

THE

HOPE

TRAIL

1928

1928

THE COVER—Here is a puzzle for those who are interested in the wild flowers of the West. Perhaps some of these may be found in other localities, but as our title indicates they are representative of Glacier National Park. Find, if you will, the Lupine, Brown-eyed Susan, White Bog Orchid, Valerian, Paint Brush, and Meadow Rue. They are all jumbled together to make a brilliant mass of color. The artist, Katheryn Woodman Leighton, is an emigrant from a provincial New England village into the Far West, where she now resides. Before going to California, her studies were pursued in Boston and New York, but now she is recognized as one of the leading Western artists. Quoting from *California Arts*:

“She has proven in her expression of the Northwest that she is out of the ordinary class; stands alone as a woman artist in the things she has accomplished.

“Mrs. Leighton has achieved in the landscape field vigorous and thrilling studies of Glacier National Park, and has given the world some of the most convincing and remarkable views of the grandeur and charm of the scenic wonder that has been unex-

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plored by artist, and is a competitive spot in beauty to any country.

“Mrs. Leighton’s real triumph was in the recognition of her work by the Great Northern Railway. In their chalet, in the Glacier National Park, she has made historical Indian studies for the purpose of preserving a record of the traditions and life of the old Blackfoot Indians. The entire collection has great value in showing their picturesqueness, sturdiness, customs, dress, and ceremonials. They are preserved by the railroad as a permanent educational exhibition. Clad in authentic dress, the portraits of the Indian are splendid specimens historically as well as artistically.

“A visit to Mrs. Leighton’s studio adjoining her homey bungalow in Los Angeles gives an intimate picture of a great artist, whose career is a part of home life. As a pal, her successful attorney husband, Edward E. Leighton, and strapping, handsome son, an authority on Indian archeology, have journeyed with the artist on her many trips into the open.

“She has an important place in civic and club life of California, and is always creating in her path of activities the best in art. Mrs. Leighton has been indefatigable in bringing an appreciation of art into homes and clubs. . . .

“Mrs. Leighton’s appreciation of the desert abloom, the beautiful scenery of the High Sierras or the Canadian Rockies, and the individuality of the ‘Blackfoot Colony,’ the Indians of Glacier National Park, should be far-reaching in influencing the young painter to realize they have all at hand to find the best inspiration in art and nature.”



"WILD FLOWERS OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK"—By Kathryn W. Leighton



BRIDGE OF LAKERS SUMM. PEACHTON, B.C.

The OLD HOPE TRAIL.

One cannot live long in the Southern Interior of British Columbia - at least in Princeton - without hearing many stories of the Old Hope Trail. And always there is the air of mystery, the hazy vision of a long dusty trail, rising high over mountains, winding through dark forests, across meadow and plain. The shades of hardy pioneers are suggested - mighty men who lived of yore, and helped to build the fabric of this great Western land. The air of romance still hangs over that old trail between Princeton and Hope. Men speak confidently of a time in the near future when a good modern highway will take the place of the Old Trail. Autos will climb the rugged heights where sixty years ago pack mules picked their way. Many fear that Romance will fade before the glare of the headlights. But Romance still calls. The highway is not yet.

I had planned to be absent from Princeton during the month of August. But by the 30th. of July my plans were still very indefinite. But something happened that forenoon that gave shape to my plans for the following week. Allen MacDonald, formerly the popular "Mac" of the Kettle Valley Railway staff, but now resident at Oliver, came along, bringing with him a mutual friend. I had not seen Dr. Kearney for some years, and at first could hardly believe my eyes. They said something about walking over the Old Hope Trail. We were all agreed in a few minutes that as soon as the afternoon train had left Princeton for the Coast we should start out on the trail to Hope. That is how it all came about.

My friend, Mr. Wilfred Freeman, prepared a map, and made some notes, which he thought might help us on the way. The map was four miles to the inch. The following note in the left hand lower corner of the map proved that the writer had not travelled in vain when he went over the trail - as he has done a number of times. "Not a quarter of the creeks are shown on this map, so don't judge your position by creeks. You will probably do 2 and half m.p.h."



VERMILION AVE. PRINCETON, V.T.

Mr. Freeman's Guide Notes.

Place marked "mining camp".
Can't say whether this camp is visible from the trail. It's fairly recent, but you will come to the trail to it (and another on the Southerly side) marked by a board on a tree, shortly after passing an open meadow, having arrived at which up steep hill and along various sections of corduroy on trail.

Trail is a little confused near summit owing to the fact that it traverses rather open country, and therefore horses and cattle don't keep on it.
Granite outcrops.
Clumps of little spruce.
Heather.
Small pong fringed with will on right just about quarter a mile before actual summit. (Probably dry).

Look out for rhododendrons after climbing up to Skagit Bluffs from Cayuse ~~XXXX~~ Flat.
Huckleberries red and blue.
There is good fishing at the bridge between Cedar Flat and Cayuse Flat, also at the latter place. 9" to 10" fish.

Rainbow and D.Varden in Sumallow, reached shortly after passing 23. (big tree with sign-board to Skagit Trail).

Good fishing (small) in Nicolum below 9.mile bridge.

.....



3.

Mrs. Barton (Mac's sister) had prepared an enjoyable meal for us, so that we should feel that we had an enjoyable start. A friend of Mac's volunteered to drive us as far as the bridge nine miles out from Princeton. Nine Mile is the point where the Trail really begins. Mrs. Barton kodaked the whole party before we left. A glance at the picture will show that we each had very respectable packs. Doc's fishing rod was sticking out of his pack, and the rod was graced by a couple of dough-nuts from Mrs. Barton's table. We set out with light hearts, full stomachs, and heavy packs.

Nothing special happened on the way to Nine Mile - except that the Doctor's pack fell off the running board. It was soon on again. It was just about 5.0'c. when we left Princeton. The trip to Nine Mile does not take long - when travelling by "Overland". The correct name for Nine Mile Creek is Lamont Creek. That is according to the map, but the chances are that few have ever heard it called by any other name than Nine Mile. Custom has made Nine Mile the name.

A trail breaks off to the right on either side of the bridge. The first trail (really a road now) leads to the Lynden Valley Coal Mine. The other trail - on the far side of the bridge - is the Old Hope Trail. At the beginning of this trail the Overland left us, and went back to town. We three bent forward under the weight of our packs, and started plodding our weary way up a long steep winding hill. Nor did we stop for a rest till we had covered three miles, and come to the Twelve-Mile Creek. We were ready for a drink of the clear cold water that came tumbling down the rocks. We sat down, and in a few seconds were greeted by a cloud of mosquitoes. Doc had a wonderful knack of doing the right thing just at the right time, and he brought a few twigs together, and set a light to them. Mosquitoes hate smoke as the devil hates holy water.

After ten minutes we were on our way again, and carried on till we came to the next Creek - marked Fourteen Mile on the map. Another smudge. Another drink. The evening was getting cool. A breeze was



LOOKING NORTH. PRINCETON, G.C.

