was discretion to get off and walk in some particularly bad places. On one nasty place where the Chief essayed to ride over some bare rock, his horse slipped and partly fell, then recovered its footing and scrambled over it. The Chief did not make a move to get out of his saddle, nor did he seem as much disturbed over it as we were. He consistently carries out his theory that the horse has four points of contact to a human's two, so if the horse cannot stand up in such places what is the use of his trying. At the top we rested and held a pow-wow with a view of learning where we were and how soon we could reasonably expect to arrive somewhere else. Lewis with his splendid optimism and absence of appreciation of distance, confidently assured us we would be at White River Lake in two hours. It was then about six o'clock, and as there was beginning to be a growing in our dining-pits, we took up our belts another hole and started the descent. Soon the rushing waters of White River could be heard, but we rode nearly three hours more before we got a glimpse of it. It was fast growing dark in the timber, and there was no sound of the pack-train bells. We did not
know how close they were nor whether they had had another accident or pack troubles, so Lewis and Ossie began cutting long “blind man’s” blazes for their assistance in case they tried to come through. We finally reached the river about nine o’clock in pitch darkness but, as it was rushing white where we were, to make a crossing was out of the question, as we could not possibly have located a safe ford in the dark, so we decided to make camp where we were. We first got a couple of fires going to give us light to see what kind of a place we were in, and while waiting for the pack-train cleared out a space for our bunk, as there was neither time nor a place to pitch a tent. To our relief we soon heard the tinkle of the bell on the head pack-horse, and in a few minutes they all came struggling in with old lynx-eyed Neil leading, having apparently followed the blazes as easily as if in daylight. It was certainly a mess that developed. We tried to separate the mens’ horses from ours, and with only the bonfire light it was some proposition, as the space was too small for much maneuvering. Fortunately the horses were too tired to be troublesome, and the outfit was simply dumped on the ground with only a semblance of order. As soon as we found the grates we had a cooking fire going and, without any great formality in the service, tucked away a satisfying meal of hominy, melted cheese on triscuits with tea to wash them down. We put our beds where we could find a level place, and made use of them without much delay. The horses were all tied to trees where they were unpacked, as we could not take a chance of their straying in the thick timber. Before retiring some cheer was added by lighting the acetylene lamp, but as it was a race to see who would get asleep first, it burned in our faces nearly all night as there were no volunteers to put it out. No one claimed to have been kept awake by it or by anything else, except George, who in-
sisted that his bed shifted until it got so near one of the picketed horses that it stepped on him at fixed intervals during the night. Fortunately it did not rain, though there was a heavy frost, but the rubber sheets over us kept everything dry. It had been another beautiful day, replete with mild thrills, and though rather a long one, we had enjoyed each new sensation. We called this stop "Camp Necessity".

September 15 - Monday. We had no difficulty in awakening with the birds this morning, and as we did not have to hunt for our clothes, the prospect of an early start for White River Lake seemed good, particularly as the horses, including the one which had bunked with George, were all in hand. But our plans again went astray, and this time most fortunately. After breakfast we completed the packing, and as Lewis had located a good ford, we were about to move, when the Chief, who had learned that there was a splendid camping place on a flat clear sandbar within a few hundred yards of where we then were, had the temerity and foresight to inquire from Lewis what there was at the lake to particularly attract us. We learned that there was no fish, not much scenery, an old log cabin, but good feed and a corral for the horses. As a matter of fact the latter seemed to be the only drawing card, and for it he proposed to sacrifice our convenience and comfort, the river and fish at hand, a good camping place, and a wonderful view of a range of mountains rising out of the valley directly down stream, entirely overlooking the fact that the horses could be taken back and forth to the corral which was only a mile away. The situation was almost ridiculous, but recovering his equilibrium the moment seemed opportune to the Chief to then inquire how much longer such casual or haphazard plans
were to continue. The resulting interview was interesting, and very much to the point. Lewis admitted that if we wanted to fish we would have to come back a mile or more, and cross a rather dangerous river each time, and that the only reason for going to the lake at all was to get feed for the horses. He had no excuse for failure to note the good camp site here, just as he had failed to discover them at Monroe Lake and White River. The Chief told him frankly that notwithstanding a propitious start we had gradually become disappointed in him for failing to figure ahead; for his lack of knowledge of distances; for his tiresome and unnecessary blasphemy; for failure to appreciate our requirements; for an apparent disregard of our comfort; for an insistence upon having his own way at our expense; in fact for most things in which a competent head-guide would not fail. This took place with the men waiting expectantly by the horses, well out of ear shot, yet obviously conscious of what was pending and equally obviously rejoicing that the long delayed showdown had come, for Lewis had long since lost the respect and confidence of the men and we learned later that they were in full sympathy with the Chief and his criticisms. He had no defence to make except that he had tried hard to please and never disappointed a party before, finally offering to pull out and strike for home immediately. This was too ridiculous a proposition to be answered, as he was the only one of the men who had ever been in that part of the country before or knew anything about it, but illustrates his shortcomings as well as any statement I could have made. As I have repeatedly said, he is a most industrious worker; evidently wanted to make a good impression, but didn’t know how; has had extensive experience in these mountains; is unusually well informed, and is a good talker. It is possible this latter asset became a liability.
and started him on the toboggan, as his garrulity got on our nerves so thoroughly that we could not refrain from gradually indicating that we were fed up on that form of entertainment.

The upshot of all this was, that the Foreman of the jury announced we would not go to White River Lake to camp, but would stay two days where we were. This made a real hit, and we moved up to the site on the sand-bar and soon had the tent up and camp settled, after which the men took the horses over to the corral at White River Lake. During the afternoon we caught a few good sized trout, but they were not very plentiful.

We appropriately dubbed this "Camp Harmony", for such it was, as all, with one possible exception, were well satisfied to have the atmosphere cleared of doubt, so that from now on, though at the eleventh hour, events may be the result of some fixed plan, as far as possible.

September 16 - Tuesday. We opened our eyes this morning upon a glorious, sunny day. The storm clouds had rolled by; everyone seemed imbued with especially good spirit and "Camp Harmony" lived up to its name. Though we all tried fishing in the morning the trout were few and far between. As the White River had been exploited as full of large trout we were disappointed. One of the inexplicable items on this trip has been the comparatively poor fishing, particularly as we have seen what looked like good trout waters.

During the morning two hunters appeared across the river from camp, but we did not have an opportunity to talk with them. Later in the day one of their guides appeared, and as they were the first persons we had seen since we started, nearly a month ago, we pumped him for news, and were especially glad to have him verify our calendar as we had begun to be apprehensive that somewhere
in this record we may have lost a day or so. The guide told us
his party had come in for goats, which were fairly plentiful on
the mountains to the north of us. They had stopped for a day or
two at the old camp at the lake, thus affording still another rea-
son to satisfy us that we had not gone there.

In the afternoon Doc and George went down stream, while
the Chief and I, with Lewis, took our horses and rode up stream about
a mile to some good looking water, including two large deep pools.
We only got two trout of about a pound each, but I took some photo-
graphs of the spot as it was certainly an ideal piece of trout
water.

Just before supper George set the example of taking a
bath in the river, but I was his only imitator. The other two claim
they have done it so frequently that it would be selfish of them to
do anything to detract from our glory on the rare occasions we have
indulged ourselves, so when George and I bathe it is an event by
itself, and we get special and honorable mention.

September 17 - Wednesday. We almost broke a record by
nearly getting away on time this morning. For that distinction we
were indebted to the corral at the lake, as the horses could not
indulge in their popular game of hide-and-seek with the men. It
was certainly a pretty sight as the men and horses emerged from the
woods on the way from the corral and made the crossing, in plain
view of us just below camp, the horses at first a bit apprehensive
about taking the initial plunge, then carefully picking their way
in the white water, but obviously conscious that a mis-step might
spell disaster. The whole picture, setting and atmosphere created
a wonderful "movie" to help us digest a modest breakfast of coffee
and toast, supplemented only by some fruit Doc rescued from the larder
when the butler wasn't looking, a small bowl of oatmeal apiece, 
a ham omelette and some marmalade, besides broiled trout for those 
who couldn't eat meat. This frugal repast indicates how thoroughly 
we have established contact with the best rules of dietetics by liv-
ing up to the theory that all the dangers from eating depend, first, 
upon the supply of food, second, the qualifications of the cook, 
third, the appetite of the subject, and fourth the amount of steam 
which has to be kept up. The result is that we are whole-heartedly 
in favor of a simple diet for the other party.

We hustled the packing and by ten o'clock were off. 
The fording of the river this time carried even a greater inter-
est, for the horses now carried the best part of our worldly goods, 
and it was a relief when the last one made the distance. There was 
another intimate personal touch added when George later made a con-
fession of the manner his conscience, which had been troubling him 
as he was crossing the river, ran the gamut from keen regret to 
complacent satisfaction. While more or less amphibious, he dis-
likes enforced baths, and it appears that in mid-stream with the 
white waters rushing by on a level with the lower deck of his stage 
s inducing every moment, he wished he had not been so tight with 
Doa and me, ever since we started, in the matter of our butter al-
lowance, and then and there promised himself that in the future we 
would have no just grounds for complaint; but he said that the 
weaker he approached the other shore, by just so much less did his 
conscience hurt, until the time safety was reached he had con-
cluded that as butter is very fattening his apportionment was after 
all for the best, as our figures had been saved; as a matter of 
fact we were really indebted to him for his solicitude. Thus will
an acute attack of conscience produce curious variations in the heart of even an adamantine butler.

We found it was only a short mile to the lake and over a good trail which led through the much discussed and quite extensive corral. At the cabin, set in a large clearing at the foot of the lake, we stopped for a chat with one of the guides belonging to the party we saw yesterday, and learned that after a few days here they are going into the same general country we left at our first camp on White River where we saw so many goats. It took only a cursory glance to satisfy all of us that we had made no mistake in staying on the river, even if the lake site had not been already occupied. The lower end of the lake is marshy, and while there is plenty of space on dry ground for a camp, not a spot appealed to us. To be sure there was the old log cabin, picturesque, musty and probably buggy, and numerous smaller buildings which went to make up what was once the home of some adventurous spirit, but with the regret in our hearts that we were approaching the civilization we had gladly left a month ago, we rather resented these evidences of it, and again took off our hats to the Chief for giving us the past two perfect days free of such distractions. The one reassuring feature was the picture of Doc inside the skeleton of an Indian topee, a picture which I perpetuated by using the camera on him before he could escape.

It must be confessed that, on the whole, the trail for five miles or so along the lake was as fine as even our fastidious tastes could demand. In spots it was steep and rough but, unlike some others we have met recently, it was all there. After passing the head of the lake we stopped for lunch near the headwaters of Sheep Creek, which we followed, always downward, until
about 4:00 o’clock, when it became painfully evident there was not the slightest chance of reaching Premier Lake, our next destination, before dark. We, therefore, began scouting for a good spot in which to roost, finally locating one to our liking right on the edge of the river. We figured we had made about fifteen miles since morning, and as it had been first all up hill and then all down, we were willing to call it a day. We made rather a satisfactory camp finally, not the least feature of this was the pellucid Sheep Creek of even depth and even width, flowing by in our front yard. It may have been due to the peculiar quiet, broken only by the lap of the gliding water at our feet, but the friendly fire that night did not arouse the accustomed spirit of those delicious moments after a sumptuous meal when the events of the day are reviewed and commented upon in the varied lights of the observers. We were all thinking how near the end of such evenings we were.

September 18 - Thursday. One thing was decided definitely at breakfast, and that was, that no matter where or how far away Premier Lake might be, there we would tie up tonight or bust. According to Lewis it couldn’t be more than a scant sixteen miles, but we had heard his estimates before and prepared ourselves for victory or a bust up. Soon after starting our noses discovered a sulphur spring, which we later learned was one of the landmarks of that section, but we did not stop to try its medicinal qualities. A short distance beyond we began a spectacular zigzag climb which lasted until noon, when we again descended to Sheep Creek level at a point which we were glad to learn was known as “Bunch Grass”, where we had lunch. For a time after lunch everything went as merry as possible, then of a sudden the trail ran under ground or up a tree and disappeared. Some distance further on it was dis-
covered on the other side of the river, but how it got there without some of us seeing it we never knew. For the next two or three hours that trail played fast and loose with us until it finally tired of the game and settled down to quite a respectable highway.

We were sorry to leave the beauties of Sheep Creek as no where had we seen such startling coloration of rock mixed with the red and yellow of wild vegetation which covered its bordering cliffs. We also kept pointing out to each other ideal camping places and were glad our route had not been reversed, for it would have been heartbreaking to have had our finest scenery and accommodations at the outset. We were evidently in what at one time had been a popular Indian hunting ground, for we passed during the day many tepee poles still standing. These had a never failing interest for Doc, who made a point of riding through most of them. To better visualize the pictures, see the official photographs.

Late in the afternoon our route lay through dense woods but on an easy and open trail, which finally brought us about six o'clock out upon the highway leading from the railroad to Premier Lake. Here also was the ranch of Mr. Macron, who was not at home but was well represented by his wife. From her we got the direction to the lake where we arrived half an hour later. The whole lower end of the lake is bordered by a magnificent grove of yellow pine, with no small undergrowth and unfortunately almost no grass covering the soil. We spent some time hunting for the best site and, this found, lost no time in getting settled. We here had an experience encountered nowhere else on the trip, namely, a dearth of tent poles. In that grove of splendid pine there was hardly enough wood found to provide us with the few tent stakes required, and had it not been for some poles brought in from a distance by
previous campers and left there, we would have had to rustle afar for our needs, and rustling afar at the tag end of a long day on an empty stomach or even on horseback, is not good for the soul. Therefore, for the first and only time we gave thanks to another camping party for a useful legacy. It was dark by the time we were settled and dinner was ready, but we were too glad to have arrived to find fault with anything. The wind was blowing pretty fresh from the lake, so we gave up all but a small fire to light us to bed.

September 19—Friday. It was a pretty scene upon which we opened our eyes this morning. In front of us lay Premier Lake, four or five miles long and possibly a mile wide, its mirrored surface reflecting, in lights and shadows, the sun rays just filtering through the tops of the trees on its eastern shore. Around us, many acres in extent, was a park-like grove, natural yet as clear of other growths as though done by hand. It was surely a perfect setting in which to end our forest wanderings, for tomorrow, or the next day, we shall again hear the locomotive whistle, possibly even the chug of a mountain lorry, and all the joy will have gone out of life until we readjust ourselves to the necessary evils of so-called civilization.

The report had reached us that a kind of salmon inhabited the lake, weighing twenty pounds or more, and that the biggest ones had not yet been taken. George suddenly remembered, in his interview with Mrs. Monroe last evening, she had said that if we lacked anything to let her know, and in the firm belief that that message applied to heavy fishing tackle, he started forthwith to ride back to the ranch and find out. Doc, to his credit be it said, forgetful of the dark eyes and sun-kissed cheeks, (which even the Chief had remarked in the hurried search for information last night), and
waiving all his rights to wiping the breakfast dishes, felt it was too long and dusty a ride for George to take alone, announced he would go also, particularly as some of the ranch children might need professional attention. Left alone the Chief and I tidied up camp and fried a pan of crisp golden doughnuts, after which the Chief unaided constructed two flawless apple pies. By this time the two travelers returned with special trolling tackle for the salmon, and in making report of their experience let it be known that the inhabitants of the ranch, including all their next of kin who were there on a visit, would probably be over for inspection later in the day.

We had found two fairly seaworthy row boats on shore, and in one of these Doc and Cassie started for a try at the salmon. It was blowing briskly and the lake had kicked up quite a sea which made navigation rather difficult, and though they weathered it, nothing came to the trolling spoon, so after a couple of hours they gave up in disgust.

George having picked up some inside information as to the habits and haunts of certain sundry deer, took his old pal Neal and secured a wooded knoll on the west side of the lake. But they also returned empty-handed. About this time the whole Monroe family appeared in a two-seated wagon loaded to the gunwales with off-spring and relatives, and the camp and outfit were put through their paces for the education and entertainment of our guests. The youngest younger swallowed a stick of gum, but with no untoward results while we were present; the omnipresent pup was with difficulty kept away from the new pies, and those who could, occupied our best parlor chairs, but on the whole we had a pleasant exchange of views, which terminated suddenly at the approach of a thunder storm.
After the storm Doc and I dragged the salmon spinner around the lower part of the lake, but it evidently did not appeal to the denizens, for again we returned sans fish.

If there had ever been any doubt in our minds as to the natural depravity of the average pack-horse, it was entirely dispelled today; and we became equally impressed with the requirements of a successful packer such as Bill. With even more than usual generosity he had given the horses the freedom of all the luscious grass which grew abundantly along the east shore of the lake, having first seen to it that they could not beat it for home except by coming back past the camp. To be a good packer one must be a mind reader as well as a diplomat. Bill showed his diplomacy by making the horses feel towards home, but that route led to an impossible rocky wall beyond which they could not go; but as a mind reader he stumbled in guessing that if they really wanted to go home they would return immediately via camp and be sought, for while these beasts did yearn for home fodder, they craftily waited until dusk to filter through.

It was only by chance that Bill discovered the exodus, otherwise we would have been confronted with a situation from which all joy had gone. It was a busy time corralling the bunch, and it was long after bed time when Bill’s bug-light, constructed out of the combination of a candle and a discarded coffee can, ceased to show its intermittent flashes among the trees, to which all the truant horses finally tied up for the night. Partly from observation and partly from Bill’s caustic comments, we became more than ever impressed with the Bolshevist tendency of the average horse. On the trail it is more difficult to keep him in the straight and narrow path than it is a Hun in enemy country, but for downright, one-eyed cussedness, he makes his best demonstration when put on his honor in camp,
where he is expected to show up when wanted and to be peacefully inclined while taking on a cargo. In neither of these ways does he ever fulfill expectations, and it is here that the deficiencies are supplied by Bill and his prototypes, to whom our appreciation is constantly due.

September 20—Saturday. Our last hike but, Ye Gods, such a one! Getting away to a good start and pointed for Wana about twenty miles down the road, it looked like an easy homestretch, but we reckoned not upon the character of East Kootenay roads. Only one interesting event broke the monotony of that day's travel. Jogging along at about three knots, without a thought of the possibility of game, a deer suddenly showed up off our port bows and after a moment's observation vanished into the timber. George and I who, at the moment happened to be in the lead, quickly dismounted, pulling our rifles, as we did so, out of the scabbard in real western style. Just at that moment our potential next meal again appeared in a little clearing beside the road about 125 yards away. It was, of course, a situation calling for immediate action, but neither of us could remember what was the first thing to do. George asked if he should shoot and, just as I was about to make a suggestion which I flattered myself was full of strategy, his deership, tired of waiting for something to turn up, started for the next county. This was the moment we were waiting for, and without hesitation we both tore after the deer, utterly regardless of the speed laws. We must have over-run our game, for we never saw it again. George was rather upset though I did not make a note of his particular comments, but I got the impression that if he had known the deer was such a coward, he would have thrown "Big Bertha" at him in the first instance.

After this little episode we rode in silence (even the
Chief and Doe refrained from comment) until lunch time. This over we felt some better, but the road now had become so dusty that, though we separated and rode on the side, we spent the rest of the day hoping we would not choke to death as the whole road-bed rose in a cloud and hospitably accompanied us all the way to Wases, where we arrived about four o'clock. Our troubles were now over, for the daughter of the hotel (so-called) in the absence of her father, greeted us in the most friendly and gracious manner, and sent a man with us to point out a camping place near Wases Lake. From her we also bought fresh vegetables, including potatoes the size of a squash. After the horses were unloaded they were put into the pasture, and we then proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, for we had learned that the car can meet us here as well as at Fort Steele; so we shall spend two days here and escape one day of dusty ten miles of prossic road travel.

September 21 - Sunday. There is little more to tell. This morning the Chief and I by subsidizing the owner of a motor drove over to Fort Steele to recover our baggage, which we had shipped from Michel, and to arrange to have the car sent on to Wases. On our return we found a Mr. Suddaby from Fernie had come into camp and invited George and Doe on a bird hunt along the Kootenay River. They arrived soon afterwards and we had a pleasant chat before lunch. In the afternoon we all walked along the lake shore in a vain attempt to find a sandy beach for bating, but as far as we could discover the whole shore line was plain mud. Doe was summoned to the hotel (?) to attend the young woman who greeted us so cordially yesterday, and who had been injured in an automobile accident. We were glad to learn on his return that she was only painfully bruised.

The Chief outdid even himself for dinner. We had roast duck and all the fittings, but the refinement which he has reached
in the art found expression in a ham omelette au rum which was
doubtless the best ever eaten in British Columbia. That night our
fire was one of the best, but the contemplation of what it meant did
not add to our enthusiasm, and as we had plenty of real work cut out
for ourselves in the morning, since everything had to be packed and
at the railroad by noon, we were in bed early.

APOLOGIA

And so ended a wonderful trip, though for three days
more, including one at Glacier, we remained in those mountains of
ever changing beauty, before we finally passed, homeward bound, in-
to the flat and populated districts.

I appreciate how inadequately I have pictured our ex-
periences, and how extensive has been my omissions of events which
are indelibly inscribed in our memory, though many of them did not
get into my record at the time. My only excuse is that in the mul-
titude of them lay the difficulty of choosing without prolonging un-
duly this already extensive journal. It is for the perusal only
of those other three tried and cherished comrades, anyway, and I
know its deficiencies will be forgiven in the same spirit that each
of them made easier the hard spots on the trail.

For four weeks the wilderness had been our home and
had been kind. We had taken from it all the essentials of primit-
tive life - food, warmth and shelter, and in the taking we had grown
in health and spirit. With the possibility of accident ever pres-
ent no untoward event occurred to mar our constant enjoyment. None
of us had a semblance of any kind of illness, but day by day we un-
consciously absorbed new health and finished years younger than when
we started. One must return from such a trip with a new vision and a clearer understanding of the generous provisions of nature, so that the things civilization has made us think we cannot do without, really seem less important.

I am truly sorry for anyone who has never sat before the evening fire in far off places; who has never heard the little noises of the forest at night; who has never seen the shadows deepen and familiar outlines grow indistinct beyond the mysterious circle of the fire, for it is useless to describe the joy that invades the soul at such times. But to those of us who have “smelt wood-smoke at twilight, who have heard the birch log burning” and in the experience have found a closer friendship, no words can add anything to the sensation. To all others I extend my heart-felt sympathy.
**ITINERARY**

George Eastman and Party
To British Columbia and Return
August-September, 1919.

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Corrected August 16th, 1919.
Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
ROUGHING IT DE-LUXE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

After a few experiences, with an occasional vicissitude or two, in various attempts to pry into the secrets of the wilderness, I am prepared to assert that in about the same ratio as one gets farther away from the teething-rings does the tin-cup-axe-one-blanket outfit appeal to him less and less. We have all been through that phase and survived it, just as we survived measles and chicken-pox, and with about an equal degree of comfort. Apparently, as we become more antique and perhaps more wise, we no longer feel that the main object of a camping trip is to discover how uncomfortable we can be made within a given time. I have never been able to fathom the mysterious claim to distinction from going foolishly "light" when it was not necessary, and fail to see why the expert elimination of unessentials and the inclusion of all items which conduce to comfort, according to the means of transportation, does not demand as much recognition and have more advocates.

