



BARRY MURRAY'S

SEARCH FOR A SHADOW

*A 'Journal of Discovery'
of a family clip-clopping
right out of the pages of LIFE
and Holiday Magazines,
2,500 miles, horseback, from
Mexico to Canada, pioneering the
Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail*

Flip-Through
SAMPLE
Chapters



BARRY MURRAY'S

**SEARCH
FOR A
SHADOW**

OF THE PAST



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SEARCH FOR A SHADOW

... of the past!

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What this means for the ethically challenged is all forms of this title, photos and text, are subject to, “All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted without the express consent of Barry Murray, or his literary heirs”! As Bernadette is first in line to inherit a few of Christmases ago she curiously gifted me an authentic Australian stock drovers whip. I have never whipped a horse, but once I physically track down some loco copyright hacker outlaws —fair warning, I have been practicing popping this bull-puckey whip— I may suddenly appear out a back-lit frontier trail dust cloud (whistling music please) to inflict a Blackfeet telltale mark for cheater’s of a cut nose.




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**“Professor”
Barry Junior
12 years of age**

**“Model Mama”
Bernice at 29 years**

**“Best Boy Grip”
James Miller
17 years**

**“Princess”
Colette
8 years old**

**“Drama Queen”
Bernadette
10 years young**

**“Melodrama Director”
Papa-Bear
a 30 year-old man**

**The Barry Murray Family Pioneering, in 1969-1970, the 2,500 mile
Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail, from Mexico, to Canada.
This book came from journal entries used for freelance
text and photo spreads in LIFE and Holiday Magazines.**



THE 'WHY' PART OF AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

It started with a bucksaw. Just a blue steel saw blade on an “H” shaped whittled wood frame, tensioned by bailing wire. During my early barefoot boyhood on the Clackamas River, every homestead in old Oregon had one of these contraptions hanging on the front porch along with a ‘triangle dinner bell,’ a few rusty traps, and a horseshoe tacked over the door, upright, to retain a family’s good luck.

Every boy also knew too well the purpose of a bucksaw. I remember. Yet, reminiscing one evening to my children around the dinner table of our hobby-horse Marin County, California’ ranchero’, I forgot what this superb, muscle-propelled woodcutter was called.

Sawbuck! That was the word still in my mind . As an ‘absent-minded professor’ type, I could explain to my ‘little professor’ son, “Just like a sawbuck pack saddle, only larger, and used to support a log while you wailed away doing your chores with the previously described, but momentarily unnamed predecessor of the chain saw.”

Sawing wood and packsaddles, he understood. As Barry Jr. had experienced the previous summer in wilderness Montana where my sidekick and I had learned how to throw a diamond hitch over a sawbuck saddle. The whole family seemed to have a knack for reading a ‘how-to’ book, followed up with learning by doing, and this was no exception.

In a junk store in Livingston, next door to the only honky-tonk I have ever experienced with swinging doors as oft seen in ‘B’ Westerns, just across from the Murray Hotel where Tex Ritter had taken his horse on an elevator ride, I had found an already worn wonderfully Western wordy Joe Back’s, *Horses Hitches And Rocky Trails*.

I loved Joe’s frontier-style of telling an otherwise hard to describe, “this goes over that.” And, his humoristic pen and ink illustrations that ended with the advice of, “When you reach the end of your rope, well just tie a knot at the end of it, and hang on.” Which we often did.

About here, dear reader, as storytelling authors used to say, hang on for the rewrite of a perhaps much too long “pictures are words/words are pictures,” Ken Burns style multimedia production of “what” we did as a family.

On a *Mark Twain Tonight* style lecture circuit presentation to a ‘best seller’ size audience of personal appearance touring to auditoriums, schools, and cruise ships at sea, I realized that an updated “why” was needed to start to explain our seemingly improbable



A photograph of two red dome tents pitched on a grassy slope in a canyon. In the background, a massive, light-colored rock wall rises steeply. The foreground is filled with trees, some with yellow autumn leaves and others with dark green foliage. The sky is a mix of pink, orange, and blue, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**Sleeping in brand new tents in
Hauser Creek Canyon was more
'romantic nomad' than 'homeless'!**



HAUSER CREEK CANYON TO CUSTOMS HOUSE

Hunkering down by a low burning mesquite wood campfire that evening, I took a slow drag of cold, strong, boiled coffee, and feeling to the tips of my boots the old-time trail boss, the Indian guide, the cavalry scout, I gave it to my family straight — “Here’s the way it is. Tomorrow we are getting up at the first light of dawn, throw us a diamond or two, and head north.”

That’s as good a way as any for a father who had never finished dreaming his childhood fantasies to begin a horseback saga of an otherwise very ordinary American family about to embark on a very unusual vacation. How did that next morning begin?

Today I almost hate to write about our beginning, as looking back on the first few days, it almost seems unprepared impossible that —Well, imagine the opening scene of an Italian/Western film epic. The unusual theme music of a Quaker Oats container drum played with chopsticks, accompanied by a twang of a musical saw, and the hum of comb and tissue paper harmonica fills the air.

Dawn breaks, and two hours later, the miscast hero sticks his head out of a tent to find his faithful horses making a raid on the reserve oat supplies. Quick as thunder, he jumps out of his sleeping bag, shouting, both to awaken his sleeping family, and to frighten the horses away.

Close-up of a frightened girl looking out of her tent, saying, “Dad?”

