

## Report of Trip No. 1

July 9 .

Upon arrival at Missoula, Montana, on the North Coast Ltd., at 3:40 P. M., July 9, I was met by R. B. Stevens the Northern Pacific Representative and R. F. Hammatt, Assistant Regional Forester, in Charge of Public Relations, Region No. 1. The three of us discussed final details of the trip at the Florence Hotel that night. Already on hand were Dr. Walter G. Becker, of Baltimore, Maryland, Miss Mary Ruffner and Virginia Barney of Denver, Colorado, Miss Margaret and Grace Jones and Nancy Page, of Moorestown, New Jersey, as well as Miss Marian Simmons of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who had arrived several days earlier for a Dude Ranch visit in order to accustom herself to the Western saddles.

JULY 10.

Others were contacted as they arrived in Missoula either by train or automobile and a meeting was called at the Florence Hotel immediately after the 3:40 train on July 10. The last of the party had arrived by this time, and the Trail Riders were informed that the trip instead of starting that afternoon would start at 8:45 A. M. the next day. This was desirable due to the distance to our first night's camp at Burned Cabin. Everyone approved, for they were rather tired from travel, although some expressed disappointment because of their eagerness to get away.

At this meeting I welcomed the Trail Riders in the name of the Association, informed them of the purpose of the trip, namely to secure a greater appreciation on the part of the public for the few remaining wilderness areas in the country, and assured them that the Association would do its utmost in making the trip an outstanding success and a pleasure to all. Mr. Hammatt welcomed the group in the name of the U. S. Forest Service and gave each person a mimeographed list of instructions together with a map of the country to be traversed. Mr. Stevens demonstrated the correct method of using the approved sleeping bags.

At 7 P. M. the Missoula Chamber of Commerce provided automobiles so that our party might visit the University of Montana and the C. C. C. Camp at Fort Missoula. Later in the evening Bill Hill, Game Warden, was on hand to sell fishing licenses at \$3.50 and a local character, "Paul Bunyan" was on hand to sell flies. Bill Hill entertained our entire party with his wild stories of how he personally had run the Indians out of that country when a boy, and he built up a very dramatic picture of the country we were to see.

JULY 11.

Everyone was up early and ready to leave on the Intermountain Co. Bus at 8:45. After a scenic ride along the last road we were to see for almost a week, we arrived at Monture Ranger Station at noon, where we were met by Joe Murphy, our guide and packer, and where we had our first sight of the 55 horses and mules which were to make up our party. Joe Murphy's outfit consisted of seven, including Joe Murphy, his son, Bill the Cook, Whitey the Assistant Cook and three wranglers.

We had lunch of ham sandwiches, hot dogs, cheese, coffee, doughnuts, cakes, etc., picked out our own horses, adjusted the stirrups and were on our way at 2 o'clock for the big adventure. In our eagerness to be on, the horses walked and trotted the nine miles to Burned Cabin Ranger Station where we arrived at 5 for our first night's camp. Our pack outfit got a late start and didn't arrive till after 7:30, but dinner was enjoyed an hour later.

Our ride today was through country much of which had been burned over. We were beginning to see the importance of recreation in this region, for much of the commercial value of the timber has been lost. After the hot ride today, we could not wait for our bathing suits which were on the pack train, so two separate swimming camps were established for our first dip in a cold mountain stream. Our first mishap occurred when Miss Haider fell off a log and went into the stream with her clothes on. W. K. Samsel, Ranger, was out host at Burned Cabin. Around the camp fire that evening we all discussed the climb which was to face us the next day to the top of Foolhen Lookout, 8,600 feet.

### JULY 12.

Bright and early, one of the wranglers cut his finger, and after showing her ability as a doctor, Miss Haider was appointed official first aid helper. We were up at 6 this morning for a 6:30 breakfast of eggs, bacon, sausage, pan cakes, etc. This first morning most of the party was disturbed by the wrangling of horses at 4:30, but we were soon able to get used to this. Miss Haider and Dr. Becker seemed to make a good pair for they are both German and have many mutual acquaintances. We packed our own lunch today and carried it with us for we were to go ahead of the pack train. It is about this time that we learn that Miss Haider had taken an early morning swim at 5 o'clock, and she continued to do this on the rest of the trip. After a long climb through burned country, we reached Foolhen Lookout at 8,600 feet. Here we obtained a magnificent view of the Continental Divide and in the distance of the peaks which make up Glacier National Park. Our pack lunch was enjoyed at the Lookout tower and afterwards most of us participated in a snow ball battle. Much of the climb this morning was through huge snow drifts. This was quite a sensation for most of the party and it was an interesting sight to see mountain wild flowers peeping their heads up through the snow. Off again and on the down grade to reach Danaher Ranger Station at 4:45. Our trip today was of 18 miles and our horses had their first opportunity for cantering. This afternoon we saw our first deer and several foolhens. A good dinner at 6:30 of hamburger, beans, potatoes, bacon, peaches, coffee, etc. Dr. Becker has found the mountain air too cold so we secured additional blankets from Ranger Sousley which are to be returned at the end of the trip. Sousley tells us we are the first party to come in this year, and until late that night we listened to his interesting stories around the camp fire. He tells us that the Flathead Forest in which we are now located has something like 1,000 elk and that about 180 have starved during the past winter for lack of food. Every day of our trip we see their bones along the trail.