These conclusions were confirmed by a recent pack-train trip, in which I was a minor factor, through an untraversed part of the East Kootenay country of British Columbia. Down timber to a heart-breaking extent and no visible trail through brush and over rock during many days, created a condition which might have been discouraging, but in fact merely added zest to novelty. We had no hardships within the literal meaning of the word, though the necessity of camping perforce, at times where darkness overtook us, and often in the rain, presented features
which, except for the comfort of our equipment, might properly have demanded the hardihood of the trapper or the enthusiasm of youth, neither of which attributes did we possess to any conspicuous extent. On this account, therefore, no matter what our previous convictions may have been, we are now unqualified converts to a sort of limited de luxe quality and quantity in all essential ingredients which go to make up what is known as equipment for a ramble in out of the way places.

Partly for the purpose of getting adherents to the above theory, but mainly to exploit our experiences into a comparatively unknown section, which is still the Hunters Paradise, I have been willingly persuaded to tell my version of the story.

The exact and epochal date at which the events started was the 21st of last August. For the previous four days we had sped toward the land of our dreams, but not until our car was shunted on to a siding at the little mining town of Michael in British Columbia did we feel certain those dreams were coming true. Five months previously the Chief had asked George and me if we would like to try Kootenay with him in the Fall. Though, as far as we were then aware, Kootenay might have been a new breakfast food, we immediately, unqualifiedly and unanimously said we would. As a matter of fact had he suggested skating to Patagonia or flying to Baffins Bay our reply would have been the same, since we knew well from previous experiences with him that, no matter how casually broached, such suggestions from the Chief are not of the common garden variety, but are sure to contain exciting probabilities.
Incidentally, while the chief has not been vocational-
ly occupied in supplying the demands of the rest of the world
for the particular products he alone can satisfactorily furnish,
his has assembled an almost perfect pack-train and camping outfit,
in the exploitation of which we are willing to back him against
all comers. In several trips with him to more or less remote
places, we have watched with interest the light of appreciation
break out in the ordinarily taciturn faces of our guides as they
discovered that this Eastern "dude" had "been there" and really
knew something they didn't know about their own business.
Sooner or later, but mostly sooner, we have seen the cozy fea-
tures of his pack-saddles; secure plans of his camp pantry;
display a real interest in his method of tent setting; watch
and marvel at his camp baking; learn what the possibilities or
requirements of an ideal camp site are, and in a dozen other ways
got a new slant on the art in which they are, quite excusably,
prone to consider themselves exclusive specialists. His boxes
fit the pack saddles none the less perfectly because the butter,
pork, bacon, ham and so forth are insulated against the heat of
the sun and horse; nor are the eggs any less palatable because
their longevity is increased by being packed individually in
buckwheat husks so that the first one is yet to meet a violent
dearth.

But I am anticipating this part of the story, for
some gastronomical details will intrude themselves as we meet
them on the trail, or on what was intended to be a trail, for
thus early I must confide to you, as one of the secrets of this
particular trip, that contrary to calculations we followed no
trail at times, but one followed us, for we left behind us a
swath in the landscape from the Elk River across the Bull to
the white that will be as obvious to those who come after us
as the Main Street in their home town.

Of course, George and I knew British Columbia geo-
graphically, just as sundry thousands have known it annually
and casually from C.P.R. windows, and under pressure will tell
their less fortunate friends of the grandeur of the country
around Banff, Lake Louise, Glacier and other beauty spots in
the approach to that really wonderful region of towering peaks.
But of its untravelled trails; its unnamed mountains with their
timbered valleys; its boiling glacier streams rushing to join
the more sedate waterways, even of its sub-divisions, we knew
next to nothing. We have since appropriately blushed to
think how little East Kootenay then meant to us, though that
ignorance speedily changed to appreciation as we eagerly de-
voured maps and railway folders which were graphically sup-
plemented by Jack Lewis' letters; and with this absorption came
the realization that we were actually booked for a trip through
the heart of a real gem district in one of the most beautiful
and least frequented parts of the Canadian Rockies. Thenceforth
visions of goat, sheep, elk, bear and what-nots clouded our dreams
by night, while lists of impediments, guns and such like details
entangled our thoughts in the office; so that when the day of
our departure arrived we were surely prepared and very wise to
the nature of the country, its flora, fauna and other inhabitants.

Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
But our party has not yet been fully introduced, for the Chief had elected "Doc" (who had just returned from France), to complete the quartette. Now "Doc" is not spoiled by the splendid record he made with our doughboys, nor is he simply an ordinary adventure who looks upon you longingly as a potential case, but was a mighty satisfactory complement to the outfit. Thanks to either the air, the food or our natural stability, we gave him no opportunity to experiment on us humans, but in at least one emergency we found him an excellent and natural veterinarian. But that also is another story.

To return from this digression and get back to our starting point at Michel, we had hardly stopped when our head guide Jack Lewis appeared. As we had read with considerable interest his voluminous letters, picturing with more than ordinary ability the wonders of the country we were to see, we had been curious to learn what the unusual combination of a ready letter writer and a woodman would look like. First impressions were good, and during luncheon and while waiting for a wagon to take our outfit to Boivan's Ranch, learned much of his record, which included service with the Provincial Police and with the Canadian Infantry abroad, from which latter he had but a few months previously returned home after a severe hospital experience.

After luncheon we unloaded our outfit in the presence of a boy of the ubiquitous boy; sent some horse telegrams, got our hunting licenses, and made a few purchases at the only store. Michel has only length, though plenty of that, and is a red streak squeezed in between impending mountains on
either side. Its principal or only business is coal, but when we were there the miners were on a strike, though for what particular reason we could not learn, as most of the miners apparently owned their own automobiles, not tin kinsies but the genuine article. This was fortunate for us, as Lewis had persuaded one, by a generous subsidy, to take us to Boivan's Ranch, twelve miles up the Elk river, where the rest of our guides and horses were awaiting us. Our driver, though having failed all his life to appreciate the possible advantages which might accrue to him from a working knowledge of English, was excessively voluble in some unknown tongue, but we gained from his actions that he was hardly on speaking terms with his motor. Notwithstanding that handicap, in some other environment he would have been classified as a speed artist, oblivious of everything but his destination. However, we rattled over the dusty and uneven road for half an hour without mishap, until a few yards from the ranch an outraged spring let go and we cheerfully finished on foot.

Here at Bill Boivan's we met Bill and Mrs. Bill (the latter sorrowful because she could not accompany us); Neal, the hunter; Cassie, the axeman; Johnnie, the helper; and William, in whose culinary ability reposed the destinies of the men. Not long after our arrival, our food and camp equipment on two wagons, which we had passed on the road, appeared, and we were in our first camp at last. No time was lost in getting up our tent, after which it was time to appease the inner man, and soon the fires were going. Only those who have experienced it can appreciate the consummate joy of the first camp, which has been anticipated and pictured during the weeks of preparation.
There is an undefined, yet very positive elation, in the mere act of unpacking all those personal effects one assembles at home, picturing as he does it, the surroundings in which they will next appear. There is the rifle which takes on a new aspect on the verge of game country; the rods and tackle are no longer merely evidence of superior handicraft; that heavy clothing and bed roll you packed on that hot day back home now seems very appropriate; all those camp fittings over which you studied and eliminated, bring visions of good meals on the trail, and so on down the list, some items of which you had forgotten but all teeming with the spirit of anticipated use. All these things we unpacked and repacked until each article was most conveniently located, and then—supper. I can recall every one of the viands the chief furnished us at that first meal. No food ever tasted better, due quite as much to its quality, as to the appetites we had already developed.

We had been disappointed at the failure to receive at Michel any telegrams from home, but this was assuaged in the evening by the Chief getting two messages over Bovaird's telephone, one for him and one for me. Though neither were fully intelligible, that little defect did not prevent his transmitting mine in such form that I was satisfied at having an assuring word before we left all such connections behind us for a month. So we turned in for our first night.

August 28—This was a busy morning as the first time always is, getting the peaks properly adjusted and loaded. The horses were all brought in early, and a fair-looking lot they were, four riding and twelve pack horses for us, six riding and nine
pack for the men; strung out they made a goodly show and a
worthy subject for the photographer. It was in these first
moments that our misgivings over the selection of Bill Beivan
as head-packer were for all times dispelled. Bill had lost one
arm, his left, at the shoulder, and it seemed to us that such a
handicap would be emphasized by the diamond hitch. Jack had
told us that he had been chief packer for the C.P.R., but we were
not prepared to have him develop into the best packer, that is
having less trouble on the trail, that we had ever seen. Besides
this, his care of the horses as well as our riding equipment was
a source of great satisfaction. Most of the horses gave but lit-
tle trouble during the packing even on this first morning, but
one bay colt was a bit enany and she had to be blinded with a pack-
cover before anyone could get within hailing distance of her with
anything that looked like a lead. However, before noon every-
thing was packed and we, with Lewis leading, started off ahead
of the pack-train and up the road which we followed four or five
miles to Brule Creek. Here on the creek bottom we had a hasty
lunch; then leaving the highway, and all such marks of civiliza-
tion, we followed along the creek on an old trail, now for years
gone into the discard and hardly discernible except for the cut-
ting on it which the men had been doing the past two days while
waiting for us. After about four miles we came to the end of
the cutting and decided to spend the night. We cleared an open
space for our tent, put some poles and waited for the pack which
arrived at 4:30. Just at this point Brule Creek becomes sub-
terranean, and our water supply was limited to a small but ice-
cold spring, though sufficient for our purposes. Pending the
arrival of the outfit we laid on our saddle blankets; made a few prophesies as to the liberties each intended to take with the fish and game encountered; and, with the assistance of Lewis settled several international controversies. We then set up our tent, the men making their camp in a small meadow near us but not taking the trouble to pitch their tent. We, of course, are doing our own cooking, so at this camp we assigned ourselves to the different jobs of that department. The Chief became the Chef, specializing in pastry and deserts; George was to be the Butler, having custody of the larder generally; Doc. became Assistant Butler, upon whom we relied for almost everything from table decorating to butchering, and I was elected Assistant-Chef, for the very good reason that that was the only vacancy. We were promised a rough trail in the morning, but as we expected to camp only four miles from here, it is also expected to be a short travelling day.

August 23 -- There should be one uniform table of distances for all the world, to save confusion to travelers. Last night the leading authority in camp advised us to get in bed early as we had to make four miles on the morrow. Several of us had travelled even more than that in a day without excessive fatigue, so we were not particularly excited at the prospect. Yet here we are, still on Brule Creek only four miles from last night’s sleep, and we consumed ten hours of constant riding in making the passage. It is true that some of the more desperate of the men aver we came five miles, but since discovering the horrible length to which a British Columbia mile will go, we consider that an exaggeration and are satisfied with the first
estimates. We left camp at eleven this morning, and without getting out of our saddles, except when occasional bad places made it necessary or the men cutting ahead were stopped by heavy down timber gave us a resting spell, we arrived at this camp on the edge of green timber at nine in the evening, and in such darkness it was marvelous that Jack and Ossie, who were ahead on foot, could find any trail to follow. We were all willing to call it a day, and admitted we had developed a new conception of the suspiciousness of a really bad trail. It developed during the day that no one had been over it since Lewis came through on snow shoes six years ago, and probably no one else in the eight years before that when W. T. Hornaday came through with a party of which Lewis was one. In many places avalanches and snow slides had stripped the mountain slopes of trees and deposited them in an almost impenetrable tangle at the bottom totally obliterating the trail, which, on account of the growth of Jack Pines and smaller bushes was at its best seldom discernible. Jack and Ossie ahead with their axes and constantly clearing made our progress possible, as otherwise no horse could have gotten through. They cut up logs and cut down trees; they found the old trail and lost it intermittently all day; they, that is Jack, swore with a vehemence and earnestness beyond the dreams of even that proverbial pirate who has been the standard for ages. With some minor variations he told what he thought of such a trail, and assured us repeatedly that he had walked more than fifty miles that day looking for the blankety-blank thing and had cut more than fifty cords of wood in the meantime.
It must be admitted that these oratorical efforts neither interfered with the swing of his axe nor diverted Ossie from the main idea. The latter, though lighter built, was a finished axeman and we found entertainment in watching him cut through a particularly big piece of timber. All day we scrambled over and around logs and jumped others. The last hour after reaching green timber the going was better, but if Jack and Ossie had not blazed a long white streak every fifty feet, the pack-train, which had fallen behind, could not have come through until daylight. It was certainly a mess when they finally struggled in on top of us in the little opening we had selected for a camp beside the creek. Thirty-one horses and ten men in a small space, in inky darkness, save at first for a couple of electric lamps; every one falling over a saddle or a package dropped where they were taken off the weary horses; the eager search for the particular case containing the most easily prepared food, made a situation teeming with potential trouble. But tired as we all were, everyone rose to the occasion and as soon as the horses were let loose to graze, order was restored and a couple of fires going in short order. A couple of boiled eggs and a cup of Erbwurts satisfied the inner man. I say satisfied, but that does not incline George or Doc., for just as the former put his cup of soup down to fix the fire Doc., not seeing it in the dark, put his foot on the cup and that ration ran away. A fight looked imminent, but it was compromised by a division of Doc's soup. Then, without even looking for a tent we spread our beds on the ground and with the soothing tinkling of the bells on the feeding horses in our ears, were soon asleep. It was surely a novel and
interesting day and while we would not elect to repeat it in
daily doses, we all enjoyed it. There were frequent and fresh
grizzly signs but we saw no bears.

August 24 - Sunday. Fortunately, it did not rain
to disturb our slumbers, and we opened our eyes this morning up-
on the mess of equipment we had unloaded in the dark. But the
all absorbing idea, ahead of every other obligation, was that the
individual demands growing out of yesterday's rather meagre meals
must be first satisfied. This, a portion of oatmeal, hot biscuits,
jam, coffee, ham and a couple of eggs spices helped materially
to do; after which we moved camp on to a grassy knoll, first cut-
ting out a few trees to give the necessary space. We are now
near the goat country but, on account of forest fires to the west-
ward it was too smoky when we first got up to distinguish any life
on the rocky ridges in front of us. Jack and Ossie started early
to begin cutting a trail to the summit of the pass which has to
be negotiated, we hope tomorrow, on the way to our next camp on
Dull River. The Butler, always keen to pick up something, be
it a new acquaintance, information or a fight, this morning ac-
cumulated a quart of wild currants, while the rest of us busied
ourselves with our jobs around camp, though Doc, after the chores
were done, cut himself a formidable club as a protection against
bear, and explored the hills back of camp. In the afternoon
we all tried the new Savage 22-3000, and the Chief, though ad-
mitting he could not use the open sights, managed to carry off
the palm. Jack and Ossie returned before dark and reported they
had opened up a trial to the summit between Elk River valley,
where we now are, and Bull River valley where we hope to be after
the next jump. But they say another day of cutting will be necessary before we can get through, so making a virtue of necessity, we will stay here tomorrow. In the afternoon the smoke cleared and we spent an interesting hour with the glasses watching five mountain goats feeding and making their way across the apparently precipitous face of the top of the mountains opposite camp. As this was the first time any of us had seen Orca at large, we were thrilled at the prospect of meeting him on even closer terms. After yesterday's strenuous hours in the saddle, we were well content to spend the Sabbath in this easy and appropriate way.

August 25 — Monday. This morning George, the hunter, awoke fired with a blood-thirsty zeal to go out alone and kill some big game, including a bear or two of which there were plenty of signs, but we finally dissuaded him, and substituting his .405, (already dubbed "Big Bertha"), for the largest pail in camp, George, the Butler, sallied forth instead in quest of more currants. In this less adventurous enterprise he was ably assisted by Doc and Bill, and collectively they accumulated about four quarts. Later these were converted into the finest jelly ever made on Brule Creek, and it subsequently appeared as an essential part of a four-layer cake of gold medal merit, all the product of our peerless Chef. One pint of the jelly was given to the men, who showed proper appreciation by eating it all at one sitting, spread on bread which Bill had baked during the day. It was at this camp that the Butler, imbued with the obligations of his position, first showed symptoms of an intention to bathe, but after Doc had made a careful diagnosis and reported only in-
Significant manifestations of "diabetes", the operation was considered unnecessary and indefinitely postponed, much to the subject's apparent relief.

There are no fish in Brule Creek, and with the opening of the game season a week off, there was nothing to do but kill time in anticipation of moving tomorrow. This we did in different ways as the spirit moved the individual, though the chef was busy all day in his own department, and in addition to the jelly and cake, baked two perfect loaves of bread. Incidentally bread days in camp with the chef as demonstrator are always an event.

His dough is raised between two hot water bottles in one of the boxes emptied of its ordinary load and specially fitted to receive it. When ready for baking it is put into two aluminum cylinders hinged longitudinally in the center, which in turn just fit the two ovens attached to the back of the folding stoves. In a fraction over an hour, two evenly baked and browned loaves, about five inches in diameter and twenty inches long, are ready for consumption. It is a mathematically exact performance and always receives appropriate applause.

About supper time the whole crew, but Bill, who had also been baking, returned and reported that the trail had been opened to within two miles of Bull River, and that we can move tomorrow in full expectation of arriving during the day.

Though we had done little to deserve it, the chef accorded to each of us a large slice of his jelly cake as a dessert to the fairly substantial meal of cornbread hash, onions au gratin, muffins and chocolate. With that tucked away, we built our evening fire and ruminated upon the hardships and discomforts of city life.
August 26—Tuesday. We think our Butler is a
somnambulist. There were several eye witnesses to his retire-
ment last night on his own bed, but this morning the early risers
found him, still in a dreamy state, on the unfriendly ground some
distance from where he started. We were packed up by eleven and
left camp ahead of the men, full of anticipation at the prospect
of getting to trout water and the game country. The trail, thanks
to the work put upon it during the past two days, was fairly good
though nearly a mile of slide rock just after starting made rather
poor going for the horses, particularly for the unshod Indian
horses. The last part of the ascent over the Divide was pretty
steep, but we negotiated the Pass without great difficulty or
mishap. Here the work of the men in cutting big timber was ap-
preciated as we would have been seriously delayed otherwise.
From the top of the Pass a panorama of great beauty opened up.
Across the valley to the south a large glacier lay between two
high peaks, at the foot of the glacier several small streams
of melted ice united and flowed westward to where in the dis-
tance we were told lay the Bull River. As we started down the
other side we flushed a bevy of willow grouse, and as Lewis as-
sured us we would find them plentiful on the Bull, we were thank-
ful we had packed the .22. We were pretty well up on the bare
face of the mountain forming one side of a wide valley, the trail
gradually leading downward, and we were thus given an unobstructed
view. The character of the foliage had changed on this side
of the Divide, and as we got lower down our way led through a
forest of quaking aspens. We reached the bottom about noon,
and had lunch in a small grove through which ran ice-cold rivulet
from the glacier we had seen from the summit. We had now reached the end of the cutting, so our progress from this point was slower, but Jack and Osie, getting out their axes, and leaving us to tow their horses, again opened up a way, so that after going up hill for a time we finally slid down to the Hall about 4:00 o'clock, having made the six or seven miles in about five hours. We picked out a fine camp site beside the river, and while waiting for the outfit to arrive cleared up the ground ready for the tents. The pack did not arrive until 6:30, delayed because one of the horses had broken her leg in some down timber and her load was transferred to Neal's horse, he finishing on foot. It was Johnnie's black mare, a tractable little animal, and he was greatly upset over it. As there was no gun with them and no one wanted to kill it by any other means, the poor animal had to be left where she lay until someone could go back and put her out of her misery. It was very distressing to think of her lying out there in such a condition and it cast a gloom over us; but that is a chance every creature must take in such country, and with the absorption of making camp that feeling gradually wore off, though we could not forget it entirely.

**August 27 - Wednesday.** Before the camp awoke Johnnie had gone back to shoot his mare. It seemed almost heartless, but Johnnie was told to cut away the underbrush near by so that the carcass can be used to bait a grizzly later, in case we want to. All the other men went up stream, in what has now become a daily pastime, to begin cutting out trail as against the day we move again. After the usual hearty breakfast we tried the fish-
ing but were disappointed in results, Doc and the Chief only getting one each, both cut-throat. In the afternoon George, Doc and I left the Chief engaged in cooking some of his now famous compositions, and rode down stream taking our rods and the .22, prepared for any game that did not weigh over five pounds. The rods yielded nothing, but the little rifle stopped two willow grouse upon which we came unexpectedly on a gravel bar in a bend of the river. We were a bit uncertain about the date of the open season for them, but as the change in the game laws was so recent that they had not been furnished to the game warden at Michil we got our licenses, and the men thought the season was on, we let our longing for fresh meat convince us the men were right.

On our return George threatened again to take a bath, but finally compromised by washing his clothes. Doc, on the other hand, without any ostentation, actually took a hasty plunge in the river, much to the admiration of the men. In the evening Jack gave us a new idea in the construction of a camp fire. It had the appearance of a large grate fire, instead of the usual pyre with the flames mounting skyward, and we gathered around it in grateful appreciation.

The men reported that by utilizing the river bottom and barn they had opened up a trail nearly half way to the West Fork, at which we figure on making our next camp.

In anticipation of staying here a day or two longer we put up both the canopy and Baker tents, the latter particularly useful to keep the rain which looks imminent, off the outfit and food, besides affording us a sheltered dining room. As we had time on our hands the menu was more elaborate than usual, and con-
sisted of soup, broiled trout with bacon, hashed brown potatoes, macaroni with cheese, chocolate, olives, sliced pineapple and jelly cake. The men are growing so jealous of our culinary art that their cook Bill is almost in despair. His old theory of furnishing quantity at the expense of quality, is getting a severe jolt.

August 28 - Thursday. During the night the horses wandered in and around camp so promiscuously that the Chief and George were annoyed, and showed their annoyance by getting out from under the warm covers and hurling most of my fire wood at them. Doc and I watched the ejection proceedings with sympathetic eye, but thought it best not to add to the confusion by making any outward sign that we also had been annoyed. After spending some time this morning in retrieving over a two acre area all my nicely stacked wood, I suggested that a few of easily obtainable rocks from the river be collected against another equine raid. Bill thought of a better plan and immediately after breakfast began building a corral around camp, which will serve an additional purpose of holding the horses inside when we peak them again.

Jack, Cassie and Neal started early to work on the trail again. We all went down stream to try for fish or feather, and though the trout were shy we got another bird, which with those of yesterday promise a palatable repast. In the afternoon we all did some much needed washing, the Chief and Doc even extending the process to themselves, the former making a good job of it by use of the bath-tent and hot water, while Doc stuck to the river on the ground that it was quicker, speed being the only consideration.

August 29 - Friday. The men except Lewis were out again today cutting trail, while we four with Lewis all went up
stream fishing. Notwithstanding the cutting the going was poor. We went only about two miles, but in that distance crossed and re-crossed the river sixteen times, besides utilizing the river bed for considerable stretches several times, and as the bottom is paved with large and small round stones even that course made slow going. We found several good looking pools and were rewarded with our first real mess of trout, of which the chief got nearly half. This was very encouraging as we had of course relied on fish to help out the larder, and had begun to think that the stories of British Columbia fishing didn't mean fish.