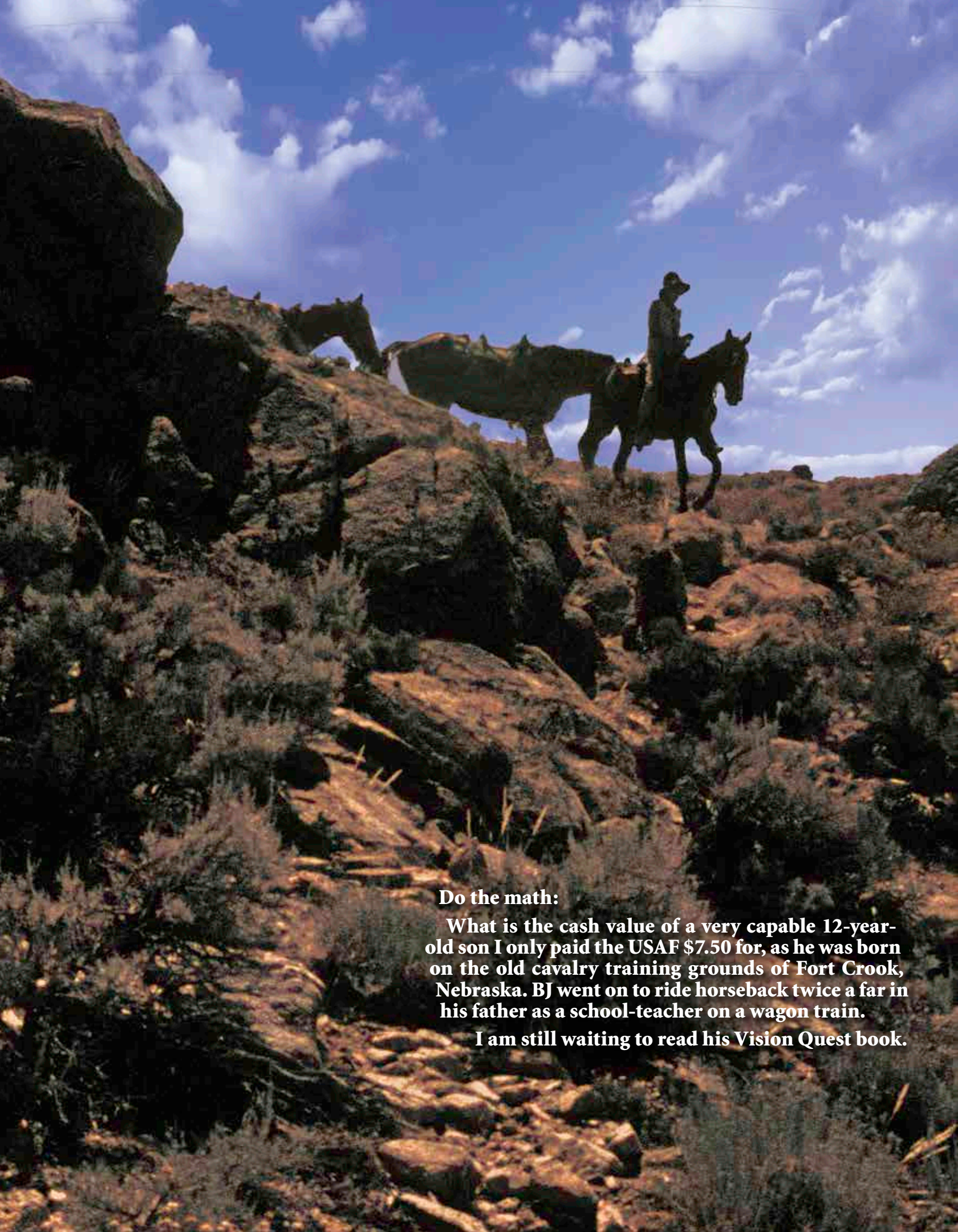
Flash pan to horses raising their heads out of burlap grain sacks, chewing contentedly.

Return to the societally conscious little girl, “Dad!”

Then, a long, slow, zoom-out shot that reveals a campground crowded with recreational vehicles, weekenders, visiting girl scouts—all turning to stare at this strange macho figure standing in the center of attention, yelling, in his Fruit of the Loom white jockey shorts. Cut!

I would have given just about anything then and there if we could have quickly tossed a diamond or two, and exited stage right. As it was, I didn’t re-appear out of my tent for another half hour. Bernice got up to build a fire to coax my trail crew out of bed, but had trouble trying to cook breakfast while entertaining all the guests we attracted who had ambled over to ask, “When ya hitting the saddle for Canada, little lady?”





Do the math:

What is the cash value of a very capable 12-year-old son I only paid the USAF \$7.50 for, as he was born on the old cavalry training grounds of Fort Crook, Nebraska. BJ went on to ride horseback twice as far in his father as a school-teacher on a wagon train.

I am still waiting to read his Vision Quest book.



CAMPO TRAILHEAD OVER LOS PINOS

‘See’ I told my crew the next morning after arising at dawn (actually it was 7:30 A.M.), packing fairly efficiently (Esther fed us breakfast so it hadn’t been necessary to unpack our pots and pans), and making tracks in the right direction, “all of our difficulties are behind us now.” Oh, I knew we had a few adjustments to make, minor problems that would require a little attention—nothing we couldn’t handle.

A number of locals had recommended following a power line access road that paralleled the blacktop. Unfortunately this didn’t work too well as we ran into locked gates, dead-ends, and detours that led right back to the highway.

A-hah, I had another plan. Number 36B. Before leaving, I spent \$4.25 making a long-distance phone booth call to the Forest Service to verify an alternative way through. The ranger had recommended a “long cut,” that was an interesting bit of trail, and had a few excellent camping sites.

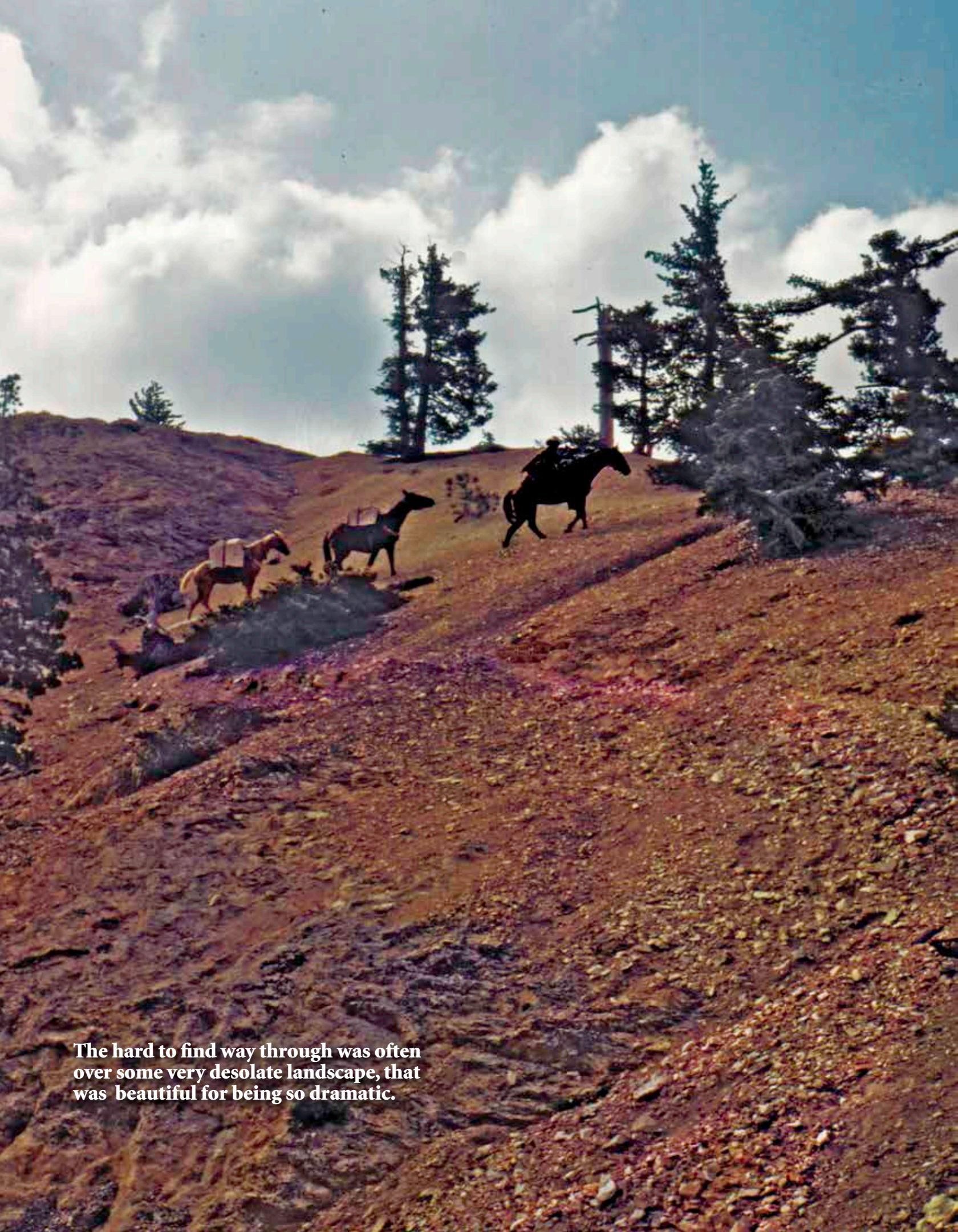
What he failed to mention was a cattle guard made of rolling pipe, with a locked bypass gate. At this stage of our expedition, we did not carry a fence tool. We had to unpack what was to become our second most needed trail maker, a shovel. By filling in part of the pit, the horses crossed on solid ground. Once done, how were we to get the dirt out? So, we left, more or less, the gate open.