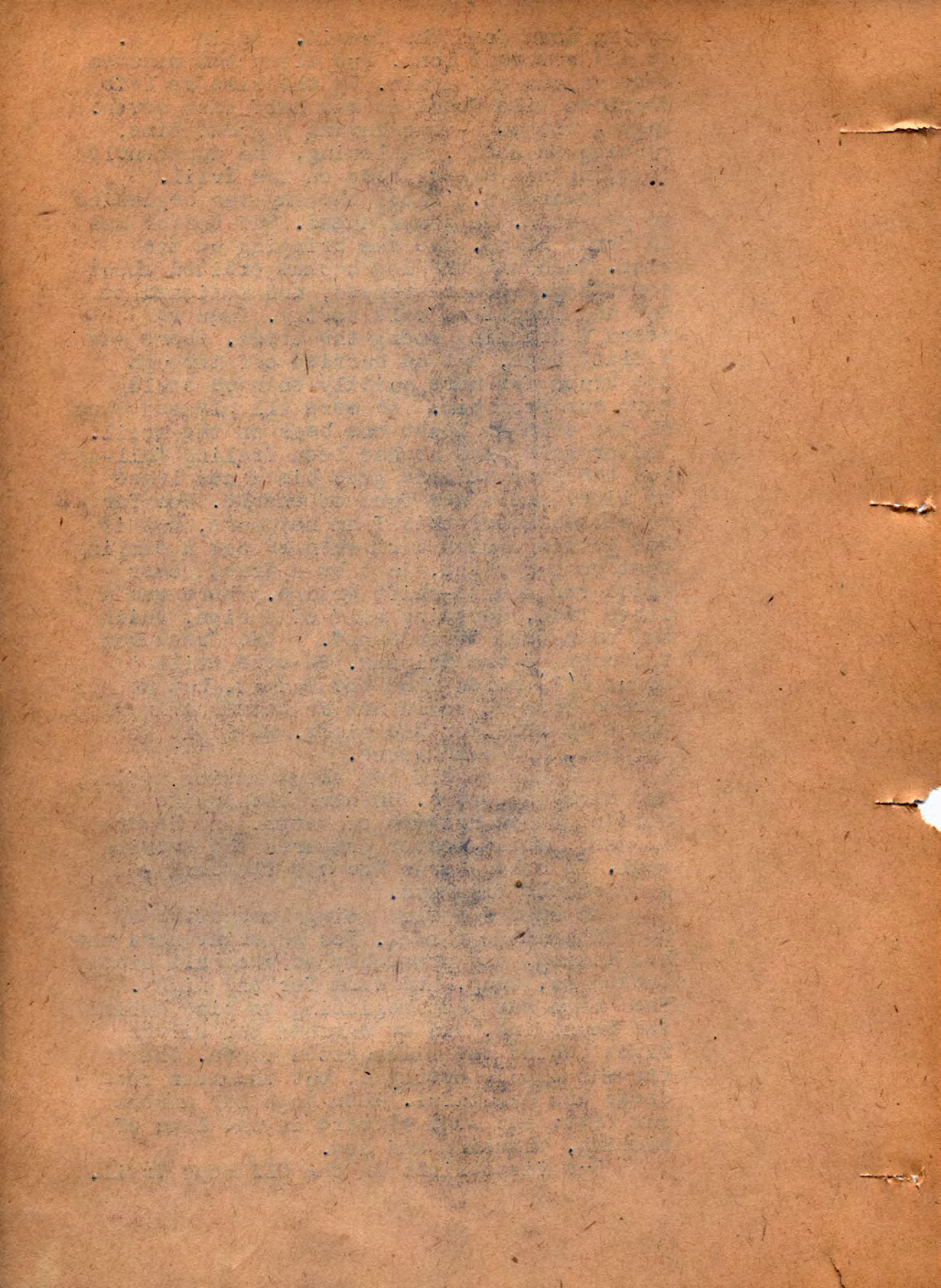
coming down from the Summit. Again ^{4.} we did not rest long, but after ten minutes were up and off again. By the time we left Fourteen Mile Creek it was half past seven. Mugs - the dog - was having a great time, running on ahead, exploring, and apparently enjoying his experiences on the Trail.

Towards 8.0'clock the sky was beginning to get dark. Mugs was ahead. The Doctor was in front of me. Mac was bringing up the rear. Suddenly the dog became excited about something. Doctor stopped, and motioned to Mac and myself to walk softly. Then we heard a crashing among the trees. There was a black bear, but he hurried off through the brush far more quickly than we could have run from him. We were all pleased that we had seen at least one bear on the trail. Doctor said that he had been feeling "all-in" but the bear episode gave him a new lease of life, and a new fund of energy. How far we walked after this I am not sure, but it was getting quite dark when we saw a camping spot on our right, just by a Creek, over which ran a make-shift bridge. There was a large tree, carrying half of a sign, which had once read "Princeton". The Creek was a feeder of the Whipsaw. We were still about 8(?) miles from the Summit, but we all agreed that we could not do better than rest where we were for the night. We might go further, and fare worse.

Mac and myself set about making a fire, and carrying water. We were both quite content to be drawers of water, and hewers of wood, while Doctor prepared the evening meal. In other words Doc was the cook - we were the flunkeys.

We kept the fire going long after we had finished our meal. Doc superintended the bed making, and presently we were all nicely tucked in, snug, and warm for the night. The moon was just beginning to rise behind the mountains, and we watched the silver light behind the silhouetted trees. The sky was cloudy overhead, but the moon rose clear and beautiful. Then Mugs lay across our feet, and soon we were in the land of winking, blinking and nod.

Our first night on the Old Hope Trail.



Tuesday, 31st. July, 1928.

We were all up bright and early - before 6. o'clock. For breakfast we had grape-nuts, toast, eggs, bacon & toast. By 7.30. we were on the trail again, making for the Summit. It was about 9. am. when we came to the Mining Camp marked on the map. There were four signs for our information. One on our right pointed up a trail leading to Day's Camp. One on our left pointed to trail to Spencers Camp. A sign pointing East directed to Princeton. A sign pointed ahead. On this sign was the word "Hope". A little past this on our right was Spencer's Bunkhouse (?) A fine long log building. There was a canvas extension. Chinese cook. We rested here then went on. Mugs made a great ado when he discovered another dog. We knew that we were not alone on the Trail. Soon a man and a boy and a pack-horse were coming towards us. The boy shouted to his dog, calling "Tom".

The trail leading to the Three Brothers is not very far from the Summit. It leads off to the left. We stopped for dinner at an old camping spot. We were feeling really tired after the long climb, and looked forward to the time when we should be sliding down the other side. Doc took a photograph of the spot. Mac was lying flat, and I was propped against a tree. After arranging the camera Doc came and sat between us, then pulled a long string. The result is seen in the picture.

So far we had not been greatly impressed with the scenery. In fact what scenery there was could not be seen through the trees. The trail runs through heavy timber lands. Few travel these ways except trappers, of whom we found evidence aplenty. As a matter of fact the first half of the trail is not a scenic trip by any means. But the wild flowers are gorgeous. These form the real scenery this side of the Pass. The mass and variety of colour is a source of delight. More like a garden than Nature's Park. We were sorry that we could not call many of the flowers by name. But here is a list of some that we could name.

6.

Partial List of Wild-flowers on Trail.

Red flowers.

Paint brush (Indian)
Clover.
Thistle.
Skunk blossom.
Bleeding heart (?)
Fire weed.
Columbine.

Blue flowers.

Lupin.
Daisy.
Flox.
Larkspur.
Monkshood.
Bluebell.
Heart's Ease.

Yellow flowers.

Tiger lilies.
Pond lilies.
Buttercups.
Marigolds.

White flowers.

Tansy(?)
Yarrow (?)
Twin flower.

Green.

Berries.

Strawberries.
Gooseberries.
Snake (?)berries.
Saskatoons.
Oregon grapes.
Hunchberries(?)
Salmonberries.
Raspberries.
Brambleberries.
Redcaps.
Blackcaps.