For dinner we split and broiled four of the largest trout, and with them had fried potatoes, muffins, tea and part of a chocolate cake which the chef baked after we returned from fishing.

August 30 - Saturday. This was rather a lazy day except for the chef, who produced something fancy for each meal, a ham omelette deserving special mention, and for the men who were still cutting now several miles up stream. Bill finished his corral and was so pleased with it that George, while admitting that Bill was some architect, felt he should not be too inflated over such a simple thing and allowed that if he, Bill, would agree to use only his one good arm, he, George, would show him a trick or two in the squared ring, providing only a suitable place and time could be found after he, George, got in proper shape. Bill agreed to all these qualifications with alacrity, and now George is afraid he won't be able to get in shape this trip.

Doc picked the strange birds we got on Wednesday and we had them roasted for dinner, which also included a suet pudd-
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Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
We did not linger long over luncheon as it began to rain again before we had finished, so we donned our slickers and made good progress for another hour, though we encountered considerable down timber which retarded our speed. Here we reached the end of the cutting, and the pack having caught up with us when we stopped for lunch, Lewis and Cesie dismounted and went ahead with their axes. We took turns leading Lewis’ horse, which otherwise was a very respectable animal, but unless pulled along by the halter rope seemed bent on going in any direction except the right one. Cesie’s colt, on the other hand, while so wild it was a man’s job to get in the saddle and an unsafe one to get near her heels, followed by herself as faithfully as a dog. The old disused trappers’ trail was so overgrown and in places so entirely obliterated, that not the least of our troubles was to even locate it. At first one of us would occasionally call attention to what looked like an old blaze, only to find it was where an elk had rubbed his horns or a bear had scratched his mark or a porcupine had had a lunch from the bark. We finally learned that our suggestions were not of material value, so waited quietly on our horses until a few more yards of trail had been opened up. To appreciate the situation which exists throughout our route, one must imagine the difficulty of picking a way through a pile of jack-straw magnified into whole trees. Only one way could be followed and that on the old trail now at least ten years in disuse. To attempt any other course, except an occasional detour around a fallen tree too large to be quickly cut, would be to invite early disaster, as one would soon find himself in an unextricable maze. Occasionally our way would lead us into compara-
tively open stretches of a few hundred yards extent but, even
those had elk trails leading in every direction to mislead us and
quite often hold dangerously soft spots. Utilising the gravel
bars on banks of the river when we could, and often the rocky bed
of the river itself, we finally reached the west fork of the bull
a little after four in a light rain. Peals of thunder reverbera-
ted from the surrounding peaks, but it looked as though we were
out of the storm zone, when it veered in our direction and poured
hard for about an hour. We had lost the pack somewhere coming
up so stood around taking our medicine until 5:30 when it arrived.
In some of the deep holes in the river four of the horses were
nearly submerged at different times, but only one of our boxes
was badly wet, and as that contained tinned goods no damage was
done.

We had already chosen our camp site in the edge of
the timber on one of the flat gravel bars, and had cut enough
poles for all the tents so our canopy tent and the three of the
men went up in circus time. It was pretty cold but we soon had
a big warming fire going. This making camp in the rain was another
interesting experience, and we were surprised how easily it was
done without any of the outfit getting very moist. Our slickers
kept us dry except as to our feet, but the men were soaked to the
skin, and to them the fire was very welcome. The rain stopped by
the time supper was ready. Afterwards Lewis constructed one of
his famous camp fires and the whole outfit sat around it until
bed time, one by one successively disappearing tentward until Lewis
only remained. Discouraged, finally, over his vanished audience,
he kicked the drying embers into flame and followed suit.
September 1 - Monday. This had been anticipated as a hunting day, but it opened rainy, with mist on the mountains shutting off all observation of game, so we compromised by indulging in the more domestic pursuits of camp life, including some laundring, barbering and fixing up camp for two or three days stay. In the afternoon, however, we did some fishing, and George in particular, with Cassie, getting a fine string of some fifty trout. We saw everywhere abundant signs of bear, elk and deer, and when it cleared before sundown, with the glasses we could see a bunch of goats on the ridge to the north-west of camp. With these assurances that we were at least in the real game district, we were eager to start something, though it was plainly evident that any kind of hunting would entail hard travelling, and of necessity on foot, as horses could not even make a start up the slopes on account of the thick brush and down timber. With visions of much blood letting tomorrow, we arranged all the details for an early start, and did not linger long over the fire after supper.

September 2 - Tuesday. This was our day of days, and one crowned with some measure of success; for we have in camp tonight a very fair mountain goat's head, the original owner of which was shot off the uttermost peak of the ridge on which we saw the bunch yesterday. It all came about in this fashion. We were up at daylight, and after a hearty breakfast all set out on foot before seven. The Chief, with Neal and Johnnie, went up the slope west of camp to look for deer, while George, Doe and I, with Lewis and Cassie, started up the river to try the peaks to the
north-west for the goats we had seen with our glasses. With
the possibility of being obliged to spend the night out, we carried
a respectable lunch and sweater apiece, and I also took my camera
and glasses. After leaving the river the grade was steep, but
that feature was nothing to the tangle of brush and fallen timber
we encountered during the first three hours. We had all put hot-
balls in our shoes last night, and soon learned to avail ourselves
of prostrate logs leading in the right direction. Of course we
all fell off occasionally, but they at least afforded smooth going
for a few feet at a time. Lewis, who was leading, aggravated us
considerably, as neither the incline nor the tangle seemed to re-
tard him in the least, and as he seemed bent on breaking some record,
the result was that we could not keep up and were continually los-
ing sight of him. When we were to all appearances lost, so far
as he was concerned, we would call and remonstrate with him over
his speed. Then for a short distance he would keep in sight,
but the performance would soon be repeated, he maintaining that
there was no hurry and that we had only to yell at him and he
would stop, but that he simply could not walk slow. We tried
psychology on him, explaining that the effort to keep up created
a mental exhaustion, which supplemented by a growing peevishness,
would spell our finish long before we were out of the woods.
Finally we hit on the happy expedient of having Oszie do the lead-
ing and we got along, possibly with less speed, but with infinitely
more amiability. By the time we had reached the rocks at
timber line, most of our spikes were gone, and as we looked upward
it was with some misgivings, for the rocky ledges looked treacher-
ous for one not properly shod. Here we stopped for our breaths
to catch up, and discussed the prospects. George, whose horse
nails were all gone, leaving his leather soles more slippery than
my composition rubber, felt that it would be useless, if not dan-
gerous, to go on, and reluctantly decided that he and Doe would
stay in the timber in the hope of getting a shot at a male-deer.
of which we had seen numerous signs. So Doe, whose army trench-
shoes still held some nails, Lewis and I, then pushed on up over
the rocks, the ascent becoming constantly steeper, until about one
o'clock, when we stopped to take a hasty lunch in the shadow of
the summit. Lewis was studying the formation of the serrated
peaks which stretched away from us to the west, to figure how we
could make our way along the face of a rocky wall which seemed to
shut off a passage to the adjoining basin in which we thought we
had seen the goats yesterday, when suddenly he made an exclamation
and pointed to the pinnales above us. We followed his point and
there saw our first goats. At first we could see but two, a
nanny and a well grown kid, but Lewis said there surely must be
more. From this point Lewis showed good ability. He figured
that if we approached them from the east they would not get our
wind, so we changed our course and for 300 or 400 yards followed
in the lee of a wall-like formation which lead up to the crest of
the ridge, and brought us on a level with the goats. We came out
on the knife-blade edge of the summit, and pecking around the wall
saw the goats about 125 yards away. In our excitement we had for-
gotten our fatigue, which was quite prevalent when we had stopped
for lunch, and I, at least, quite ignored the elevation during the
last dash, though we had previously stopped at stated intervals
to allay the pounding of our hearts. I had brought along a
9 mm Harnlischer, while Doe carried my new 25-3000 Savage.
obsessed with the opportunity and completely ignoring the fact that anyone else was in the party I picked out my goat and fired. The bullet as I found out later, struck at the top of its shoulder apparently killing it instantly. It fell and rolled about 100 yards down the cliff out of sight, but Lewis yelled not to worry as we surely had him. At the report of my shot two rams came into view, but Doc had already opened up on the younger one and fired twice. Most unfortunately, the rear Lyman sight on the "Savage" had become loose on the way up, and as it shut off all view of the front sight he was prevented from getting a true aim. It was too late then to remedy the trouble, and with Doc only able to guess at the direction he was pointing, the goats made a hasty and successful get-away, and our chance for that day was gone. I might have gotten in another shot, but besides being satisfied with what I had already had, I was too much exercised at the trouble Doc was having with his sights to butt in on his opportunity. I blame myself for Doc's disappointment, since, had I set the sight properly when I put it on, that goat would now be decorating Doc's study, instead of posing as the hero and survivor of an exciting bombardment. When the bunch retreated Doc and Lewis ran to the edge of the cliff down which the goats were making a hasty retreat, and the latter speeded them some by sending a couple more bullets in their general direction. I, meanwhile, went down to where my goat, after falling a couple of hundred yards, had finally lodged against an old stump. As it represented a successful culmination of a real effort I could not resist the temptation to perpetuate the event with several photographs. When Doc and Lewis returned from their chase, we, that is they, cut off the
head and about 50 pounds of meat, which made a good load for
Lewis. The joke was not all on Lewis, however, for when Doc and
I divided up what Lewis had brought with him and added it to our
own load, we were glad that our route was down hill and that we
had not toiled up any more of a cargo, for it surely would have
been jettisoned before we reached camp. From where we stood a
more or less smooth canyon seemed to lead directly down to the
West Fork, which we could almost see dividing the ridge we were
on from the one just west of camp. As it not only promised
easier going than the course we had taken coming up, but looked
much shorter, we decided to take it. It may have been shorter
and doubtless was easier, but we suffered the same old disappoint-
ment one always encounters from an overdose of constant down-
hill travel. It first developed in our hind legs, and then,
loaded to the gunwale as we were, our shoulders began to com-
plain. However, all things end in time, and after two hours on
our heels we finally reached the West Fork, which, as we had had
no water since leaving camp early in the morning, we gave an
imitation of drinking dry.

While resting by the stream, Neal appeared, having
left the Chief and Johnnie and doing a little hunting on his
own account. He reported having seen nothing but the goats
we chased off the peak. Going down stream we heard George and
Cassie coming down through the timber and evidently making bad
weather of it, but we were having too much trouble of our own
to expend any sympathy on these two huskies. We found the bed
of the stream both rocky and cold, but switching to the banks
did not help as the down timber was too prevalent for comfort at
the end of a long day. For another hour we oscillated back
and forth between the streams and the hill-side, until we finally reached the trail leading to camp. There we found the Chief and Johnnie had just returned without getting a shot, but firmly convinced that they had encountered the worst going of any of us. We might have let them get by with that theory, had not George and Ossie just then appeared satisfied with having successfully scouted through country which would have been too difficult for any other pair in camp. This was too much for Doc, who intimated in his usually diplomatic way, that if any of the others had been foolhardy enough to have followed us there would have been less left of him than there was of that goat whose hide was decorating the slopes up yonder. This, for some reason, seemed to form a basis for argument, but before any conclusions were reached, the Chief announced that if there was going to be any food served in camp before dark it was time to be up and doing. This appealed, but hungry and tired as we were, we all used the first available hot water for a real bath. In this matter of intermittent bathing we had adopted at the outset for mutual protection a sanitary standard, exemplified by the slogan "a bath for all and all for a bath", which worked very well as it helped to curb individual enthusiasm in that line, though it must be confessed that the Chief was a flagrant offender against the limitation.

It had been a strenuous day for the whole camp, but no one was any the worse for it. We are quite thoroughly convinced, however, that goat chasing is not a parlor game, and that there is no easy road by which a successful hunt may be had. There is likewise one essential thing which must not be omitted
from the outfit, or rather from the shoes, and that is plenty of medium sized screw nails in strong soles. There is no other one thing, the lack of which is so sure to produce failure. They are a help on an incline; a protection from accident on fallen timber and a necessity on the steep rocky slopes. George failed to get his goat simply because his soles did not retain the nails, and I am sure that my struggles to keep going would have been lessened if I had had better ones and more of them.

We did not linger long over the fire that night, nor will there be any indication of sleeplessness after we turned in.

September 3 - Wednesday. This was rather a restless day after yesterday's strenuous events. I awoke, obsessed with the idea that as a successful big game hunter I was to receive at a more exciting place in the sun, and while dressing expected momentarily to be embarrassed with words of praise upon my skill, fortitude and marksmanship. I was quite conscious of my superiority, and it was, therefore, more or less disquieting to gradually realize that my companions were more interested in food than in my achievements; in fact they seemed to have forgotten my prowess, and I received intimation that if breakfast was not ready soon I, the Assistant Chef, would be demoted to the rank of chief garbage incinerator. I attributed such an attitude to petty jealousy, and while ignoring the threat, followed my usual routine and had an appetizing breakfast ready by the time the others had emerged from their blankets. My pride was somewhat assuaged, however, by the appearance of Lewis soon after breakfast with my goat head, and to know that he, at least, felt the event was worthy of perpetuation, for he spent all the morning cleaning the skull and skin and hanging them up to dry. Except for the pride I took in starting the
morning fires and the breakfast on its way, I would have left that duty to less skilled and far less worthy hands, even though I suffered from the depreciation in quality along with the others. It is probable, too, that if I had resigned this matutinal duty, the camp would have run short of matches long before we completed our course, so I decided to save my own life even though my unappreciative partners also survived.

We all went fishing up stream and caught enough trout for the entire camp. Neal and Ossie were out all day cutting trail towards Porcupine Creek. Only two events are really worth mentioning, one, that in which Doc figured as the hero of an affair with a porcupine, from which he emerged victorious under circumstances which handicapped him at the start. The other was the effort of the Chief to bake bread which at first refused to rise. For some reason he chose the evening to start the process, and the night air or some other malign influence set in to thwart success, with the result that George and I spent the hours from dinner to midnight tending firewood before the Chief was satisfied. It is worthy of note, however, that the loaves finally emerged brown and appetizing as usual.

September 4 - Thursday. We left West Fork Camp about 10:30 bound for Porcupine Creek, and made the first two miles, which had been cut out, in about an hour. It looked like rain while we were eating our lunch, and just as we finished and the pack had caught up, it began to drizzle. From this point there was quantities of down timber and thick brush, and though Lewis and Ossie were ahead with their axes, our progress was very slow for the next four hours. Just before reaching Porcupine Creek the course opened up and we traversed several pieces of meadow which
had some soft places in which the horses narrowly escaped getting mired. Arriving at Perspine Creek we had difficulty finding a suitable place for camp, as there was down timber everywhere. It did not take long, however, to clear enough space for the tents which we put up quickly as it was quite evident that the light rain we had had all the afternoon was going to develop into a real storm. It had grown cold and we felt sure we were in for a snow storm. Just as we got things settled and were starting in on dinner, a heavy thunderstorm broke, but it was too late to do us any harm. For dinner we had a ham omelette, hashed brown potatoes, chocolate, hot muffins and a sauce pudding with real slopping sauce. Though the low-hanging clouds shut off any extensive view, it was quite evident that from this camp the scenery is far more impressive than we have had. As the temperature had dropped to near the freezing point the big warming fire was appreciated.

September 5 - Friday. It rained hard all day and was cold and raw. There was a heavy fall of snow on the peaks but none reached us. Immediately after breakfast we put up the Baker tent for the first time and moved all supplies into it. This added materially to our comfort, as it gave us a protected dining room. We also constructed a shelter over the fires with pack-cloths so had protection in every way from the weather. The Chief made some jelly cake with maple frosting, just to add to our comfort. Lewis having reported that he saw a bear near camp, George and Doc took their artillery and went scouting, but managed to evade any contact with Ursus, bearing in mind the injunction not to shoot at a bear if they saw one.

The whole crew, notwithstanding the weather, spent the day cutting out trail towards Monroe Lake, our next stand, somewhere
to the north any distance up to twenty miles. They returned at supper time drenched to the skin but with the welcome news that the trail as far as they had gone promised better going than we had been having.

September 6 — Saturday. When we awoke this morning the rain had stopped and it looked propitious for a good day’s travel. The peaks all around us were covered with snow, and the sun breaking through rifts in the clouds, which were towering near the tops, presented a picture which I tried to save by taking several photographs. As soon as the horses were all corralled in camp, Lewis and Ossie started ahead to cut out trail beyond the point the men had reached yesterday. Following our usual custom we left as the last horse was being packed. This enables us to keep ahead of the pack and gives us time to eat our lunch without being overtaken. We were not sorry to leave Porcupine Creek as it was a most inhospitable place, though under better weather conditions our opinion might be modified. We had no difficulty, after fording the stream, in following the well cut trail; in fact it is doubtful if we could have moved in any other way as thick was the brush and down timber. We had hardly started when we ran into a bunch of fool-hens, at which, after failing to capture them by hand, I shot at twice with my Hemlichser, making a clean miss each time. George did some better with a handful of rocks, knocking one down, but when he went to pick it up, it flew away, much to his disgust. As this story might be scanned by innocent eyes I dare not give a verbatim account of what he said. Suffice to say he enlisted both our sympathy and admiration. Farther on, just before we stopped for lunch, we had better luck, for this time I unlimbered the .22 and got four plump grouse. We had lunch of tongue sandwiches, jelly cake, prunes and oranges, washed down...
with icy water of Bull River, which here begins to show its
source is not far away. As we finished it began to rain again,
and with the bell on the leading horse of the pack-train just au-
dible, we donned our slickers and went on. We caught up with Lewis
and Ossie about 2:40 o'clock. From there on the going was slow,
as the course was all overgrown and in places marked up with numer-
ous elk trails which were misleading. The situation had a bad in-
fluence on Lewis' nerves, and he damned the elk, the trail and the
weather with eloquent and indiscriminate favor. He is a very hard
worker, though with some lost motion, and some excuse should be
made for him as he had been making wet all day, not only from the
brush but from having forded the river on foot at least a dozen
times, besides swinging his axe almost constantly. It was heart-
breaking job, but our route was of his own choosing, and he had no
one else to blame for the exercise of exceedingly bad judgment.
Ossie, on the other hand, a much younger man, was more philosophical,
and while an equally good axeman kept on chopping and said nothing,
although a few days ago he admitted to George that the trip was
rather a surprise to him, as he had been led to believe that we
were a moving picture outfit bent on securing a proper setting for
some thrilling drama in which, in all probability, his hardest work
would be to risk his life in some heroic scene. While we regretted
the jolt to his histrionic ambitions and would gladly have carried
out the plan if we had had the proper apparatus, we felt it would
hardly pay to go back and start again with the necessary equipment.

About four we reached the Divide, though the ap-
proach was gradual and so level we were not aware of it except
for the fact that the Bull River had disappeared and the water be-
gan running the other way. We finally reached Monroe Lake about
seven o'clock having covered, as we estimated, about 15 miles in a little over eight hours riding.

At first we could not find a suitable place to camp, as the beavers had constructed a large dam at the farther end of the lake and the water had backed up at the south end, where we were, making all the shore line too marshy. After spending all of the remaining daylight looking for a dry spot large enough to accommodate the outfit, we finally unpacked about a hundred yards from the lake. Fortunately the rain had let up and as the men were all pretty tired, we decided not to try to put the tents up in the dark. We had a quick supper of chowder, melted cheese on crackers and tea; then after covering the stuff with the pack cloths against the rain, we spread our beds on the ground and crawled in with the rubber sheets over us and a cooking fire at our feet. It had been another full day.

September 7 - Sunday. We had had rather an illuring picture given us of Monroe Lake, but when we turned in last night we could have been easily persuaded to leave such an unattractive spot at the earliest possible moment. Daylight, however, gave us a different aspect. When we awoke everything was covered with a heavy frost and the water in the pails was frozen, but our waterproof silk sheets had afforded us such perfect protection we had not missed the tent. Immediately after breakfast we put up our tent and the men put up theirs, as it looked like more rain. This done we proceeded to make things more comfortable as Lewis, following what had now become a fixed habit, announced we ought to stay here a day or so to give him an opportunity to open up a way on the next leg. Though it began to rain again we spent most of the morning clearing up a space around the tent and cutting and
trimming out obstructions between camp and the lake. The result was a picturesque vista of the lake and a general appearance of ownership which before it had sadly lacked. There was no indication of the rain letting up, although we were beginning to feel that we had already had our share, so we made a survey of the shores to find if we had missed in the dark a better camp site. As was to be expected, we had, for scarcely 200 yards from where we landed last night, but shut off from our view then, was an ideal situation, dry and affording a fine view of the lake. It was too late to change so we charged our loss to Lewis and felt better.

We were anxious to try the fishing, so the afternoon was spent constructing a raft, the heavy work being done by Bill and Lewis, while Doc contributed some headwork and considerable encouragement. The launching occurred without mishap, and she slid into the water christened the "Lady Monroe" with Commodore Lewis as navigator and motive power. It was supper time, when we took a trial spin and proved her seaworthiness, particularly if not over-mannered, and after making a few futile casts for trout which refused to rise, we tied her up for the night.

The only other item of interest today developed when we all shaved this morning for the first time in four days. The chief determined to let his mustache grow and compete with George, whose efforts in that line had a week's start and were being rewarded beyond his most sanguine hopes. My goatee, which got an impetus the day I got my goat, is making satisfactory headway, but Doc said it was strain enough for him to coax the same mustache he brought from home, without adding any new decorations.

Ossie and Neel returned at dark and reported having cleared out about three miles of trail which they said was pretty
good, meaning better than we had been having.

September 8 - Monday. We learned this morning it had rained hard all night, but we were so snug that it escaped our notice. As the sun came out and the mist cleared from the mountains to the east we saw a herd of sixteen sheep just at timber line. As these were the first we had seen they were of considerable interest, and we watched them for a long time through our glasses and lamented the fact that the closed season was on.

As we needed fish, George and I, with Admiral Lewis on the bridge and in the engine room, tried fishing from the raft but could not induce the trout to rise. We were making a circuit of the lake, and as we approached the lower end we saw about twenty teal ducks, some in the shallow water but most of them on a log, looking in the distance like mud-turtles, for which we at first mistook them. We had no gun with us so we paddled ashore, where George and I quietly waited while Lewis went back to camp for the .22 and the camera. On his return we slowly creeped up on them until in a line with those on the log and, just as George made an exposure, I got in two raking shots from which four of them bit the water, but one of them was only wounded and got away. This was an unexpected addition to the larder, and we were greatly elated.

On the way back we picked up two mallards in the marsh, Lewis again displaying his versatility by wading knee-deep in the mud and water to retrieve them. Just to add to the gaiety of things we got two nice trout just before landing. The stalking of the ducks had been very exciting, and as we had all pined for fresh meat we were well satisfied with the morning's trip.