I had planned for an easy first day of ten miles. After 16 of detouring, we still had three to go to the recommended camping area when the fireball of an orange sun began to set behind strange desert mountains.

My eye was well familiar with the contour lines that popped peaks out of USGS topographic maps, but I had not yet developed the knack of predicting good campsites. These maps showed a green forest and brush, but nothing about grazing. Later I learned to read that a reasonably open, flat, area clear of brush or forest, which had some water, meant grass—hopefully enough to hold our string for the night. On a few occasions, my forecast of a meadow turned out to be solid rock, or sand, which gave me a choice of beating my head against or burying the same in.

However, this time, without realizing the problems involved, we were traveling dumb lucky. Just before dusk, we happened upon a cool, grass edged, stream. Rather than push





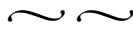
The hard to find way through was often over some very desolate landscape, that was beautiful for being so dramatic.



WARNER SPRINGS TO BLACK MOUNTAIN

He said he was a Mescalero Apache, or part at least, our one-man welcoming committee to Warner Springs. We had approached this historical rancho through the Canada Buena Vista (Canada? Already?) and across open rolling range-land to meet this hysterical Indian.

This new-found friend came up to where the girls and I were holding the horses while Bernice and BJ were off shopping, and James was looking for a telephone to call his parents.



“Killed 300 snakes this year,” this young man, said as a way of introduction.

“That so?”

“Yep, just like to kill rattlesnakes. Part Mescalero, you know.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Yep. You hobble your horses at night?”

“Yes, we do.”

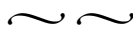
“I know how to sneak up and steal a hobbled horse without even the horse knowing I’m there. Part of my Indian training. Snakes don’t know it before I pounce, either. “

“Well, don’t steal my horses.”

“I wouldn’t do that. You my friend.”

“I am truly glad to hear that.”

“Good friend. You want my old TV set?”



James returned with a gentleman dressed in hat and boots who immediately walked up to Petite and gave her a poke in the ribs.

“Who is he,” I whispered to James.

“Runs a riding stable for the resort. I borrowed his phone.”

I needed to buy some oats to top off our supply, and though I didn’t care for the way this fellow was looking in The Colonel’s mouth, I approached with hand outstretched, “How do you . . .” do, I politely started communicating.





**“Dad tried to sell me on the idea
this was just same as going to
a beach that had huge grains of sand”?**



WHITEWATER RIVER TO BIG BEAR LAKE

Cabazon, in the San Gorgonio Pass, that is Los Angeles' lowest level lifeline through the barrier of the coast range of mountains, was our first real contact with civilization in the 227 miles we had traveled from the border. I don't mean that we stayed at a hotel and had hot showers, for we were lucky to find a "hidden" oasis on historic Hurley flat near the highway where we could give the horses and ourselves a well earned rest.

Instead, it turned out that civilization meant hippies finding our hidden camp, and moving in upstream for a pot party. It meant hitchhiking into town for food and grain supplies and calling a taxi for the return. But most of all it meant a place where we could spend money.

One of the enjoyable aspects of trail travel was that away from a modern world, money was meaningless. We had no phone, water, the electric bill, or rent to worry about. As there wasn't anything to buy, there wasn't any reason for carrying money about in our pockets.

However, when we came to town, it always proved necessary to dig deep into our jeans, and sorting through a collection of horseshoe nails, wang leather, matches, etc., somehow find enough money to pay for what, even for us, were the bare essentials. Namely food.

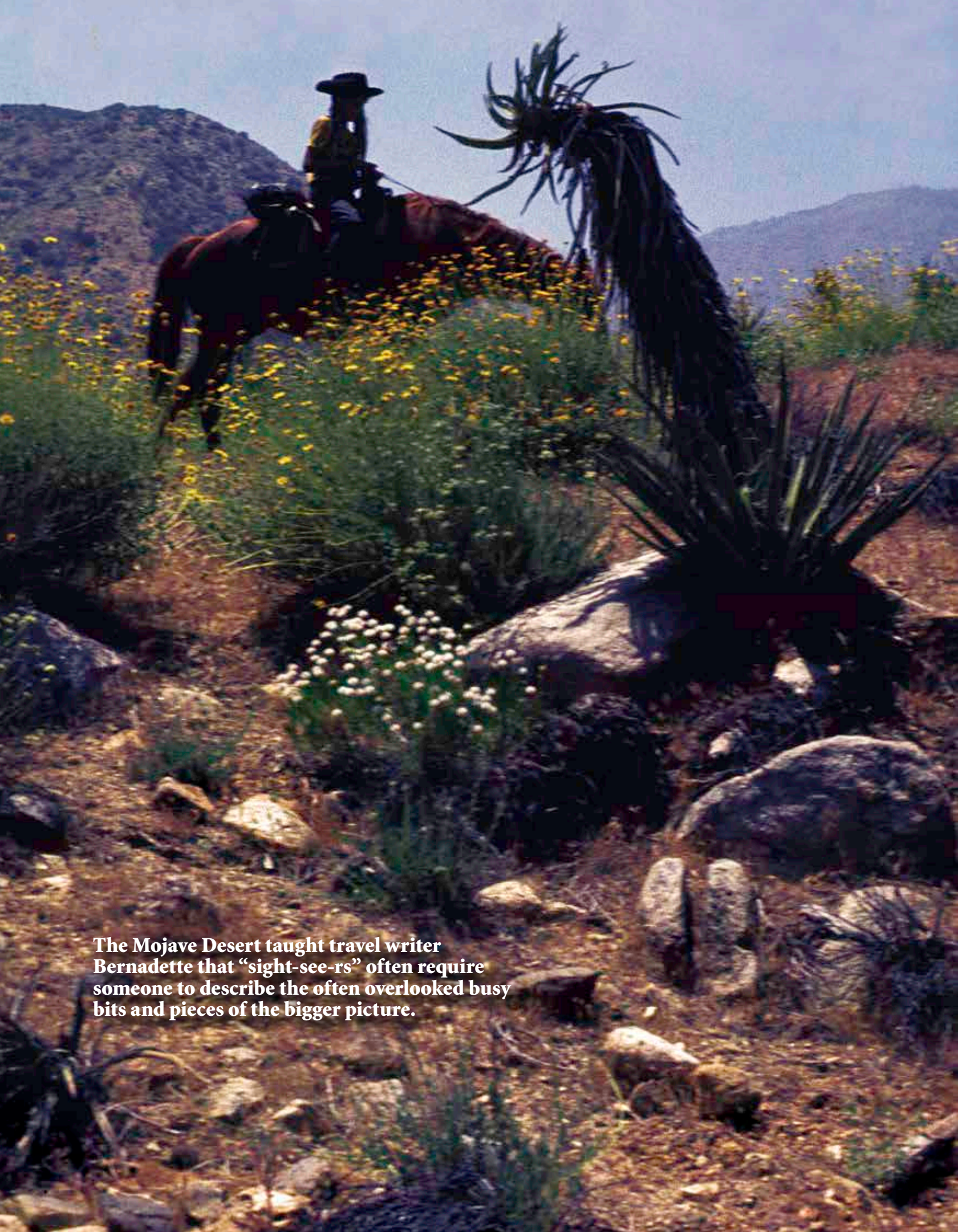
I could justify hiring a taxi as it saved us a four hour round trip by horse. Besides, it probably would have been necessary to feed coins into 12 separate parking meters. A funny thought? Not when the thinness of our bankroll dictated that we had to do some fancy horse-trading if this trip was to continue.