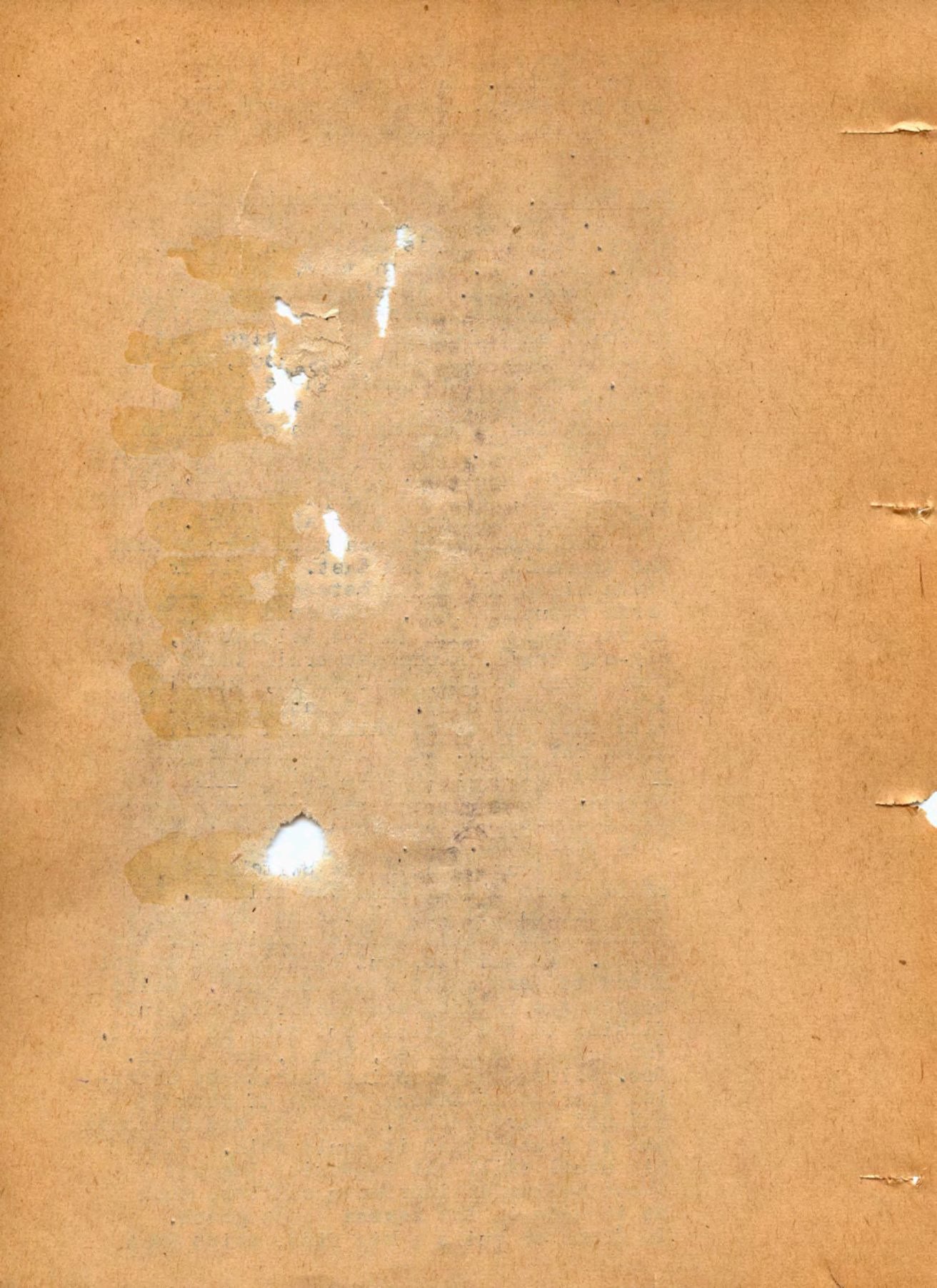
7.

Doctor was very sorry that he had no colour plates. But the picture will live in memory, though of course, no description can convey any idea of the picture.

The Summit. We were now nearing the Summit. The miles began to seem long and weary. The Summit is marked on the map 6000. feet. Mr. Freeman said, to be exact, it is 5960. feet. We stopped long enough to congratulate ourselves. We look with profound satisfaction to the sign that pointed both ways - to Princeton, and to Hope. Even at the Summit there is no expanse of scenery: rather a flat top, on which for a furlong or so one has to pick the trail. We did not see the heather Mr. Freeman spoke of, but the pond, and the willows, and the clumps of spruce, and the granite outcrops were all there.

The descent is much more abrupt than the approach from the East. In six or seven miles one drops between two and three thousand feet. The road going down is variously known as the Switchback, or Zig-zag trail. Along the trail there are many small creeks, or feeders, tumbling down industriously. Presently we got a view that was worth while of a broiling creek far below. We were no longer going up the Whipsaw: we were going down the Skaist. We soon felt the different atmosphere as we realised that we had dropped down over 2000. feet.

The journey down the Switchback was really more tiring than the trip up. We were anxious to get as far as the bridge across the Skaist before camping for the night. We made it, but by the time we got there we were quite ready to quit. While supper was in progress Mac tried his luck fishing in the Skaist, but with no result. For supper we had tea, toast, and bacon. Doc. revived our drooping spirits by chanting stories of famous crooks of whom we had not heard before. The sky was overcast and we feared that it would rain. With his usual skill and ingenuity Doc set about making an impromptu shelter, such as is seen in the ~~second~~ photograph. In front we built a big fire, which kept



till long after I had fallen asleep. The last thing I remembered was the cloudy sky, the noise of the Skaist running past, the big blaze, and Doc singing stories that made Mac almost forget that he was really tired.

Our Camp by the bridge was in a rather lonely valley. As one looked in the direction of Hope, he was conscious of being shut in on all sides. On the right and across the river on the left the mountains rose abruptly, and ended in long plateaus. (as far as one could guess). Then at either end of this valley great rounded mountains raised their heads shutting the light out from both ends.

The accompanying picture gives little idea of the valley. The picture of course was made next morning. It gives a good idea of the shelter we had for the night. Fortunately it did not rain.

In my note-book for the end of the day I find scribbled "Moon not seen. Fire. Noise of water. Night"

That was our second night on the road.

Wednesday, 1st. August, 1928. I rose between 5 and 6. o'clock. We all had tea before making breakfast. The mountain tops were all lost in mist. Fortunately it did not rain. After breakfast Mac set to fishing and got a fish just before we left. We left camp at 9.45. Our first objective was place marked on the map as "Broken bridge", which we judged to be about three or four miles further on. I think that a few drops of rain did fall, but the sun was trying hard to break through the clouds. Little patches of blue were in the sky giving promise of a brighter day later on. We had to pass thro very heavy brush. On the way we found plenty of berries - raspberries, strawberries etc.. Mac was much interested in a pretty humble flower, which he called the twin-flower, because two of the flowers are always to be found on one stem. We scared a number of blue (or willow?) grouse-one in particular.

