Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()
Friday — August 10th
Arrived Vancouver early in morning. All up early but didn’t want to leave train. Bright sunny Vancouver welcomed us. A taxi took us to a comfortable hotel, "Vancouver," not Mrs. Williams, nor Park and Ellis. Language was all foreign to us to us. Good bath room. After lunch had a fine trip to Hastings Park. A national park with delightful drives. Vancouver has many attractive stores. In the evening attended a movie — "Poe."

Saturday — August 11th
Woke up with Vancouver bright and cheery. Everybody busy shopping or writing letters. At 11 o’clock all started out for fair grounds to see Vancouver fair. Interesting display of Canada industries and livestock. Got back after Mrs. L. took us for a real dinner in a church booth and then to see horse races at race track. Interesting display of wild west features with band box dance. Sorry to say good buy to Vancouver. Sail from docs at 9:30 P.M. Bound for new discoveries. Boarded a magnificent liner. Palatial staterooms with private baths. Could not be more comfortable in best hotel. View from deck as boat pulled out of harbor, grand. Set up on deck with ladies and listened. A few and Ellis said they had grand day. Ellis never heard a wireless before and when on deck he heard noise was startled. Breakfast to see these ladies can enjoy luxuries. To bed in a brown bed.

Sunday — August 12th
Ship still passing close to shore. First glimpse of real Pacific. deluxe enough to put unpleasant thoughts in my mind. Slept for three hours, and again in the hushes. The foggy weather continues. A more comfortable bed could not be found.

Monday — August 13th
At 6 a.m. boat reached at Prince Rupert. This town was intended to be the Seattle of Canada, but no hopes have been disappointed. Walked through town at 7 P.M. No sign of life, only human sound that of a baby. Very dull place for rest. The town has little to commend itself except a good harbor. At 11:00 A.M. left for new discoveries. Will soon reach shores of Alaska. Steaming along the shores of Alaska. No change in the appearance of the country but a feeling of security to know there is a friendly home protecting us. Reached Ketchikan at 3:30. A rather prosperous looking port. Whales along with salmon factories everywhere. Entered at low tide a drop of 40 feet giving whalers a delightful appearance. First objective the Ketchikan River where salmon struggle up the falls to reach quiet water to spaw. Most interesting sight to see the salmon with occasional leap out of the water to make the falls. Only a short distance above the falls they deposit their eggs and die. No scientific explanation has been found. George says he finds them deposit their eggs "poor fish." I guess he is right. There are many pretty shops and good streets. Everything desired can be purchased. The islands occupied mainly by Indians along river, are in pines, dirty and unattractive. A few, most operating a fish cannery, store was more than surprised when Mr. L. announced that he was Mr. L. For twenty-three years this lady had been interested in the art of photography. I don’t wonder she was surprised. After leaving the port a heavy fog settled over sound and progress was slow. Considerable forests on board boat. Monday, etc. We contented ourselves looking on.

Tuesday — August 14th
Everything quiet. A beautiful morning with the fog lifting. We are at the entrance to Ketchikan Narrows but delayed by the fog. The tide is out so we must wait until it comes before making the sound. George and I put in a profitable half hour walking around dock. This sort stuff must and soon if my troubles are to be broken back.
Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()
Friday — August 4th

A beautiful day greeted us. Changed to hunting clothes. Will soon be ready for hunting spot. Shooting up our luggages which was all loaded except handle of one was broken. This was fixed better than ever. The town is small. Mostly small hotels used by the miners. Indians near planting beans. Saw our horses, dogs and tame. The luggages were put on wagons and sent along the road. Our lunch was excellent, especially the moose stew. Resting around the town was our older driver. In the afternoon, we rode to nearby gold miners. Visited first individual mining operation. Field is not good and it looks like hard work. Some miners drill into solid rock and work underground all year round. Merchants are carried on and gold is milled down into powder and collected later. All gold found in bed rocks. Hydraulic mining gives greater yield but destroys country. Tremendous force in streams of water. Rice and brick builders are vast. Town of Discovery also looks abandoned. Mining has seen its best days in these parts, though it is supposed a good deal of gold is still to be found. Miners receive $4.50 for eight hours work but can make only six months of our. After dinner attended a movie show. Good attendance. It made quite a stir to see Sir. Eastman walk into this primitive movie house. It was a first class show and an appreciative audience. On the whole a most comfortable and interesting day.