We stayed a week at Cabazon, hoping to sell the Thoroughbreds. Or, at the least, Traveller, who hadn't gained with force-feeding.

One prospect laughed, "Why he has to stand twice in the same place to cast a shadow." Finally, as our budget could not afford a board bill or additional feed supplements, I gave a now docile Traveller away to a family with a "horse crazy" teenage daughter. My only proviso for a "free horse" was that they call a vet and follow his advice.

Acquiring a replacement wasn't as easy. What we ended up with acquired the name, "Hungry," as a healthy appetite was this horse's most outstanding feature. An Appaloosa, he was blemished by an osselet, a sort of a bony growth on the leg, that at any time could





The Mojave Desert taught travel writer Bernadette that “sight-see-ers” often require someone to describe the often overlooked busy bits and pieces of the bigger picture.



ANTELOPE VALLEY, WILLOW SPRINGS, TO TEHACHAPI

How right Bernice was. The Mojave was no laughing matter. It was dry. In fact, it was everything we had not expected. No sand dunes, date palms, dancing harem girls, here. Just miles and miles of miles, and miles of rock and scrub,

The only visual excitement was Joshua trees growing to 20 feet tall, covered with sharp-toothed leaves. A curious plant, it is ironically related to the lily. It was well named by early Mormon pioneers for a Biblical lieutenant of Moses who supposedly, with arms held high, made the sun stand still in the sky to allow time for a battle to be won. These “trees” define the Mojave in California and parts of Nevada, just as the Swajoro cactus indicates the Sonoran Desert in Arizona.

These trees, even in forests, gave little shade, or relief from the heat, which was unbearable. In the desert, “unbearable” and “impossible,” took on new meanings. Thus far, we always had a choice of alternatives, even if one was undesirable, the other, dangerous. In a sinister land where a savage sun stood still, we just had to endure. Time was measured by slow hoofbeats. Every foot forward meant that a mile had been reduced from 5,640 feet to 5,639. It was that intense of a struggle.

Yet, there is a fascination in experiencing a desert that creates a love/hate relationship with the land. Perhaps being ‘touched’ by the sun could be a reason. An example, of course, is the old prospector and faithful burro, searching for a valid reason to leave the hell that is his home, while secretly hoping that day will never come.

There have been a number of beautifully done books that describe a desert from the point of view of a hawk riding a thermal updraft. Big, bold, brazen. And then, there are adventure writers that exploit the harshness almost to the point of exaggeration. However, dramatic the words, or striking the photographs, they cannot explain the significance of what a desert really is unless you have mingled your tracks with those of horned toads.

We all suffered. Lips dried and cracked. It almost was necessary to “bite” a breath out of the superheated air. Doing so, our teeth became covered with dull gray dust. The humidity was so low, it felt as if moisture was being evaporated deep inside our bodies. Instead of “melting down” under a hot sun, the fate that would befall the unfortunate here would be a “shriveling up,” to be blown away on an endless wind.



Shush! It is nap time!
I have a number of pictures of my children
connecting with other family members in ways big
city editors somehow cannot understand. I have set
aside the book-reading-horse-backrest shots for
Bernadette to use for her “Little House” stories.





FOURTH OF JULY MEADOW TO OWENS VALLEY

We had much to celebrate that Fourth. Our ‘vacation’ was spent in a long, green, meadow, with a deep creek meandering by, that was surrounded by massive, white, granite monoliths reminiscent of Stonehenge.

Our ‘vacation’ was spent in a long, green, meadow, with a deep creek meandering by, that was surrounded by massive, white, granite monoliths reminiscent of Stonehenge.

Of course, we had chores to take care of. Shoeing, doctoring, repairs, were unending tasks. Bernice fired up her scrub board “washing machine.” I had found this old-fashioned rub-a-dub model in the back room of a hardware store and surprised her with it as a present. Nothing was too good for my little woman. No sir!

Once the girls had a load of wash strung out from rock to bush, to tent, to pannier, they decided to amuse themselves by going riding. Without bothering with saddle and bridle, they would select a grazing horse, unbuckle the hobbles, and lay on his neck. Their unlucky choice, not caring for the weight on his head, would raise it, the girls would be lifted up to slide down onto his back, and away they would go.