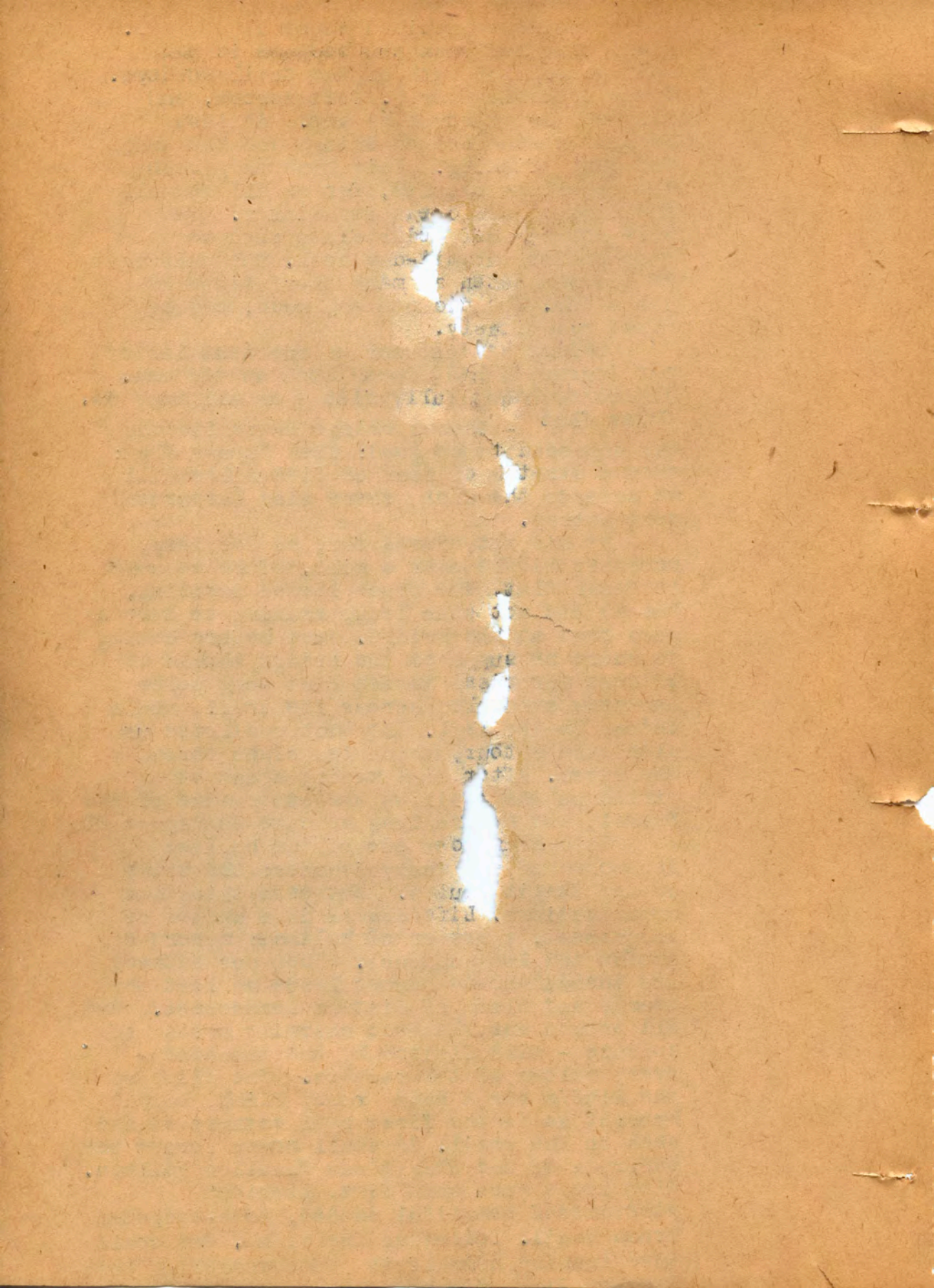


At one point we noticed where a giant tree had been cut because it had lain across the path of the trail to Hope. It was probably 4 or 5 feet across, and had been cut through by axe. At last we came to the Broken Bridge and Mac and Doc went afishing. This time they both had excellent results, for we all had all the fish we could eat for dinner. We were not far off Cedar Flats when we stopped for our mid-day meal. Doc said that he had not eaten so many trout since he was a boy. Mac did not say much, but he dined sumptuously. 9.

Before setting out on our next lap of our journey I had a good look at the map. It looked beautifully flat - as all maps do. Cedar Flat - then a bridge where fishing was supposed to be good: then Cayuse Flat: then a stretch of four or five miles till we came to the spot where Miss Warburton went astray.

We did not travel far, or for long, probably little over a mile, before we came to Cedar Flat. The place looked inviting, but we did not stop long, meaning to have a good rest at the bridge. Just before coming to where we supposed the bridge should be we were surprised to see that some poles had been stretched across the trail, and a detour to the left. The Doctor piloted us along the detour, which led right across the river. After some wading about we picked up the trail on the other side of the Skagit, and before long we came to Cayuse Flat.

Then commenced one of the hardest stretches of the whole journey: the climb up the Skagit Bluffs. But everything has compensations. Life itself is a matter of adjustment, a matter of balance: a sort of profit and loss account. When our pathway led through heavy timber lands we lost the beauty and glory of distant landscapes. But all around was the most charming array of colours - wild flowers by the thousand - every colour of the rainbow. The climb up the Bluffs was a hard rocky climb, but it brought us to the first real scenery we had seen on the trail. We shall never forget the panorama of the Skagit and Sumallow Valleys. Also there were some fine, glorious stretches of beautiful shaded, moss-carpeted broad trail. following the climb. One could just imagine himself in some wonderful Park - Stanley Park, for example.



When we came to the Canyon Trail - where Miss Warburton took the wrong trail - just across the bridge- we came to a lovely camping spot, and decided to remain for the night. After our evening meal Doctor gave us a regular concert - Abdul, a Bull-bull Ameer, "Lock him up Dan" etc.. We were in a mood for listening, and looking at the big fire.

This was our third night "OUT".

Thursday, 2nd. August, 1928. We started out in fairly good trim. I said something about how many miles we could make before sundown. But Doc said that he had heard those tales before. Mac said that we were not out for any great "heffort" today. It was about 8.30 when we left camp. Our first stretch lay through a beautiful mossy, shaded trail: forest primeval, trees bearded with moss, which reminded me that yesterday, when we got our first glimpse of the Sumallow and Skagit Valleys Doc attached some long moss to his chin, and struck the attitude of some great explorer - I believe he said Cortez-sighting new continents, or oceans, for the very first time.

(We wondered at the time just who was the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, but reference to an encyclopaedia soon settles the fact that that honour belongs to Vasco Nunez de Balboa. (1475-1517) Balboa was born in Spain. He came to America at the age of 25 and explored the Southwestern coast of the Caribbean Sea. In 1513 he set out from Darien to find the gold of Peru and the ocean beyond the mountains. On September the 25th. he saw the waters of the South Sea, and four days afterwards took formal possession of it in the name of the King and Queen of Castile.)

Presently we came to a pleasant broad bend in the Sumallow. By this time the sun was up, and only a few fleecy clouds were in a blue sky. Across the river giant peaks raised their heads till they seemed to touch the clouds. There were mighty clefts in the mountain, which for the most part was covered with trees. On a series of peaks to the left were patches of snow, which contrasted well with the blue sky



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... us a regular course - libel, libel -
... "Look him up" etc. It was in
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To the right a mountain was covered with charred and bare trunks and branches - for forest fires had left their mark. I tried to preserve on paper the main outline of the picture - at least enough to suggest the original.

Mac always had a keen eye for good fishing places. This was the most likely and inviting place we had seen so far. A little ways up the river (on our right) was a tongue of sand, jutting out into the bend of the river. Here Mac proposed that I should do my first fishing in Canada. And here I caught my first fish in Canadian waters. It was probably just over 8" in length - a beautifully coloured trout. I dont remember whether Mac called it a mountain trout, or a rainbow trout. At any rate it had very pretty markings, and it was not a Dolly Varden. Mac and Doc had very poor luck, and they were just a little disappointed. The place looked so inviting, and seemed to promise so much. Even the immortal Isaac would have been deceived. Neither of us professed to be "complete" anglers. But the time spent fishing was well spent, for the place has left on our minds a picture that may crop up to delight us at any time when we are busy, or worried, or tired, or, (like Martha) troubled about many things. Which reminds me (though this may be sermonising) of Wordsworth, and the picture of the daffodils, which kept recurring in his mind. "For oft when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils." ((1807))

We had not far to go before we came to the Skagit trail on our left. We had half a mind to follow the trail as far as the Skagit, but decided that we had better add the distance to our journey along the trail towards Hope. After a while we crossed another bridge, and soon came to the first real signs of civilisation. we had met with since leaving the Overland at the Nine Mile bridge. This was Camp Defiance - a comfortable log home, and a garden. We walked right in, and received a royal welcome from a man named Robinson. He was a tillicum of Mac's, and almost the first thing he asked us was if we would eat.

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We said that it was no time since we had had breakfast. Well, we would stay the night????? No? - We had to hurry on. But there were two other chaps there: Dunlap and Cress. They started regaling us with fish stories. No end of fish. Dollies galore !!!!! But two otters had been through the stream yesterday, and had scared all the fish. ("Near fishing streams otters are considerable pests, since they prove to be much more able fishermen than those who must carry poles and lines") We soon decided that that was the real reason why we got no fish at Isaac Walton's hend in the Sumallow this morning. And so it was without a doubt. But Doc and Dunlap were off already-away like schoolboys on a summer's day-and they came back with fish enough to prove that the fish stories we had heard were not all fictions, or fabrications, or "fish" stories.

Meanwhile Robinson and Mac had been talking (like the proverbial walrus) about many things. They were both in the kitchen, and I knew that Robinson was preparing a meal for us as well as listening and talking to Mac.