Saturday — August 5th (Camp O'Donnell)

View out in lovely sunshine. Ideal temperature. Greatتنية of morning. Left luggages. Start out for wilds this noon. Final farewell to Pits. Sullivan and Pats. Left in old Cadillac car for 50 miles into drive along Lake Allum to first camp. (1) Camp O'Donnell on O'Donnell creek. Klasse left yesterday and reached site an hour before we did. Everything arrived in good condition. Nothing lost. First use of new tents. O'Donnell creek being mined. Many stories about our camp. And a good supper. Mr. O. is usual good form. Misses H. in cream suace, nuts and cherry jam. Sat around camp. George went out and tried new rods. Caught two fish — grizzlies. George caught the larger one. decided to place rod without 2% went to sleep for first night in open camp.

Sunday — August 6th (Dixie Lake Camp)

Camp broke at 6 AM. Except for an occasional visit from rats and a good night. Did not get up until we expected during night. George and Jim were fishing to supply breakfast. Caught two more grizzlies. Also found to report at 6 AM to build fire so mudlly succeeded in doing so with one match. And a good breakfast and began fishing. Tents were all pitched with the new horses and we were not disappointed. Bros 2 showed a grey mare simmering quiet while Mr. O better and eggs were passed on saddle. Like a shot from a rifle the same gave a jump and started for Jull's. The mare has left first about 50 first camp. The eggs had a better start so were thrown a trifile further. The horses were uninjured and we believe there were no casualties among the eggs. Time will tell. All hail to Mr. J. perfect posting. The man's food horses did not fare as well. There was considerable patching before all were posted. A worse storm would have given us the ticket. George acted as traffic officer to keep the horses from going on to the beach. It was 8 AM before we were off but the fun watching the horses compensated for the wait. All went well over the 7 miles to Dixie Lake though the trip was slower than before. Considerable down timber and some stump lands. Reached on ideal camp site, on a dry ridge overlooking lake with a delightful outlook. Mr. H. shot 100%, killing three slender grebes with three shots. A late supper featured by potatoes made at 9 PM by moonlight. Except for George we decided pancakes was good at any hour. All slept well until 6 AM when horses began to moan us in camp. At 6 AM up.

Monday — August 7th (Little Allen Camp)

Our friendly horses roused us out at 5 AM. Also built the first and breakfast was served at 6. Fandula and eggs and beans, promises to be a fine day. Got a good start — off all Idaho with our packs. First part of trip through swamp land two horses were used but were able to get out with little difficulty. Horses began to trail through swamp but were able to break through to end of route. Time was a bit upset through a mile of roughly burned timber. Reached camp on top of creek about 4 PM. Good camp site. Special dinner — Chinese a la King and sweet potato with honey. Finished the meal all about two months after this meal. Turned cool in evening. All so tired sitting around camp fire that there was no conversation. To bed at 9 PM. Great night to sleep. Up at 9 AM.
Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()
SATURDAY — AUGUST 10th (CONT.)

The weather continues ideal. Mr. Eastman was first to boats in clear water of creek. We all followed and felt greatly refreshed. George tried fishing with fly and spent but no strikes. Dinner started with chowder soup followed by siding and fried mushrooms, excellent dinner. Agreed that fried mushrooms made an excellent dish, but all of us except Mr. C had some unpleasant symptoms before going to bed. All in bed at 9 P.M.

SUNDAY — AUGUST 11th

Very mild night. Most last night. First we have experienced. Up at 6 & all feeling fine. Unusual breakfast. Beside regular fruit and cereal had fried potatoes, dressed pork and corn meal cakes. After breakfast tried out Encounter guns. Set up targets in creek about 200 yards away. Mr. C hit first shot. Most of us did not do as well, but on third and fourth shots hit targets. Rest of morning spent cleaning guns, sharpening and washing clothes. Mr. C. toured industrially hunting bread. Sunday dinner was noteworthy — chowder soup, fried mushrooms, some that couldn't be beat even in the finest hotel. A more perfect day could not be imagined. Sitting in our ideal room with a warm sun to keep us comfortable, there was nothing to be wished for except our immediate family who would have enjoyed this trip equally well. The afternoon offered a good chance for a nap. Except for Mr. C. who was occupied enabling bread rise, we all had a nap varying from one to four hours. Alexey held the record of four hours. George determined to get a big fish finally caught a 5 pound trout in a place of bushes. He was an old fish and didn't appeal to our appetite, but was gladly accepted by the men's camp. At 7 we had a supper prepared by a new canoeist — Walt拷拷; it was so good we all decided to order some for our home camp. It was a beautiful evening to sit around the camp fire. The triumph of the day was Mr. C perfect shoot. At 10:30 we were all in bed.