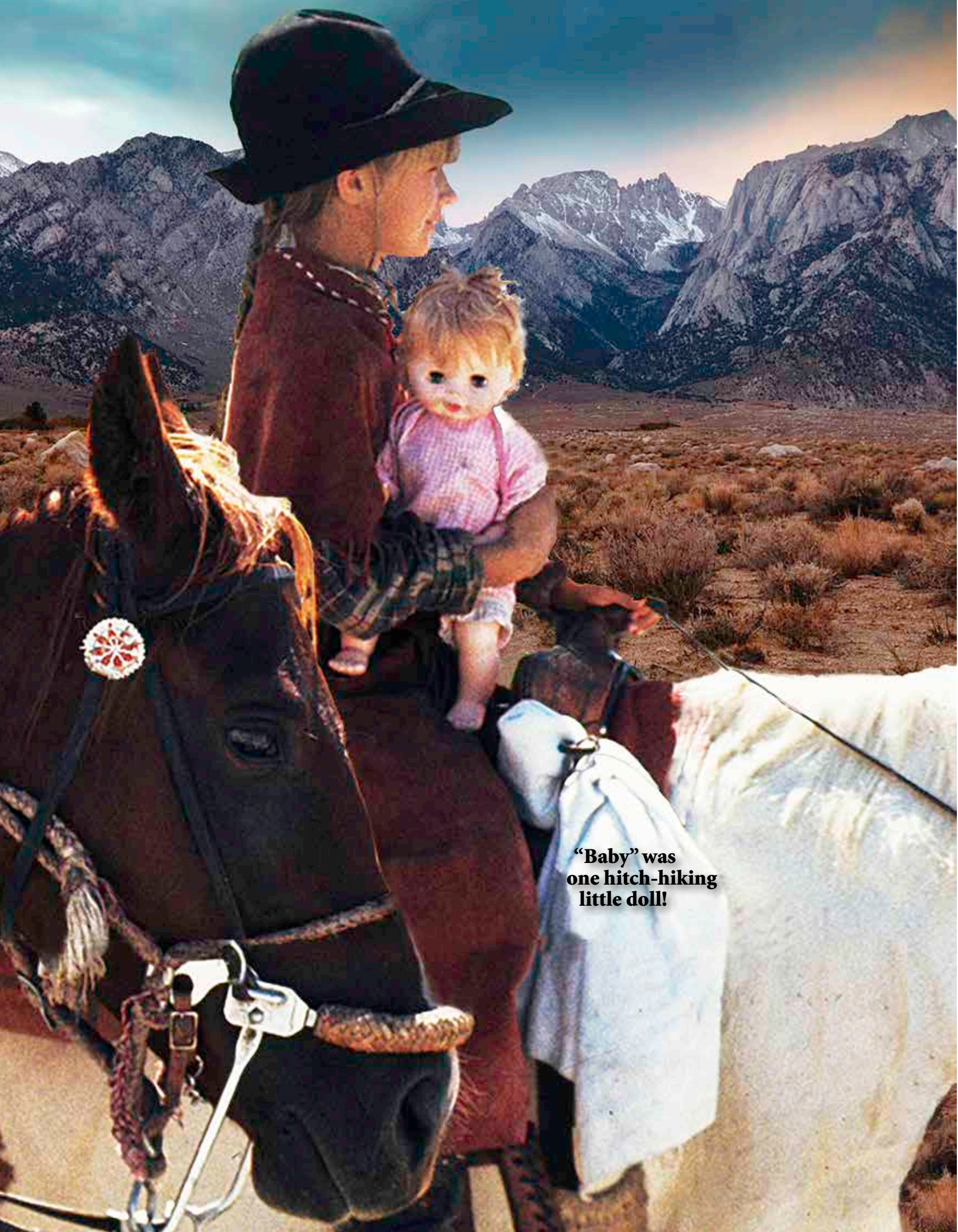
My two rodeo princesses rode frontwards, backwards, standing, laying, and would jump from the back of one horse, to another. Whenever a hobbled horse is released from his shackles, he usually takes a few jumps to make sure his front feet aren’t still fastened together. This “crow hopping” tickled the girls so much that I had to place Skookum off limits before they tangled with something serious.

As the previous day had been all uphill, I finally talked Bernadette and Colette into letting the horses have a rest too, and joining BJ, James, and myself floating down the creek on what was left of our air mattresses. Bernice was also invited to this party a bit later when we all helped her wash the clothes she was wearing—while still in them.

It took her awhile to enjoy the ice cold water, but she was good sport enough to climb out and bake a dessert in her also new reflector oven, another of conveniences I has spoiled her with. Alas, it did not work that well unless one built a huge “white guy” fire.

It really was a day to remember, I lay on my back in the sun, appropriately watching an eagle floating on the breeze, free, as we were, at home in a wilderness. I, for one, didn’t miss for a moment being part of the crowd, just fifteen miles away as that eagle could fly.





**“Baby” was
one hitch-hiking
little doll!**



LONE PINE, BISHOP, TO MAMMOTH PASS

I arrived 'home' with a dripping sack of ice cream, a crumpled cake, and the doll, to find one sleepy-eyed birthday girl sitting up by the campfire, waiting. I nudged Colette fully awake and put the unexpected present in her outstretched arms. She kissed it many times and then gave Daddy a big one. Somehow that made the day's problems worthwhile.

Bernice and I spent the rest of the evening spooning ice cream to keep it from being wasted, and talked about our life. What was to come in the years ahead for our children? We also remembered Colette's birthday the year before that had happened in our mining camp in Alaska. The crew had whittled wooden toys for her. We had taken the helicopter out for a fishing, picnic, party at a hidden mountain lake. Life has many trails.

It was hard to leave the party pasture, and the shade trees, to head out into the Alabama Hills, site of the filming of many a horse opera. We concluded that the unionized Hollywood cowboys only worked in the spring or fall, as the heat we met was enough to melt the film in their cameras. Our trail also brought us to swamps that had not been tapped by the aqueduct. Desert on one side; swamp on the other with an out of place choking high humidity. At least we had grass that night, and the funny little roadrunners, that raced by as comically, and as swiftly, as the cartoon character of film fame.

