

ASHNOLA DIARY

by Bill Gibson Estabrooks

(August 7 to 19, 1921)

Princeton Museum
P. O. Box 281
Princeton, N. C. 27571-0281

to Herb

I trust you enjoy reading this even half as much
as I enjoyed writing it for you. It brought back so
many memories as I wrote.

I relived every moment.

Sincerely,
Bill Gibson Estabrooks

Feb. 6, 1974

DIARY OF AN ASHNOLA TRIP

August 7 to 19, 1921

Sunday August 7, 1921

Last night we were up until late getting our supplies ready. Henry took Kay, Billie and myself downtown to do our shopping at the Big Store and then out to Willis ranch in Olalla for Florence's saddle and a bridle. It was after eleven before we got back to East's and everyone was in bed so Kay and I quickly followed suit.

This morning Billie phoned us around six thirty to come down to the ranch to help him bring in the horses. So Peg, Kay and I went down while Pat got the breakfast.

Mrs. Daly, Tom, Al, Maurice and Cecil were all there and more fooling was done than work so it was well after ten before we got back to East's and breakfast. Then we had our packs to make up, and then back to Daly's for the takeoff. It was just twelve noon when we mounted and said good-bye to everyone. The Easts, Jim, Mac, and Clarke had also come down to say good-bye.

We jogged along as far as the school where Kay, Pat and Peg left us to ride down through town to pick up some chocolate bars while Billie and I with the two

pack horses rode on over the bench. The girls had just left us when the ropes on Jenny's pack broke so she had to be repacked and so we were delayed. We overtook the others about a mile from town where they were awaiting us in the shade of some pine trees. The heat was terrible so it was a very hot ride to the Ashnola. We jogged along most of the way and met a few cars - Dr. & Mrs. Turner, Dave Innis and one strange car were all we met in the eight mile ride.

About two miles up the Ashnola we found the Carricks, Louises and Kennedys on fishing trips and picnics. Billie and I were in the lead leading our two packhorses, Tommy and Jenny, so didn't stop for the lovely drink of cold lime juice they gave the others.

We stopped near Bryant's cabin and rested awhile and ate some nut bars while Billie tightened up the packs.

We passed Mr. & Mrs. Haldane, Helen and Mildred O'Donnel and Dee Wilmott at Duc. Campbell's cabin. We had a job getting the packhorses around the overhanging rock but after some delay succeeded. Billie pointed out two mountain sheep on the hill across the river just after we left the Forks. Then we met Louie Basso and two men on horseback with one packhorse on the trail but saw no further sign of life that day.

We camped at Billie Gillander's cabin about eight after we had unsaddled our horses and fixed them for their grazing. We girls went up the mountain for

water at a spring while Billie undid the packs. After we got back Billie and Kay went fishing while Peg and I got supper and Pat wrote in her diary.

You can't imagine how grand it is! The sky is beautiful with colour. Peg is lying on some blankets waiting patiently for supper while Pat has turned a block upside down and is using it as a table to write on. The supper table is set on the ground in front of the cabin door. Kay and Billie are still away and we are trying to await their return as patiently as our empty stomachs will let us. I smell my spuds burning - must run and will finish this in the morning.

Well, they finally got back and we had our supper of bacon, spuds fried in the grease, pickles, honey and bread and coffee. It was nearly dark when we had finished so we made our bed and put on our nighties. By now it was real dark and we had to help Billie find the horses. Peg, Kay, Billie and I went for them. If anyone could have seen the three of us all in white they'd have sure been scared. We found the horses without much trouble and they were all together. We brought them back to camp and tied them all up, except Skinny and Spud.

Peg and I had a terrible sleep. Our bed was on a little slope and we were on the low side so most of the night was spent crawling back up the hill. Then Pat and Kay got down in our place and we crawled in on top side. We'll be more careful in future. The horses were a little bit restless but not bad. Anyway I was glad

when morning came. I've just turned my horse loose and now writing in this. Kay and Pat got breakfast so as it is ready I'll not need a second invitation.

Monday August 8, 1921

It seems as longtime since I was writing in this, this morning. I guess because we have travelled so far. After breakfast we caught our horses. Peg and I went down and brought them in while Billie fixed the packs and Kay and Pat did the dishes.

We filed out into the trail about seven thirty. There were fresh deer tracks all along the trail and we saw one large bear track just past Noisy Creek.

We forded the river at Big Horn Camp around ten. Big Horn seems like home to me, we've been there so many times. Pat's horse, Dolly, fell down three times while crossing and Pat got very wet. Once across we unsaddled and turned the horses loose for a feed. Kay and Billie went fishing. Peg and I went swimming. Pat dried her clothes and rested.