MONDAY — AUGUST 12th (BIG MOUNTAIN CAMP)

The last two nights have been cold. All our covers now too small. Robe left in the cabin would be frozen in the morning. But it was a quiet night and we were all up at 6:30 building fires and starting breakfast. We all take a hand. George has many craps counterfeiting and steaming table, Alexey has become an expert butcher and can fry hunting or normal so that it looks almost made. Mr. C. is in our general. He plans the meals, keeps us hunting and prepares the delicate dishes — sauces, gobs, cream sauce, etc. We would degenerate quickly without his inspiration for careful and high grade sampling. Breakfast is over and we are all busy packing. We are off for a 14 mile to Elyan where we hope to find a telegram from home. Started off promptly at 8. First mile of trail was excellent and then we traversed about 3 miles of recently burned timber. Such dense country cannot be equalled anywhere. Not a sign of life, not even a fly or mosquito. It was a great relief to see green trees again. Passed through several swampy areas and marshes and lake's horses were mules. All had to turn a hand on the trail to escape the plumes of George's horses. The last eight miles were easy, pleasant traveling. Grous and rabbits were plentiful. Mr. C. George and I each shot two and Alexey one goose. Near Elyan we passed another party from Pennsylvania with 30 horses guided by eight Indians from Telegraph Creek. They were in a valley on the Little Nulik. It consisted of three cabins, one of which is a telegraph station. Here we received our messages from home and learned that all was well. A few tablespoons were sent and then we pitched camp across the creek. It began to rain at dinner time, but the camp fire was enjoyed just the same. At 9:30 we were off for bed in perfect comfort, listening to the patter of the rain. The night was warm.

TUESDAY — AUGUST 13th (LITTLE VISION CAMP)

Bright and clear morning. Not cold. Expect some had road today as we near our hunting ground. Started at 9:30 over an excellent trail for 8 or 9 miles. Country level and plenty of trees. Grous were plentiful. We shot only three or four as we had all we needed for food. Our several miles who reported our entrance into their territory. Grous were dry and no drinking water was available until we reached our camp at 4 P.M. The expected heavy stretch was avoided by going over a different trail out by the Indians. Williams, our host guide, had been warmed by big men, the Indian guide, not to take that trail, but we all nevertheless, as a war may be impending. The main trail was left at Table and we are now off the beaten path nearing our hunting ground. Table mountain our...
good, can be seen in the distance. At 1 P.M. it became cloudy and soon a small rain came down which did not improve the going any, but like good soldiers we didn’t mind. During the worst shower Mr. B. was looking for mushrooms. Mr. Williams sighted a cow since but before anybody else saw it, it had sought shelter in a clump of trees. At 4 P.M. we reached our camp on the Little Turtle river. The river was nearly dry but the rain of the day before will augment the supply of water. Placed our camp in the morning but were soon comfortably fixed. Dinner was furnished by a lady Hutsulberry pie, the best ever baked in B. C., perhaps in Canada. A small camp fire added cheer to the long evening, and at 8:30 all was quiet.

TUESDAY - AUGUST 13TH. (MOOSE CAMP)

The first sound that greeted the day was a loud laugh by Audley about 4 A.M. We all wondered where the amusement was, but Audley would not reveal his secret. The sun was up and everything was drying out, so a good day may be in store for us. Clear weather lasted only until 9 A.M. and then at 10 a drizzly rain fell. Well two days took us up part of Snake mountain through moose country. No moose were sighted, but half way up the hill a herd of Ptarmigan were seen. Many were seen in the next hour and six were added to our bag. George shot 5 and Mr. B. 1. They were yellow Ptarmigan and rather scarce an account of the stores. Our first thrill came as we were stopping for a drink - two fine specimens of bell caribou were sighted about 900 yards off. Mr. B. prepared to chase them but they got wind and were off. They had magnificent heads. Later 4 smaller bell caribou were sighted. The post train reached Moose camp a half hour ahead of us and as they started from timber saw a large bell caribou just beyond our camp site. The camp site is good with a good view of Little Snake mountain which is flat as a table. With the glasses 80 guns were plainly seen, so we feel we are now in the gun country. Soon we will try our luck with the gun. Dinner was furnished by chicken soup and sweet potato. Being another rainy night we sat around the fire under the canopy but were all in bed by 9 o’clock. The rain continued practically all night.