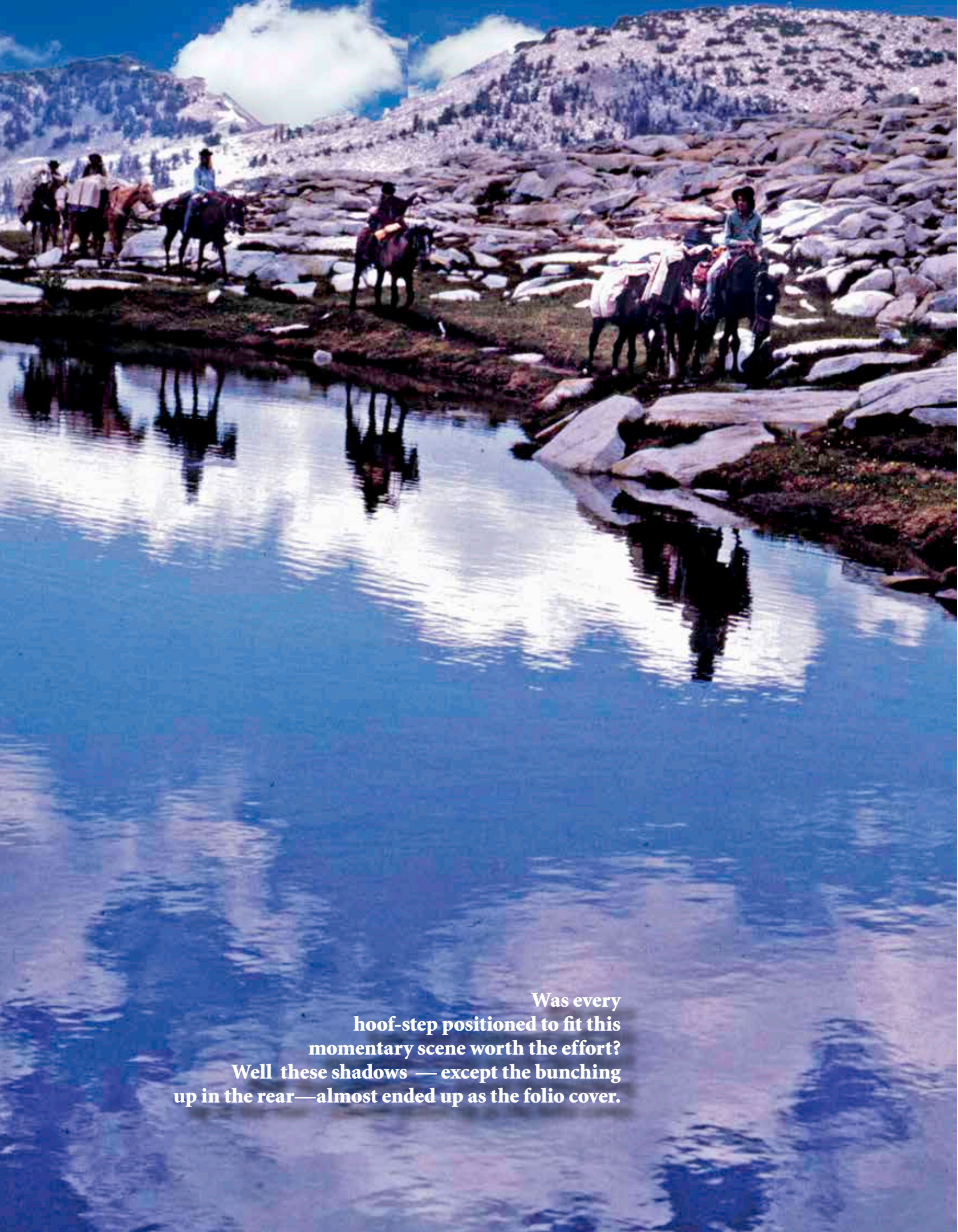
Colette, herself, was the portrait of a leading lady that day. She refused to surrender her "Baby" to ride on a packhorse, or in saddlebags. She insisted on carrying it in her arms. She also made sure there was enough fresh water for the doll to drink and dry diapers to take care of the end result.

Perhaps influenced by our classic surroundings, I decided to travel at night. In hay burners, that is what the hero does to save his mount from the ravages of a desert sun. For us 'outlaws,' it didn't work.

There was no problem finding our way. We simply followed the north star. The chill wind was, oh, so pleasant. The girls slept half the night through. They found that by turning in their saddles, they could rest a tired head upon a reasonable soft and fuzzy horse's rump. But, the next day was so blisteringly hot that nobody, stock included, could sleep.

We tried it again the next night for a different reason. Elsewhere, others were up late,





Was every
hoof-step positioned to fit this
momentary scene worth the effort?
Well these shadows — except the bunching
up in the rear—almost ended up as the folio cover.



GRANITE STAIRWAY BACK TO JOHN MUIR TRAIL / YOSEMITE

That horizon of high enchantment was visible through Mammoth Pass by the time we reached the popular resort communities located in the Mammoth Lakes Basin. There was no place to camp after a short day, nor did we want to share one of the many lakes here with car campers, for if we pushed it, we could camp somewhere along the John Muir Trail we had missed too much of, that evening.

We followed a rental stables' private trail, then another popular dirt "freeway trail" with a multitude of day hikers puffing along. It seemed possible that we might be crowded out of meadows by hordes of fellow explorers, or turned back by a deep snowpack, so this time I wasn't promising that our problems would all disappear once back into the mountains. In fact, I counseled, "Wait until we hit the Oregon border before letting out a cheer."

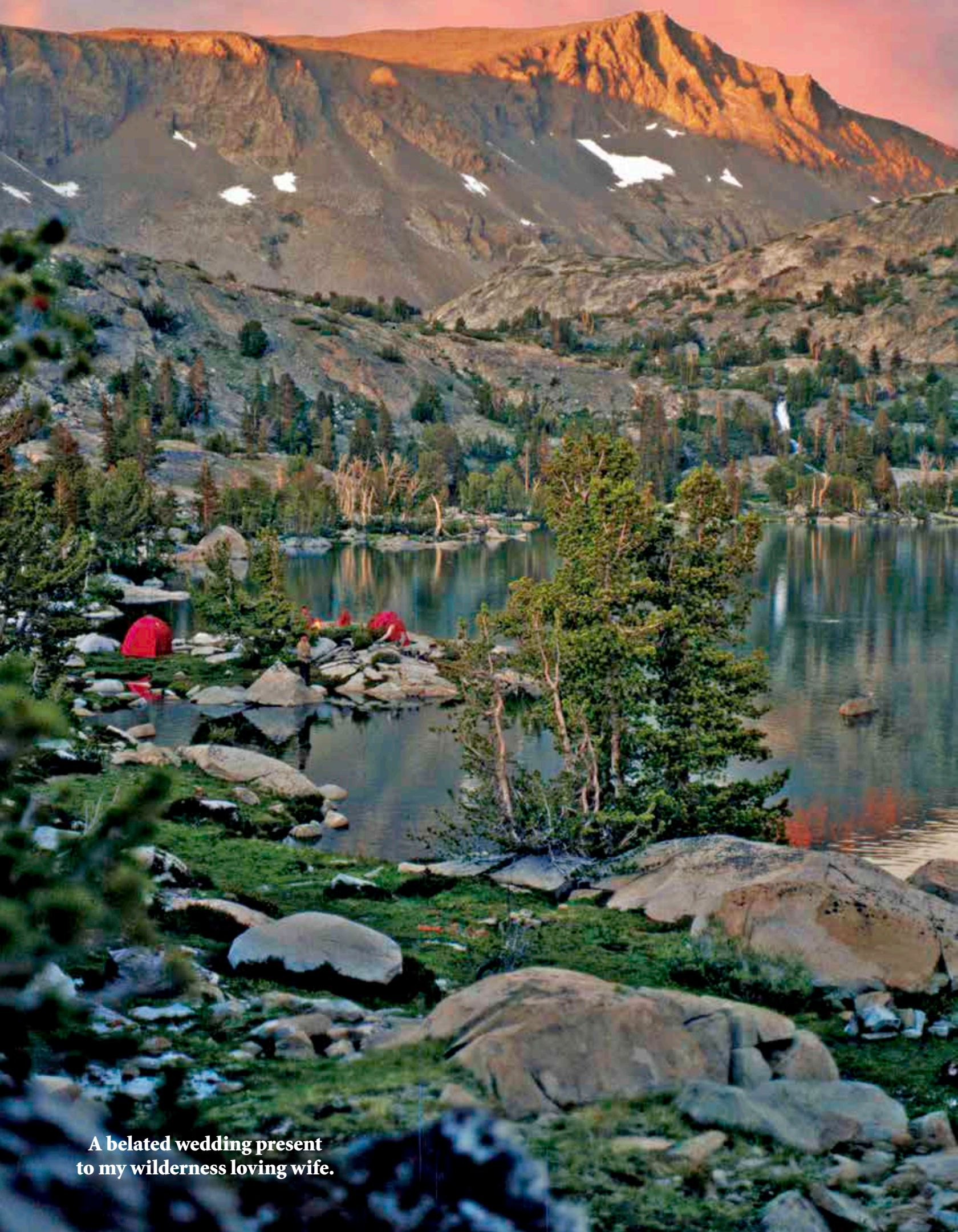
I was wrong. Crossing the broad 9,000-foot east-west pass brought us into a perfect wilderness. What a delight to be away from all signs of man improving nature. What a shame that we couldn't have traveled Scottish born John Muir's Trail the whole way instead of force marching up the Owens Valley, for what we did follow to a meadow camp in the crater of a cinder cone was exactly as portrayed in the many Sierra Club publications that sang the praises of the first recreational wilderness trail system established in the country.