For lunch today we had goat stew, and it was tender and appetizing. Immediately after lunch the Chief and Lewis tried
the rest, and having no luck with the trout, which certainly are not plentiful in the lake, went after ducks which we had seen feeding at the same spot where George and I got ours in the morning. We heard the .22 several times but were much surprised when he returned later with three widgeon, as we had not seen any of that species in the morning. We did try any other disagreeable feature, with this gun. In this way another good day was spent, and that night we topped it off with goat steak, trout, fried potatoes, graham muffins, chocolate and preserved strawberries; rather a difficult menu to starve on. 

Ossie and Neal had been cutting trail all day towards White River, and reported it pretty fair as far as they had gone. However, on some subjects we are all from Missouri and refuse to get too hilarious over the prospect.

September 9 - Tuesday. With the idea of travel assumed by the weather, it rained all night and was still at it when we got up for an early breakfast, but cleared soon afterwards. To add emphasis to the weather condition, two of the horses could not be found, though the men were out at daylight to round them up. They were finally found quite near camp and obviously hiding under the thick branches of a large spruce. As soon as the horses were all in camp, Lewis and Ossie started ahead on the same old grind of opening a trail. As nearly six miles of it from the lake had been cut they took their horses. We left just before noon and found the going quite good, so made fast time. We had lunch beside the river. There the pack-train overtook us, and about 2:00 o'clock we caught up with Lewis and Ossie. From there on we made slow progress, as the down timber was abundant and a way through it more difficult than usual, as the brush was thick and obscured.
an extended view ahead. This combination provoked Lewis into breaking out again with a steady stream of anathema against things in general. We have discovered, however, that he exhausted his vocabulary in his first exhibition days ago, and all we get now for our diversion, is uninteresting repetition of his complaints, and we endure them as we would any other disagreeable feature, with this qualification, namely, that we all recognize that there is a time coming when we shall feel that we have had enough, and when that moment arrives Lewis is in for a show-down. This too, in full recognition of the fact that swinging an axe eight or ten hours a day under most adverse conditions is not conducive to much improvement in one's attitude towards the natural perversity of immoveable objects.

We had hoped to reach the White River tonight, but by the middle of the afternoon it was clearly obvious that it would be impossible. In the distance we could see the valley through which it flows, but at four o'clock it seemed as far off as at noon, so we began looking out for a suitable place to camp. This we finally found about six o'clock. Having had in front of us the prospect of again groping in the dark along an elusive trail, simply that we might make a known destination, the decision to stop while it was still light had the effect of putting everyone in a most amiable frame of mind, and we went at the work of making camp with even more hilarity than usual. We found a lot of old Indian tepee poles which simplified the tent setting, and we blazed the industrious brave or, more likely, squaw who many years before had unconsciously worked for us. We had come all day down a valley, following the outlet of Monroe Lake, and our tent was pitched near the stream with high mountains both in front and behind us each termin-
nating in peculiar rocky towers, from which we named this
 camp the "Two Sentinals". Doc and George were in a particu-
 larly joyful mood, as they just missed being mired in soft spots
 they each got into at different times during the day; while I was
 thankful my neck was not badly sprained when my horse fell back-
 ward from the bank into the stream out of which he tried to jump
 at a very poor spot. For some reason the Chief had no adventure,
 though we all admit he takes chances we would shy at. We gather-
 ed in four more grouse during the day which assures us some good
 meals ahead. Doc got in some professional work on one of the
 pack horses which received a deep wound in its chest from hav-
 ing run into a sharp asp in jumping over a log. It must be
 admitted that Doc was rather apprehensive of what would happen
 when he injected iodine into the gaping cut, but the poor beast
 seemed to realize that he was trying to help her, for she was
 as quiet as though Doc had given her an anesthetic.

September 10 - Wednesday. Once more our plans
 to get an early start were thwarted, and as usual by the fail-
 ure to find two horses. This time it looked serious, for they
 were not found until noon, so we were forced to delay our start
 until after lunch. It was quite a disappointment as we had
 hoped to reach the White River by noon. Instead we had a rather
 sumptuous lunch, which was preceded by an eloquent address by
 the Chief on gastronomics, in which we were warned against the
 dangers of over-eating.
On leaving camp the reason for the reluctance of the horses to appear and be loaded, was discovered to be a grassy slope of juicy feed, which was an acceptable change from what they had been getting. This was evidently the result of an avalanche which had wiped out the timber, leaving a wide swath which ultimately developed into real meadow land. We had some difficulty picking up the starting trail, but after roaming around finally found it. Soon afterwards, we negotiated the steepest bit of climbing any of us had ever seen. We dismounted at the foot of it and discussed the possibility of the horses making the top, but as there seemed no other way to reach the level of the bench which we had to follow, there was no alternative. The horses were reluctant, and we had to drive them up with sticks and stones. In some way they made it though only with great effort. It was about all we could do to reach the top on foot. We caught the horses and went on for a few hundred yards until we overtook Lewis and Cecie, then I went back to the hill to take some photographs of the pack-train as it came up. Unfortunately there was not a good place from which I could get a satisfactory view of the trail up the hill, but I made two exposures which show something of the struggles the horses had to make. By pushing, yelling and beating them they were all finally forced up without mishap, though several fell on their knees on the way. From this point the old trail was apparent and fairly clear, though there was plenty of cutting to be done up to within a mile of White River, which we reached about five, passing a much used salt lick on the way. We came out on a clear level spot on the edge of the river but Lewis, for some reason which never appeared, wanted to make camp across the river. The Chief, however, had him hold the pack-train where we were until we were sure his place
would make a better camp, so we forded the river, which is much deeper and faster than either the Bull or the Elk, and locked the ground over. Our first selection was the best and we returned, Lewis for the first time somewhat sulky but saying nothing, though there was an unpleasant tension in the air as we all realized that he was doomed. As I have already said, he is an indefatigable worker but lacks imagination, which is a fatal deficiency in a head guide. Though of undoubted experience on the trail and with more than average knowledge of those mountains, where so few white men have been before, he failed utterly to grasp our purposes and requirements, otherwise he Never would have brought us through such unsatisfying country. Though we found later that our thoughts had travelled along similar lines, as a result of Lewis’ peevishness, we were all too much pleased at being at last at one of our objectives to let it bother us. We had a fine site at the junction of the East Fork, on which we had spent two days, and the Main White River, and a fine panoramic view of mountains in front which were more picturesque but possibly lacked the ruggedness of those at Pescupine Creek.

September 11 - Thursday. There was a heavy frost during the night, and water was frozen in the bucket this morning. Immediately after breakfast all hands were piped to put up the Baker tent, and that was no sooner accomplished than it began to rain. As our tent yard promised to be dusty, if it was permitted to be by the rain, we made a carpet of spruce boughs which added an aesthetic touch to the picture. As the mist cleared from the mountains we discovered a band of between forty-five and fifty goats near the top west of us. In the afternoon, while the rest of us went fishing, George and Gene crossed the river to prospect.
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for a route leading up to the goat. On his return at supper

time he reported that there was pretty good going but quite steep.

He did not try to reach the goats as they were too far away, and

as a bad storm was gathering he tried to beat it to camp, but failed.

We have now become so accustomed to the rain that it would puzzle

us to properly enjoy a fair day. For lunch today we had grouse

split and broiled as the pièce-de-résistance, and for dinner half

a roast grouse and duck, spiced, wild rice, muffins, chocolate,

camembert cheese and preserved pineapple. The Chief, alias the

Chief, apologized for not giving us more, explaining that there had

been too many diverting and necessary things to do to get camp in

shape for him to have given much thought to the culinary end of

his duties.

For the first time since we started, Lewis failed to

show up at our fire after dinner tonight, and without his conversa-

tion it was a quiet evening. The Chief went to bed early and

George, Doo and I spent nearly the whole evening planning with

Doo the details of a two day hunt for the goats we had seen.

As we will have to spend one night on the mountain, our conversa-

tion was mostly concerning the things we could eliminate, so that one

pack-horse would suffice.

When we all shaved this morning, the new hiroute

appendages seemed to stand out in bolder relief than at Monroe

Lake.

September 12 – Friday. Much to our regret it was still

raining hard when we awoke this morning, and the goat hunt was post-

poned. During the morning Doo caught several good trout, two being

thirteen inches long. Neal discovered a bevy of grouse across the

t river, and the whole camp except the Chief,armed with the .22, at-
tacked on-cessa. This is how George described the conunary affair to the Chief:

"We opened up at ten yards and the air was soon full
of feathers and falling birds. As the ammunition was getting
low and the barrel getting hot we wheeled into position, and at
three yards poured volley after volley into the now exhausted
quarry. It was evident that their morale was badly shaken, and
when we finally broke through they fled in every direction leav-
ing six dead and two badly gassed. If I had handled the artil-
lery I could have saved ammunition and had more to show for the
noise.

Making allowance for his excitement and jealousy, and
eliminating most of his details except the number of casualties,
I can find no fault with his report.

In the afternoon we all went in different directions
to look for deer, of which there were signs aplenty, but with no
tangible results. While we were away a bull elk came out of the
woods directly in front of camp across the river. It is a disap-
pointment that we cannot shoot either elk or sheep on account of the
closed season. The constant rain, too, has curbed our hunting
enthusiasm somewhat, as it has made climbing quite difficult, so we
have refrained from making any determined effort since the goat day.

September 13 - Saturday. This was a comparatively quiet
day, free of excitement, but was spent as only one can spend time
in such surroundings, doing the multitude of little things which ap-
peal to the individual taste. Doe, having become imbued with the idea
that we would starve if he did not keep us supplied with trout, was
out early and came back at noon with a fine mess including one of
16½ inches. George, for the second time, did some very necessary
washing much to our relief; the chief baked two wonderful loaves of bread, while I repaired a rod and caught up on this journal. Late in the afternoon we all again made a futile hunt for deer. We have concluded that our numerous horses, some with bells, roaming at large through the woods, have driven the game far from camp. Just at sunset we counted forty-four goats on the mountains to the west of us.

September 14 - Sunday. This was another day of thrills. Our plan was to make White River Lake, estimated to be about a mile from White River which makes an ox-bow from this camp, flowing first southerly and then turning northerly until it reaches the footpath. It is supposed to be about ten miles across the bend by land and, as we expected to find a fairly good trail, we hoped to make the lake in four or five hours. At the outset, however, we were somewhat bored to have the same old weary set-back, in the form of missing horses, again appear. Our suggestions that they should be shacked to stout trees the night before moving, was not well received, partly, we thought, because it seemed a reasonable solution of this aggravating occurrence, and we were not supposed to possess any valuable knowledge of the subject. It appears pack-horses always have run away and hid when a hike was on, and that it is not good form to suggest anything that will jeopardise that tradition. Thus it was high noon when we finally started. As at one time we feared the horses had sensed the home-stretch of our journey and were beating us to it, we had our first thrill of the day early. The second came soon after, for within half an hour after leaving camp the trail which had been wandering in, out and along the river, suddenly disappeared in the wash of a springfreshet which Lewis avowed had also changed the course of the river. Lewis
went prospecting for the lost trail while we had lunch. He reported he had found a trail leading up the mountain side, which did not look good to us as it seemed a better bet to follow the river if we could and around the mountain instead of climbing it. However, we retraced our steps and then did some fancy climbing until we reached what Lewis said was a trail. It may have been, but whatever it was, it started trouble again for Lewis and Oasis, who for the next five hours hewed a way for us up and over a sizable mountain, performing as hard a day's work as they have had since we started. We negotiated two deep gulches on the way, which were so steep that on the ascent the horses were obliged to stop for air repeatedly, and we several times felt it was discretion to get off and walk in some particularly bad places. One nasty place where the Chief essayed to ride over some bare rock, his horse slipped and partly fell, then recovered its footing and scrambled over it. The Chief did not make a move to get out of his saddle, nor did he seem as much disturbed over it as we were. He consistently carries out his theory that the horse has four points of contact to a human's two, so if the horse cannot stand up in such places what is the use of his trying. At the top we rested and held a pow-wow with a view of learning where we were and how soon we could reasonably expect to arrive somewhere else. Lewis with his splendid optimism and absence of appreciation of distance, confidently assured us we would be at White River Lake in two hours. It was then about six o'clock, and as there was beginning to be a glowing in our dining-pits, we took up our belts another hole and started the descent. Soon the rushing waters of White River could be heard, but we rode nearly three hours more before we got a glimpse of it. It was fast growing dark in the timber, and there was no sound of the pack-train bells. We did not
know how close they were nor whether they had had another accident
or pack troubles, so Lewis and Ossie began cutting long "blind man's"
blazes for their assistance in case they tried to come through. We
finally reached the river about nine o'clock in pitch darkness but,
as it was rushing white where we were, to make a crossing was out of
the question, as we could not possibly have located a safe ford in
the dark, so we decided to make camp where we were. We first got a
couple of fires going to give us light to see what kind of a place
we were in, and while waiting for the pack-train cleared out a space
for our bunks, as there was neither time nor a place to pitch a tent.
To our relief we soon heard the tinkle of the bell on the head pack-
horse, and in a few minutes they all came struggling in with old lynx-
eyed Neal leading, having apparently followed the blazes as easily as
if in daylight. It was certainly a mess that developed. We tried
to separate the men's horses from ours, and with only the bonfire
light it was some proposition, as the space was too small for much
maneuvering. Fortunately the horses were too tired to be trouble-
some, and the outfit was simply dumped on the ground with only a
semblance of order. As soon as we found the grates we had a cooking
fire going and, without any great formality in the service, tucked
away a satisfying meal of hominy, melted cheese on toast and
tea to wash them down. We put our beds where we could find a level
place, and made use of them without much delay. The horses were all
tied to trees where they were unpacked, as we could not take a chance
of their straying in the thick timber. Before retiring some cheer
was added by lighting the acetylene lamp, but as it was a race to see
who would get asleep first, it burned in our faces nearly all night
as there were no volunteers to put it out. No one claimed to have
been kept awake by it or by anything else, except George, who in-
sisted that his bed shifted until it got so near one of the picketed horses that it stepped on him at fixed intervals during the night. Fortunately it did not rain, though there was a heavy frost, but the rubber sheets over us kept everything dry. It had been another beautiful day, replete with mild thrills, and though rather a long one, we had enjoyed each new sensation. We called this stop "Camp Necessity".

September 15 - Monday. We had no difficulty in awaking with the birds this morning, and as we did not have to hunt for our clothes, the prospect of an early start for White River Lake seemed good, particularly as the horses, including the one which had bunked with George, were all in hand. But our plans again went astray, and this time most fortunately. After breakfast we completed the packing, and as Lewis had located a good ford, we were about to move, when the Chief, who had learned that there was a splendid camping place on a flat clear sandbar within a few hundred yards of where we then were, had the temerity and foresight to inquire from Lewis what there was at the lake to particularly attract us. We learned that there was no fish, not much scenery, an old log cabin, but good feed and a corral for the horses. As a matter of fact the letter seemed to be the only drawing card, and for it he proposed to sacrifice our convenience and comfort, the river and fish at hand, a good camping place, and a wonderful view of a range of mountains rising out of the valley directly down stream, entirely overlooking the fact that the horses could be taken back and forth to the corral which was only a mile away. The situation was almost ridiculous, but recovering his equilibrium the moment seemed opportune to the Chief to then inquire how much longer such casual or haphazard plans

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were to continue. The resulting interview was interesting, and was very much to the point. Lewis admitted that if we wanted to fish, we would have to come back a mile or more, and cross a rather dangerous river each time, and that the only reason for going to the lake at all was to get food for the horses. He had no excuse for the failure to note the good camp site here, just as he had failed to discover them at Monroe Lake and White River. The chief told him frankly that notwithstanding a propitious start we had gradually become disappointed in him for failing to figure ahead; for his lack of knowledge of distances; for his tiresome and unnecessary blasphemy; for failure to appreciate our requirements; for an apparent disregard of our comfort; for an insistence upon having his own way at our expense; in fact for most things in which a competent head-guide would not fail. The trouble took place with the men waiting expectantly by the horses, well out of ear shot, yet obviously conscious of what was pending and equally obviously rejoicing that the long delayed showdown had come, for Lewis had long since lost the respect and confidence of the men and we learned later that they were in full sympathy with the chief and his criticism. He had no defence to make except that he had tried hard to please and never disappointed an employer before, finally offering to pull out and strike for home immediately. This was too ridiculous a proposition to be answered, as he was the only one of the men who had ever been in that part of the country before or knew anything about it, but illustrates his shortcomings as well as any statement I could have made. As I have repeatedly said, he is a most industrious worker; evidently wanted to make a good impression, but didn't know how; has had extensive experience in these mountains; is unusually well informed, and is a good talker. It is possible this latter asset became a liability...
and started him on the toboggan, as his garrulity got on our nerves so thoroughly that we could not refrain from gradually indicating that we were fed up on that form of entertainment.

The upshot of all this was, that the Foreman of the jury announced we would not go to White River Lake to camp, but would stay two days where we were. This made a real hit, and we moved up to the site on the sand-bar and soon had the tent up and camp settled, after which the men took the horses over to the corral at White River Lake. During the afternoon we caught a few good sized trout, but they were not very plentiful.

We appropriately dubbed this "Camp Harmony", for such it was, as all, with one possible exception, was well satisfied to have the atmosphere cleared of doubt, so that from now on, though at the eleventh hour, events may be the result of some fixed plan, as far as possible.

September 16 - Tuesday. We opened our eyes this morning upon a glorious, sunny day. The storm clouds had rolled by; everyone seemed imbued with especially good spirit and "Camp Harmony" lived up to its name. Though we all tried fishing in the morning the trout were few and far between. As the White River had been exploited as full of large trout we were disappointed. One of the inexplicable items on this trip has been the comparatively poor fishing, particularly as we have seen what looked like good trout waters.

During the morning two hunters appeared across the river from camp, but we did not have an opportunity to talk with them. Later in the day one of their guides appeared, and as they were the first persons we had seen since we started, nearly a month ago, we pumped him for news, and were especially glad to have him verify our calendar as we had begun to be apprehensive that somewhere
in this record we may have lost a day or so. The guide told us
his party had come in for goats, which were fairly plentiful on
the mountains to the north of us. They had stopped for a day or
two at the old camp at the lake, thus affording still another rea-
son to satisfy us that we had not gone there.

In the afternoon Joe and George went down stream, while
the Chief and I, with Lewis, took our horses and rode up stream about
a mile to some good looking water, including two large deep pools.
We only got two trout of about a pound each, but I took some photo-
graphs of the spot as it was certainly an ideal piece of trout
water.

Just before supper George set the example of taking a
bath in the river, but I was his only imitator. The other two claim
they have done it so frequently that it would be selfish of them to
do anything to detract from our glory on the rare occasions we have
indulged ourselves, so when George and I bathe it is an event by
itself, and we get special and honorable mention.

September 17 - Wednesday. We almost broke a record by
nearly getting away on time this morning. For that distinction we
were indebted to the corral at the lake, as the horses could not
indulge in their popular game of hide-and-seek with the men. It
was certainly a pretty sight as the men and horses emerged from the
woods on the way from the corral and made the crossing, in plain
view of us just below camp, the horses at first a bit apprehensive
about taking the initial plunge, then carefully picking their way
in the white water, but obviously conscious that a mis-step might
spell disaster. The whole picture, setting and atmosphere created
a wonderful "movie" to help us digest a modest breakfast of coffee
and toast, supplemented only by some fruit Doe rescued from the border
when the Butler wasn’t looking, a small bowl of oatmeal apiece,
a ham omelette and some marmalade, besides broiled trout for those
who couldn’t eat meat. This frugal repast indicates how thoroughly
we have established contact with the best rules of dietetics by liv-
ing up to the theory that all the dangers from eating depend, first,
upon the supply of food, second, the qualifications of the cook,
third, the appetite of the subject, and fourth the amount of steam
which has to be kept up. The result is that we are whole-heartedly
in favor of a simple diet for the other party.

We hustled the packing and by ten o’clock were off.
The fording of the river this time carried even a greater inter-
est, for the horses now carried the best part of our worldly goods,
and it was a relief when the last one made the distance. There was
another intimate personal touch added when George later made a con-
fession of the manner his conscience, which had been troubling him
as he was crossing the river, ran the gamut from keen regret to
complacent satisfaction. While more or less amphibious, he dis-
likes enforced baths, and it appears that in mid-stream with the
white waters rushing by on a level with the lower deck of his canoes
and rising every moment, he wished he had not been so tight with
Doe and me, ever since we started, in the matter of our butter al-
lowance, and then and there promised himself that in the future we
would have no just grounds for complaint; but he said that the
nearer he approached the other shore, by just so much less did his
conscience hurt, until by the time safety was reached he had con-
cluded that as butter is very fattening his apportionment was after
all for the best, as our figures had been saved; as a matter of
fact we were really indebted to him for his solicitude. Thus will
an acute attack of conscience produce curious variations in the heart of even an adamantine butler.

We found it was only a short mile to the lake and over a good trail which led through the much discussed and quite extensive corral. At the cabin, set in a large clearing at the foot of the lake, we stopped for a chat with one of the guides belonging to the party we saw yesterday, and learned that after a few days here they are going into the same general country we left at our first camp on White River where we saw so many goats. It took only a cursory glance to satisfy all of us that we had made no mistake in staying on the river, even if the lake site had not been already occupied. The lower end of the lake is marshy, and while there is plenty of space on dry ground for a camp, not a spot appealed to us. To be sure there was the old log cabin, picturesque, musty and probably buggy, and numerous smaller buildings which went to make up what was once the home of some adventurous spirit, but with the regret in our hearts that we were approaching the civilization we had gladly left a month ago, we rather resented these evidences of it, and again took off our hats to the Chief for giving us the past two perfect days free of such distractions. The one redeeming feature was the picture of Doe inside the skeleton of an Indian topee, a picture which I perpetuated by using the camera on him before he could escape.

It must be confessed that, on the whole, the trail for five miles or so along the lake was as fine as even our fastidious tastes could demand. In spots it was steep and rough but, unlike some others we have met recently, it was all there. After passing the head of the lake we stopped for lunch near the headwaters of Sheep Creek, which we followed, always downward, until
about 4:00 o'clock, when it became painfully evident there was not the slightest chance of reaching Premier Lake, our next destination, before dark. We, therefore, began scouting for a good spot in which to roost, finally locating one to our liking right on the edge of the river. We figured we had made about fifteen miles since morning, and as it had been first all up hill and then all down, we were willing to call it a day. We made rather a satisfactory camp finally, not the least feature of this was the pellucid Sheep Creek of even depth and even width, flowing by in our front yard. It may have been due to the peculiar quiet, broken only by the lap of the gliding water at our feet, but the friendly fire that night did not arouse the accustomed spirit of those delicious moments after a sumptuous meal when the events of the day are reviewed and commented upon in the varied lights of the observers. We were all thinking how near the end of such evenings we were.