WEDNESDAY - AUGUST 14TH.

The camp was up at 5:45 A.M. but a disagreeable morning greeted us. Rain was steadily falling and a rather high wind. It was decided to defer moving until noon if it cleared up. About 7 A.M. we would come here all day. After breakfast George and I and each with a guide, went out in the rain to look for game. It was a disagreeable day to hunt, but in spite of the rain we plowed over the hills and swamps. The morning was not spent in vain for Audley guided by John sighted three bell caribou lying in the grass. They came up for a close shot and Audley was successful in felling his caribou. It was a fair sized bull and you can imagine his joy at his first killing. George and I had nothing to show for their long hours. We were all drenched to the skin but found a good warm camp fire so were soon comfortable. Mr. B. remained in camp and prepared a good dinner for us. This was the first day to hunt. It was successful. According to our guides we are not yet in our hunting ground but there is evidence of plenty about here. We saw a number of moose along the lakes last night. This being the third day of rain, we are longing for the return of the pleasant weather, but we hope better is in store for us soon. The head and half quarter of the caribou were brought in. It is a good bull but the horns are still in velvet so it is uncertain how well they can be preserved. The rain continued all afternoon and evening, but it didn’t prevent having a good dinner furnished by fresh caribou liver, fried potatoes and delicious mince pie, probably the first ever baked in Northern B.C. On account of the rain we were all in bed at 8:30.

THURSDAY - AUGUST 15TH.

The pitter-patter of the rain on the tent told us we were starting our fourth day of rain and consequently would not move early this morning. We are beginning to feel like ducks in the Ark looking for a dry spot in the mud so soon again it may be dry underfoot. The rainy morning brought it’s reward. A new departure for breakfast - good old fashioned pancakes. Audley and I were the clappers for the first hour filling up Mr. B. and me. They finally took their turn as we got the easy part. Breakfast was officially over at 8:30 having consumed two hours. The real serious part of the morning program followed breakfast, when our chief and president of the Indian Coaling School conferred a well earned degree on Audley [student]. With his numerous other titles Audley probably holds the record in Ghost Mountain. Not to compare with L.W., a word of explanation is necessary. L.W. a word of explanation is necessary. L.W. a word of explanation is necessary. George sailed to a worthy degree of L.W. (Son Bob Graber) but some time may elapse before
Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()
the efforts for two perfect leaves of bread were the outcome. When it came to baking as well as countless other achievements, our chief left the procedure. The short night was appreciated by all, but the morning view of the sun as the chirping of birds came much too soon.

THURSDAY - SEPTEMBER 30TH (NORTH CAMP)

To our joy and almost surprise we awoke with a warm sun flooding our hill top. An unusual breakfast awaited us - cereal, fried fish, hunting steak, fresh biscuits and coffee. Then began the packing to move to our next camp, perhaps the most remote one of all. It was only a short trip up the White Creek to our next camp. It took some time to find a good site, and in the meantime a severe bell storm visited us. It continued to rain most of the afternoon and it was with great difficulty we succeeded in getting our tent up which offered refuge until the rain ceased so we could put up the canvas. Some seems to be ahead around here - a big cow moose retreated from our camp site as we approached. On the ridges around we could see several large bull moose. After a cold, wet afternoon, a real million or so were made with carcass most was most stimulating. We want to be hopeful the days to come, both as to weather and fur game.