Kay and Billie caught twelve fish in a few minutes without hardly moving, then Billie cooked dinner. Peg and I had a snooze and Kay and Pat went in for a swim. As soon as Billie had dinner ready we sat down to a meal of fried brook trout, potatoes, bread, honey and coffee. At twelve we caught the horses and saddled. We girls rode on ahead with one pack horse leaving Billie to pack Tommy. We rode as

far as Etches' Camp and there waited for him. Scotty the dog rustled up a deer.

We rode along drinking in the beautiful scenery all afternoon. We saw three large owls and another large bear track on the trail.

We are camped tonight on strawberry flats - the prettiest place yet! Billie has just come back from fixing up poles to keep the horses in. He saw tracks where a large cougar had just crossed the river. We've been riding through cougar country all afternoon and we are still in dense spruce timber with rock slides and bogs. We had green corn, bacon, potatoes, honey, bread and coffee. Kay and Pat got the supper while Peg and I made the fir beds.

We had a lovely evening and went to bed as happy as clams. I have a feeling a bear will come into camp tonight. (Here's hoping)

Tuesday August 9, 1921

We had a swell sleep last night. All slept like logs and we were up at six this morning. Billie and Pat got breakfast while we other three kids rolled the blankets. After breakfast Pat washed the dishes while the rest of us went for the horses. We found them away back at the bars that Billie had put up. They were feeling awfully good but we finally caught them. I think today is our off day as Jenny the pack horse has a sore back so Billie is going to pack my swell saddle

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horse and I'm going to have to ride on Jenny. I'm trying to write in this and listen to what is going on, the kids are laughing and saying I'll have a seat in the Gods because she is so big but I guess I'll get a good view from up there, if I don't have too hard a time keeping my head from bouncing off as I dodge branches. I think I'll need a step ladder to get on. Kay's horse is too funny for words. He is the camp clown. We call him the honourable Skinny. He's a real joke. Will finish this tonight.

Tuesday noon - We had a very eventful morning. We left camp about eight with my horse, Wheyaloot, as one pack horse she objected to such a job and her pack turned over before we had gone more than a mile. Peggy got off to hold her while Billie repacked and she nearly fainted and had to lie down under a tree for awhile. But soon we got fixed up and on our way again. We were still in very dense timber and everyone rode along in silence lost in their own thoughts when we were startled by Scotty, the dog, who rushed off barking into the timber on our right. Billie had his gun out in a flash and on his knee on the ground. I jumped off and ran over beside him but could see nothing. Then Scotty sent up the most terrible howling and Billie ran into the timber and was soon lost to our view. By this time the others were off their horses but we decided we had better stay where we were. So we waited not knowing what was going on and Scotty was still howling. Then a shot rang out and

- change to eventful?

Scotty's howling stopped. When Billie got back he told us a cougar had torn him open and he had had to shoot him. We all felt like crying and very sad and while we were still there a little spotted fawn came walking down the trail toward us and walked nearly up to us before it saw us and then it bounded off into the timber. We are now camped in an awfully spooky place for dinner. It is boggy and still in very dense timber and right behind us, we have just come down it, is a large rock bluff. You'd think to look at it, it would be impossible to get over on foot - let alone horseback. Pat and Billie have gone fishing and Kay, the darling, is cooking the dinner while Peg and I have the very responsible (ahem!) job of watching the horses who are turned loose for a feed. I'm writing in my diary and Peg is half asleep on a pack (pretty soft for us). I hear Billie and Pat coming back and as soon as they cook the fish, we eat. (maybe, poor itty Peggie and me we ain't hungry)

Tuesday night - Another day is nearly over. Everyday seems more wonderful than the last. I believe I said at noon we had a soft job looking after the horses. I've changed my mind. We were peacefully snoozing after lunch when we heard a horse on the rocks and on looking up found Kay's and Pat's horses hitting for home up the bluff. It was impossible to get in front of them on the trail, so we started up over the face of the bluff and nearly broke our necks as well as

our wind and in the end when we reached the trail they were ahead of us. Luckily Billie was down by the river, downstream. He saw us and was able to cut in in front of them and save the day. After that we saddled up and beat it. Wheyaloot had puffed again and her pack turned in less than a mile. We now have new names for Kay's and Pat's mounts. Their proper names are Dolly and Skinny but we have named them Thunder and Lightening, Kick and Bite for their nasty dispositions and speed.

We crossed several pretty little streams, McBride Creek and at Camp Grell we forded the river then after a few miles we forded it again. We passed two cabins, very lonely and spooky looking and we saw an old bear trap for catching bears alive.

This morning at Dunn's Cabin we saw an old diary written on the logs where from Dec. 15, 1914 to March 1915 they had killed twenty one cougar, one measuring ten foot seven inches tip to tip before it was skinned.

We had green corn , bacon, spuds, bread and honey for supper and tonight we are going to have a swell campfire. This is an old camping place called Wall Creek Camp. As it was nearly dark when we got here we'll have to investigate in the morning.

