

WELCOME - TRAIL RIDERS!

to the  
NATIONAL FORESTS  
of the  
Northern Rocky Mountain Region

The attached itinerary and map will tell you something about the South Fork Primitive Area, in which you, the pioneer "Trail Riders of the National Forests," are to spend happy, exhilarating, care-free days.

To this primitive area - as to all the National Forests - you are welcome.

In order that you - and those who will come after you - may enjoy these Forests most, we who are charged with their administration and protection, ask you to BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE:

TO smoke - once you are out of town - only in camp.

TO put out, even in camp, every lighted match, cigar, cigarette and pipe ash - before you throw it away.

TO build a camp fire only in a safe place.

TO put that fire DEAD OUT, with earth and water, before you leave camp.

TO carry an ax, shovel and bucket, always, when you go into the Forests by car, plane, or with horses.

These are the woodsmen's ways. If you will make them your ways, you will help keep the forests green.

Once again - Welcome! We are glad of the opportunity to co-operate with the American Forestry Association and the Northern Pacific Railway for your pleasure. And we hope you - and your friends - will come again.

U. S. FOREST SERVICE, Region One  
Missoula, Montana.

July 10: Arrive at Missoula, 3:40 p.m. Elevation 3227 feet, population 14,000. On the historic Clark Fork of the Columbia River.

Since it is too late to reach camp at Burnt Cabin this night (a 70-mile auto trip, plus nine miles by trail would mean 11:00 p.m.), we take the

Bus to the Florence Hotel. Rates to party

Room with bath, 1 person	\$2.25 to \$3.50
2 persons	3.25 to 4.50
" without " 1 person	1.50 to 2.00
2 persons	2.50 to 3.00

Shopping for last-minute things

Toilet articles, films, etc. Be sure to get your fishing license. Ask the clerk.

Those who have made arrangements for kapok sleeping bags should get them this afternoon. See Mr. Hornaday or Mr. Stevens, local representatives of the Northern Pacific.

Packing for the Trail Rider trip

- a. "Store" clothes packed and checked.
- b. Woods clothes to be worn.
- c. Bed and extra clothes to be packed ready for transportation.

Points of Interest include

- a. University of Montana campus on southeast edge of town at the foot of Mt. Sentinel.
- b. Fort Missoula, not far from town to the southwest.

The Chamber of Commerce will provide cars, without charge, if you will notify the hotel clerk not later than 5:30 p.m. Cars will call for you at the hotel at 7:00 p.m. This will give you one and one-half hours of daylight.

July 11: Leave Missoula.

8:45 a.m., with bedding and camp baggage, aboard busses, for a 70-mile drive up the Blackfoot River, reaching Monture at

12:00 noon, where we meet Joe Murphy, guide and mentor for the next six days. And our saddle horses. And our first camp meal - lunch - put up by our own cooks.

Afterward comes an official welcome to the Lolo National Forest (within which we are now located) by Ranger Samsel, who is in charge of the Monture District. Then at

2:00 p.m. Boots and saddles, and a nine-mile trip by trail to Burnt Cabin. Our pack train with beds and duffle bags has preceded us. On the way, a view of Monture Falls and perhaps a porcupine or two, maybe a deer.

We should arrive at Burnt Cabin and our first night's camp about

5:00 p.m. A refreshing wash. Beds to fix for the night. Supper. A smoke - within camp limits only, for this is the fire season. A camp fire in the clearing. Tales of the West. Then bed!

July 12 At Burnt Cabin, with a long, interesting day ahead.  
So at

6:30 a.m. Breakfast. Then the Monahan Mountain trail, over switchbacks to the divide between Danaher and Monture Creeks, thence left to

Foolhen Lookout, where Ranger Sousley meets us. Before us lies the South Fork Primitive Area, with not a road in its 625,000 acres of wilderness. And from the lookout, a modern structure, Ranger Sousley will point out the landmarks and will show us the use of the various instruments by means of which forest fires are discovered and located. After

Lunch and a rest, we take the Calf Creek trail and, in less than three miles, cross a natural "lick," commonly used by elk and mountain goats in the early morning and evening. The high ridge to the left is a favorite range for mountain goats. Near the second camp on Danaher Creek (after leaving Calf Creek) we should see many evidences of the industrious beaver; cuttings, slides, etc. And perhaps - at the mouth of Calf Creek - an occasional deer or elk. Seven miles from Foolhen brings us to our second, all-night camp at

Danaher, with supper and opportunities to learn something about the big game that inhabits this primitive area.