September 18 - Thursday. One thing was decided definitely at breakfast, and that was, that no matter where or how far away Premier Lake might be, there we would tie up tonight or bust. According to Lewis it couldn't be more than a scant sixteen miles, but we had heard his estimates before and prepared ourselves for victory or a bust up. Soon after starting our noses discovered a sulphur spring, which we later learned was one of the landmarks of that section, but we did not stop to try its medicinal qualities. A short distance beyond we began a spectacular zigzag climb which lasted until noon, when we again descended to Sheep Creek level at a point where we were glad to learn was known as "Bunch Grass", where we had lunch. For a time after lunch everything went as merry as possible, then of a sudden the trail ran under ground or up a tree and disappeared. Some distance further on it was dis-
covered on the other side of the river, but how it got there without some of us seeing it we never knew. For the next two or three hours that trail played fast and loose with us until it finally tired of the game and settled down to quite a respectable highway. We were sorry to leave the beauties of Sheep Creek as no where had we seen such startling coloration of rock mixed with the red and yellow of wild vegetation which covered its bordering cliffs. We also kept pointing out to each other ideal camping places and were glad our route had not been reversed, for it would have been heartbreaking to have had our finest scenery and accommodations at the outset. We were evidently in what at one time had been a popular Indian hunting ground, for we passed during the day many tepee poles still standing. These had a never failing interest for Doc, who made a point of riding through most of them. To better visualize the pictures, see the official photographs.

Late in the afternoon our route lay through dense woods but on an easy and open trail, which finally brought us about six o’clock out upon the highway leading from the railroad to Premier Lake. Here also was the ranch of a Mr. Monroe, who was not at home but was well represented by his wife. From her we got the direction to the lake where we arrived half an hour later. The whole lower end of the lake is bordered by a magnificent grove of yellow pine, with no small undergrowth and unfortunately almost no grass covering to the soil. We spent some time hunting for the best site and, this found, lost no time in getting settled. We here had an experience encountered nowhere else on the trip, namely, a dearth of tent poles. In that grove of splendid pine there was hardly enough wood found to provide us with the few tent stakes required, and had it not been for some poles brought in from a distance by

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previous campers and left there, we would have had to rustle after
for our needs, and rustling after at the tag end of a long day on an
empty stomach or even on horseback, is not good for the soul. There-
fore, for the first and only time we gave thanks to another camping
party for a useful legacy. It was dark by the time we were settled
and dinner was ready, but we were too glad to have arrived to find
fault with anything. The wind was blowing pretty fresh from the
lake, so we gave up all but a small fire to light us to bed.

September 19—Friday. It was a pretty scene upon which
we opened our eyes this morning. In front of us lay Premier Lake,
four or five miles long and possibly a mile wide, its mirrored sur-
face reflecting, in lights and shadows, the sun rays just filtering
through the tops of the trees on its eastern shore. Around us, many
acres in extent, was a park-like grove, natural yet as clear of other
growth as though done by hand. It was surely a perfect setting in
which to end our forest wanderings, for tomorrow, or the next day,
we shall again hear the locomotive whistle, possibly even the chug
of a mountain lorry, and all the joy will have gone out of life un-
til we resolutely ourselves to the necessary evils of so-called civil-
ization.

The report had reached us that a kind of salmon inhabited
the lake, weighing twenty pounds or more, and that the biggest ones
had not yet been taken. George suddenly remembered, in his inter-
view with Mrs. Munroe last evening, she had said that if we lacked
anything to eat he knew, and in the firm belief that that message
applied to heavy fishing tackle, he started forthwith to ride back
to the ranch and find out. Doc, and to his credit be it said, for-
gotful of the dark eyes and sun-kissed cheeks, (which even the chief
had remarked in the hurried search for information last night), and

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waiving all his rights to wiping the breakfast dishes, felt it was too long and dusty a ride for George to take alone, announced he would go also, particularly as some of the ranch children might need professional attention. Left alone the Chief and I tidied up camp and fried a pan of crisp golden doughnuts, after which the Chief unaided constructed two flawless apple pies. By this time the two travelers returned with special trolling tackle for the salmon, and in making report of their experience let it be known that the inhabitants of the ranch, including all their next of kin who were there on a visit, would probably be over for inspection later in the day.

We had found two fairly seaworthy row boats on shore, and in one of these Doc and Cassie started for a try at the salmon. It was blowing briskly and the lake had kicked up quite a sea which made navigation rather difficult, and though they weathered it, nothing came to the trolling spoon, so after a couple of hours they gave up in disgust.

George having picked up some inside information as to the habits and haunts of certain sardine deer, took his old pal Neal and secured a wooded knoll on the west side of the lake. But they also returned empty-handed. About this time the whole Monroe family appeared in a two-seated wagon loaded to the gunwales with offspring and relatives, and the camp and outfit were put through their paces for the education and entertainment of our guests. The smallest youngster swallowed a stick of gum, but with no untoward results while we were present; the omnipresent pup was with difficulty kept away from the new pies, and those who could, occupied our best parlor chairs, but on the whole we had a pleasant exchange of views, which terminated suddenly at the approach of a thunder storm.
After the storm had and I dragged the salmon spinner around the lower part of the lake, but it evidently did not appeal to the denizens, for again we returned sans fish.

If there had ever been any doubt in our minds as to the natural depravity of the average pack-horse, it was entirely dispelled today; and we became equally impressed with the requirements of a successful packer such as Bill. With even more than usual generosity he had given the horses the freedom of all the lucious grass which grew abundantly along the east shore of the lake, having first seen to it that they could not eat it for home except by coming back past the camp. To be a good packer one must be a mind reader as well as a diplomat. Bill showed his diplomacy by making the horses feed towards home, but that route led to an impassable rocky wall beyond which they could not go; but as a mind reader he stumbled in guessing that if they really wanted to go home they would return immediately via camp and be sought, for while these beasts did yearn for home fodder, they craftily waited until dusk to filter through. It was only by chance that Bill discovered the exodus, otherwise we would have been confronted with a situation from which all joy had gone. It was a busy time corralling the bunch, and it was long after bed time when Bill’s bag-light, constructed out of the combination of a candle and a discarded coffee can, ceased to show its intermittent flashes among the trees, to which all the tramps were finally tied up for the night. Partly from observation and partly from Bill’s caustic comments, we became more than ever impressed with the Bolshevik tendency of the average horse. On the trail it is more difficult to keep him in the straight and narrow path than it is a Hun in enemy country, but for downright, onerousussedness, he makes his best demonstration when put on his honor in camp.
where he is expected to show up when wanted and to be peacefully inclined while taking on a cargo. In neither of these ways does he ever fulfill expectations, and it is here that the deficiencies are supplied by Bill and his prototypes, to whom our appreciation is constantly due.

September 20-Saturday. Our last hike but, Ye Gods, such a one! Getting away to a good start and pointed for Wana about twenty miles down the road, it looked like an easy homestretch, but we reckoned not upon the character of East Kootenay roads. Only one interesting event broke the monotony of that day's travel. Jogging along at about three knots, without a thought of the possibility of game, a deer suddenly showed up off our port bows and after a moment's observation vanished into the timber. George and I who, at the moment happened to be in the lead, quickly dismounted, pulling our rifles, as we did so, out of the scabbard in real western style. Just at that moment our potential next meal again appeared in a little clearing beside the road about 125 yards away. It was, of course, a situation calling for immediate action, but neither of us could remember what was the first thing to do. George asked if he should shoot and, just as I was about to make a suggestion which I flattered myself was full of strategy, his deership, tired of waiting for something to turn up, started for the next county. This was the moment we were waiting for, and without hesitation we both tore after the deer, utterly regardless of the speed laws. We must have over-run our game, for we never saw it again. George was rather upset though I did not make a note of his particular comments, but I got the impression that if he had known the deer was such a coward, he would have thrown "Big Bertha" at him in the first instance.

After this little episode we rode in silence (even the
Chief and Doc refrained from comment) until lunch time. This over we felt some better, but the road now had become so dusty that, though we separated and rode on the side, we spent the rest of the day hoping we would not choke to death as the whole road-bed rose in a cloud and hospitably accompanied us all the way to Nana, where we arrived about four o'clock. Our troubles were now over, for the daughter of the hotel (so-called) in the absence of her father, greeted us in most friendly and gracious manner, and sent a man with us to point out a camping place near Nana Lake. From her we also bought fresh vegetables, including potatoes the size of a squash. After the horses were unloaded they were put into the pasture, and we then proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, for we had learned that the car can meet us here as well as at Fort Steele; so we shall spend two days here and escape one day of dusty ten miles of prairie road travel.

September 21 - Sunday. There is little more to tell.

This morning the Chief and I by subsidizing the owner of a motor drove over to Fort Steele to recover our baggage, which we had shipped from Michel, and to arrange to have the car sent on to Nana. On our return we found a Mr. Suddaby from Fernie had come into camp and invited George and Doc on a bird hunt along the Kootenay River. They arrived soon afterwards and we had a pleasant chat before lunch. In the afternoon we all walked along the lake shore in a vain attempt to find a sandy beach for bathing, but as far as we could discover the whole shore line was plain mud. Doc was summoned to the hotel (?) to attend the young woman who greeted us so cordially yesterday, and who had been injured in an automobile accident. We were glad to learn on his return that she was only painfully bruised.

The Chief outdid even himself for dinner. We had roast duck and all the fittings, but the refinement which he has reached
in the art found expression in a hom elette au rum which was
doubtless the best ever eaten in British Columbia. That night our
fire was one of the best, but the contemplation of what it meant did
not add to our enthusiasm, and as we had plenty of real work cut out
for ourselves in the morning, since everything had to be packed and
at the railroad by noon, we were in bed early.

APOLOGIA

And so ended a wonderful trip, though for three days
more, including one at Glacier, we remained in these mountains of
ever changing beauty, before we finally passed, homeward bound, in-
to the flat and populated districts.

I appreciate how inadequately I have pictured our ex-
periences, and how extensive has been my omissions of events which
are indelibly inscribed in our memory, though many of them did not
got into my record at the time. My only excuse is that in the mul-
titude of them lay the difficulty of choosing without prolonging und-
duly this already extensive journal. It is for the perusal only
of those other three tried and cherished comrades, anyway, and I
know its deficiencies will be forgiven in the same spirit that each
of them made easier the hard spots on the trail.

For four weeks the wilderness had been our home and
had been kind. We had taken from it all the essentials of primit-
ive life - food, warmth and shelter, and in the taking we had grown
in health and spirit. With the possibility of accident ever pres-
ent no untoward event occurred to mar our constant enjoyment. None
of us had a semblance of any kind of illness, but day by day we un-
consciously absorbed new health and finished years younger than when

Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
we started. One must return from such a trip with a new vision
and a clearer understanding of the generous provisions of nature,
so that the things civilization has made us think we cannot do with-
out, really seem less important.

I am truly sorry for anyone who has never sat before the
evening fire in far off places; who has never heard the little noises
of the forest at night; who has never seen the shadows deepen and
familiar outlines grow indistinct beyond the mysterious circle of the
fire, for it is useless to describe the joy that invades the soul at
such times. But to those of us who have "smelt wood-smoke at twi-
light, who have heard the birch log burning" and in the experience
have found a closer friendship, no words can add anything to the
sensation. To all others I extend my heart-felt sympathy.
Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
## ITINERARY

George Eastman and Party
To British Columbia and Return  
August-September, 1919.

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Corrected August 16th, 1919.

Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
Macomber, Marion; British Columbia trip account (1919 August 17-September 28)
ROUGHING IT DE-LUXE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

After a few experiences, with an occasional vicissitude or two, in various attempts to pry into the secrets of the wilderness, I am prepared to assert that in about the same ratio as one gets farther away from the teething-rings does the tin-cup-axe-one-blanket outfit appeal to him less and less. We have all been through that phase and survived it, just as we survived measles and chicken-pox, and with about an equal degree of comfort. Apparently, as we become more antique and perhaps more wise, we no longer feel that the main object of a camping trip is to discover how uncomfortable we can be made within a given time. I have never been able to fathom the mysterious claim to distinction from going foolishly “light” when it was not necessary, and fail to see why the expert elimination of unessentials and the inclusion of all items which conduce to comfort, according to the means of transportation, does not demand as much recognition and have more advocates.

These conclusions were confirmed by a recent pack-train trip, in which I was a minor factor, through an untraversed part of the East Kootenay country of British Columbia. Down timber to a heart-breaking extent and no visible trail through brush and over rock during many days, created a condition which might have been discouraging, but in fact merely added zest to novelty. We had no hardships within the literal meaning of the word, though the necessity of camping per se, at times where darkness overtook us, and often in the rain, presented features
which, except for the comfort of our equipment, might properly have demanded the hardihood of the trapper or the enthusiasm of youth, neither of which attributes did we possess to any conspicuous extent. On this account, therefore, no matter what our previous convictions may have been, we are now unqualified converts to a sort of limited de luxe quality and quantity in all essential ingredients which go to make up what is known as equipment for a ramble in out of the way places.

Partly for the purpose of getting adherents to the above theory, but mainly to exploit our experiences into a comparatively unknown section, which is still the Hunter Paradise, I have been willingly persuaded to tell my version of the story.

The exact and epochal date at which the events started was the 21st of last August. For the previous four days we had sped toward the land of our dreams, but not until our car was shunted on to a siding at the little mining town of Michael in British Columbia did we feel certain those dreams were coming true. Five months previously the Chief had asked George and me if we would like to try Kootenay with him in the Fall. Though, as far as we were then aware, Kootenay might have been a new breakfast food, we immediately, unqualifiedly and unanimously said we would. As a matter of fact had he suggested skating to Patagonia or flying to Paffins Bay our reply would have been the same, since we knew well from previous experiences with him that, no matter how casually broached, such suggestions from the Chief are not of the common garden variety, but are sure to contain exciting probabilities.

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Incidentally, while the chief has not been vacationally occupied in supplying the demands of the rest of the world for the particular products he alone can satisfactorily furnish, he has assembled an almost perfect pack-train and camping outfit, in the exploitation of which we are willing to back him against all comers. In several trips with him to more or less remote places, we have watched with interest the light of appreciation break out in the ordinarily taciturn faces of our guides as they discovered that this Eastern "dude" had "been there" and really knew something they didn't know about their own business.

Sooner or later, but mostly sooner, we have seen the cozy features of his pack-saddles; secure plans of his camp pantry; display a real interest in his method of tent setting; watch and marvel at his camp baking; learn what the possibilities or requirements of an ideal camp site are, and in a dozen other ways get a new slant on the art in which they are, quite excusably, prone to consider themselves exclusive specialists. His boxes fit the pack saddles none the less perfectly because the butter, pork, bacon, ham and so forth are insulated against the heat of the sun and horse; nor are the eggs any less palatable because their longevity is increased by being packed individually in buckwheat husks so that the first one is yet to meet a violent death.

But I am anticipating this part of the story, for some gastronomical details will intrude themselves as we meet them on the trail, or on what was intended to be a trail, for thru early I must confide to you, as one of the secrets of this particular trip, that contrary to calculations we followed no
trail at times, but one followed us, for we left behind us a
swath in the landscape from the Elk River across the Bull to
the White that will be as obvious to those who come after us
as the Main Street in their home town.

Of course, George and I knew British Columbia geo-
graphically, just as many thousands have known it annually
and casually from C.P.R. windows, and under pressure will tell
their less fortunate friends of the grandeur of the country
around Banff, Lake Louise, Glacier and other beauty spots in
the approach to that really wonderful region of towering peaks.
But of its untravelled trails; its unnamed mountains with their
timbered valleys; its boiling glacier streams rushing to join
the more sedate waterways, even of its sub-divisions, we knew
next to nothing. We have since appropriately blushed to
think how little West Kootenay then meant to us, though that
ignorance speedily changed to appreciation as we eagerly de-
voured maps and railway folders which were graphically sup-
plemented by Jack Lewis’ letters; and with this absorption came
the realization that we were actually booked for a trip through
the heart of a real game district in one of the most beautiful
and least frequented parts of the Canadian Rockies. Thenceforth
visions of goat, sheep, elk, bear and what-nots clouded our dreams
by night, while lists of impediments, guns and such like details
entangled our thoughts in the office; so that when the day of
our departure arrived we were surely prepared and very wise to
the nature of the country, its flora, fauna and other inhabitants.
But our party has not yet been fully introduced, for the Chief had elected "Doc", (who had just returned from France), to complete the quartette. Now "Doc" is not spoiled by the splendid record he made with our doughboys, nor is he simply an ordinary Newfie who looks upon you longingly as a potential case, but was a mighty satisfactory complement to the outfit. Thanks to either the air, the food or our natural stability, we gave him no opportunity to experiment on us humans, but in at least one emergency we found him an excellent and natural veterinary. But that also is another story.

To return from this digression and get back to our starting point at Michel, we had hardly stopped when our head guide Jack Lewis appeared. As we had read with considerable interest his voluminous letters, picturing with more than ordinary ability the wonders of the country we were to see, we had been curious to learn what the unusual combination of a ready letter writer and a woodsman would look like. First impressions were good, and during luncheon and while waiting for a wagon to take our outfit to Boivan's Ranch, learned much of his record, which included service with the Provincial Police and with the Canadian Infantry abroad, from which latter he had but a few months previously returned home after a severe hospital experience.

After luncheon we unloaded our outfit in the presence of a boy of the ubiquitous bow; sent some hone telegrams, got our hunting licenses, and made a few purchases at the only store. Michel has only length, though plenty of that, and is a red streak squeezed in between impending mountains on
either side. Its principal or only business is coal, but when we were there the miners were on a strike, though for what particular reason we could not learn, as most of the miners apparently owned their own automobiles, not tin kissets but the genuine article. This was fortunate for us, as Lewis had persuaded one, by a generous subsidy, to take us to Bolivan's Ranch, twelve miles up the Elk River, where the rest of our guides and horses were awaiting us. Our driver, though having failed all his life to appreciate the possible advantages which might accrue to him from a working knowledge of English, was excessively voluble in some unknown tongue, but we gained from his actions that he was hardly on speaking terms with his motor. Notwithstanding that handicap, in some other environment he would have been classified as a speed artist, oblivious of everything but his destination. However, we rattled over the dusty and uneven road for half an hour without mishap, until a few yards from the ranch an outraged spring let go and we cheerfully finished on foot.

Here at Bill Bolivan's we met Bill and Mrs. Bill (the latter sorrowful because she could not accompany us); Neal, the hunter; Oriss, the axeman; Johnnie, the helper; and William, in whose culinary ability reposed the destinies of the men. Not long after our arrival, our food and camp equipment on two wagons, which we had passed on the road, appeared, and we were in our first camp at last. No time was lost in getting up our tent, after which it was time to appease the inner man, and soon the fires were going. Only those who have experienced it can appreciate the consummate joy of the first camp, which has been anticipated and pictured during the weeks of preparation.
There is an undefined, yet very positive elation, in the mere act of unpacking all those personal effects one assembles at home, picturing as he does it, the surroundings in which they will next appear. There is the rifle which takes on a new aspect on the verge of game country; the rods and tackle are no longer merely evidence of superior handiwork; that heavy clothing and bed roll you packed on that hot day back home now seems very appropriate; all those camp fittings over which you studied and eliminated, bring visions of good meals on the trail, and so on down the list, some items of which you had forgotten but all teeming with the spirit of anticipated use. All these things we unpacked and repacked until each article was most conveniently located, and then—supper. I can recall every one of the viands the chief furnished us at that first meal. No food ever tasted better, due quite as much to its quality, as to the appetites we had already developed.

We had been disappointed at the failure to receive at Michel any telegrams from home, but this was assured in the evening by the Chief getting two messages over Bevan’s telephone, one for him and one for me. Though neither were fully intelligible, that little defect did not prevent his transmitting mine in such form that I was satisfied at having an assuring word before we left all such connections behind us for a month. So we turned in for our first night.

August 28—This was a busy morning as the first time always is, getting the packs properly adjusted and loaded. The horses were all brought in early, and a fair-looking lot they were, four riding and twelve pack horses for us, six riding and nine
pack for the men; strung out they made a goodly show and a
worthy subject for the photographer. It was in these first
moments that our misgivings over the selection of Bill Boivan
as head-packer were for all times dispelled. Bill had lost one
arm, his left, at the shoulder, and it seemed to us that such a
handicap would be emphasized by the diamond hitch. Jack had
told us that he had been chief packer for the C.P.R., but we were
not prepared to have him develop into the best packer, that is
having less trouble on the trail, that we had ever seen. Besides
this, his care of the horses as well as our riding equipment was
a source of great satisfaction. Most of the horses gave but lit-
tle trouble during the packing even on this first morning, but
one bay colt was a bit wary and she had to be blinded with a pack-
cover before anyone could get within hailing distance of her with
anything that looked like a load. However, before noon every-
thing was packed and we, with Lewis leading, started off ahead
of the pack-train and up the road which we followed four or five
miles to Brule Creek. Here on the creek bottom we had a hasty
lunch; then leaving the highway, and all such marks of civiliza-
tion, we followed along the creek on an old trail, now for years
gone into the discard and hardly discernible except for the cut-
ting on it which the men had been doing the past two days while
waiting for us. After about four miles we came to the end of
the cutting and decided to spend the night. We cleared an open
space for our tent, put some poles and waited for the pack which
arrived at 4:30. Just at this point Brule Creek becomes sub-
teranean, and our water supply was limited to a small but ice-
cold spring, though sufficient for our purposes. Pending the
arrival of the outfit we laid on our saddle blankets; made a few prophesies as to the liberties each intended to take with the fish and game encountered; and, with the assistance of Lewis, settled several international controversies. We then set up our tent, the men making their camp in a small meadow near us but not taking the trouble to pitch their tent. We, of course, are doing our own cooking, so at this camp we assigned ourselves to the different jobs of that department. The Chief became the Chef, specializing in pastry and deserts; George was to be the Butler, having custody of the larder generally; Doc. became Assistant Butler, upon whom we relied for almost everything from table decorating to butchering, and I was elected Assistant-Chef, for the very good reason that that was the only vacancy. We were promised a rough trail in the morning, but as we expected to camp only four miles from here, it is also expected to be a short travelling day.

August 25 — There should be one uniform table of distances for all the world, to save confusion to travelers. Last night the leading authority in camp advised us to get in bed early as we had to make four miles on the morrow. Several of us had travelled even more than that in a day without excessive fatigue, so we were not particularly excited at the prospect. Yet here we are, still on Brule Creek only four miles from last night’s sleep, and we consumed ten hours of constant riding in making the passage. It is true that some of the more desperate of the men aver we came five miles, but since discovering the horrible length to which a British Columbia mile will go, we consider that an exaggeration and are satisfied with the first
estimates. We left camp at eleven this morning, and without getting out of our saddles, except when occasional bad places made it necessary or the men cutting ahead were stopped by heavy down timber gave us a resting spell, we arrived at this camp on the edge of green timber at nine in the evening, and in such darkness it was marvelous that Jack and Ossie, who were ahead on foot, could find any trail to follow. We were all willing to call it a day, and admitted we had developed a new conception of the muddledness of a really bad trail. It developed during the day that no one had been over it since Lewis came through on snow shoes six years ago, and probably no one else in the eight years before that when W. T. Herkaday came through with a party of which Lewis was one. In many places avalanches and snow slides had stripped the mountain slopes of trees and deposited them in an almost impenetrable tangle at the bottom totally obliterating the trail, which, on account of the growth of Jack Pines and smaller bushes was at its best seldom discernible. Jack and Ossie ahead with their axes and constantly cutting made our progress possible, as otherwise no horse could have gotten through. They cut up logs and cut down trees; they found the old trail and lost it intermittently all day; they, that is Jack, swore with a vehemence and earnestness beyond the dreams of even that proverbial pirate who has been the standard for ages. With some minor variations he told what he thought of such a trail, and assured us repeatedly that he had walked more than fifty miles that day looking for the blanket-blank thing and had cut more than fifty cords of wood in the meantime.