Wednesday August 10, 1921

Deer were all around camp early this morning. We slept swell and were up at six. Its awfully snappy this morning. You can see your breath. We have just had a good breakfast, Billie and Kay have gone to find the horses, Pat and Peg are rolling the blankets and packing. I see Billie and Kay coming but they only have four horses. Wonder what is wrong?

Wednesday noon - There were three horses missing - Kay's, Pat's, and Peg's . So Billie and I saddled Wheyaloot and Beans and went to look for them. We found them or at least poor old Skinny about a mile back in the lodgepole pine all by himself. Billie left me with the three horses while he went to look for signs. While he was away there was an awful lot of noise in some stubby poplars a few yards away about which the horses were very concerned. Billie was gone for over an hour and a half so when he came back I told him and we went to investigate and he found where a bear had been digging for ants.

We found the other horses not far from camp on our return journey. While we were away the girls had investigated the cabin and found several names of people we knew and diaries. So we wrote our names and date there too.

It was eleven before we got started and Wheyaloot's pack turned again, she is getting very professional at it. The trail is terrible! Through burnt timber and fallen logs. Horseflies and bluebottles awful! After several hours of slow, tedious travelling

we found the trail impassable so we had to ride back through three miles of bog for a place to eat. Pat and Billie went fishing and the rest of us got dinner. We nearly died waiting for them. I was lying down near our table and went to get up and nearly put my hand on a snake. We all nearly had a fit. Billie lost his flybook, only one hook left. It was nearly four when we finished our dinner. Billie, Kay and Pat went off to try and find a trail while Peg and I did the dishes and packed up and watched the remaining horses. They left the two speedy ones Wheyaloot and Tommy saddled for a quick getaway if anything came into camp. They have just got back with good news. They have found a way so we'll have to show some speed getting off as it is late and no feed here for the horses.

Wednesday night - We've been kind of out of luck today and tonight find ourselves just three miles from where we camped last night.

After dinner we rode back through the bog. Kay's horse sank to his knees and Kay flew off over his head. We nearly died laughing. We scared up a bear and found where he had been getting honey. Climbed a very steep hill, our saddles slipped back to the horses tail. After a very few miles at seven and nearly dark we found ourselves stuck again on a burnt timber mountainside. So we had to rush back. Wheyaloots pack turned three times during the afternoon and Billie has decided to pack Jenny again. Hurrah! I'll have Wheyaloot back! Billie and Peg saw a bear as they

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were in the lead, but it was gone before the rest of us could see it. We camped at Johnson Creek at eight thirty nearly dark, had hard work to see to do anything. Pat and Kay are getting supper by the light of the fire. Peg and I have made the beds and while I'm waiting for supper I'm trying to write in this by firelight. It is hard on the eyes.

Thursday August 11, 1921

10:00 a.m. - We were all awake bright and early this morning and found five horses were missing. So Billie saddled Tommy and has gone to find them. Billie got back about seven thirty leading Beans. He couldn't bring the others. We had breakfast and Billie, Pat and Kay went off to hunt for a trail over Johnson Creek while Peg and I saddled up Beans and Lightening and went after the runaways. We made good time travelling back and rode as far as the Ford and found no fresh tracks crossing but the sand bars were covered in deer and cougar tracks. Finding no horse tracks we knew we were ahead of them, so started back to find where they had left the trail. After a short search we found them at Tweddle's pre-emption a short distance back in the lodgepole pine feeding. We caught them with very little trouble. Peg led Spud, I led Wheyaloot while Skinny followed in the rear.

We arrived back incamp a little after nine. We tied them all up, unsaddling Lightening but leaving

Beans and Tommy saddled for a quick get away if anything appeared. Then we did the dishes and packed. Now Peg is reading and I'm writing in this. I hear the kids coming , I wonder what their news is?

Wall Creek Camp -6 p.m. August 11, 1921 .

Here we are back at Wall Creek again but still hopeful. The way over Johnson Creek is out of the question. So Billie saddled Beans and me Wheyaloot and we rode away back to the bog. In the middle of which Billie left me to hold the horses while he went on foot to look for a trail. He assured me that if a grizzly came not to be afraid. Wheyaloot would get me out. He was gone nearly two hours. I was never so scared in my life. It was so still and dark. The timber so thick you couldn't see more than a few feet and bear and cougar tracks everywhere and the horseflies were terrible. The horses nearly went crazy too. It wa a very long two hours. But at long last he came back saying that way was impossible as a high wall of granite blocked the way. He asked me if I'd been afraid and I said yessss - just a little uneasy and he consoled me by saying I was a plucky kid.