I looked around the "sitting" room, and was surprised to see a grammophone - the old fashioned kind with cylinder records, and a big horn. There was quite a number of books on some shelves near a window: mining books, and some novels. The walls were well decorated with pictures, such as might delight the heart of a bachelor. Everywhere there seemed to be fishing-tackle. Evidently eating was a duty, prospecting a science, music a past-time, art a pleasure, and fishing a fine-art.

By the time Doc came back with his Dollies dinner was ready. We three sat down in the kitchen to trout, lemon, spuds, bread, coffee, jam. We were feeling satisfied as the full moon, and Doc proposed that we have a photograph of ourselves standing in front of the log house. Doc put on his whiskers of moss for the occasion.

Doc and Dunlap, and myself and Mugs started out along the trail, leaving Robinson and Mac to follow. Halfway to the next bridge across the Sumallow Doc and Dunlap went down to the river to fish.

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Down in the kitchen to trout, lemon, eggs, bread, coffee, jam. We were feeling satisfied as the full moon, and Doc proposed that we have a photograph of ourselves standing in front of that fog house. Doc put on his whiskers of moss for the occasion. Doc and Dunlap, and myself and Mags started out along the trail, leaving Robinson and Mags to follow. Halfway to the next bridge across the smallish Doc and Dunlap went down to the river to fish.

Mugs and myself kept on the trail till we came to the bridge, where we sat down to wait for the rest of the party. The mountains seemed to have a western slope, which I thought indicated that we were nearing Hope. A splendid breeze was blowing from the west. The trees were tossing their heads and waving their branches, and rustling their leaves. The surface of the Sumallow ~~as~~ was all ripples. 13.

Robinson and Mac were on the bridge before Doc and Dunlap hove in sight. Mac went afishing. Robinson and myself stayed on the bridge. We spied a fair-sized trout, well over a foot in length. Under Robinson's skillful tuition I succeeded in landing the big fish.

The time came when we had to say "Good-bye" to our friends, and pursue our journey alone. We were hoping to be able to get as far as Fifteen Mile, so as not to leave too long a stretch for the last day's journey. Our immediate objective was M. Le Farge's cabin at 19-mile. We met two men fishing (Eaker?) Later we met a lady camped along the trail. Presumably she was the wife of one of the two fishermen we met.

Le Farge is a little man - broad shoulders Mac says he left France in '84, came to New Orleans, and eventually became a chef in some big establishment there. He was really glad to see us - especially as he recognised in Mac an old tillicum. He insisted on our staying to supper with him. He was preparing supper - cooking fish etc.. We supplemented his store with dried prunes, and rye-crisp. So we had more trout (lots of little ones this time) and salad and coffee. Le Farge had had rather bad luck last year. He had wasted a lot of shots without getting any deer. The cototes had robbed all his trap-lines. The bugs had played havoc with his little garden. But for all that he proved a good chef, and an excellent entertainer.

The Camp at 15-mile must have been a regular stopping place in the early days - good shelter for man and beast. Lots of firewood around. The only drawback was that we had to go quite a ways for water, but this could have been avoided if only we had known the right place to go. We camped very comfortably, and around the big fire Doc gave us the usual entertainment. This was our

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 he proved a good chef, and an excellent
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The camp at 12-mile must have been a
 regular stopping place in the early days -
 good shelter for man and beast. Lots of
 firewood around. The only drawback was that
 we had to go quite a ways for water, but
 this could have been avoided if only we had
 known the right place to go. We camped very
 comfortably, and around the big fire for
 gave us the usual excitement. This was our

Friday, 3rd. August, 1928. We were just finishing breakfast when two young chaps came along with two packhorses each. One of them seemed to know Mac alright. His name was Billy Richmond. His father keeps a store in Hope. Billy and Mac greeted each other like old friends.

Doc photographed the Camp- but with poor success, according to the negative. It was 6.am. when we had breakfast, and we started out at 8.o'clock. Our first stop was the cabin at twelve Mile - a deserted, dilapidated shack, but plenty of berries around. Our second stop was at the Nine-Mile Bridge (11.o'clock). Trapper's cabin near the bridge. Fishing in the Nicolum. Rest of journey down the Nicolum.

Soon after leaving the Twelve-Mile bridge we came to one of the finest sights of the whole trip:- a magnificent gorge. This reminded the Doctor of the tourist who had just finished a meal in the dining car of a C.P.R.train. The tourist stepped into the observation car, and gazed on a wonderful view, such as we were beholding. Addressing a fellow-traveller he exclaimed "What a magnificent gorge!" "Yes" came the answer "they feed well on this train."

By this time we were beginning to think about our next meal. Our packs were much lighter than they had been, for we had eaten most of our provisions. Between us we had only a loaf of bread, some tea, and some sugar. I was surprised and delighted walking along the trail to see lying before me a tin of milk, unopened. I concluded that it had fallen from someone's pack, and stuck it in my pocket. Not long after the Doctor found a jar of honey, and he exclaimed "A land flowing with milk and honey!" As soon as we came to a good camping site, (just before a bridge) we stopped. Here was a shelter, such as we had on our second night out. Also a table etc.. On the table was a tin of boiled spuds. They were still warm. Evidently we were on somebody's trail. To crown all the Doctor discovered an egg - a hen's egg, and quite fresh. We have not quite solved the mystery of the egg yet. It is good to reflect that a chicken is the

Billy, Bill, Howard, 1932. We were just finishing breakfast when two young boys came along with two packages each. One of them seemed to know Mac alright. His name was Billy Richmond. His father keeps a store in Hope. Billy and Mac greeted each other like old friends.



Zunada, Otello, B.C.

poor... It was 6... started... was the... dilapidate... around... Mile Bridge... near the... Best of... Soon... bridge we... of the wh... This remi... who had... car of a... into the... wonderful... Addressing... "What a m... "Yes" cam... this trail... By th... think abo... muchligh... had eaten... as we had... and some... walking a... me a tin... that it h... stuck it

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only animal that's useful before it's born, and after it is dead. We were assured that our last meal on the trail, would be a good one - far better than we had dared to hope for.

Once again on the trail - with Doctor rehearsing the adventures of Abdul Abull-bull Ameer, and the "Man who did her wrong". Mac was anxious that we should see the Coquihalla, the Natural Bridge, and the Four Tunnels on the Kettle Valley Railway near Othello. Accordingly when we were about three or four miles from Hope we turned off the road to our right, and plunged down the steep mountain side, which was covered with trees, and thick undergrowth, and devil's club galore. After much floundering we struck the Coquihalla, and turning to the right went up the bank of the river. We were well repaid for all our trouble for the Canyon is a glorious sight. The natural bridge is about 45 feet above the boiling water of the devil's cauldron. The bridge does not quite cover the gap, though, no doubt it did in former times. As things are today the natural bridge is supplemented by a wooden one. Doc and Mac did some fishing in the river, but had poor luck. I made a sketch of the Gap - sketch about as poor as the fishing.

When they thought that they had tried their skill with the rod long enough we all crossed over the bridge, and climbed our way to the nearest point of the K.V.R. We did not go on to Hope immediately, but walked East (in the direction of Othello) so that we could see the Four Tunnels, and the fine piece of engineering work of throwing bridges across the river spans between the tunnels. The river here runs like two "S" s - one beyond the other. The scenery is grand. Mac pointed out the crow's nests, and ladders that the surveyors had used when planning the work of tunnel and bridge. Date on tunnels 1915.

The last few miles of our journey seemed longer than they really were. Mac was on familiar ground, and was able to tell us many things that we were glad to learn. and to indicate the various points of interest we passed on the way.

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On our right was Kawkawa Lake- though we could not see it. I guessed that the Lake was so named from the presence of many crows in the vicinity of the Lake. I had a hazy idea that "kawkaw" was the Chinook word for Crow. (The Chinook Dictionary gives spelling as "kahkak") But possibly the name ~~xxx~~ of the Lake is the Chinook word for "Yellow", or "Pale green"- Kaw-ka-wak) Mac did not know the origin of the word, but said that there used to be a saw-mill there, and that it had been burned down.