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It must be admitted that these oratorical efforts neither interfered with the swing of his axe nor diverted Ossie from the main idea. The latter, though lighter built, was a finished axeman and we found entertainment in watching him cut out through a particularly big piece of timber. All day we scrambled over and around logs and jumped others. The last hour after reaching green timber the going was better, but if Jack and Ossie had not blazed a long white streak every fifty feet, the pock-trein, which had fallen behind, could not have come through until daylight. It was certainly a mess when they finally staggered in on top of us in the little opening we had selected for a camp beside the creek. Thirty-one horses and ten men in a small space, in inky darkness, save at first for a couple of electric lamps; every one falling over a saddle or a package dropped where they were taken off the weary horses; the eager search for the particular case containing the most easily prepared food, made a situation teeming with potential trouble. But tired as we all were, everyone rose to the occasion and as soon as the horses were let loose to graze, order was restored and a couple of fires going in short order. A couple of boiled eggs and a cup of Erbwurts satisfied the inner man. I say satisfied, but that does not include George or Doc., for just as the former put his cup of soup down to fix the fire Doc., not seeing it in the dark, put his foot on the cup and that ration ran away. A fight looked imminent, but it was compromised by a division of Doc's soup. Then, without even looking for a tent we spread our beds on the ground and with the soothing tinkle of the bells on the feeding horses in our ears, were soon asleep. It was surely a novel and
interesting day and while we would not elect to repeat it in daily doses, we all enjoyed it. There were frequent and fresh grisly signs but we saw no bears.

**August 24 - Sunday.** Fortunately, it did not rain to disturb our slumbers, and we opened our eyes this morning upon the mass of equipment we had unloosed in the dark. But the absorbing idea, ahead of every other obligation, was that the individual demands growing out of yesterday's rather meager meals must be first satisfied. This, a portion of oatmeal, hot biscuits, jam, coffee, ham and a couple of eggs spices helped materially to do; after which we moved camp on to a grassy knoll, first cutting a few trees to give the necessary space. We are now near the goat country but, on account of forest fires to the westward it was too smoky when we first got up to distinguish any life on the rocky ridges in front of us. Jack and Ossie started early to begin cutting a trail to the summit of the pass which has to be negotiated, we hope tomorrow, on the way to our next camp on Bull River. The Butler, always keen to pick up something, be it a new acquaintance, information or a fight, this morning accumulated a quart of wild currents, while the rest of us busied ourselves with our jobs around camp, though Doc. after the chores were done, cut himself a formidable club as a protection against bear, and explored the hills back of camp. In the afternoon we all tried the new Savage 22-3000, and the Chief, though admitting he could not use the open sights, managed to carry off the palm. Jack and Ossie returned before dark and reported they had opened up a trail to the summit between Elk River valley, where we now are, and Bull River valley where we hope to be after

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the next jump. But they say another day of cutting will be necessary before we can get through, so making a virtue of necessity, we will stay here tomorrow. In the afternoon the smoke cleared and we spent an interesting hour with the glasses watching five mountain goats feeding and making their way across the apparently precipitous face of the top of the mountains opposite camp. As this was the first time any of us had seen Oreamus at range, we were thrilled at the prospect of meeting him on even closer terms. After yesterday's strenuous hours in the saddle, we were well content to spend the Sabbath in this easy and appropriate way.

August 26 — Monday. This morning George, the hunter, awoke fired with a blood-thirsty zeal to go out alone and kill some big game, including a bear or two of which there were plenty of signs, but we finally dissuaded him, and substituting his .405, (already dubbed "Big Bertha"), for the largest pail in camp, George, the Butler, sallied forth instead in quest of more currants. In this less adventurous enterprise he was ably assisted by Doc and Bill, and collectively they accumulated about four quarts. Later these were converted into the finest jelly ever made on Brule Creek, and it subsequently appeared as an essential part of a four-layer cake of gold medal merit, all the product of our peerless Chef. One pint of the jelly was given to the men, who showed proper appreciation by eating it all at one sitting, spread on bread which Bill had baked during the day.

It was at this camp that the Butler, imbued with the obligations of his position, first showed symptoms of an intention to bathe, but after Doc had made a careful diagnosis and reported only in-
alient manifestations of "angina", the operation was consi-
cidered unnecessary and indefinitely postponed, much to the sub-
ject's apparent relief.

There are no fish in Bute Creek, and with the opening
of the game season a week off, there was nothing to do but kill
time in anticipation of moving tomorrow. This we did in differ-
ent ways as the spirit moved the individual, though the chef was
busy all day in his own department, and in addition to the jelly
and cake, baked two perfect loaves of bread. Incidentally bread
days in camp with the chef as demonstrator are always an event.

His dough is raised between two hot water bottles in one of the
boxes emptied of its ordinary load and specially fitted to re-
ceive it. When ready for baking it is put into two aluminum
cylinders hinged longitudinally in the center, which in turn
just fit the two ovens attached to the back of the folding
stoves. In a fraction over an hour, two evenly baked and
browned loaves, about five inches in diameter and twenty inches
long, are ready for consumption. It is a mathematically exact
performance and always receives appropriate applause.

About supper time the whole crew, but Bill, who had
also been baking, returned and reported that the trail had been
opened to within two miles of Bull River, and that we can move
tomorrow in full expectation of arriving during the day.

Though we had done little to deserve it, the chef
accorded to each of us a large slice of his jelly cake as a
desert to the fairly substantial meal of cornbread hash, onions
au gratin, muffins and chocolate. With that tucked away, we
built our evening fire and ruminated upon the hardships and dis-
comforts of city life.
August 26 - Tuesday. We think our Butler is a
sommambulist. There were several eye witnesses to his retire-
ment last night on his own bed, but this morning the early risers
found him, still in a dreamy state, on the unfriendly ground some
distance from where he started. We were packed up by eleven and
left camp ahead of the men, full of anticipation at the prospect
of getting to trout water and the game country. The trail, thanks
to the work put upon it during the past two days, was fairly good
though nearly a mile of slide rock just after starting made rather
poor going for the horses, particularly for the unshod Indian
horses. The last part of the ascent over the Divide was pretty
steep, but we negotiated the Pass without great difficulty or
mishap. Here the work of the men in cutting big timber was ap-
preciated as we would have been seriously delayed otherwise.
From the top of the Pass a panorama of great beauty opened up.
Across the valley to the south a large glacier lay between two
high peaks. At the foot of the glacier several small streams
of melted ice united and flowed westward to where in the dis-
tance we were told lay the Bull River. As we started down the
other side we flushed a bevy of willow grouse, and as Lewis as-
sured us we would find them plentiful on the Bull, we were thank-
ful we had packed the .22. We were pretty well up on the bare
face of the mountain forming one side of a wide valley, the trail
gradually leading downward, and we were thus given an unobstructed
view. The character of the foliage had changed on this side
of the Divide, and as we got lower down our way led through a
forest of quaking aspens. We reached the bottom about noon,
and had lunch in a small grove through which ran ice-cold rivulet
from the glacier we had seen from the summit. We had now reached the end of the cutting, so our progress from this point was slower, but Jack and Ossie, getting out their axes, and leaving us to tow their horses, again opened up a way, so that after going up hill for a time we finally slid down to the Hall about 4:00 o'clock, having made the six or seven miles in about five hours. We picked out a fine camp site beside the river, and while waiting for the outfit to arrive cleared up the ground ready for the tents. The pack did not arrive until 6:30, delayed because one of the horses had broken her leg in some down timber and her load was transferred to Hall's horse, he finishing on foot. It was Johnnie's black mare, a tractable little animal, and he was greatly upset over it. As there was no gun with them and no one wanted to kill it by any other means, the poor animal had to be left where she lay until someone could go back and put her out of her misery. It was very distressing to think of her lying out there in such a condition and it cast a gloom over us; but that is a chance every creature must take in such country, and with the absorption of making camp that feeling gradually wore off, though we could not forget it entirely.

**August 27 – Wednesday.** Before the camp awoke Johnnie had gone back to shoot his mare. It seemed almost heartless, but Johnnie was told to cut away the underbrush near by so that the carcass can be used to bait a grizzly later, in case we want to. All the other men went up stream, in what has now become a daily pastime, to begin cutting out trail as against the day we move again. After the usual hearty breakfast we tried the fish
ing but were disappointed in results, Doc and the Chief only getting one each, both cut-throat. In the afternoon George,
Doc and I left the Chief engaged in cooking some of his now
famous compositions, and rode down stream taking our rods and
the .22, prepared for any game that did not weigh over five pounds.
The rods yielded nothing, but the little rifle stopped two willow
grouse upon which we came unexpectedly on a gravel bar in a bend
of the river. We were a bit uncertain about the date of the
open season for them, but as the change in the game laws was so
recent that they had not been furnished to the game warden at
Michel when we got our licenses, and the men thought the season
was on, we let our longing for fresh meat convince us the men
were right.

On our return George threatened again to take a
bath, but finally compromised by washing his socks. Doc, on
the other hand, without any ostentation, actually took a hasty
plunge in the river, much to the admiration of the men. In the
evening Jack gave us a new idea in the construction of a camp
fire. It had the appearance of a large grate fire, instead of
the usual pyre with the flames mounting skyward, and we gathered
around it in grateful appreciation.

The men reported that by utilizing the river bottom
and bars they had opened up a trail nearly half way to the West
Fork, at which we figure on making our next camp.

In anticipation of staying here a day or two longer
we put up both the canopy and Baker tents, the latter particu-
larly useful to keep the rain, which looks imminent, off the outfit
and food, besides affording us a sheltered dining room. As we had
time on our hands the menu was more elaborate than usual, and con-
sisted of soup, broiled trout with bacon, hashed brown potatoes, macaroni with cheese, chocolate, olives, sliced pineapple and jelly cake. The men are growing so jealous of our culinary art that their cook Bill is almost in despair. His old theory of furnishing quantity at the expense of quality, is getting a severe jolt.

August 26 - Thursday. During the night the horses wandered in and around camp so promiscuously that the Chief and George were annoyed, and showed their annoyance by getting out from under the warm covers and hurling most of my fire wood at them.

Doc and I watched the ejection proceedings with sympathetic eye, but thought it best not to add to the confusion by making any outward sign that we also had been annoyed. After spending some time this morning in retrieving over a two acre area all my nicely stacked wood, I suggested that a few of easily obtainable rocks from the river be collected against another equine raid. Bill thought of a better plan and immediately after breakfast began building a corral around camp, which will serve an additional purpose of holding the horses inside when we pack them again.

Jack, Cassie and Neal started early to work on the trail again. We all went down stream to try for fish or feather, and though the trout were shy we got another bird, which with those of yesterday promise a palatable repast. In the afternoon we all did some much needed washing, the Chief and Doc even extending the process to themselves, the former making a good job of it by use of the bath-tent and hot water, while Doc stuck to the river on the ground that it was quicker, speed being the only consideration.

August 26 - Friday. The men except Lewis were out again today cutting trail, while we four with Lewis all went up.
stream fishing. Notwithstanding the cutting the going was poor. We went only about two miles, but in that distance crossed and recrossed the river sixteen times, besides utilizing the river bed for considerable stretches several times, and as the bottom is paved with large and small round stones even that course made slow going. We found several good looking pools and were rewarded with our first real mess of trout, of which the chef got nearly half. This was very encouraging as we had of course relied on fish to help out the larder, and had begun to think that the stories of British Columbia fishing didn’t mean fish.

For dinner we split and broiled four of the largest trout, and with them had fried potatoes, muffins, tea and part of a chocolate cake which the chef baked after we returned from fishing.

AUGUST 20 — Saturday. This was rather a lazy day except for the chef, who produced something fancy for each meal, a ham omelette deserving special mention, and for the men who were still cutting now several miles up stream. Bill finished his corral and was so pleased with it that George, while admitting that Bill was some architect, felt he should not be too inflatud over such a simple thing and allowed that if he, Bill, would agree to use only his one good arm, he, George, would show him a trick or two in the squared ring, providing only a suitable place and time could be found after he, George, got in proper shape. Bill agreed to all these qualifications with alacrity, and now George is afraid he won’t be able to get in shape this trip.

Doc picked the strange birds we got on Wednesday and we had them roasted for dinner, which also included a suet pudd-
August 31 - Sunday. By no stretch of imagination
could this have been called a day of rest, as it was almost every-
thing but that. We were up at six and had breakfast by seven.
It had rained hard during the night and looked equally as we be-
gan to pack up. Jack had some misgivings about moving as it would
be soaking wet in the brush. We were all anxious, however, to
gain the good country for the opening of the season tomorrow,
so decided to go, and finished our packing before nine, but did
not get started until eleven as five of the horses could not be
found though Cede, Roll and Bill had been looking for them since
daylight. They were all finally found and the men returned
dripping from the wet bushes. We four, with Lewis, did not wait
for the last packs to be tied but started ahead up the river on
the trail which had been cut during the past three days. We
stopped about 1:00 to eat our lunches of tongue sandwiches, jelly
cake and nuts, washed down with an orange. These lunches are a
refinement of the art; are always prepared by the chef, and are
carried in small individual water-proof bags, with two circular
spreaders, one of wood and the other aluminum, just the size and
shape of the bread and with another thin aluminum partition between
that and any other soft food, such as cake. The result is that,
although these little bags are in turn stuffed into the saddle
bags along with our chokers, extra sweaters, etc., the lunch does
not once get soggy or mushed, but is as dainty and palatable as
one could wish. Cold lunches are not any too digestible at best,
and the very slight additional trouble involved in ours seem well
worth while.
We did not linger long over luncheon as it began to rain again before we had finished, so we donned our slickers and made good progress for another hour though we encountered considerable down timber which retarded our speed. Here we reached the end of the cutting, and the pack having caught up with us when we stopped for lunch, Lewis and Gene dismounted and went ahead with their axes. We took turns leading Lewis' horse, which otherwise was a very respectable animal but unless pulled along by the halter rope seemed bent on going in any direction except the right one. Gene's colt, on the other hand, while so wild it was a man's job to get in the saddle and an unsafe one to get near her heels, followed by herself as faithfully as a dog. The old disused trappers' trail was so overgrown and in places so entirely obliterated, that not the least of our troubles was to even locate it. At first one of us would occasionally call attention to what looked like an old blaze, only to find it was where an elk had rubbed his horns or a bear had scratched his mark or a porcupine had had a lunch from the bark. We finally learned that our suggestions were not of material value, so waited quietly on our horses until a few more yards of trail had been opened up. To appreciate the situation which exists throughout our route, one must imagine the difficulty of picking a way through a pile of jack-straws magnified into whole trees. Only one way could be followed and that on the old trail now at least ten years in disuse. To attempt any other course, except an occasional detour around a fallen tree too large to be quickly cut, would be to invite early disaster, as one would soon find himself in an unexcusable maze. Occasionally our way would lead us into compar-
tively open stretches of a few hundred yards extent but, even
these had elk trails leading in every direction to mislead us and
quite often hold dangerously soft spots. Utilising the gravel
bars on banks of the river when we could, and often the rocky bed
of the river itself, we finally reached the west fork of the Bull
a little after four in a light rain. Peals of thunder reverbera-
ted from the surrounding peaks, but it looked as though we were
out of the storm zone, when it veered in our direction and poured
hard for about an hour. We had lost the pack somewhere coming
up so stood around taking our medicine until 5:30 when it arrived.
In some of the deep holes in the river four of the horses were
nearly submerged at different times, but only one of our boxes
was badly wet, and as that contained tinned goods no damage was
done.

We had already chosen our camp site in the edge of
the timber on one of the flat gravel bars, and had cut enough
poles for all the tents so our canopy tent and the three of the
men went up in circus time. It was pretty cold but we soon had
a big warming fire going. This making camp in the rain was another
interesting experience, and we were surprised how easily it was
done without any of the outfit getting very moist. Our slickers
kept us dry except as to our feet, but the men were soaked to the
skin, and to them the fire was very welcome. The rain stopped by
the time supper was ready. Afterwards Lewis constructed one of
his famous camp fires and the whole outfit sat around it until
bed time, one by one successively disappearing tentward until Lewis
only remained. Discouraged, finally, over his vanished audience,
he kicked the drying embers into flame and followed suit.
September 1 - Monday. This had been anticipated as a hunting day, but it opened rainy, with mist on the mountains shutting off all observation of game, so we compromised by indulging in the more domestic pursuits of camp life, including some laundering, barbering and fixing up camp for two or three days stay. In the afternoon, however, we did some fishing, and George in particular, with Cassie, getting a fine string of some fifty trout. We saw everywhere abundant signs of bear, elk and deer, and when it cleared before sundown, with the glasses we could see a bunch of goats on the ridge to the north-west of camp. With these assurances that we were at least in the real game district, we were eager to start something, though it was plainly evident that any kind of hunting would entail hard travelling, and of necessity on foot, as horses could not even make a start up the slopes on account of the thick brush and down timber. With visions of much blood letting tomorrow, we arranged all the details for an early start, and did not linger long over the fire after supper.

September 2 - Tuesday. This was our day of days, and one crowded with some measure of success; for we have in camp tonight a very fine mountain goat's head, the original owner of which was shot off the utmost peak of the ridge on which we saw the bunch yesterday. It all came about in this fashion. We were up at daylight, and after a hearty breakfast all set out on foot before seven. The Chief, with Neal and Johnnie, went up the slope west of camp to look for deer, while George, Doe and I, with Lewis and Cassie, started up the river to try the peaks to the
north-west for the goats we had seen with our glasses. With the possibility of being obliged to spend the night out, we carried a respectable lunch and sweater apiece, and I also took my camera and glasses. After leaving the river the grade was steep, but that feature was nothing to the tangle of brush and fallen timber we encountered during the first three hours. We had all put hod-nails in our shoes last night, and soon learned to avail ourselves of protruding logs leading in the right direction. Of course we all fell off occasionally, but they at least afforded smooth going for a few feet at a time. Lewis, who was leading, aggravated us considerably, as neither the incline nor the tangle seemed to retard him in the least, and as he seemed bent on breaking some record, the result was that we could not keep up and were continually losing sight of him. When we were all appearances lost, so far as he was concerned, we would call and remonstrate with him over his speed. Then for a short distance he would keep in sight, but the performance would soon be repeated, he maintaining that there was no hurry and that we had only to yell at him and he would stop, but that he simply could not walk slow. We tried psychology on him, explaining that the effort to keep up created a mental exhaustion, which supplemented by a growing peevishness, would spell our finish long before we were out of the woods. Finally we hit on the happy expedient of having Cassie do the leading and we got along, possibly with less speed, but with infinitely more amiability. By the time we had reached the rocks at timber line, most of our spikes were gone, and as we looked upward it was with some misgivings, for the rocky ledges looked treacherous for one not properly shod. Here we stopped for our breaths.
to catch up, and discussed the prospects. George, whose hob-
nails were all gone, leaving his leather soles more slippery than
my composition rubber, felt that it would be useless, if not dan-
gerous, to go on, and reluctantly decided that he and Doe would
stay in the timber in the hope of getting a shot at a moose-deer,
of which we had seen numerous signs. So Doe, whose army trench-
shoes still held some nails, Lewis and I, then pushed on up over
the rocks, the ascent becoming constantly steeper, until about one
o'clock, when we stopped to take a hasty lunch in the shadow of
the summit. Lewis was studying the formation of the serrated
peaks which stretched away from us to the west, to figure how we
could make our way along the face of a rocky wall which seemed to
shut off a passage to the adjoining basin in which we thought we
had seen the goats yesterday, when suddenly he made an exclamation
and pointed to the pinnacle above us. We followed his point and
there saw our first goats. At first we could see but two, a
nanny and a well grown kid, but Lewis said there surely must be
more. From this point Lewis showed good ability. He figured
that if we approached them from the east they would not get our
wind, so we changed our course and for 300 or 400 yards followed
in the lee of a wall-like formation which lead up to the crest of
the ridge, and brought us on a level with the goats. We came out
on the knife-blade edge of the summit, and peaking around the wall
saw the goats about 125 yards away. In our excitement we had for-
gotten our fatigue, which was quite prevalent when we had stopped
for lunch, and I, at least, quite ignored the elevation during the
last dash, though we had previously stopped at stated intervals
to allow the pounding of our hearts. I had brought along a
9 mm Mauser, while Doe carried my new 25-500 Savage. Quite
obessed with the opportunity and completely ignoring the
fact that anyone else was in the party I picked out my goat
and fired. The bullet as I found out later, struck at the top
of its shoulder apparently killing it instantly. It fell and
rolled about 100 yards down the cliff out of sight, but Lewis
yelled not to worry as we surely had him. At the report of my
shot two rams came into view, but Doc had already opened up on
the younger one and fired twice. Most unfortunately, the rear
Lyman sight on the "Savage" had become loose on the way up, and
as it shut off all view of the front sight he was prevented from
gaining a true aim. It was too late then to remedy the trouble,
and with Doc only able to guess at the direction he was pointing,
the goats made a hasty and successful get-away, and our chance
for that day was gone. I might have gotten in another shot,
but besides being satisfied with what I had already had, I was
too much exercised at the trouble Doc was having with his sights
to butt in on his opportunity. I blame myself for Doc's dis-
appointment, since, had I set the sight properly when I put it
on, that goat would now be decorating Doc's study, instead of
posing as the hero and survivor of an exciting bombardment.
When the bunch retreated Doc and Lewis ran to the edge of the
cliff down which the goats were making a hasty retreat, and the
latter speeded them some by sending a couple more bullets in
their general direction. I, meanwhile, went down to where my
goat, after falling a couple of hundred yards, had finally
lodged against an old stump. As it represented a successful
culmination of a real effort I could not resist the temptation
to perpetuate the event with several photographs. When Doc and
Lewis returned from their chase, we, that is they, cut off the
head and about 50 pounds of meat, which made a good load for Lewis. The joke was not all on Lewis, however, for when Doc and I divided up what Lewis had brought with him and added it to our own load, we were glad that our route was down hill and that we had not toiled up any more of a cargo, for it surely would have been jettisoned before we reached camp. From where we stood a more or less smooth canyon seemed to lead directly down to the West Fork, which we could almost see dividing the ridge we were on from the one just west of camp. As it not only promised easier going than the course we had taken coming up, but looked much shorter, we decided to take it. It may have been shorter and doubtless was easier, but we suffered the same old disappointment one always encounters from an overdose of constant downhill travel. It first developed in our hind legs, and then, loaded to the gunwale as we were, our shoulders began to complain. However, all things end in time, and after two hours on our heels we finally reached the West Fork, which, as we had had no water since leaving camp early in the morning, we gave an imitation of drinking dry.