THURSDAY - OCTOBER 1ST

This is the real beginning of our hunt. A more brilliant day dotted with stars had never been seen before, but this morning it is dark and cloudy and rain beginning to fall. Two consecutive days of rain is rather disconcerting to any hunter. George started off early having breakfast at the men's camp. He then crossed the river with Murphy and took for the hills. Mr. E. with Williams and Harry the Indian went in another direction. Helen took Ashley and I on foot headed for the distant mountain to look for sheep. The rain continued all morning as going was not easy for any of us. Ashley and I went well up on the mountain nearly to the snow line, but found no sheep signs. On their return numerous carcasses were seen, mostly cows and calves and small bulls. Two excellent shots could have been taken, but the heads were small so we gave up firing. It was interesting to see how tame the carcasses, especially cows and calves, until they get your wind, and then they are off in a hurry. Mr. E. and Williams sighted numerous moose and caribou but made no shot. George started off on foot early in the morning and killed two caribou within thirty feet of each other. The second bull was made because the first head was not perfect. We were all glad to get back to camp for food, rest and heat. You can be sure we had felt good to all of us.

THURSDAY - OCTOBER 2ND

All up at 9:30 prepared for another hunt. We are sure of plenty of moose and caribou. All are going out same as yesterday. At 9:30 we were all off. George went out with Murphy to bring in the two carcasses heads and some meat. Later he and his hunter went out for more but unable again. It was wet and misty and it was hard getting any meat and none was taken. We were all back by 12:30. Several red fox were killed and one beaver on the lake. We had a good breakfast at 1 p.m. and were off again. We had a good time hunting. The weather is nice and we are all well.

Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()
Today - September 16

The previous ten days was curious. A warm rain is falling, but it is so heavy that hunting is not desirable now. It gives a little time to get cleaned up and prepare for another trip. Mr. J. as usual, is not idle, but busy baking cakes and other good food to keep us in good spirits. The rain ceased at 11:00 a.m. and we left and Bolan started out to the river to the source. Little game was seen until the homeward trip. Two bull moose were sighted, one a good specimen. Balny and Bolan went on foot to stalk them, while I stayed up with the horses. With a clear view of the moose and their game, it looked like a sure kill, but when Balny was within range of his shot, the moose was behind some brush and before he got a shot the moose got his wind and was off. It was a big disappointment for it looked like a good bull. Mr. J. had a lucky day. With Williams and Henry, he went up into his hunting territory and found a number of good bull caribou. At a long range shot he brought down two excellent males. One head, the branching type, is unusually pretty, and the other one has 29 points. George was out with Murphy but could not locate a moose. As usual the dinner was excellent and our good host united with us to keep everything warm. You can imagine how popular the beds are after these hard hunting days.

Saturday - September 15

The usual hour and a half found us greeting each other as we prepared for another day, determined to get the game we wanted. George and Balny each wanted a moose and all a caribou. Mr. J. had his quota. I decided to go with Mr. Williams, Henry and Murphy to prepare the hides of the caribou and Mr. J. shot, and then continue on hunting for caribou. Early in the hunt two good sized bulls were sighted. They were browsing and it required speed to keep up with them. With Henry's aid we traced them to another range of mountains. In order to reach them a short cut was necessary, which we made on foot, running down hill and up grade and then stalking them for several hundred yards. Finally we came within range and I took a shot. He missed, and the Caribou fled. A better shot should have made a kill, but out of breath with no time to aim, the shot might be excused for a novice. Another chance came soon after, and I killed a small bull caribou with a pretty head. All of us took a rest and brought in the three heads. Mr. J. spent part of the day fishing but could find no roots so caught only one fish. George and Murphy went out in new territory, but failed again to locate a bull moose, but brought back about fifteen parragogs. Asley left with Bolan prepared to go out over night, hoping in that time to get the game they needed, so far there has been a kill each day. If we keep up this record we will get our quota.