We got back to camp about one. The kids had had their dinner and were resting. They had been having quite a time while we were away as Skinny who we always left loose persisted in going from one horse to another chewing their ropes. After they had chased him away from every horse in turn he chewed the pack

and when they finally tied him up he chewed his own rope in two. When we arrived back they had his lead tied up so high I'm afraid he'll have a stiff neck. He must be teething!

Billie and I had dinner and then we packed it up and came back here where there is good feed for the horses until we can find a way.

We had supper early tonight and Kay and Billie have gone to search for a way through while Pat, Peg and me mind camp and watch horses.

We had quite a bit of fun on our way back here. Kay and Pat rode on ahead so missed it. I was in the lead leading dear old Jenny when a yellow jacket or something stung her or she just had a fit. Anyway all of a sudden she started to buck and shot out by me bucking and kicking as there wasn't room for both of us on the trail she very kindly took to the side over boulders and logs. It is a wonder she didn't break her neck. It scared my horse who is highly strung and I had a time getting her under control both Jenny and she stopped together at the creek. But alas poor Jenny's pack was missing, saddle and all. After the excitement was over reaction set in and we laughed until we cried. Billie was so thankful I had dropped her lead. He had grabbed his gun and was ready to shoot her.....or was entangled. So what might have been a serious affair was only a laughing matter. We were quite awhile picking up and fixing and repacking so it was about three p.m. before we arrived

at camp. The others were getting worried. After relating our story we set off down to the ford for a swim while Billie took Beans and forded the river to see how the going looked in that direction.

We had a swell swim even if the water is like ice and you could only stay under about three strokes. We saw two snakes. Then we washed our undershirts and carried them back to dry by the fire. When we got back Billie was still away so we built up the fire and Pat and Kay started supper while Peg and I again made the fire beds. Then we had a snooze until we were awakened for supper. Billie got back and has decided we'll ride up Glacier Creek to Redtop Mountain over on to Cathedral and then down across the Ashnola and up to Flattop. It is a very round about way and it will take us two days longer but to us one way is as good as another and we'll see more country. Well they are all jabbering so much and it is too dark to see anyway so I'll say goodnight !

Friday August 12, 1921 - 5 p.m.

We were up at four this morning, awfully frosty! You have to move to keep warm. Pat made pancakes for breakfast and they sure hit the right place. After breakfast Pat and Kay did the dishes and packed while Billie, Peg and myself went for the horses. We found them not far from camp but Tommy, Wheyaloot and Jenny were away back in the down timber so Peg and I

SPACING DIFFERENT

Took the four back to camp then I rode back to help Billie with the others. It was quite a job and took us over an hour. How they ever got in there is a mystery but they must have been there all night as they were wild for food and water when we got them safely out.

We thought we were going to get a good early start this morning but didn't get away until well after seven a.m. We went back to Glacier Creek. We heard a bear in the bush and the horses got wind of it and snorted a lot and we had to do considerable urging to get them by but we didn't see anything.

Stung again! After climbing for an hour up a terrible trail we found a big rock slide blocking the way. We held a consultation and Billie said if we were game we'd ride back down again to Johnson Creek and about a mile the other side strike up the mountain and by keeping to the ridges where the timber wasn't so thick maybe we could make the top. So as we were all game the Cavalcade about turned and we rode or rather we slid down that steep trail to the foot and then over our old trail which was the fifth time Peg and I had ridden it, to a spot about a mile past Johnson Creek. When we reached a place Billie thought looked good we all got off and re-Saddled and checked the packs. While we were doing this Jenny had a fit of some kind and Billie thought she was going to die. But Pat said she had colic anyway she finally recovered and we went up the first little bench one at a time as it was straight up and we were afraid of falling rocks. By keeping to the ridges we made good

time for a short distance then Billie was obliged to cut trail, so Kay rode Billie's horse, Beans, and led Tommy. Peg led Jenny, Pat led Kay's horse while I brought up the rear with a long club to keep Skinny from pulling Pat's arm out of its socket . Thus we moved slowly on. It was terrible, very rough going! It took us five hours to reach the top where we found water to drink. So at five o'clock we sat down to dinner. It had been eleven hours of hard work since breakfast or a drink.

The wildflowers are beyond description . Wonderful! Wonderful! And Pat saw a deer. Billie told us we'd never get rougher going anywhere and not many would tackle it. So we were pretty tickled with ourselves. Billie got sick later, a very sore throat. Pat diagnosed it as a elongated and we've put a rag with mentholatum on it around his neck. We must not let him get sick. As there wasn't much for the horses to eat and just swamp water to drink we traveled on again from six until dark through swampy meadows covered with burnt timber which must have been burned many, many years ago. It is all a dull whitish grey, a very spooky place. We saw a pretty little doe which Billie shot and then we camped. It was a forced camp every other step you went down over your shoetops in mud and water. We had quite a time in the dark finding a place half dry to make a bed and a fire. We ate around ten o'clock, mostly fresh venison and then we went to bed. Peg is waiting now for me to come to bed. I hope I don't get drowned on the way. Pat has lost

her diary. I'm so sorry. Maybe it will turn up in the morning. Good night!