Little Mountain (also known locally as Thacker Mountain) was pointed out. Thacker is an interesting character in Hope. I was anxious to meet him, and Mac promised that he would arrange this.

When we passed the Signal Tower, Fred Havard, the Signalman, came down to meet Mac, and to talk over with him matters in which they were both interested.

Crossing the C.N.R. tracks Doc recalled the fact that that was the railway WE had helped to build, in the old Savona days - 16 years ago.

At the Hope Station we were introduced to Mr. Mills, the Station Agent. At the Section House we met Alfred Lundstrum, and some of his helpers. Here Doc shaved and dressed and was ready in time to catch the train to Vancouver. Mac and I remained to pass the night in the section House.

We walked as far as the Commercial Hotel for supper. Miss Paton, who waited on us at table, is related to Podunk Davis, famous for the part he played in the discovery of Miss Warburton. Podunk is uncle to Miss Paton. The name of the hotel proprietor is Jimmy Connolly.

Mountains around all very imposing- Hope Mountain, Manson, Holy Cross, Ogilvie, etc.. Monument at river tells of the historic importance of Hope in the pre-Cariboo days.

On our right was Kawawa Lake - though we could not see it. I guessed that the lake was so named from the presence of many crows in the vicinity of the lake. I had a hazy idea that "Kawawa" was the Chinook word for Crow. (The Chinook Dictionary gives spelling as "Kahkuk") But possibly the name of the lake is the Chinook word for "Yellow", or "Pale green" - Kaw-wak) Mac did not know the origin of the word, but said that there used to be a saw-mill there, and that it had been burned down.

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Saturday, 4th. August, 1928.

Last night I slept the sleep of the just - went to sleep to the strains of music coming over the radio. In the morning after breakfast I shaved and made myself as presentable as possible. Mac and I had dinner at the home of Mr. Mills , the Station agent.

After lunch Mac took me along to see the Monument. When we got there we were lucky enough to see Mr. Thacker. He invited us to pass the day with him at his home on Little Mountain. But Mac stayed in Hope. He drove me up the winding road in his car, and I was surprised to see a delightful garden and home on the top of Little Mountain. I said that the place reminded me of Butchart's Gardens, which he thought was rather flattering. We went into the house, which had an old-world flavour about it. Above the open fireplace a motto in bronze "Forget not those who won your freedom." I was introduced to Mrs. Thacker, whom I had heard was a very competent naturalist. Afternoon tea was brought round while Mr. Thacker and myself talked about Indians, and other days.

He took me to see his collection of antiquities - arrowheads, spears, scrapers, hammers, Cornwall stones (about which he had an interesting theory) keekwillies etc.. After supper music etc..

.....

Mac and Mugs left for Princeton to-night. When I found myself alone I lit my pipe and tried to reconstruct in my mind scenes on the Trail in the early days. The actual history can best be studied in Howay and Schofield's "History of British Columbia". It does not require so very much information to reconstruct the past - only a little practice. (That is, after one has duly studied the pages in the history).

The coming of the Royal Engineers in 1858 was one of the great events in the story of the West. The Engineers came under the command of Col. Moody. Their coming co-incided with the gold rush that

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brought so many people from the South to B.C.. The excitement of '49 in California had played itself out, and now in 1858 and years following B.C. was the great magnet. The following paragraphs from Howay and Schofield's "History" will help to round out the history of the trail and its origin. (Some extracts are from "The Royal Engineers in B.C." Howay,1910.)

The crying necessity of the colony was a waggon road.....With the same object in view Lieutenant Lempriere and a small party explored from Hope up the Coquihalla, thence along the South branch of Anderson river to Boston Bar, and along the left bank of the Fraser to Lytton. On receiving their report another party of engineers commenced the work of making a trail along this route, which was completed byxx August, 1859. (R.E.p.6)

In September and October 1859 Lieutenant Palmer explored the country between Hope, and the Columbia river..(R.E.7)

1860. During the summer of 1860 Sgt. McColl with another detachment of the Engineers located the trail from Hope towards the Similkameen as far as the summit, or punch-bowl, carrying it over an elevation of 4000 feet with no greater single gradient than 1 foot in 12. Later in the summer of 1860 the Hon. Edgar Dewdney built along this route the first trail from Hope to the Similkameen.

1861. We now come to the operations of the Engineers during the year 1861.

The DouglasLillooet road and the road from Hope to the Similkameen were those upon which work was done.....

The work in the neighbourhood of Hope this year consisted in commencing a road to the Similkameen. This was in charge of the greatest builder of them all - Captain Grant. The road did not follow the exact line of the trail built the preceding year, although it touched it here and there.

By October Captain Grant with his party of 80.sappers had completed the road to the Skagit Flats, 25 miles from Hope.From that point to the Similkameen the Engineers simply widened the existing trail. This latter work was divided into 3 sections-:

PRINCETON STAR

and Agriculture in the Similkameen

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1929

Dominion Day Celebration Ranks Among Best Ever

CROWD LARGEST IN YEARS; EXCELLENT PROGRAM ENJOYED; BAND IS GOOD

Visitors from all points of the valley, from Nicola and from points east and west, thronged Princeton for the annual celebration. It is estimated that 2500 people were in town, and beds were at a premium. The weather was ideal, the warmest of the year. Princeton band created a fine impression. Special prizes donated by A. L. White for boys' and girls' races under 5 years were won by Irene McElroy and John Huey. Other items of the big program are covered separately.

FIRE AT KEREMEOS

Fire breaking out early Sunday morning completely demolished the barns standing in the school yard at Keremeos. A few fence posts were also burned, but the loss was confined to that. The origin of the fire is not reported.

Copper Mt. Ski Club At First Annual

Blakeburn Also Does Well by Merritt Team

HIKE OVER TRAIL

Eleven young people of Princeton, in charge of Rev. J. C. Goodfellow, left Tuesday night on a trip by foot across the Hope-Princeton trail. They will follow the old Dewdney route. They expect to make a leisurely crossing and reach Hope Saturday, returning by train. In the party are Lillian Mitchell, Annie Mitchell, Mae Dobie, Olwyn David, Florence Meausette, Rupert Bain, Jim Brown, Ellsworth Hansen, Roscoe Hansen and Harry Cullife.

Similkameen. This was in charge of the greatest builder of them all - Captain Grant. The road did not follow the exact line of the trail built the preceding year, although it touched it here and there. By October Captain Grant with his party of 80, appears had completed the road to the Skagit flats, 25 miles from Hope. From that point to the Similkameen the engineers simply widened the existing trail. This latter work was divided into 3 sections:

The first under charge of Sgt. L. F. Bonson:
2nd., in charge of Cpl. William Hall:
3rd. in charge of the late Sgt. McMurphy.
The intention of this work was to improve
the access to the diggings on Rock Creek
and the vicinity: but when their glory waned
before the wondrous riches of Williams,
Antler, and other creeks of Cariboo, the
road was abandoned. (R. E. p. 7.)

The old Dewdney trail of 1865 had long
been completely blocked by slides and
felled timber: no human foot had passed
over it for ten years. The waterways and the
trails from Sand Point or other places on
the Northern Pacific afforded the only
means of access. (H & S. vol. ii. p. 467.)

August 1927.

NURSE WARBURTON'S ORDEAL

Told by Herself and Set Down by

RETA G. WILLARD

OF VANCOUVER, B C

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK

One of the most remarkable narratives that have ever come out of the Canadian wilderness—the story of a woman's endurance and pluck in the face of seemingly overwhelming difficulties. Miss Warburton, a Scots nurse of fifty-seven, started on a four-days' tramp through mountain country in British Columbia, but did not arrive at her destination. Searchers were immediately sent out, but failed to find any trace of her. A month went by, and hope was practically abandoned; the wilderness, it was believed, had taken its toll. A final hunt was decided upon before winter set in, and to the intense surprise of all concerned the missing woman was discovered alive and in fairly good condition! How she managed to exist for weeks on end without food, shelter, or fire is a mystery even now, but the facts are undisputed. Here, specially written for THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, is the plucky nurse's detailed story of her amazing experience.