What made it even better was that we selfishly had this experience all to ourselves. Apparently, no one else wanted to risk crossing over the snowpack. Further north, the trail climbed the famed Donohue Pass, 12,000 feet high, which was so snow-clogged that the Forest Service stated that it would not be open this season.

Since it was then the latter part of July, and we were crossing frozen drifts taller than a horse at a mere 9,000 feet—I believed.

By going west, then south, we hoped to cross the Granite Stairway to the other side of the range, and somehow turn north again into Yosemite National Park. We passed by the very famous *Devil's Postpile National Monument*, a cliff of columnar basalt that really didn't impress me. I had seen similar displays of the lava that had cooled in polygonal shapes in the Columbia River Gorge that I enjoyed more without all the trailside attrac-





**A belated wedding present
to my wilderness loving wife.**



SAUCER MEADOW TO AMERICAN RIVER

The Emigrant Basin was a living remnant in time of just one of the many famous wagon train trails we were to cross, or follow. Unlike others, this one was protected by Wilderness, and the mountains, lakes, and meadows were the same as when our fellow travelers had seen them in the 1850s. It was easy to hear the crack of the driver's whips, the creak of a leather harness, echoing down from the basin's walls. There was no traffic noise to drown them out.

No trace of their passing was still visible, except one broken wagon wheel, and one very hard to find, unmarked, grave. We did know the emigrants' story, however, through the place names on the map.

In Yosemite, everything had been named for dignitaries. In the Emigrant Basin, less patronizing people had simply seen a grizzly at Grizzly Meadow; a brown bear climbing a pass; a black bear at a lake of that name. Deadman Lake told another story.

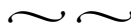
South of Sonora Pass, we also stumbled across the path of Jedediah Smith, 142 years after he had passed by on his way to a fur trappers' rendezvous in Wyoming.

Another, as it turned out old six degrees of separation family friend from the Mohave, Colonel Fremont, also had spent many days scouting this area for an easy east to west route. Perhaps both camped, as we did at tiny Saucer Meadow, for it was one of the few servings of grass on a white tablecloth of granite. Anyhow, it was interesting to speculate on this possibility as we sat watching the flickering flames of our campfire that evening.

This was how we, made up the chorus of our favorite song of the whole trip:

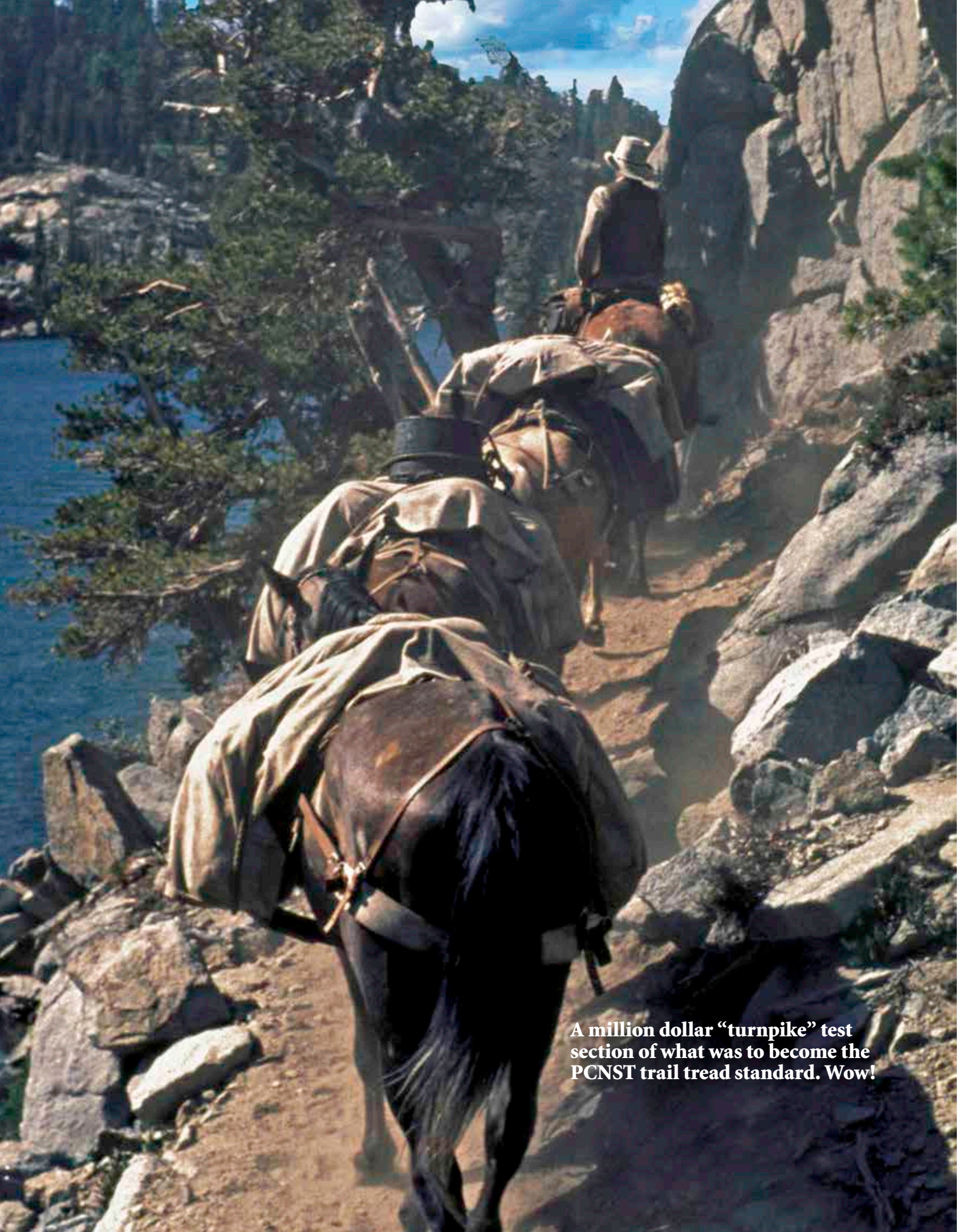


♪ I'm a ten horsepower, four-hoof drive,
~ Non-polluting, time machine.
~ Riding along, dreaming of the past,
~ living on bacon and beans. ♪



Using this as a refrain, it was easy to add a multitude of verses, some good, some bad, but always fun.