Saturday noon August 13, 1921

Billie awakened us a three a.m. to see the sun rise. I have a hazy recollection of how wonderful it was but I'm afraid I didn't waken enough to get the full benefit of it.

We had a good breakfast – Billie told us a bear came near camp and the horses nearly stampeded just at daybreak. They are still nervous raising their heads and snorting every once in awhile. Skinny has lost his bridle. We got very wet but trying to catch them. Then we saddled up and struck off into the brush toward the southeast. The going got worse and worse, the horseflies terrible! The horses nearly went crazy. We didn't make more than a mile or so all morning . We forded Boundary Creek about noon and made camp in the other side and while we cooked the dinner Billie went to hunt trail. We had to blanket the horses and tie them up. Jenny went nearly crazy again and before we could stop her she rope burned herself pretty badly. Hope Billie doesn't see it. I took her blanket off and turned the old fool loose. Hope she gets lost. We were so hungry we didn't wait for Billie. Yum, Yum! The best yet. Hope Billie soon comes back or we are going to have a real stampede. The horses are all going crazy and so are we as the horseflies are eating us as well as the horses. Here is Billie. Thank goodness! He says Flattop tonight and the going is

wonderful. So as soon as Billie eats and we saddle up we are off.

Flat Top Saturday August 13, 1921

I don't know hardly what to write or how I can express myself tonight – it is so very wonderful. We had a lovely ride all afternoon. Just like riding in a beautiful park. There are pretty little streams running everywhere edged with bright wild flowers of every colour and the whistlers whistling all around us. We passed great snowbanks and rode out of timber line around three o'clock onto the top of Flat Top. Oh, the view! We crossed the U.S. Canadian Boundary and then circled back down to timber line and near the first trees we made our camp... We had supper, made our bed and gathered wood for our fire then sat and watched the sun set. You can see fifteen ranges of mountains, one rising above the other. The ones in front are covered in dense timber while the far ones are rocky and snow peaked. The sky is still red, pink, and a soft shade of yellow even though the sun has been gone for over an hour. A big full moon is rising in the east. The horses are on the sky line so before they stray out of sight we must go and catch them. Kay and Peg are waiting for me.

Distance up here is very deceiving everything is twice as far away as it looks. It was a good half hour's climb to the horses. We each caught two, rode one bare

back and led one, with old Skinny to follow. It was a very steep ride down so we'd stop often to look at the beautiful sights around us. The little campfire twinkling below us with Pat and Billie sitting near it. We sang "Abide with me". It seemed so right with all the beauty and stillness around us. It almost seemed a sacrilege to speak. After we arrived at camp we fixed our horses for the night then sat around the fire and sang and talked and Billie told stories until about ten when Peg and I retired. I don't know what time the others came to bed.

Sunday August 14, 1921

We didn't have a very good sleep on a bit of a side hill again. Billie turned the horses loose at daybreak and we were all up by six. The horses were still in sight but by the time we had finished our breakfast and cleaned up they had disappeared over the skyline so Billie, Peg and I started after them. It was a steep climb and we were panting hard before we caught them. It seems like Sunday morning, so still, so beautiful, so wonderful, so almost holy. I have my horse saddled and ready and as soon as everyone is set we'll take off.

Sunday noon, August 14, 1921

We rode around Flat Top, crossed the U.S. line over on to Bebe Peak where we met a Spanish Sheep

herder with fifteen hundred head of sheep. We were sure surprised to see him. We were riding along when he appeared over a hill just in front of us with his lovely sheep dog. Billie got off his horse and walked over to him. After awhile he brought him over to us and we discovered he couldn't understand a word of English. So we all got off our horses and sat down to try and make him understand. At last he seemed to know we were looking for a trail, then by pointing and with motions he got up and motioned us to follow. He took us to his camp and gave us dried peaches and sourdough bread. Then he showed us the trail over Bebe. He pointed and said Marko - Peno, which we took to mean blazed trees. He seemed very happy when we all shook hands with him and said goodbye. Then he got a pencil out of his pocket and wrote, Anteo c/o Ramon Escure, Burke Washington and pointed to our camera and then to himself. We had taken some pictures at his camp of him and his sheep and he wanted us to send him copies.