LOST for five weeks in the wilds of British Columbia, with no food, bedding, or shelter, Mary Warburton, a fifty-seven-year-old Vancouver nurse, was located on September 29th last by two trappers in the final effort of their four weeks' search.

Heavy rain-storms, blizzards, and snow-falls drove her on many occasions to seek shelter that was merely a wind-break. Without food or matches for the greater part of the time, and in the face of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, she nevertheless covered over a hundred miles of desolate uninhabited country.

Climbing mountains, fording streams, and breaking through jungle-like underbrush, this plucky woman encountered wolves and bears, and narrowly missed being struck down by falling trees, but in spite of all her sufferings she clung tenaciously to life and the thought that if she only "kept going" she must eventually reach civilization.

A few days in the hospital, and Miss Warburton was strong enough to return to Vancouver, where she told the following graphic story of her harrowing experiences, which have luckily left no mark on her mind or constitution.

I first got the idea of making my trip after nursing a very difficult case. I felt I needed a holiday. Always fond of mountain travel, I decided to tramp from Hope to Princeton, a region I have long been anxious to visit.

I made careful preparations, obtaining information from various people who knew the country, and also purchased a Government map of the district.

My rubber ground-sheet and leggings I abandoned before leaving Hope, as the weather turned warm and appeared settled. I wanted to travel as light as possible, and so carried nothing I could possibly dispense with. I wore a khaki drill blouse, coat, and breeches, two pairs of silk and wool stockings, and a pair of old canvas shoes with crêpe rubber soles. My broad-brimmed hat only lasted a few days, and then blew away and went sailing gaily down the Tulameen. Mosquito netting, for covering the hat, was later used as a head covering. I also had a light blanket to sleep in.

In a knapsack I carried enough food for the four days I judged necessary to complete the trip—four cakes of ryecrisp, half a pound of bacon, a fifteen-ounce packet of seedless raisins, two ounces of almonds, half a pound of cheese, half a pound of butter, and a small tin of prepared coffee. A billy-can for water, a frying-pan, a single-blade jack-knife, and a spoon completed my pack.

Leaving Hope on the morning of August 25th, I covered eighteen or twenty miles the first day, which was warm and bright. A change of weather on the second morning brought a slight drizzle, and as the day progressed, the trail seemed to lead right up into the heavy, low-hanging clouds. Drenched to the skin, I made camp on what appeared to be the summit, a bleak and unsheltered plateau.

I was wet and shivering and felt utterly miserable, but not a bit perturbed, for I was sure I was on the right trail. I never slept a wink, and had one horrible experience that taught me a lesson which served me well later on.

Everything was so drenched that it was impossible to build a fire. My clothes, my blanket, and the ground were all wet. I wrapped myself in my blanket and lay on the ground under a very inadequate tree. Presently a distinct and persistent rattle somewhere close to my head suggested that I had camped on a rattlesnake's nest.

I made up my mind not to move, but when something cold and clammy slipped across my bare feet, I slapped at it viciously. It proved to be nothing but the knee-string of my breeches! That experience convinced me that worrying about anything is a mistake, and although, later on, I met a bear and a timber-wolf, I never again felt the horrible fear the "snake" episode produced.

Next morning, with no idea that I was in any danger of losing myself, I threw part of my food away. The cold and wet had brought on a chill which made the idea of eating nauseating.

It was not until the third morning, with part of my food supplies gone, and little protection against the now cold weather, that I discovered I had lost the trail. Circling about like a dog, I finally found a definite road, and plucked up my spirits again. Swinging off gaily down the path, across lush meadows and through areas of burnt timber, I was convinced that Princeton lay a little way ahead.

Presently, however, the trail petered out on the edge of a slope. Below lay a river, which I thought to be the Whipsaw. Definite directions at

Hope had impressed on my mind the fact that if the Whipsaw was followed, Princeton would be reached. I now believe that this stream was the Tulameen, and that through out my subsequent wanderings I was struggling along near it.

With nothing to guide me but the stream, for three or four days I followed its course over a rocky, stony bed. Occasionally a "blazed" tree led me from one side of the river to the other. I was very careful to follow all the marks I came across, but was not greatly worried, for I believed I was making steady progress toward my destination.

It was during this time that part of my small remaining stock of food was accidentally dropped in the water, and I had to put myself on short rations. A dozen raisins, well masticated, and a portion of butter night and morning became my daily allowance. I drank plenty of hot water, and felt neither hungry nor uncomfortable, though I was extremely puzzled about the seemingly endless trail. Princeton seemed to be running away from me!

One day I met with a very trying experience. I entered a great rocky gorge where the river, foaming and roaring, tumbled down precipitous cliffs. Intent on reaching the lower level, I climbed part of the way down the side, only to be faced with a drop which I was unable to negotiate. At first it looked as if I could neither climb up nor down, but finally, step by step, I cut my way back with my knife, clinging to shrubs that often gave way as I pulled at them.

Exhausted, I spent the night at the top of the gorge, in a cold rain. A fire I had lit for warmth crept into the moss underneath me and forced me to move. I had to extinguish



Nurse Warburton as she appears to-day.



"I threw my arms round the neck of a man I had never seen before."

For two days I climbed wearily upward, heading westward, and then lay for two days on a hill on the edge of a valley. The weather was now bright and sunny, but I found I couldn't walk. I tried to rise, but fell down twice. I had no water, and a terrible thirst. Below me lay a small river, but I hadn't the strength to crawl down to it.

It seemed to me that I was very near the end now. I decided, however, to make one more effort. I didn't reach the river, but I came across a tiny stream in the lush grass, and a long drink at this revived me sufficiently to make me feel I could last a little longer.

Next I tried to find my way back to the cabin I had burnt, and after two days I saw a spiral of smoke rising from a hillside. I shouted several times, and my call was answered by two rifle shots from the opposite direction.

I turned, and through the brush there appeared the bearded face of a man who later turned out to be Podunk Davis. Directly I saw him I ran toward him. He says I crept, but to me it felt like running. When I reached him a dreadful thing happened—I threw my arms round the neck of a man I had never seen before! But I couldn't help it; he looked to me like an angel!

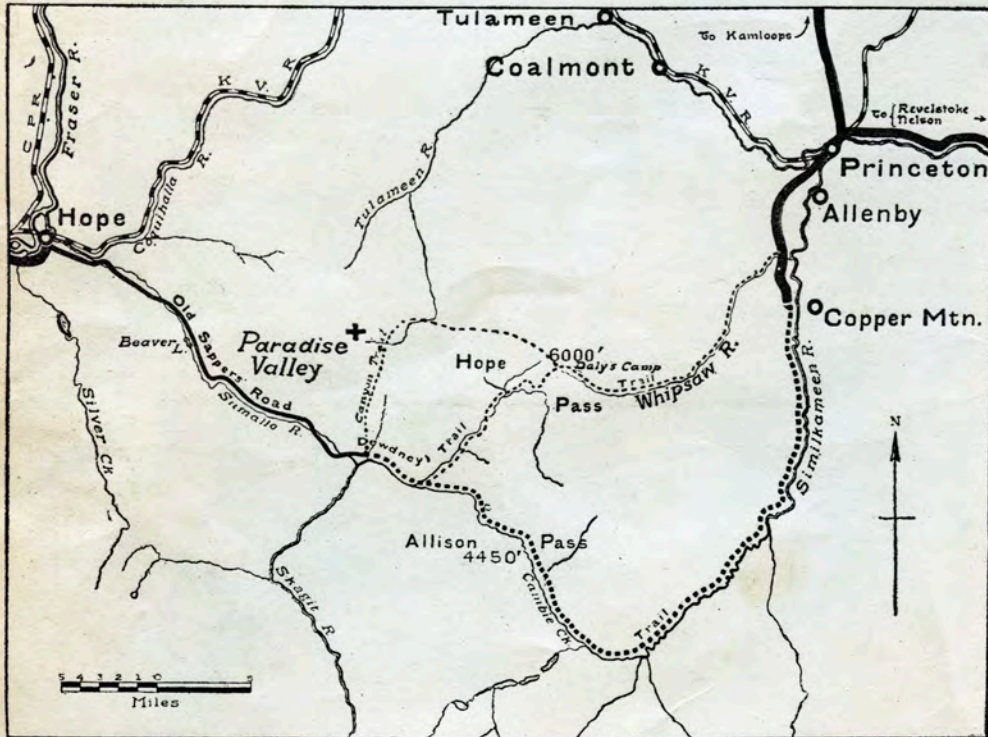
What a blessed relief it was to put myself

in the hands of those two sturdy woodsmen, David and his partner, Dougherty. In the joy of the moment I forgot all my sufferings. They promptly supplied me with warm garments and took me to Princeton, where I arrived on the evening of September 29th, and received every attention. After three days in the hospital there I returned to Vancouver, and apart from some trouble with my mouth, caused by drinking snow-water, I am now practically all right.