While resting by the stream, Neal appeared, having left the Chief and Johnnie and doing a little hunting on his own account. He reported having seen nothing but the goats we chased off the peak. Going down stream we heard George and Cassie coming down through the timber and evidently making bad weather of it, but we were having too much trouble of our own to expend any sympathy on those two huskies. We found the bed of the stream both rocky and cold, but switching to the banks did not help as the down timber was too prevalent for comfort at the tag end of a long day. For another hour we oscillated back

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and forth between the streams and the hill-side, until we finally reached the trail leading to camp. There we found the Chief and Johnnie had just returned without getting a shot, but firmly convinced that they had encountered the worst going of any of us. We might have let them get by with that theory, had not George and Ossie just then appeared satisfied with having successfully scouted through country which would have been too difficult for any other pair in camp. This was too much for Doo, who intimated in his usually diplomatic way, that if any of the others had been foolhardy enough to have followed us there would have been less left of him than there was of that goat whose hide was decorating the slopes up yonder. This, for some reason, seemed to form a basis for argument, but before any conclusions were reached, the Chief announced that if there was going to be any food served in camp before dark it was time to be up and doing. This appealed, but hungry and tired as we were, we all used the first available hot water for a real bath. In this matter of intermittent bathing we had adopted at the outset for mutual protection a sanitary standard, exemplified by the slogan "a bath for all and all for a bath", which worked very well as it helped to curb individual enthusiasm in that line, though it must be confessed that the Chief was a flagrant offender against the limitation.

It had been a strenuous day for the whole camp, but no one was any the worse for it. We are quite thoroughly convinced, however, that goat chasing is not a parlor game, and that there is no easy road by which a successful hunt may be had. There is likewise one essential thing which must not be omitted.
from the outfit, or rather from the shoes, and that is plenty of medium sized screw soles in strong soles. There is no other one thing, the lack of which is so sure to produce failure. They are a help on an incline; a protection from accident on fallen timber and a necessity on the steep rocky slopes. George failed to get his goat simply because his soles did not retain the nails, and I am sure that my struggles to keep going would have been lessened if I had had better ones and more of them.

We did not linger long over the fire that night, nor will there be any indication of sleeplessness after we turned in.

September 3 - Wednesday. This was rather a restful day after yesterday's strenuous events. I awoke, obsessed with the idea that as a successful big game hunter I was to receive a more excited place in the sun, and while dressing expected momentarily to be embarrassed with words of praise upon my skill, fortitude and marksmanship. I was quite conscious of my superiority, and it was, therefore, more or less disquieting to gradually realize that my companions were more interested in food than in my achievements; in fact they seemed to have forgotten my prowess, and I received intimation that if breakfast was not ready soon I, the assistant Chef, would be demoted to the rank of chief garbage incinerator. I attributed such an attitude to petty jealousy, and while ignoring the threat, followed my usual routine and had an appetizing breakfast ready by the time the others had emerged from their blankets. My pride was somewhat assuaged, however, by the appearance of Lewis soon after breakfast with my goat head, and to know that he, at least, felt the event was worthy of perpetuation, for he spent all the morning cleaning the skull and skin and hanging them up to dry. Except for the pride I took in starting the
morning fires and the breakfast on its way. I would have left that duty to less skilled and far less worthy hands, even though I suffered from the depreciation in quality along with the others. It is probable, too, that if I had resigned this matutinal duty, the camp would have run short of matches long before we completed our course, so I decided to save my own life even though my unappreciative partners also survived.

We all went fishing up stream and caught enough trout for the entire camp. Neal and Ossie were out all day cutting trail towards Porcupine Creek. Only two events are really worth mentioning, one, that in which Doc figured as the hero of an affair with a porcupine, from which he emerged victorious under circumstances which handicapped him at the start. The other was the effort of the Chief to bake bread which at first refused to rise. For some reason he chose the evening to start the process, and the night air or some other by-play set in to thwart success, with the result that George and I spent the hours from dinner to midnight tending firewood before the Chief was satisfied. It is worthy of note, however, that the loaves finally emerged brown and appetizing as usual.

September 4 - Thursday. We left West Fork Camp about 10:30 bound for Porcupine Creek, and made the first two miles, which had been cut out, in about an hour. It looked like rain while we were eating our lunch, and just as we finished and the pack had caught up, it began to drizzle. From this point there was quantities of down timber and thick brush, and though Lewis and Ossie were ahead with their axes, our progress was very slow for the next four hours. Just before reaching Porcupine Creek the course opened up and we traversed several pieces of meadow which
had some soft places in which the horses narrowly escaped getting mired. Arriving at Porcupine Creek we had difficulty finding a suitable place for camp, as there was down timber everywhere. It did not take long, however, to clear enough space for the tents which we put up quickly as it was quite evident that the light rain we had had all the afternoon was going to develop into a real storm. It had grown cold and we felt sure we were in for a snow storm. Just as we got things settled and were starting in on dinner, a heavy thunderstorm broke, but it was too late to do us any harm. For dinner we had a ham omelette, hashed brown potatoes, chocolate, hot muffins and a stew pudding with real foaming sauce. Though the low-hanging clouds shut off any extensive view, it was quite evident that this camp the scenery is far more impressive than we have had. As the temperature had dropped to near the freezing point the big warming fire was appreciated.

September 5 - Friday. It rained hard all day and was cold and raw. There was a heavy fall of snow on the peaks but none reached us. Immediately after breakfast we put up the Baker tent for the first time and moved all supplies into it. This added materially to our comfort, as it gave us a protected dining room. We also constructed a shelter over the fires with pack-cloths so had protection in every way from the weather. The Chief made some jelly cake with maple frosting, just to add to our comfort. Lewis having reported that he saw a bear near camp, George and Doc took their artillery and went scouting, but managed to evade any contact with Ursinus, bearing in mind the injunction not to shoot at a bear if they saw one.

The whole crew, notwithstanding the weather, spent the day cutting out trail towards Monroe Lake, our next stand, somewhere
to the north any distance up to twenty miles. They returned at supper time drenched to the skin but with the welcome news that the trail as far as they had gone promised better going than we had been having.

September 6 - Saturday. When we awoke this morning the rain had stopped and it looked propitious for a good day's travel. The peaks all around us were covered with snow, and the sun breaking through rifts in the clouds, which were towering near the tops, presented a picture which I tried to save by taking several photographs.

As soon as the horses were all cornered in camp, Lewis and Ossie started ahead to cut out trail beyond the point the man had reached yesterday. Following our usual custom we left as the last horse was being packed. This enables us to keep ahead of the pack and gives us time to eat our lunch without being overtaken. We were not sorry to leave Porcupine Creek as it was a most inhospitable place, though under better weather conditions our opinion might be modified. We had no difficulty, after fording the stream, in following the well cut trail; in fact it is doubtful if we could have moved in any other way as thick was the brush and down timber. We had hardly started when we ran into a bunch of fool-hans, at which, after failing to capture them by hand, I shot at twice with my Hamlicher, making a clean miss each time. George did some better with a handful of rocks, knocking one down, but when he went to pick it up, it flew away, much to his disgust. As this story might be scanned by innocent eyes I dare not give a verbatim account of what he said. Suffice to say he enlisted both our sympathy and admiration. Farther on, just before we stopped for lunch, we had better luck, for this time I unlumbered the .22 and got four plump grouse. We had lunch of tongue sandwiches, jelly cake, prunes and oranges, washed down
with icy water of Bull River, which here begins to show its source is not far away. As we finished it began to rain again, and with the bell on the leading horse of the pack-train just audible, we dismounted our slickers and went on. We caught up with Lewis and Ossie about 2:40 o'clock. From there on the going was slow, as the course was all overgrown and in places marked up with numerous elk trails which were misleading. The situation had a bad influence on Lewis' nerves, and he damned the elk, the trail and the weather with eloquent and indiscriminate favor. He is a very hard worker, though with some lost motion, and some excuse should be made for him as he had been making wet all day, not only from the brush but from having forded the river on foot at least a dozen times, besides swinging his axe almost constantly. It was heartbreaking job, but our route was of his own choosing, and he had no one else to blame for the exercise of exceedingly bad judgment.

Ossie, on the other hand, a much younger man, was more philosophical, and while an equally good axeman kept on chopping and said nothing, although a few days ago he admitted to George that the trip was rather a surprise to him, as he had been led to believe that we were a moving picture outfit bent on securing a proper setting for some thrilling scene in which, in all probability, his hardest work would be to risk his life in some heroic scene. While we regretted the jolt to his histrionic ambitions and would gladly have carried out the plan if we had had the proper apparatus, we felt it would hardly pay to go back and start again with the necessary equipment. About four we reached the Divide, though the approach was gradual and as level we were not aware of it except for the fact that the Bull River had disappeared and the water began running the other way. We finally reached Monroe Lake about
seven o'clock having covered, as we estimated, about 15 miles in a little over eight hours riding.

At first we could not find a suitable place to camp, as the beavers had constructed a large dam at the farther end of the lake and the water had backed up at the south end, where we were, making all the shore line too marshy. After spending all of the remaining daylight looking for a dry spot large enough to accommodate the outfit, we finally unpacked about a hundred yards from the lake. Fortunately the rain had let up and as the men were all pretty tired, we decided not to try to put the tents up in the dark. We had a quick supper of beef stew, melted cheese on crackers and tea; then after covering the stuff with the pack cloths against the rain, we spread our beds on the ground and crawled in with the rubber sheets over us and a cooking fire at our feet. It had been another full day. The water shrivelled the "Lady Eleanor" with consumptive arthritis.

September 7 - Sunday. We had had rather an illuring picture given us of Monroe Lake, but when we turned in last night we could have been easily persuaded to leave such an unattractive spot at the earliest possible moment. Daylight, however, gave us a different aspect. When we awoke everything was covered with a heavy frost and the water in the pails was frozen, but our water-proof silk sheets had afforded us such perfect protection we had not missed the tent. Immediately after breakfast we put up our tent and the men put up theirs, as it looked like more rain. This done we proceeded to make things more comfortable as Lewis, following what had now become a fixed habit, announced we ought to stay here a day or so to give him an opportunity to open up a way on the next leg. Though it began to rain again we spent most of the morning clearing up a space around the tent and cutting and
trimming out obstructions between camp and the lake. The result was a picturesque vista of the lake and a general appearance of ownership which before it had sadly lacked. There was no indication of the rain letting up, although we were beginning to feel that we had already had our share, so we made a survey of the shores to find if we had missed in the dark a better camp site. As was to be expected, we had, for scarcely 200 yards from where we landed last night, but shut off from our view then, was an ideal situation, dry and affording a fine view of the lake. It was too late to change so we charged our loss to Lewis and felt better.

We were anxious to try the fishing, so the afternoon was spent constructing a raft, the heavy work being done by Bill and Lewis, while Doc contributed some headwork and considerable encouragement. The launching occurred without mishap, and she slid into the water christened the "Lady Monroe" with Commodore Lewis as navigator and motive power. It was supper time, when we took a trial spin and proved her seaworthiness, particularly if not overmannered, and after making a few futile casts for trout which refused to rise, we tied her up for the night.

The only other item of interest today developed when we all shaved this morning for the first time in four days. The chief determined to let his mustache grow and compete with George, whose efforts in that line had a week's start and were being rewarded beyond his most sanguine hopes. My goat, which got an impetus the day I got my goat, is making satisfactory headway, but Doc said it was strain enough for him to coach the same mustache he brought from home, without adding any new decorations.

Ossie and Neal returned at dark and reported having cleared out about three miles of trail which they said was pretty
good, meaning better than we had been having.

September 8 - Monday. We learned this morning it had rained hard all night, but we were so snug that it escaped our notice. As the sun came out and the mist cleared from the mountains to the east we saw a herd of sixteen sheep just at timber line. As these were the first we had seen they were of considerable interest, and we watched them for a long time through our glasses and learned the fact that the closed season was on.

As we needed fish, George and I, with Admiral Lewis on the bridge and in the engine room, tried fishing from the raft but could not induce the trout to rise. We were making a circuit of the lake, and as we approached the lower end we saw about twenty teal ducks, some in the shallow water but most of them on a log, looking in the distance like mud-turtles, for which we at first mistook them. We had no gun with us so we paddled ashore, where George and I quietly waited while Lewis went back to camp for the .22 and the camera. On his return we slowly crept up on them until in line with those on the log and, just as George made an exposure, I got in two raking shots from which four of them hit the water, but one of them was only wounded and got away. This was an unexpected addition to the larder, and we were greatly elated.

On the way back we picked up two mallards in the marsh, Lewis again displaying his versatility by wading knee-deep in the mud and water to retrieve them. Just to add to the gaiety of things we got two nice trout just before landing. The stalking of the ducks had been very exciting, and as we had all pined for fresh meat we were well satisfied with the morning's trip.

For lunch today we had goat stew, and it was tender and appetizing. Immediately after lunch the Chief and Lewis tried
the raft, and having no luck with the trout, which certainly are not plentiful in the lake, went after ducks which we had seen feeding at the same spot where George and I got ours in the morning. We heard the .22 several times but were much surprised when he returned later with three widgeon, as we had not seen any of that species in the morning. It was the only other disagreeable feature, with the exception of the camp. The night we topped it off with goat steak, trout, fried potatoes, graham muffins, chocolate, and preserved strawberries; rather a difficult menu to starve on.

On the 6th October, we went to the base of the White River and reported it pretty fair as far as they had gone. However, on some subjects we are all from Missouri and refuse to get too hilarious over the prospect.

September 9 - Tuesday. With the fixed habit now assumed by the weather, it rained all night and was still at it when we got up for an early breakfast, but cleared soon afterwards. To add emphasis to the weather condition, two of the horses could not be found, though the men were out at daylight to round them up. They were finally found quite near camp and obviously hiding under the thick branches of a large spruce. As soon as the horses were all in camp, Lewis and Ossie started ahead on the same old grind of opening a trail. As nearly six miles of it from the lake had been cut they took their horses. We left just before noon and found the going quite good, so made fast time. We had lunch beside the river. There the pack-train overtook us, and about 2:00 o'clock we caught up with Lewis and Ossie. From there on we made slow progress, as the down timber was abundant and a way through it more difficult than usual, as the brush was thick and obscured.
an extended view ahead. This combination provoked Lewis into breaking out again with a steady stream of anathema against things in general. We have discovered, however, that he exhausted his vocabulary in his first exhibition days ago, and all we get now for our diversion, is uninteresting repetition of his complaints, and we endure them as we would any other disagreeable feature, with this qualification, namely, that we all recognize that there is a time coming when we shall feel that we have had enough, and when that moment arrives Lewis is in for a show-down. This too, in full recognition of the fact that swinging an axe eight or ten hours a day under most adverse conditions is not conducive to much improvement in one's attitude towards the natural perversity of imminate objects.

We had hoped to reach the White River tonight, but by the middle of the afternoon it was clearly obvious that it would be impossible. In the distance we could see the valley through which it flows, but at four o'clock it seemed as far off as at noon, so we began looking out for a suitable place to camp. This we finally found about six o'clock. Having had in front of us the prospect of again groping in the dark along an elusive trail, simply that we might make a known destination, the decision to stop while it was still light had the effect of putting everyone in a most amiable frame of mind, and we went at the work of making camp with even more hilarity than usual. We found a lot of old Indian tepee poles which simplified the tent setting, and we blust the industrious brave or, more likely, squaw who many years before had unconsciouscly worked for us. We had come all day down a valley, following the outlet of Monroe Lake, and our tent was pitched near the stream with high mountains both in front and behind us each termi-
After leaving camp, the route led through the remains of the ancient city, which we named the "Two Sentinels." Doc and George were in a particularly joyful mood, as they just missed being mired in soft spots they each got into at different times during the day; while I was thankful my neck was not badly sprained when my horse fell backward from the bank into the stream out of which he tried to jump at a very poor spot. For some reason the Chief had no adventure, though we all admit he takes chances we would shy at. We gathered in four more grouse during the day which assures us some good meals ahead. Doc got in some professional work on one of the pack horses which received a deep wound in its chest from having run into a sharp stake in jumping over a log. It must be admitted that Doc was rather apprehensive of what would happen when he injected it into the gaping cut, but the poor beast seemed to realize that he was trying to help her, for she was as quiet as though Doc had given her an anesthetic.

September 10 - Wednesday. Once more our plans to get an early start were thwarted, and as usual by the failure to find two horses. This time it looked serious, for they were not found until noon, so we were forced to delay our start until after lunch. It was quite a disappointment as we had hoped to reach the White River by noon. Instead we had a rather sumptuous lunch, which was preceded by an eloquent address by the Chief on gastronomics, in which we were warned against the dangers of over-eating.
On leaving camp the reason for the reluctance of the horses to appear and be loaded, was discovered to be a grassy slope of luscious feed, which was an acceptable change from what they had been getting. This was evidently the result of an avalanche which had wiped out the timber, leaving a wide swath which ultimately developed into real meadow land. We had some difficulty picking up the starting trail, but after roaming around finally found it. Soon afterwards, we negotiated the steepest bit of climbing any of us had ever seen. We dismounted at the foot of it and discussed the possibility of the horses making the top, but as there seemed no other way to reach the level of the bench which we had to follow, there was no alternative. The horses were reluctant, and we had to drive them up with sticks and stones. In some way they made it though only with great effort. It was about all we could do to reach the top on foot. We caught the horses and went on for a few hundred yards until we overtook Lewis and Osaie, then I went back to the hill to take some photographs of the pack-train as it came up. Unfortunately there was not a good place from which I could get a satisfactory view of the trail up the hill, but I made two exposures which show something of the struggles the horses had to make. By pushing, yelling and beating them they were all finally forced up without mishap, though several fell on their knees on the way. From this point the old trail was apparent and fairly clear, though there was plenty of cutting to be done up to within a mile of White River, which we reached about five, passing a much used salt lick on the way. We came out on a clear level spot on the edge of the river but Lewis, for some reason which never appeared, wanted to make camp across the river. The Chief, however, had him hold the pack-train where we were until we were sure his place...
would make a better camp, so we forded the river, which is much deeper and faster than either the Bull or the Elk, and locked the ground over. Our first selection was the best and we returned, Lewis for the first time somewhat sulky but saying nothing, though there was an unpleasant tension in the air as we all realized that he was doomed. As I have already said, he is an indefatigable worker but lacks imagination, which is a fatal deficiency in a head guide. Though of undoubted experience on the trail and with more than average knowledge of these mountains, where so few white men have been before, he failed utterly to grasp our purposes and requirements, otherwise he never would have brought us through such unsatisfying country. Though we found later that our thoughts had travelled along similar lines, as a result of Lewis’ peevishness, we were all too much pleased at being at last at one of our objectives to let it bother us. We had a fine site at the junction of the East Fork, on which we had spent two days, and the Main White River, and a fine panoramic view of mountains in front which were more picturesque but possibly lacked the ruggedness of those at Forcuple Creek.

September 11 - Thursday. There was a heavy frost during the night, and water was frozen in the bucket this morning. Immediately after breakfast all hands were piped to put up the Baker tent, and that was no sooner accomplished than it began to rain. As our tent yard promised to be dusty, if it was permitted to be by the rain, we made a carpet of spruce boughs which added an aesthetic touch to the picture. As the mist cleared from the mountains we discovered a band of between forty-five and fifty goats near the top west of us. In the afternoon, while the rest of us went fishing, George and Chris crossed the river to prospect.
for a route leading up to the goats. On his return at supper
time he reported that there was pretty good going but quite steep.
He did not try to reach the goats as they were too far away, and
as a bad storm was gathering he tried to beat it to camp, but failed.
We have now become so accustomed to the rain that it would puzzle
us to properly enjoy a fair day. For lunch today we had grouse
split and broiled as the piece-de-resistance, and for dinner half
a roast grouse and duck Apollo, wild rice, muffins, chocolate,
sommelier cheese and preserved pineapple. The Chief, alias the
Chief, apologized for not giving us more, explaining that there had
been too many diverting and necessary things to do to get camp in
shape for him to have given much thought to the culinary end of
his duties.

For the first time since we started, Lewis failed to
show up at our fire after dinner tonight, and without his conversa-
tion it was a quiet evening. The Chief went to bed early and
George, Doe and I spent nearly the whole evening planning with
Doe the details of a two day hunt for the goats we had seen.
As we will have to spend one night on the mountain, our conver-
sation was mostly concerning the things we could eliminate, so that one
pack-horse would suffice.

When we all shaved this morning, the new hair
shave seemed to stand out in bolder relief than at Monroe
Lake.

September 12 - Friday. Much to our regret it was still
raining hard when we awoke this morning, and the goat hunt is post-
poned. During the morning Doe caught several good trout, two being
thirteen inches long. Neal discovered a bevy of grouse across the
river, and the whole camp except the Chief, armed with the .22, at-
tackled on our. This is how George described the canunary affair to the Chief:

"He opened up at ten yards and the air was soon full
of feathers and falling birds. As the ammunition was getting
low and the barrel getting hot we wheeled into position, and at
three yards poured volley after volley into the now exhausted
quarry. It was evident that their morale was badly shaken, and
when we finally broke through they fled in every direction leav-
ing six dead and two badly gassed. If I had handled the artil-
tery I could have saved ammunition and had more to show for the
noise.

Making allowance for his excitement and jealousy, and
eliminating most of his details except the number of casualties,
I can find no fault with his report.

In the afternoon we all went in different directions
to look for deer, of which there were signs aplenty, but with no
tangible results. While we were away a bull elk came out of the
woods directly in front of camp across the river. It is a disap-
pointment that we cannot shoot either elk or sheep on account of the
closed season. The constant rain, too, has curbed our hunting
enthusiasm somewhat, as it has made climbing quite difficult, so we
have refrained from making any determined effort since the gos.

September 13 - Saturday. This was a comparatively quiet
day, free of excitement, but was spent as only one can spend time
in such surroundings, doing the multitude of little things which ap-
pear to the individual taste. Doc, having become imbued with the idea
that we would starve if he did not keep us supplied with trout, was
out early and came back at noon with a fine mess including one of
16½ inches. George, for the second time, did some very necessary
washing much to our relief; the Chief baked two wonderful loaves of bread, while I repaired a rod and caught up on this journal. Late in the afternoon we all again made a futile hunt for deer. We have concluded that our numerous horses, some with bells, roaming at large through the woods, have driven the game far from camp. Just at sunset we counted forty-four goats on the mountains to the west of us.