We then left in the direction he pointed. Pat has been sick all day. We are all sorry for her, the trail we were following ended around ten o'clock in a lovely alpine meadow just below timber line. There was a lovely little stream running through it and the wildflowers beautiful beyond description. As Pat was sick and I had toothache we decided to camp here while Billie again hunts for a trail. So we unsaddled and turned the horses loose then Billie rode off on Beans. The horses were not hungry and started back down the trail so we

caught them and tied them up . Then Kay and Peg started dinner while Pat and I lay down for a sleep. (poor old ladies) I was awakened by a loud crack of thunder and jumped just in time to see Tommy jump back and break his halter. It had all clouded over and was starting to rain so we gathered up the saddles and packs in a pile and put the canvas over them. Then we had to catch Tommy and Skinny and tie them up. Just then Billie came hopping in and we put the tent up and had dinner. Then Billie rode off again and we cleaned up and then went to sleep in the tent. The storm passed over with very little rain. I was awakened by one of the horses squealing found old Kick and Bite making a nuisance of himself so I chased him away and as I was crawling back in I saw how funny the others looked, all still sound asleep so I took their picture. I hope it comes out.

Later we were still lying in the tent laughing and talking while we waited for Billie to come back when the tent fell in on us. The pole luckily fell between Kay and Pat. We laughed so hard we could hardly crawl out. Billie returned a short time later with good news of a swell trail. So we packed up and saddled up and left around four. We had just ridden a little way when Pat saw a sheep lying in the water. We all saw it move so Billie and Kay got off and walked over to it. Billie lifted it out, but it was too far gone and weak. It just seemed to shiver and die. We all felt very sad and christened it Dead Sheep Camp.

The trail was swell , like a paved road to what we've been used to and the country if possible seems to get more beautiful every mile.

We soon rode out of timber line again where the going is even better. About five thirty we rode down into the timber again and over a gulch. I happened to look up and saw a man on a big black horse with a dog trotting along behind him , riding along a ridge across the gulch from us. We all got excited and started after him but he was traveling light and fast and we found nothing but his tracks. So Billie called it off and pointed to a place down in a hollow and told we girls to ride down there and make camp while he continued the pursuit, and putting spurs to Beans he rode off leaving us with nothing to do but obey orders. So four very disappointed little girls zig-zagged down the steep slope to a lovely spot at the bottom. We were all feeling very rebellious and said some not nice things which I'm afraid were not very ladylike and will make us course looking if we don't watch out. We had the packs off and all the horses unsaddled and feeding and supper nearly ready when Billie got back with no news.

While we were having supper we heard music and funny noises. After we had finished supper Peg and I ran down to the top of another hill. Billie sent Kay and Pat to bring us back as he said it might be moonshiners so the four of us sat on the brow of the hill and listened. Then we made out what it was. It was someone playing what we all thought was an accordion and the funny noises

were sheep bleating and sheep bells tinkling. We sat and listened for awhile and then walked back to where "the Papa" was smoking by the fire.

Monday morning August 15, 1921

We feel terrible this morning as if we'd been on a stew party all night. Talk about a rotten sleep!(the worst yet) Let's not talk about it. We were up at six and found Billie gone but the fire on and water boiling. So we had our breakfast and sat around camp. I make a bannock for something to do. Billie didn't get back until after ten o'Clock with such bad news. He went to the sheep camp over the gulch and spent the morning talking to Martin , the packer. It was he whom we had seen on the big black horse. He could speak English and from him Billie found that there were some bad fires on Coleman ridge and in the Phasaten Valley and it wouldn't be safe to go on. So the only thing to do is to ride back to the Ashnola, go over on to Cathedral and down the South Fork and home. So we all feel like weeping but what is the use?

As there is now no hurry we have decided to camp here tonight and get an early start in the morning. We had dinner at noon then Pat, Peg and Kay went for a hike and Billie and I went prospecting up the creek. We had a lovely afternoon and got back to camp about half an hour before the other kids. Martin, the packer, came over to visit us and made us two swell bannocks. Then we had our supper and walked back to his camp with him. It was

a beautiful walk, the sun set marvelous, partly I guess because of the fire and the surroundings so parklike. We walked to the top of a hill and sat down and watched the sheep in the valley below. Then the herder came up and joined us with his four wonderful dogs, Monte, Bob, Baldy, and Nellie. They were as wild as could be as they see no one but their masters for months. The herder himself was a young Spaniard who couldn't speak English. Then Martin took us to see his two horses and two pack mules. They also were as wild as deer. After this we went down to his camp. By this time the big full moon was rising over the eastern skyline and the western sky was gradually changing from its brilliant shades to paler ones and the sweet smell of wildflowers was heavy on the air. We watched, fascinated while Joel, the herder and his dogs brought in the twenty three hundred sheep for the night. Martin made us cocoa and sourdough bread. By the time we were finished eating Joel had his sheep in the bedding ground around camp. It was wonderful to see those clever dogs work. After the sheep were safely folded, Joel came to join us. At first the dogs wouldn't come but crept in gradually as the evening wore on and settled near their master. We handed him his accordion and he played pretty Spanish airs for us. It all seemed like a wonderful fairytale. I could have stayed and listened allnight, but as he hadn't had his supper or the dogs been fed, we left shortly after eight. It was a magic walk home. Kay nearly got lost (poor itty girl)! I'll never forget this night as long as I live. It is perfect

beyond description. Kay and Billie went for the horses and brought back snow for us. From where I'm sitting it is not five minutes climb to snow. We keep our meat buried in it. Now time for bed.