Sunday - September 16

Another Sunday is here. Five weeks since we left Rochester. After a good breakfast we talked about plans for the day. Incidentally the last two nights have been very cold. A few of water showed 1/8 inch of ice and at 5:30 it is still cold. Fortunately the stormy weather seems to have passed and the warm sun brightens us about 9:00 and until 4:00 P.M. Mr. J. decided to go with Williams to the old moose lick on the river to make for a bull. They sighted two bulls and one small bull. I went out with George and Murphy. Only one bull moose was seen and he disappeared before he could be stalked. Numerous good caribou were seen and a few photographs were taken of unapproaching caribou. Passing the two caribou carasses shot by George four days ago, the story of a grizzly bear was started. One carass had been moral 10 or 20 feet close to the other one and had been carefully covered with dirt to hide for later consumption. Tomorrow we will try to spy on him. Asley and Bolan reached camp about 8:30 P.M. bringing with them a caribou head shot by Asley. They lost a moose on the way in. Asley enjoyed his experience playing out over night and looked none the worse for it. With only one more day in this camp, the moose hunters are eager to make their kill. Mr. Hartman had prepared unusually good dinner - soup, mincemeat with spaghetti, corn, and unsalted mince pie. Can you best that in any home. The good dinners made the days before by Mr. J. and Mr. B., still contribute to our lunches. At 10:30 all was quiet in camp and we turned away in all the blankets and clothing that could be collected.

Monday - September 17

A bright, clear, cold morning, but the sun is rapidly warming us up. At 8:00 a.m. we can discern our councils. Mr. J. has his plans made. Today is mostly hunting day. The younger members of the party help in a generous way to make his good bread disappear. It is his fault, however, for if he bakes it as soon as camp is left, we would not be so
Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()
A little rain during the night restrained us for the period of wet we had, but by seven the sun was out and it promised to be a nice day. The goats were visible so Mr. W. decided to visit the White Bear River again. George went along. Monday was in camp for his much needed rest while I went out with Murphy to fill the quota of caribou as he had killed only one to date. Fortunately I found his gun and added another caribou to the list. It was a fair sized animal with 41 points, the largest number of any of the bears, but it is not the largest nor the prettiest. Our record to date is three bears, four cows, one goat. The goats ranged to the south in that direction so Mr. W. finished and caught a good mess. We are all in camp early today, and unless somehing prevents, will be ready to move tomorrow.

LUNDBERG - AUGUST 27TH

Rain began at 7 PM yesterday but gave us plenty of time to complete our dinner, so caused us very little inconvenience. A camp fire close to the edge of the tent permits us to sit under cover and still enjoy the comforts of a camp fire. With the advaning time our thoughts turn to our homeward trip. There must be about ten days of travel in fourteen days left. Mr. W. is looking at buying all the needed beds displayed in the corridor of the Hudson's Bay Co. We feel this will be an interesting exhibit for parents. This morning the sun was shining and it promises to be a fine day. The mountains are covered with a fresh snow and add to the wonderful view constantly before us from this camp. Nature is good to us. First we see her in her summer garb and now the beautiful change of colors is evident. The horses were far off so our start will be late. The many bears and burned trees add to the lakes, but we will soon be off. The start was made at 10:30 with ideal weather, though a good stiff wind blowing on the mountains. Here beautiful scenery could not be found anywhere. The colors Blazing from deep green of the evergreens to a red, constantly changing by the weather made a picture no artist could reproduce. The trail was good and we reached the camp on the Little Fishin at 5:40 PM. While the pack came along about an hour later. With the sun shining, this camp did not look as desolate as on the former trip. Camp was soon made and all hands were put to making dinner. Another nice pie keeps off the big dinner. It was 12's first attempt to bake and unfortunately he managed to do it without any accidents. Meat was given in plenty — big thick caribou steaks. They were delicious. At 8:30 we were off to bed.

SUNDAV - SEPTEMBER 3RD

Again it rained during the night and continues this morning. Breakfast was featured by a varied meat diet — fried caribou steaks, boiled potatoes and fried pork, besides the usual salt meat etc. A sleeping order on this is a sleeping order after each meal. Murphy was sent ahead to Halin to dispatch a telegram. We will try to get in touch with any reply from Macaskie. At 10:00 clock we were off. The trail was part of the way but on the whole good. The rain interfered very little with our going and the temperature was right, so made a pleasant trip to Halin. Murphy who arrived several hours ahead of us, found he could not send a telegram to Macaskie as the office was closed on Sunday. We visited the telegraph cabin on our arrival and it was a fine building. George received his beloved telegram. We are all very happy obtained by the other hunting party made us serious. We hope to have a few days of sheep hunting but our time is getting short. Halin Camp is comfortable and a good camp fire made it most agreeable last night.