September 14 - Sunday. This was another day of thrills. Our plan was to make White River Lake, estimated to be about a mile from White River which makes an ox-bow from this camp, flowing first southerly and then turning northerly until it reaches the footway. It is supposed to be about ten miles across the bend by land and, as we expected to find a fairly good trail, we hoped to make the lake in four or five hours. At the outset, however, we were somewhat bored to have the same old hoary set-back, in the form of missing horses, again appear. Our suggestions that they should be shackled to stout trees the night before moving, was not well received, partly, we thought, because it seemed a reasonable solution of this aggravating occurrence, and we were not supposed to possess any valuable knowledge of the subject. It appears pack-horses always have run away and hid when a hike was on, and that it is not good form to suggest anything that will jeopardise that tradition. Thus it was high noon when we finally started. As at one time we feared the horses had sensed the home-stretch of our journey and were leading us to it, we had our first thrill of the day early. The second came soon after, for within half an hour after leaving camp the trail which had been wandering in, out and along the river, suddenly disappeared in the wash of a spring freshet which Lewis avowed had also changed the course of the river. Lewis
went prospecting for the lost trail while we had lunch. He reported he had found a trail leading up the mountain side, which did not look good to us as it seemed a better bet to follow the river if we could and around the mountain instead of climbing it. However, we retraced our steps and then did some fancy climbing until we reached what Lewis said was a trail. It may have been, but whatever it was, it started trouble again for Lewis and Oasis, who for the next five hours hewed a way for us up and over a sizable mountain, performing as hard a day’s work as they have had since we started. We negotiated two deep gulches on the way, which were so steep that on the ascent the horses were obliged to stop for air repeatedly, and we several times felt it was discretion to get off and walk in some particularly bad places. On one nasty place where the Chief essayed to ride over some bare rock, his horse slipped and partly fell, then recovered its footing and scrambled over it. The Chief did not make a move to get out of his saddle, nor did he seem as much disturbed over it as we were. He consistently carries out his theory that the horse has four points of contact to a human’s two, so if the horse cannot stand up in such places what is the use of his trying. At the top we rested and held a pow-wow with a view of learning where we were and how soon we could reasonably expect to arrive somewhere else. Lewis with his splendid optimism and absence of appreciation of distance, confidently assured us we would be at White River Lake in two hours. It was then about six o’clock, and as there was beginning to be a growing in our dining-pits, we took up our belts another hole and started the descent. Soon the rushing waters of White River could be heard, but we rode nearly three hours more before we got a glimpse of it. It was fast growing dark in the timber, and there was no sound of the pack-train bells. We did not
know how close they were nor whether they had had another accident or pack troubles, so Lewis and Ossie began cutting long "blind man's" blazes for their assistance in case they tried to come through. We finally reached the river about nine o'clock in pitch darkness but, as it was rushing where we were, to make a crossing was out of the question, as we could not possibly have located a safe ford in the dark, so we decided to make camp where we were. We first got a couple of fires going to give us light to see what kind of a place we were in, and while waiting for the pack-train cleared out a space for our bunks, as there was neither time nor a place to pitch a tent. To our relief we soon heard the tinkle of the bell on the head pack-horse, and in a few minutes they all came straggling in with old lynx-eyed Neal leading, having apparently followed the blazes as easily as if in daylight. It was certainly a mess that developed. We tried to separate the men's horses from ours, and with only the bonfire light it was some proposition, as the space was too small for much maneuvering. Fortunately the horses were too tired to be troublesome, and the outfit was simply dumped on the ground with only a semblance of order. As soon as we found the grates we had a cooking fire going and, without any great formality in the service, tucked away a satisfying meal of hominy, melted cheese on biscuits with tea to wash them down. We put our beds where we could find a level place, and made use of them without much delay. The horses were all tied to trees where they were unpacked, as we could not take a chance of their straying in the thick timber. Before retiring some cheer was added by lighting the acetylene lamp, but as it was a race to see who would get asleep first, it burned in our faces nearly all night as there were no volunteers to put it out. No one claimed to have been kept awake by it or by anything else, except George, who in-
sisted that his bed shifted until it got so near one of the picketed horses that it stepped on him at fixed intervals during the night. Fortunately it did not rain, though there was a heavy frost, but the rubber sheets over us kept everything dry. It had been another beautiful day, replete with mild thrills, and though rather a long one, we had enjoyed each new sensation. We called this stop "Camp Necessity".

September 15 - Monday. We had no difficulty in awakening with the birds this morning, and as we did not have to hunt for our clothes, the prospect of an early start for White River Lake seemed good, particularly as the horses, including the one which had bunked with George, were all in hand. But our plans again went astray, and this time most fortunately. After breakfast we completed the packing, and as Lewis had located a good ford, we were about to move, when the Chief, who had learned that there was a splendid camping place on a flat clear sandbar within a few hundred yards of where we then were, had the temerity and foresight to inquire from Lewis what there was at the lake to particularly attract us. We learned that there was no fish, not much scenery, an old log cabin, but good feed and a corral for the horses. As a matter of fact the letter seemed to be the only drawing card, and for it he proposed to sacrifice our convenience and comfort, the river and fish at hand, a good camping place, and a wonderful view of a range of mountains rising out of the valley directly down stream, entirely overlooking the fact that the horses could be taken back and forth to the corral which was only a mile away. The situation was almost ridiculous, but recovering his equilibrium the moment seemed opportune to the Chief to then inquire how much longer such casual or haphazard plans
were to continue. The resulting interview was interesting, and very much to the point. Lewis admitted that if we wanted to fish that we would have to come back a mile or more, and cross a rather dangerous river each time, and that the only reason for going to the lake at all was to get food for the horses. He had no excuse for his failure to note the good camp site here, just as he had failed to discover them at Monroe Lake and White River. The Chief told him frankly that notwithstanding a propitious start we had gradually become disappointed in him for failing to figure ahead; for his lack of knowledge of distances; for his tiresome and unnecessary blasphemy; for failure to appreciate our requirements; for an apparent disregard of our comfort; for an insistance upon having his own way at our expense; in fact for most things in which a competent head-guide would not fail. This took place with the men waiting expectantly by the horses, well out of ear shot, yet obviously conscious of what was pending and equally obviously rejoicing that the long delayed show down had come, for Lewis had long since lost the respect and confidence of the men and we learned later that they were in full sympathy with the Chief and his criticisms. He had no defence to make except that he had tried hard to please and never disappointed any party before, finally offering to pull out and strike for home immediately. This was too ridiculous a proposition to be answered, as he was the only one of the men who had ever been in that part of the country before or knew anything about it, but illustrates his shortcomings as well as any statement I could have made. As I have repeatedly said, he is a most industrious worker; evidently wanted to make a good impression, but didn't know how; has had extensive experience in these mountains; is unusually well informed, and is a good talker. It is possible this latter asset became a liability
and started him on the toboggan, as his garrulity got on our nerves so thoroughly that we could not refrain from gradually indicating that we were fed up on that form of entertainment.

The upshot of all this was, that the Foreman of the jury announced we would not go to White River Lake to camp, but would stay two days where we were. This made a real hit, and we moved up to the site on the sand-bar and soon had the tent up and camp settled, after which the men took the horses over to the corral at White River Lake. During the afternoon we caught a few good sized trout, but they were not very plentiful.

We appropriately dubbed this "Camp Harmony", for such it was, as all, with one possible exception, was well satisfied to have the atmosphere cleared of doubt, so that from now on, though at the eleventh hour, events may be the result of some fixed plan, as far as possible.

September 16 - Tuesday. We opened our eyes this morning upon a glorious, sunny day. The storm clouds had rolled by; everyone seemed imbued with especially good spirit and "Camp Harmony" lived up to its name. Though we all tried fishing in the morning the trout were few and far between. As the White River had been exploited as full of large trout we were disappointed. One of the inexplicable items on this trip has been the comparatively poor fishing, particularly as we have seen what looked like good trout waters.

During the morning two hunters appeared across the river from camp, but we did not have an opportunity to talk with them. Later in the day one of their guides appeared, and as they were the first persons we had seen since we started, nearly a month ago, we pumped him for news, and were especially glad to have him verify our calendar as we had begun to be apprehensive that somewhere
in this record we may have lost a day or so. The guide told us his party had come in for goats, which were fairly plentiful on the mountains to the north of us. They had stopped for a day or two at the old camp at the lake, thus affording still another reason to satisfy us that we had not gone there.

In the afternoon Joe and George went down stream, while the Chief and I, with Lewis, took our horses and rode up stream about a mile to some good looking water, including two large deep pools. We only got two trout of about a pound each, but I took some photographs of the spot as it was certainly an ideal piece of trout water.

Just before supper George set the example of taking a bath in the river, but I was his only imitator. The other two claim they have done it so frequently that it would be selfish of them to do anything to detract from our glory on the rare occasions we have indulged ourselves, so when George and I bathe it is an event by itself, and we get special and honorable mention.

September 17 - Wednesday. We almost broke a record by nearly getting away on time this morning. For that distinction we were indebted to the corral at the lake, as the horses could not indulge in their popular game of hide-and-seek with the men. It was certainly a pretty sight as the men and horses emerged from the woods on the way from the corral and made the crossing, in plain view of us just below camp, the horses at first a bit apprehensive about taking the initial plunge, then carefully picking their way in the white water, but obviously conscious that a mis-step might spell disaster. The whole picture, setting and atmosphere created a wonderful "movie" to help us digest a modest breakfast of coffee and toast, supplemented only by some fruit Doe rescued from the border
when the Butler wasn't looking, a small bowl of oatmeal, apiece,
a ham omelette and some marmalade, besides broiled trout for those
who couldn't eat meat. This frugal repast indicates how thoroughly
we have established contact with the best rules of dietetics by liv-
ing up to the theory that all the dangers from eating depend, first,
upon the supply of food, second, the qualifications of the cook,
third, the appetite of the subject, and fourth the amount of steam
which has to be kept up. The result is that we are whole-heartedly
in favor of a simple diet for the other party.

We hustled the packing and by ten o'clock were off.
The fording of the river this time carried even a greater inter-
est, for the horses now carried the best part of our worldly goods,
and it was a relief when the last one made the distance. There was
another intimate personal touch added when George later made a con-
fession of the manner his conscience, which had been troubling him
as he was crossing the river, ran the gamut from keen regret to
complacent satisfaction. While more or less amphibious, he dis-
likes enforced baths, and it appears that in mid-stream with the
white waters rushing by on a level with the lower deck of his canoes
and rising every moment, he wished he had not been so tight with
doc and me, ever since we started, in the matter of our butter al-
lowance, and then and there promised himself that in the future we
would have no just grounds for complaint; but he said that the
nearer he approached the other shore, by just so much less did his
conscience hurt, until by the time safety was reached he had con-
cluded that as butter is very fattening his apportionment was after
all for the best, as our figures had been saved; as a matter of
fact we were really indebted to him for his solicitude. Thus will
an acute attack of conscience produce curious variations in the
heart of even an adamantine butler.

We found it was only a short mile to the lake and over
a good trail which led through the much discussed and quite exten-
sive corral. At the cabin, set in a large clearing at the foot of
the lake, we stopped for a chat with one of the guides belonging to
the party we saw yesterday, and learned that after a few days here
they are going into the same general country we left at our first
camp on White River where we saw so many goats. It took only a
 cursory glance to satisfy all of us that we had made no mistake in
staying on the river, even if the lake site had not been already
occupied. The lower end of the lake is marshy, and while there is
plenty of space on dry ground for a camp, not a spot appealed to us.
To be sure there was the old log cabin, picturesque, musty and prob-
ably buggy, and numerous smaller buildings which went to make up
what was once the home of some adventurous spirit, but with the re-
gret in our hearts that we were approaching the civilization we
had gladly left a month ago, we rather resented these evidences of
it, and again took off our hats to the chief for giving us the past
two perfect days free of such distractions. The one redeeming fea-
ture was the picture of Joe inside the skeleton of an Indian tepee,
a picture which I perpetuated by using the camera on him before he
could escape.

It must be confessed that, on the whole, the trail for
five miles or so along the lake was as fine as even our fastidi-
ous tastes could demand. In spots it was steep and rough but, un-
like some others we have met recently, it was all there, after
passing the head of the lake we stopped for lunch near the head-
waters of Sheep Creek, which we followed, always downward, until
about 4:00 o'clock, when it became painfully evident there was not the slightest chance of reaching Premier Lake, our next destination, before dark. We, therefore, began scouting for a good spot in which to roost, finally locating one to our liking right on the edge of the river. We figured we had made about fifteen miles since morning, and as it had been first all up hill and then all down, we were willing to call it a day. We made rather a satisfactory camp finally, not the least feature of this was the callidous Sheep Creek of even depth and even width, flowing by in our front yard. It may have been due to the peculiar quiet, broken only by the lap of the sliding water at our feet, but the friendly fire that night did not arouse the accustomed spirit of those delicious moments after a sumptuous meal when the events of the day are reviewed and commented upon in the varied lights of the observers. We were all thinking how near the end of such evenings we were.

September 18 - Thursday. One thing was decided definitely at breakfast, and that was, that no matter where or how far away Premier Lake might be, there we would tie up tonight or bust. According to Lewis it couldn't be more than a count sixteen miles, but we had heard his estimates before and prepared ourselves for victory or a bust up. Soon after starting our noses discovered a sulphur spring, which we later learned was one of the landmarks of that section, but we did not stop to try its medicinal qualities. A short distance beyond we began a spectacular zigzag climb which lasted until noon, when we again descended to Sheep Creek level at a point which we were glad to learn was known as "Bunch Grass", where we had lunch. For a time after lunch everything went as merry as possible, then, of a sudden the trail ran under ground or up a tree and disappeared. Some distance further on it was dis-
covered on the other side of the river, but how it got there without some of us seeing it we never knew. For the next two or three hours that trail played fast and loose with us until it finally tired of the game and settled down to quite a respectable highway. We were sorry to leave the beauties of Sheep Creek as nowhere had we seen such startling coloration of rock mixed with the red and yellow of wild vegetation which covered its bordering cliffs. We also kept pointing out to each other ideal camping places and were glad our route had not been reversed, for it would have been heartbreaking to have had our finest scenery and accommodations at the outset. We were evidently in what at one time had been a popular Indian hunting ground, for we passed during the day many tepee poles still standing. These had a never failing interest for Doc, who made a point of riding through most of them. To better visualise the pictures, see the official photographs.

Late in the afternoon our route lay through dense woods but on an easy and open trail, which finally brought us about six o'clock out upon the highway leading from the railroad to Premier Lake. Here also was the ranch of a Mr. Monroe, who was not at home but was well represented by his wife. From her we got the direction to the lake where we arrived half an hour later. The whole lower end of the lake is bordered by a magnificent grove of yellow pine, with no small undergrowth and unfortunately almost no grass covering the soil. We spent some time hunting for the best site and, this found, lost no time in getting settled. We here had an experience encountered nowhere else on the trip, namely, a dearth of tent poles. In that grove of splendid pine there was hardly enough wood found to provide us with the few tent stakes required, and had it not been for some poles brought in from a distance by
previous campers and left there, we would have had to rustle after
for our needs, and rustling after at the end of a long day on an
empty stomach or even on horseback, is not good for the soul. There-
fore, for the first and only time we gave thanks to another camping
party for a useful legacy. It was dark by the time we were settled
and dinner was ready, but we were too glad to have arrived to find
fault with anything. The wind was blowing pretty fresh from the
lake, so we gave up all but a small fire to light us to bed.

September 19—Friday. It was a pretty scene upon which
we opened our eyes this morning. In front of us lay Premier Lake,
four or five miles long and possibly a mile wide, its mirrored sur-
face reflecting, in lights and shadows, the sun rays just filtering
through the tops of the trees on its eastern shore. Around us, many
acres in extent, was a park-like grove, natural yet as clear of other
growth as though done by hand. It was surely a perfect setting in
which to end our forest wanderings, for tomorrow, or the next day,
we shall again hear the locomotive whistle, possibly even the chug
of a mountain lorry, and all the joy will have gone out of life un-
til we readjust ourselves to the necessary evils of so-called civiliza-
tion.

The report had reached us that a kind of salmon inhabited
the lake, weighing twenty pounds or more, and that the biggest ones
had not yet been taken. George suddenly remembered, in his inter-
vise with Mrs. Hanroy last evening, she had said that if we lacked
anything to let her know, and in the firm belief that that message
applied to heavy fishing tackle, he started forthwith to ride back
to the ranch and find out. Doc, to his credit be it said, for-
gotful of the dark eyes and sun-kissed cheeks, (which even the chief
had remarked in the hurried search for information last night), and
waiving all his rights to wiping the breakfast dishes, felt it
was too long and dusty a ride for George to take alone, announced
he would go also, particularly as some of the ranch children might
need professional attention. Left alone the Chief and I tidied up
camp and fried a pan of crisp golden doughnuts, after which the Chief
unitedly constructed two flawless apple pies. By this time the two
travelers returned with special trolling tackle for the salmon, and
in making report of their experience let it be known that the in-
habits of the ranch, including all their next of kin who were there
on a visit, would probably be over for inspection later in the day.

We had found two fairly seaworthy row boats on shore,
and in one of these Doe and Cassie started for a try at the salmon.
It was blowing briskly and the lake had kicked up quite a sea which
made navigation rather difficult, and though they weathered it, noth-
ing came to the trolling spoon, so after a couple of hours they gave
up in disgust.

George having picked up some inside information as to the
habits and haunts of certain sundry deer, took his old pal Neal and
secured a wood-knoll on the west side of the lake. But they also
returned empty-handed. About this time the whole Monroe family ap-
peared in a two-seated wagon loaded to the gunwales with off-spring
and relatives, and the camp and outfit were put through their paces
for the education and entertainment of our guests. The smallest
youngster swallowed a stick of gum, but with no untoward results
while we were present; the omnipresent pup was with difficulty kept
away from the new pies, and those who could, occupied our best
parlor chairs, but on the whole we had a pleasant exchange of views,
which terminated suddenly at the approach of a thunder storm.
After the storm had and I dragged the salmon spinner around the lower part of the lake, but it evidently did not appeal to the demises, for again we returned sans fish.

If there had ever been any doubt in our minds as to the natural depravity of the average pack-horse, it was entirely dispelled today; and we became equally impressed with the requirements of a successful packer such as Bill. With even more than usual generosity he had given the horses the freedom of all the lucious grass which grew abundantly along the east shore of the lake, having first seen to it that they could not beat it for home except by coming back past the camp. To be a good packer one must be a mind reader as well as a diplomat. Bill showed his diplomacy by making the horses feed towards home, but that route led to an impassable rocky well beyond which they could not go; but as a mind reader he stumbled in guessing that if they really wanted to go home they would return immediately via camp and be sought, for while those beasts did yearn for home fodder, they craftily waited until dusk to filter through. It was only by chance that Bill discovered the exodus, otherwise we would have been confronted with a situation from which all joy had gone. It was a busy time corraling the bunch, and it was long after bed time when Bill’s bug-light, constructed out of the combination of a candle and a discarded coffee can, ceased to show its intermittent flashes among the trees, to which all the tramps were finally tied up for the night. Partly from observation and partly from Bill’s caustic comments, we became more than ever impressed with the Bolshevik tendency of the average horse. On the trail it is more difficult to keep him in the straight and narrow path than it is a Hun in enemy country, but for downright, owry gussiness, he makes his best demonstration when put on his honor in camp.
where he is expected to show up when wanted and to be peacefully inclined while taking on a cargo. In neither of these ways does he ever fulfill expectations, and it is here that the deficiencies are supplied by Bill and his prototypes, to whom our appreciation is constantly due.

September 20-Saturday. Our last hike but, Ye Gods, such a one! Getting away to a good start and pointed for Masa about twenty miles down the road, it looked like an easy homestretch, but we reckoned not upon the character of East Kootenay roads. Only one interesting event broke the monotony of that day's travel. Jogging along at about three knots, without a thought of the possibility of game, a deer suddenly showed up off our port bows and after a moment's observation vanished into the timber. George and I who, at the moment happened to be in the lead, quickly dismounted, pulling our rifles, as we did so, out of the scabbard in real western style. Just at that moment our potential next meal again appeared in a little clearing beside the road about 125 yards away. It was, of course, a situation calling for immediate action, but neither of us could remember what was the first thing to do. George asked if he should shoot and, just as I was about to make a suggestion which I flattered myself was full of strategy, his deership, tired of waiting for something to turn up, started for the next county. This was the moment we were waiting for, and without hesitation we both tore after the deer, utterly regardless of the speed laws. We must have over-run our game, for we never saw it again. George was rather upset though I did not make a note of his particular comments, but I got the impression that if he had known the deer was such a coward, he would have thrown "Big Bertha" at him in the first instance.

After this little episode we rode in silence (even the
Chief and Doc refrained from comment) until lunch time. This over we felt some better, but the road now had become so dusty that, though we separated and rode on the side, we spent the rest of the day hoping we would not choke to death as the whole road-bed rose in a cloud and hospitably accompanied us all the way to Waa, where we arrived about four o'clock. Our troubles were now over, for the daughter of the hotel (so-called) in the absence of her father, greeted us in most friendly and gracious manner, and sent a man with us to point out a camping place near Waa Lake. From her we also bought fresh vegetables, including potatoes the size of a squash. After the horses were unloaded they were put into the pasture, and we then proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, for we had learned that the car can meet us here as well as at Fort Steele; so we shall spend two days here and escape one day of dusty ten miles of prairie road travel.

September 21 - Sunday. There is little more to tell. This morning the Chief and I by subsidizing the owner of a motor drove over to Fort Steele to recover our baggage, which we had shipped from Michel, and to arrange to have the car sent on to Waa. On our return we found a Mr. Stadaby from Fernie had come into camp and invited George and Doc on a bird hunt along the Kootenay River. They arrived soon afterwards and we had a pleasant chat before lunch. In the afternoon we all walked along the lake shore in a vain attempt to find a sandy beach for bathing, but as far as we could discover the whole shore line was plain mud. Doc was summoned to the hotel (?) to attend the young woman who greeted us so cordially yesterday, and who had been injured in an automobile accident. We were glad to learn on his return that she was only painfully bruised.

The Chief outdid even himself for dinner. We had roast duck and all the fittings, but the refinement which he has reached
in the art found expression in a hom melelote au run which was
doubtless the best ever eaten in British Columbia. That night our
fire was one of the best, but the contemplation of what it meant did
not add to our enthusiasm, and as we had plenty of real work cut out
for ourselves in the morning, since everything had to be packed and
at the railroad by noon, we were in bed early.

APOLOGIA

And so ended a wonderful trip, though for three days
more, including one at glacier, we remained in those mountains of
ever changing beauty, before we finally passed, homeward bound, in-
to the flat and populated districts.

I appreciate how inadequately I have pictured our ex-
eriences, and how extensive has been my omisions of events which
are indelibly inscribed in our memory, though many of them did not
get into my record at the time. My only excuse is that in the mul-
titude of them lay the difficulty of choosing without prolonging un-
duly this already extensive journal. It is for the perusal only
of those other three tried and cherished comrades, anyway, and I
know its deficiencies will be forgiven in the same spirit that each
of them made easier the hard spots on the trail.

For four weeks the wilderness had been our home and
had been kind. We had taken from it all the essentials of primiti-
ve life - food, warmth and shelter, and in the taking we had grown
in health and spirit. With the possibility of accident ever presen-
t no untoward event occurred to mar our constant enjoyment. None
of us had a semblance of any kind of illness, but day by day we un-
consciously absorbed new health and finished years younger than when

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we started. One must return from such a trip with a new vision and a clearer understanding of the generous provisions of nature, so that the things civilisation has made us think we cannot do without, really seem less important.

I am truly sorry for anyone who has never sat before the evening fire in far off places; who has never heard the little noises of the forest at night; who has never seen the shadows deepen and familiar outlines grow indistinct beyond the mysterious circle of the fire, for it is useless to describe the joy that invades the soul at such times. But to those of us who have "smelt wood-smoke at twilight, who have heard the birch log burning" and in the experience have found a closer friendship, no words can add anything to the sensation. To all others I extend my heart-felt sympathy.