Tuesday, August 16, 1921

We had a swell night's sleep , my turn for the middle and we were up at five this morning, talk about snappy. White frost everywhere. After breakfast Billie went for the horses and came back with them all but Spud. He was with Martin's horses and evidently liked their company. He has had a sore back so we haven't ridden him for three days. He has just had to carry the pack saddle so Peg has ridden Beans and Billy Tommy while poor old Jenny has had the only pack. We saddled up and started off around seven carrying Spud's saddle and blanket until we could catch up with him.

We zig-zagged up the steep hill from the camp to the flat top and soon caught sight of Mr. Spud and his new found friends. Martin was there to see us off and catch his own horses. Peg and Billie went to catch Spud leaving Kay , Pat and I with Jenny. It was bitterly cold up there. I was holding Jenny's lead rope and was just handing it to Kay to hold while I took a picture of us to have of the country. As I handed her to Kay Pat said, "Good night... look where her cinch is". She had puffed and it had worked back during the steep climb. Kay says

"I've a feeling she is about to do something," no sooner said than done – away she went and buck, she sure did until the ground was set for dinner and she was minus saddle, blanket and pack. We just sat and laughed ourselves sick. Billie, Peg and Martin were shouting from the distance, "Let her buck." Several of the tin plates flew in the air and she kicked them as they came down adding to the din and the fun. We nearly froze to death. She had broken her cinch and she was determined not to have that pack again, but with Martin's help we were eventually ready to make another start.

We made very good time back to Dead Sheep Camp. Then we struck south around Bebe. On the south side of Bebe we found an old molybdenum mine. We got some good samples and I found a perfect crystal. We looked in the old cabin and wrote our names there. It is called the "Morning Sun" mine. It was very very old and the cabin all falling to pieces. Then we struck off north east down a sheep herders trail, some trail, a mountain goat would shun it. We had to wait at the corners of the zigs while we went one at a time down the zags because of rolling rocks. Whistlers everywhere. We camped at noon in a pretty little spot which when we think of it now leaves a bad taste in our mouths. Jenny as usual was the hoodoo. She was still feeling jittery and nervous and Billie was out of patience with her. Kay was holding her while he unpacked her when she stepped on his foot and didn't seem inclined to get off. So he kicked her with his other foot, and away she went over top of

Kay who let go and ran as she was packed and he was only undoing the hitch. She once more put on quite a show. Billie grabbed beans and took after her but soon came back without her. So we started to track her , a nightshirt here, a towel there, a blanket or a plate , on and on it went but at last we caught up with her and she is back in camp in disgrace – I'm sorry for her, the poor thing!

After dinner Billie decided to ride Jenny and pack Tommy. A short time after leaving camp the trail again ended and we spent the rest of the day riding in circles and then we met our old friend Anteo and his brother Felix, who again came to our assistance showing us the old Boundary trail. So we once more said goodbye and started down. It was a pretty bad trail and we had to do some cutting but we soon hit the Ashnola, forded it and found a swell trail up the other side. It is something to stand on the boundary and see the slashed space, sixty feet wide go over mountain and valley in a straight line. We've been in the states since Sunday and have crossed and recrossed the line over a dozen times this afternoon.

We are going to try and make Cathedral tonight but we'll have to speed. Couldn't make it. It is in sight but we had to make a forced camp in the rain. After unsaddling Billie and I put up the tent while the other kids got supper, which we ate in the rain. By seven we were ready to retire. There is a thunder storm coming so sleep for me quick before it gets too close.

Wednesday August 17, 1921

Pat, Peg and Billie were up at four thirty but Kay and I were lazy as it was raining and hardly daylight and bed felt very good and the thought of putting on those cold wet breeks was not encouraging. It makes me shiver now to think of it.

We made the grade a short time after the fire was lit. Patricia had quite a time getting it started. It rained all during breakfast. The horses were cold and very hard to catch, then saddle ropes and cinches were wet and stiff and very hard to handle. We rode until about ten in the rain, until we were chilled to the bone. Then we lost our trail again. So Billie has left us to build a fire and get warm while he hunts a trail. It has stopped raining and we have a swell fire going. Spud kept wanting to lie down so Peg unsaddled him finding his swelling had broken and a lot of terrible looking pus has come out. So we have doctored him up and Peg has his blanket tied on behind her saddle and Kay his pack saddle tied on behind her. She has just been on to see how it fits. I don't know what Billie will say but poor Spud will be much better.