MONDAY - SEPTEMBER 4TH

It rained most of the night but the sun is shining brightly to-day. To-day we travel through considerable burnt timber to the Little Camp. Before leaving Mrs. Williams was in telephone communication with Solomon at Allin informing us that our boat left 5:00 PM yesterday, so we must reach Allin September 5th. About 10:00 AM we were in the portage of the trail were soft and it was a comfortable day to ride. We find that walking every other mile or two miles travel easier. This condition seems to distribute the strain on various groups of muscle. Miles of destitute country were traversed. What bears fire does play with this country, several caribou crossed our trail and furnished us a little excitement. Mr. Williams saw a sponge floating on the high, but was unable to get his gun out in time to shoot. We reached our camp (16 miles) at 3:30 and found another party occupying portion of our old camp site. Little fish was head chief and his brothers were Hall and Norman from Williamsburg, Ps. They
Tuesday - September 17th (cont)

were returning from the sheep grounds and had obtained some excellent sheep and goat heads. They were going south through our country to see them on the Allen's. We enjoy this camp in a warm grove overlooking a river.

Wednesday - September 18th

A good but clear night. The wonderful sunlit last night lasted almost until the half moon appeared. The sky can fleck out nature's wonders every day in some way. The temperature has not been too good day to travel. The horses were cold, so we should be off by 9:00 or 9:30 AM. The trail was better except for a few snow places. A creosote bridge's iron horses broke through but managed to extricate himself without injury to horses or riders. Smokehouse was soon lost and showers kept us busy getting on and taking off our rain coats. We reached 38 mile Camp at 10:00 and the post soon followed us. Camp was quickly made and cooking was begun. A new and valuable experience crept into all's life (frying fried onions). It is a privilege accorded to all who live here, as you can imagine. All's joy at being selected to fish the cakes out of the hot pan. Dimuch as Dr. W.

saw fit to come on some way as a token of appreciation for not dropping or spilling all of the fried cakes, it will hereafter consider himself a qualified known. A new article of food was prepared for dinner - oil and fish mixed in deep pan. They were a great success. It was an admirable dinner and we best seem to have an inordinate-ly list of goodys to keep his housewifes satisfied. The matches were let on an hour ahead to gain more daylight. All will be well except tonight when we lose an hour's sleep.

Thursday - September 19th (LITTLE KANBLE CAMP)

Our new time gets us up at daybreak but each horse bears more warmth from the sun. We have a good warm fire started as the only task is to get enough clothing on to reach the fire and then all is well. George after breakfast starts in preparing lunch. The rest of us are busy with the usual packing, before leaving camp yesterday, I got a hunt out. Perhaps it may some day be on object of interest in the future to his office. The trip yesterday was over rocky, hilly country. The distance was covered to the ridge of the otherwise rocky country. Camp was reached at 5:30 PM and in an hour all was set up, and Dr. W. and I went out to bath the hot air in the water. This was very much appreciated. We had our return was greatly engaged mixing flour for all. An advanced step in his cooking experiences was had the same which added to his fried onion experiences, will soon qualify him for a substitute to Fords. The new schedule of time gave us daylight at our dinner hour. An unusual dinner was prepared - muffins and chowder a la king, which, besides, is very good and nice. So was cold for the fire. The temperature dropped quickly after sunset and a good camp fire was the most popular spot. Dr. W. and George retuned early but the warre fire shone for the rough nights until 11:00 PM. We had heard a great deal about Alaska gold - we had our first taste this night.

Friday - September 20th (4 MILE HAD CAMP)

The first words spoken this morning dealt with method of crawling, in a camp to keep warm. George had the hardest time. He said he spent until 4:00 AM finding a way to keep all cool and by that time a good up came. Mr. W. retired with a hot well filled water bag. When he awaked it was solid ice. Water in a cup was frozen solid. The ground was solid. Conditions like this can only occur in extreme temperature. Four fires helped to warm us up and with the cold of the sun we were soon thawed out. We all agreed the temperature must have been 60 or 60 below freezing. 9:00 AM we arrived at the sheep camp. Everything seemed well in the camp for the first few hours, though it continued to remain cold and the sun failed to put in its appearance. At 11:00 AM we reached the point where we were to leave the trail for Sheep Camp. Horse tracks indicated that another party had been in our sheep territory. During lunch hour it was decided not to go to Sheep Camp but try an unknown mountain across the Nuklein. At times time an approaching snow storm could plainly be seen, and in a half hour we witnessed our first snow storm which soon transformed the green and yellow to white. It remained cold so we all made a good part of the time, at 4:00 we reached a mile camp on the summit. The ground was covered with two inches of snow and did not look.
Diary; Vancouver trip diary written by Dr. Whipple (?) ()

MUCHM. - SEPTEMBER 22nd (CONT.)