My greatest fear, toward the end of my wanderings, was that I might become crazed. Podunk, who has found six "lost" men in

bright, her mind was keen, and she remembered everything that had happened, all that she thought and did. Her hands and legs, which were badly scarred and lacerated, had healed when I saw her; only the deep scars remained to show the toll she paid to the heavy underbrush of that almost impassable country.

She was, of course, very thin, having lost a tremendous amount of weight owing to going without food for so long. "I am quite ready to get fat now," she told me with a laugh. "I am tired of looking at bones only just covered with skin."



Map of the region where Miss Warburton was lost. She mistook the Tulameen River for the Whipsaw, which would have led her to Princeton, her destination. The X indicates where she was finally found. The country is mountainous and very heavily timbered.

that country, says that every one of them was insane from the exposure, even though in some cases they were only adrift for two or three days.

So far as appearances went Miss Warburton showed few traces of the terrible privations she underwent. Her eyes were

The case, needless to say, attracted widespread attention, and even now old-timers familiar with the country cannot understand how this plucky woman was able to sustain life and reason in face of the hardships she endured, wandering for weeks in an inhospitable wilderness without food, shelter, or fire.



Alvins Sept 6 '28

Dear Jack

Both letters received
& also the manuscript which
will be highly prized. I will
insert the illustrations & bind
it - probably in half buckskin
& birch bark. MacDonald has
finished his peaches & is now
harvesting his grapes

I was up to the top of Baldy
a couple of sundays ago - too
late for the wild flowers - in
fact we ran into a couple of
light snow storms near the
top. Last sunday we were
over nearly to Beaverdell on
the Kettle River.

I've found the Scientific American
numbers you wanted &

of the Indian signs for you. I have one
that is very good, the other indistinct
Yours truly
A. Kearney

P.S. Did I leave my
safety razor in your place
when I shaved that morning?
OK

may bring them over to you
next week and as I may be
going over with a couple of
others to try some fishing
they know of over there somewhere.
The next Saturday the three
groove season opens & I expect
to camp upon the hills the night
before so as to get an early start.
Soon after that I hope to go over
east of the snow hakes & get me
a good x about the end of West
to the Route River for deer
By the way the Somallos valley
is inside the area closed for goat.
Why the French established routes
of trade is open the sides of the
springs
It also looks up the springs

LOAN.

4) MORTGAGES, AGREEMENTS
Charlottesville, S. C. 220

MORTGAGES.

& CO. THE MANUFACTURING CO., we have...
S. C. 220
1st-11

R F C

Breakdown Delays City Lads' Cycle Trip Over Historic Trail

PRINCETON, Sept. 13.—A breakdown, thirty miles out of Hope, has forced Fred Deeley and Don Maxwell, Vancouver youths, back to Hope in their effort to make the first known crossing of the historic Hope-Princeton trail by motorcycle. They will make another effort, according to a wire received by Princeton Board of Trade. Walt Gill, member of the local detachment of the provincial police, has gone out on his motorcycle to meet them.

Nov-16-6-24

Was Interested in Nicola Industry.

MERRITT, June 15.—Word has been received of the death in Connecticut of George H. Braman, treasurer of the Nicola Pine Mills and for years main-spring of that organization. The late Mr. Braman was deeply interested in Merritt's progress and was the donor of the Braman Cup to the golf club.

he was allowed out on suspended sentence on condition that a report to the provincial police every second week at Fort St. James.

Vancouver Office Girls Hike to Princeton

PRINCETON, June 15.—Miss Nancy Morrison and Miss Barbara Pether, two Vancouver office girls, successfully "hiked" over the Dewdney trail from Hope to Princeton and, after spending a few hours in town, returned by train. They travelled with a package of pan-cake flour, bacon and coffee and just enough baggage to get by on and, while not out to establish records, made very good time. Both have had mountaineering experience.

Owes May 30

Dear Jack

I would enjoy a trip over the old trail, but don't believe I can make it this summer. If I can manage a few days off I want to take in a series of clinics in Vancouver held in the last week in June, but am not sure yet that I can manage even that. A case of measles has just cropped up in town & although the kid is not sick enough to worry about I'll have to be on the lookout for other cases & try & keep it from spreading. Otherwise I'm not busy & could take a few days off any time. If I go to Vancouver I might take the car to Princeton & catch the train there just by way of variety.

I'd give a good deal to spend a couple of days on the smallow & skagit, or any good trout stream. Lake fishing is too uncertain & the only good trout

stream here is small, with too many
small fish, like the creek at the broken
bridge

We are having a big celebration - Rodeo
& dance - on July 4 under the auspices
of the Canadian Legion. May 24th was
not so much, as the weather was
rather poor

Fishing in the river here for chub
is pretty brisk these days. There are
no trout so there's no fear of breaking
the law. The season opens Saturday
in the streams & I may go up Mc Intyre
creek Sunday & get a bag of small
ones

Best regards to the family

Yours sincerely

G. H. Kearney

GEO. E. FRENCH
COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTER

"LET GEORGE DO IT"

PORT HANEY, B.C., Aug. 5 - 1929.

Rev. J. G. Goodfellow,
Princeton, B.C.

Dear Mr. Goodfellow:

Knowing how interested you are in cross-country hiking, I thought I would drop you a line just to let you know that Everett and a young fellow named Bob Tyrrell left Hope yesterday (Sunday) morning for Princeton; they will probably be there Tuesday evening. If they do not turn up within a reasonable time - well, send out a search party.

I presume you have seen Norma and her friend around the valley; they are now camping at Tulameen Lake, and Mrs. F. and Peggy are there now as well. I drove her and the boys up to Hope Saturday night, & took the boys up the road about 10 or 12 miles Sunday a.m. Well, it's nearly mail time. Hope you, Mrs. G. are fairly well. Very sincerely - Geo. E. French

Princeton, B.C.,
28. 8. 29.

Mr. Geo. E. French,
Port Haney, B.C..

Dear Mr. French,

I got back to Princeton this morning, after being at the Coast for about a month. I was glad to have your letter, though it was too late for me to do any of the things you suggested. But I hope that the boys enjoyed their trip, and that Mrs. French and Norma and Peggy are all feeling fit after their change at Tulameen. Sorry I missed seeing them all.

All here join in sending best wishes to you all. Is Mr. J.J. Dugan still on the map?

Yours sincerely,

Princeton
Robert Gourlay

February 20th 11

1911			
Feb 1	To Under as per slip	6	11 80
4	1/2 Butter 40	75	40
	1 pair Overalls 125	143	1 40
11	Potatoes 25	210	25
	Butter 25		
	Chocolate 25		
	Cheese 25	211	75
13	1 pair Corsets 125	230	125
14	1 pr Iron Supperware 50	248	50
17	1/2 Butter 40	308	65
20	Cheese 25		
	Potatoes 25		
	Milk Chocolate 50		
	Graze 25	348	125
23	1 sm Egg 60	390	60
27	Potatoes 25		
	Tea 30		
	Tobacco 25	437	
			80
			1965



Savona 1912



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