We thought we'd save time by not unpacking Tommie, just loosening it and reaching in for what we needed for dinner. Kay went to get something and left a white nightshirt hanging out. Tommy got sight of it and away he went- around and around and around the tree until he ran out of rope. So much for our brainy idea.

We left camp at noon and rode past Cathedral Mountain. My it is wonderful! All snow peaked and certainly looking like a great Cathedral, all spires, with a beautiful lake at its foot. We missed the trail again and lost a couple of hours looking for it.

This afternoon's ride has been wonderful, the queerest country. Somehow it made me think of the Druids. Spooky, but fills you with awe and makes you think of the wonders of our maker.

We made good time and arrived at Tungsten mine about five and as it again looked like rain, we decided to stay here.

There are several buildings here. Some small cabins and a large mess house. We went there first and were very surprised to find the doors blocked open and everything inside ship shape and spotlessly clean although we knew the mine had been closed for six years. During the war pack trains took the ore to Ashnola station on the Great Northern. It was used for hardening steel and much needed at that time but closed down as soon as the war ended in 1918.

We snooped into everything and found dried food in abundance. Pat lit a fire in the huge range and started supper while the rest of us investigated further. Dishes, dozens of everything and pots and pans of every description, butcher knives and cutlery of every kind. Also, snowshoes, mackinaw coats, heavy boots, rubber boots, caps, shirts, heavy pants. One would think fifty men still lived and worked here.

Pat and Kay did the dishes Peg and I went for the horses, I saddled mine and left her tied by the door. I have rope lines on my bridle and you know Skinny's failing well when we were all ready to start everyone on but me – there were my lines lying on the ground covered in green slime. Gee we laughed!

The ride this morning was very uneventful. Everyone quietly riding along , no one talking or laughing. All of us reluctant to have it end. All blue at leaving God's Country, the great outdoor. It was with regret and a promise to come back soon that I left.

We rode steadily for six hours seeing only two large eagles before we stopped for dinner at the Forks. We only stopped a short time for lunch as even the horses seemed anxious to move on toward home and our spirits picked up as we got nearer. We were a merry crowd the last sixteen miles. We turned Jenny and Spud loose to follow. My horse hot stung by a yellow jacket while jumping a log and did some gymnastics for a few minutes. The horses were very crabby. It had been a hard trip for them but we nearly died laughing at them. Kay's kicked Pat twice in the foot, the poor old colt he even had pep and did the highland fling everytime Kay put spurs to him.

We arrived in town about nine, a grand night with a big yellow moon and not a breath of wind. There was a crowd in town and they were all glad to see us safely back and hear about our trip. Everyone talked at once and nobody listened. We all got an ice cream cone at Tidy's

Kay and I went to investigate the cabin behind and found a very cozy place. A good bed with a lovely eiderdown quilt, white oilcloth on the table, a bookcase filled with good books, a green eyeshade and food on the table covered with a snowy cloth. It smelled warm in there so we felt the stove and found it warm with red coals in the firebox.

We were very excited and ran to report our findings. Billie said there must be a caretaker and this was right as very soon there appeared a big, lanky old fellow in a mackinaw coat, heavy boots, a cowboy hat and best of all a beautiful big, droopy red moustache, pink eyes and a big pipe. Billie explained our presence. He was very nice and told us to help ourselves.

It was a grand supper and we surely did enjoy it. After it was over, Billie went to spend the evening with Arnold the caretaker and we talked for awhile and then went to bed. Oh, the rats! The rats! We were afraid they would make off with us in the night but the last I can remember is I was afraid to go to sleep.

Thursday August 18, 1921

Our last day out. We'll be home tonight. I don't want to go home! Well we lived through the night and no one was missing this morning. Kay and I slept in again. Pat was up early and made swell baking powder biscuits and Arnold brought us honey as ours was long gone, and we ate until we were ashamed. It tasted so good. While

and then off home. We left Pat at their place and Peg, Kay and I rode down to the Ranch with Billie and the horses. After we had unsaddled and put all the gear away, Maurice drove us back to East's in the car. Jim, Gordie and the Mattice boys were all there and a swell supper was waiting for us on the table. So while everyone talked we ate.

It was eleven o'clock before we went to bed. How wonderful the bed felt and we sure slept sound and long.

Bill Gibson
August 19, 1921
Keremeos , B.C.

Billie Daly – died in the late 1930's
Pat East became Mrs. James Clarke and still lives
in Keremeos
Peg East became Mrs. Ned Carter and died in 1973
Lived in West Vancouver
Kay Gibson became Mrs. John Duke and lives
in Victoria
Bill Gibson became Mrs. RH Estabrooks,
now lives in Summerland