July 13: From Danaher we must travel 17 miles this day, so again we have breakfast at

6:30 a.m., And, strange as it may seem, our way leads through an airplane landing field - an emergency one, upon which a crew of firefighters can be landed, in case of necessity, in less than an hour from Missoula.

While it has taken us two days to make the trip! Thus illustrating how, by use of modern methods, forest fire losses are kept to a minimum.

It may pay to watch the high, rough points on either side, for this is a favorite country for grizzly bear.

Lunch is eaten beside the trail and after the noonday rest we arrive at

Big Prairie which is Ranger Sousley's headquarters. Our third camp is not far distant, and we can tarry awhile or return in the morning to inspect the station with its dispatcher (who will demonstrate his work) on duty, and the Forest Service warehouse which is supplied via airplane and emptied by strings of Government pack mules. After supper, around the

Camp Fire, perhaps a smokechaser will tell of his experiences in helping to protect this wilderness from man's carelessness. And perhaps - who knows - Joe or his vaqueros will tell tales of the Phantom Pack Train and the Lost Mine.

July 14: We can sleep later, to-day. Or those so inclined may, after breakfast, strike out with rod and creel.

For we have only seven miles to cover, this day. And our route is beside the South Fork of the Flathead, a wonderful stream for fish. Fishing is good, too, in White River near our next camp, which is on an open, yellow pine bench at the mouth of

White River. Here since the distance is so short, we have lunch, then fish some more, explore the country round about, or lie under the trees, restful and relaxed.

July 15: Another day which will be exciting for the disciples of Isaac Walton. Our trail takes us up Salmon Creek, with lunch at the lake of the same name. Lake and stream abound with trout. But we must not tarry too long, for there is still some distance to our next camp. And so - early to bed, to-night - for to-morrow we must climb the divide again.

July 16: Up, betimes, from our camp on Tango Creek, with breakfast again at

6:30 a.m., for a 15-mile ride - the last day with Joe, our guide, our saddle and pack stock - lies ahead. Up we climb, with lunch beside the trail, on the Flathead drainage still.

Then up some more, past many a mountain waterfall, through typical subalpine country, till we reach

Gordon Pass. Looking back we say good-bye to the South Fork Primitive Area.

Before us, now, lie the upper reaches of the Valley of the Swan. We descend, sharply, to

Holland Lake, a beautiful body of water. Here are evidences of civilization. Holland Lake Lodge and - a road; the first road we have seen since leaving Monture on the twelfth. Here we look back at the mountains from which we have come. Then adios to Joe and his helpers. Next,

Captain Laird meets us here and provides modern conveyances which transport us and our baggage to

Lindbergh Lake and the Captain's Recreation Lodge. Here, at an elevation of 4,350 feet, in buildings of log construction, we have supper and listen to experiences of the "Wild and Woolly West." Or row, perchance, on the lake that "Lindy" visited when he wanted to get away from "the madding throng." Then bed - and how good those beds seem, after days in camp!

July 17: Breakfast is at 8 o'clock - which gives time for a row on the lake or a last try for trout. At

9:00 a.m., we board our bus again, with baggage packed.

And, since to-day is the day for lakes, we take one last look at Lindbergh ere we start. Five miles it is to the Swan Valley road. Turning right when we reach it, we climb gradually to

Summit Lake, which is just over the divide on the watershed of the Clearwater River.

Rainey Lake comes next, then

Lake Alva and

Lake Inez. Proceeding apace, we come to

Seeley Ranger Station, on the shore of the lake of the same name. And a little farther down the road we turn in at the

Tamaracks, a summer resort, the site for which is leased from the Forest Service by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turner. Here at

11:00 a.m., we have lunch and, after viewing the lake and the resort (and its cabins) board our busses at

12:30, noon, for a nonstop run to Missoula. On the way we pass

Salmon Lake, with its picturesque island and (at the foot of the lake) the summer place established by Senator Clark. Down we go, over easy grades, crossing and recrossing the Blackfoot River (up which we went, on the eleventh, on our way to Monture), passing through Bonner, home of the lumber division of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and so, again, to

Missoula, at 2:30 p.m., in time to get our baggage and, if we must, take the Northern Pacific's "North Coast Limited"

EAST BOUND at 3:10 p.m., or

WEST BOUND at 3:40 p.m.

MAP of the South Fork Primitive Area is attached.