Very inviting for a camping trip, but in the morning the lower tent was up and the two wall tents were all ready for bed and hoped to be comfortable in the wall tents. Mrs. E. and George had the tent store set up and found it a great comfort in the morning.

FRIDAY - SEPTEMBER 23rd (SHOOTS LAKE CAMP)

Everything is still white and it is very cold, but not so cold as the previous night. A good warm breakfast prepared us for another trip. Our destination is Paddy Lake, and from there we go to the mountain camp. After the snow store a fine sunny day following. The snow melted on the trees in a few hours, so traveling was comparatively easy. The trail led down from the summit to the Kalam River and then up a steep hill. It was an ideal day to travel and the trip was made more interesting by shooting grouse. Thirteen birds were killed, of which Mrs. E. killed nine. Her shooting was excellent, scoring nearly 100%. The rest of us found it much easier to miss than make a kill. We reached our old camp three miles above Paddy Lake at 3:00. Everything was as we left it, and good water was obtainable nearby. A strong wind was blowing, but it was not very strong. Dinner was most satisfying. Braised steak (barbeque) oven sausages, pan cakes, chocolate and real honest to goodness home-made pie. We went to bed prepared for a cold night but it was a most comfortable night.

SATURDAY - SEPTEMBER 24th (SHOOTS CAMP)

No frost last night, and a real comfortable morning. We are off for our unknown country and no one knows about the trail. The gales do not seem far off, so in all probability the trip will not be difficult. The horses were cached on a platform in some trees and at 10:00 we were off. Murphy went ahead with us and the pack followed. The trail was through a forest for four or five miles with easy going. Camp was made in a level space almost surrounded by hills with considerable timber. It seemed to be a sheltered place for the mountains. The weather made the men seek sheltered places. Rain visited us off and on all afternoon, but the camp was set up in spite of it. It was planned to do some hunting tomorrow if the weather permitted. Our goal is given as a front on an oil well selected place. This dinner was topped off with a regular Thanksgiving mince pie. With the snow about us, it seemed quite appropriate. This began to fall again in the evening so we sought shelter in our beds.

SUNDAY - SEPTEMBER 25th

The pitter of rain could be heard on the tent all night but at daybreak a heavy snow storm was on, and the big day was put to a real test. It was evident there would be no hunting today, for the nearby mountains could not even be outlined. With all the wood covered with snow, it was difficult to start the fires, but in a short time the usual good fire was started. The braised steak tasted exceptionally good. We were all happy about camp keeping the fires going, washing, and Mrs. E. is baking bread. There have been four days in camp, for three of them have been twenty-one days hunting and about ten days hunting. With the wintry weather it seems as though our hunting days were over, for climbing the mountains would be difficult and dangerous. We will soon be ready for Allin. George has gone on our hunting trip by suggesting that the automobiles would probably be unable to operate on the snow. Perhaps it will snow up and give us a few days hunting. The poor weather has changed our happy spirits and we are bound to get all we can out of the camping life, rain or shine. Trying to keep dry and warm takes our ingenuity, and the day passed by. Mrs. E. finished her baking, and the bread has been baked in R. G. The fact that it disappears as quickly as it is placed on the table is good evidence of the quality. In order to enjoy the big camp fires in the snow storm, oven and all built a shelter which gave some protection. A hunt was planned for Monday if the weather permits.

MONDAY - SEPTEMBER 26th

To our joy the night was not as cold and the bright, warm sun appeared early in the morning. The ground was still covered with snow and the valley, and the mountains were white. It was decided to scout the country for bear and sheep. Mrs. E. and Jack went up the valley on horseback, but found it so wet they soon returned. George and Murphy went down the valley with horses and wore out all day. No evidence of big game was found, but they brought back a number of grouse. Mrs. E. and All started out with Mr. Williams to explore the mountain top. Before getting out after the sheep, they were called back to attend to an very
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