### JULY 13.

Horses are all saddled and we have breakfast at 6. This morning our sleeping bags are covered with a sheet of frost. No one now complains of lack of sleep. Miss Haider surprised everyone, even the cowboys, when she started off for the creek in her bathing suit at 6 A. M. Her way through the brush was rough and some were fearful that she would be scratched getting down to the river and back. But as Joe Murphy our guide said, "Those Kind don't scratch.". Yesterday was a hard day and today will be harder for we have close to 20 miles to go by the South Fork of the Flathead River to Big Prairie Ranger Station, so we split up into two parties, the first one leaving at 8 and the second at 8:45. Our second party was forced to go 14 miles before we reached water for lunch at 2 P. M. This made a short afternoon ride to our camp at the Big Prairie Ranger Station. Through every mile of this trip so far we have seen marvelous examples of mountain wild flowers including lupin, paint brush, sago lily, harebell, trailing arbutus, galardias, clematis, columbine, penstamen, forget-me-nots, wild flax, bear grass, wild geranium, wild rose, marigold, wild holly-hock, and yellow and purple heather. The prevalent timber is lodgepole pine in the flats and Douglas fir in the high country.

The grind has begun to tell on the two Pierce sisters who seem to be well past 55 years of age. Mr. Hammatt and I were forced to stop a while this afternoon to enable Miss Alice Pierce to rest a bit and she found it more desirable to walk the last mile into camp. The first party reached Big Prairie Ranger Station at 1:30, the second at 4. We are all impressed with the wonderful hospitality of Ranger Sousley for he permits us to camp within the Station grounds as well as offering us bunks within the cabins for those who desire them. We accept two for the Pierce sisters but the rest of our party prefer to sleep under the stars. Here we received our first messages for the outside world. Telegrams from Mr. Pratt, President of the Association as well as from Mr. Stevens of the N. P. Railroad. Everyone appreciates the sentiment of Mr. Pratt's telegram, and we quickly realize how fortunate we are to have a glimpse of this country which, except for a few trails, has been unchanged since created by God.

We have in our party a professional walker in Miss Angela Janszen. For exercise she paces down the airplane landing field 2,4000 feet, in  $5\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, and facing a battery of "News photographers" she is presented a tin loving cup by Mr. Hornaday. Our party found much enjoyment in watching Scoop, the Station Cook, feed two three weeks old kittens, O'Brien and Lindy, with a medicine dropper. This was our most interesting night around the camp fire with one of the smoke chasers singing song after song to the accompaniment of his guitar, and before long we had all successfully joined in the refrain,

"Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard  
A discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day."

The camp fires are an interesting feature of our trip, for to most of us the large camp fires which we enjoy are an unusual sight.

#### JULY 14.

Breakfast at 6:30, off again at 8, where we arrived at Joe Murphy's cabins at White River at 10:30. This was just a seven mile jaunt, but the entire party was delighted to have this entire day for rest and recreation, some swimming, some fishing for trout and others confining themselves more closely to camp. A dozen or so deer and elk were seen on the ride this morning. Brown, the Northern Pacific photographer, has been constantly taking stills and moving pictures of our trip and plans to take about 15 hundred feet of film before he is through.

Today is the birthday of Nancy Page of Moorestown, New Jersey, so Bill our Cook has agreed to make 15 cherry pies and a birthday cake. This birthday party was a feature of our trip long to be remembered. It is remarkable how much enjoyment we can secure out of a birthday dinner served from tin plates, tin cups and tin cans.

#### JULY 15.

Up at 6 with breakfast at 6:30 and off again at 8 where we arrived for lunch at the Head of Big Salmon Lake. Our trip skirted five miles of this beautiful lake and after lunch our party enjoyed its best fishing. Miss Janszen has been named the official collector of the party. She is now carrying a piece

of elk horn, a tooth, a piece of elk hide and a horse shoe. In order to make our last day shorter, we carried on past our proposed Big Slide camp to a wilderness camp at Tango Creek, where we arrived at 5. Big Salmon Lake was the outstanding body of water seen on our trip. It is estimated that less than 500 people see this beautiful sight each year, and it is such beauty spots which the party hopes will be preserved as wilderness areas.

#### JULY 16.

Hammatt and I were awakened this morning by three porcupines coming into camp for food. Whitey, our Assistant Cook, killed two of them but the third scampered away. Today we are facing one of the hardest days, but everyone is sorry the trip is about over. During the morning we climbed Holland Peak to the summit which is close to 10,000 feet, then through Gordon Pass out to the most spectacular view of the entire trip, a sheer drop down the mountain side with a marvelous view of Holland and Lindbergh Lakes. Many of our party walked this afternoon for the first time, but an equal number stuck to the horses for the sharp descent down a zig zag trail of 4,000 feet in four miles. This was by far the worst trail we had experienced and as Captain Laird later told us, "It is so tough that even an eagle would lose its liver flying down." At 4 P. M. we reached the end of the trail where we bid goodby to Joe Murphy and his party. We were picked up by the same bus which had brought us into the region and taken to Captain Laird's Recreation Lodge on Lindbergh Lake, where we enjoyed a fine supper and good beds.

#### JULY 17.

Nine o'clock this morning we started on the return trip to Missoula with a delightful luncheon stop at the Tamarack's on Seeley Lake. We reached Missoula 30 minutes ahead of the departure of the North Coast Limited East. The bulk of our party took this train, others leaving by automobile later in the afternoon. At the suggestion of some of the members of the trip, the attached telegram was dispatched to the headquarters of the American Forestry Association.

We have the highest praise for the stamina of everyone taking the trip. At the start, opinion was divided as to the hardships which might be encountered. Some expected an easy trip, others expected it to be difficult. It turned out to be hard going all the way, but every single person was proud of the fact that they came through in such good shape, and everyone would like to turn around and start over again. The stock used was especially good, all of the horses sure-footed, and only two minor mishaps occurred. Mr. Alderton and Dr. Becker both had accidental falls from their horses.

Fred E. Hornaday.