A million dollar “turnpike” test section of what was to become the PCNST trail tread standard. Wow!



HAWLEY GRADE TO YUBA GAP

Tahoe was a human comedy. Tourists to this picture-postcard resort end up spending their outdoor vacation indoors, in the just across the line Nevada plastic gambling casinos that are open 24-hours a day, seven days a week. Wearing sun hats made from beer can labels and pink yarn, which match their baby blue colored Bermuda shorts, they crowd around the craps tables, happily losing hard-earned money.

Which, since we were following history to mining camps, it seemed appropriate that the fanciest of any house to spring up facing the road that logs were skidded along for whipsawing into lumber, were casinos, full of dance-hall girls.

As a family, we didn't fit very well into the scene. So James, accompanied by BJ, took off for town as soon as we camped along the upper reaches of the Truckee River, which was reachable by road, to hitchhike to pick up a very welcomed money order made out by James's father in his name. As usual, there was some trouble enticing a car to stop for two saddle tramps.

My son's first experience in thumbing a ride, in Cabazon, had turned out quite well. So this time, he wasn't that surprised to hear his name being called by a girl from a passing car—an old classmate. What confounded him was that she continued yelling, "What in the world are you doing?" as the vehicle disappeared around the next corner.

It was an old school bus load of hippies that were nice enough to stop and to spend an hour searching for the tiny post office lost among all the neon signs that blinked and dazzled and promised a visitor the best vacation on earth.

By the time it was found, the post office had a closed sign hanging on the door. This didn't stop James. He pounded and hollered until a clerk came to shout back that he was headed home for the weekend and to go away before he called the police.

"No, let me in," demanded James, "I'm hungry."

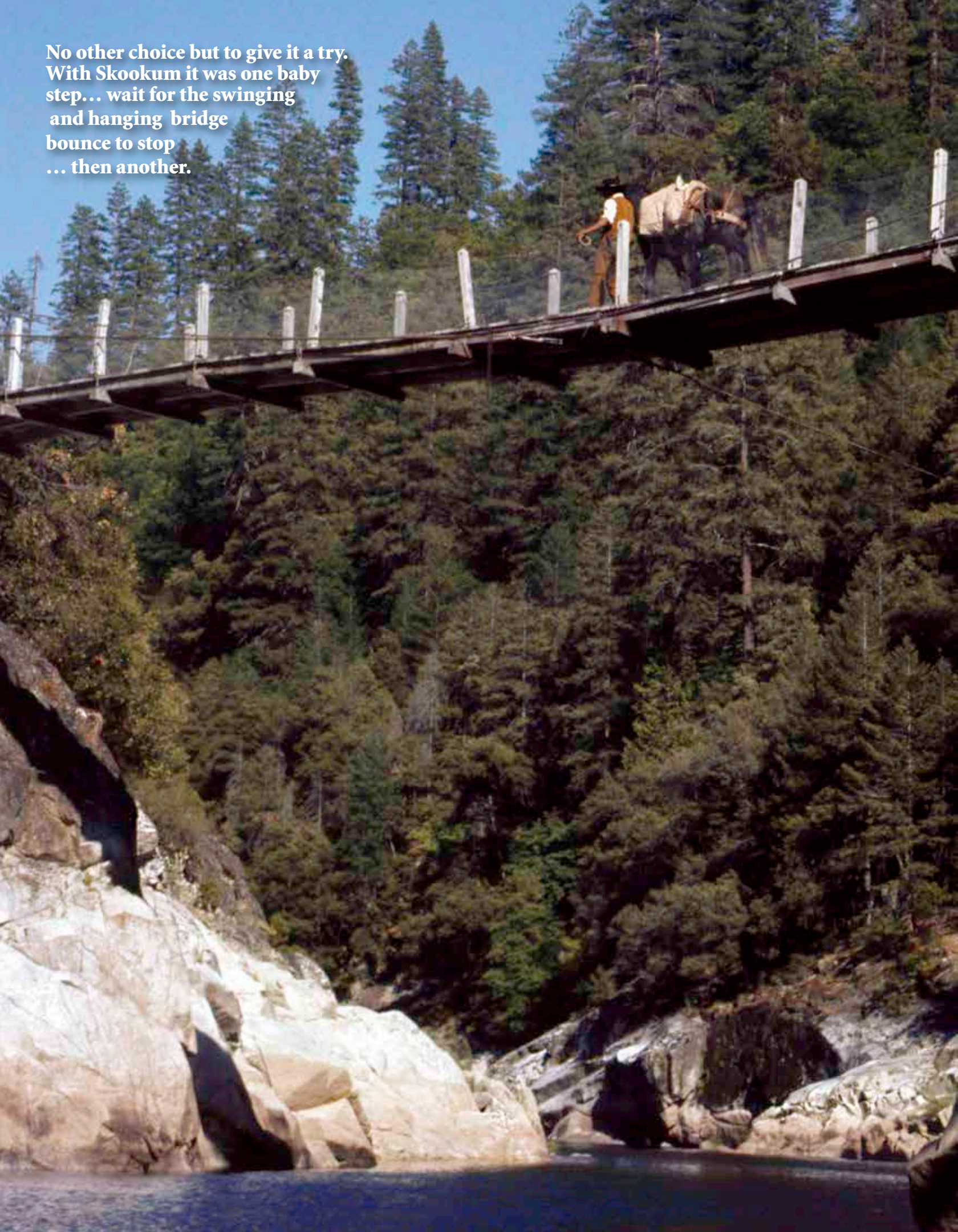
"This isn't a restaurant."

"Give me my allowance."

Finally, the postmaster himself came to see what the commotion was, and upon hearing this hungry hard luck story, gave James his mail.



No other choice but to give it a try.
With Skookum it was one baby
step... wait for the swinging
and hanging bridge
bounce to stop
... then another.





POKER FLAT TO GREEN ISLAND LAKE

Beyond the Yuba Gap, we were supposed to follow another section of the Pacific Crest Trail, designated by Clinton Clarke's Crest Trail Conference in the late 1930s as the Lava Crest. Our one and only printed trail guide fantasized that this was the geological dividing line between the north end of the Sierra and the beginning of the volcanics of the Cascade Mountains.

As we could look north to a white granite pinnacle called Sierra Buttes, this bit of published information was difficult to believe. Then, the trail guide went on to list our first destination as an "A" tree.

Of course, none of the locals had ever heard of the Lava Crest or the PCT, and when I asked in Sierra City where the "A" tree was located, they wanted to know what the punch line of my joke was. A call to the U.S. Forest Service brought the same response. I quickly hung up before being arrested for making an obscene phone call. Or worse, they might have started another search and rescue.

So we simply, now that we were full of confidence and experience, headed north. We knew that in enough days following our own noses in this general direction, we would fall, stumble, splash, into the Feather River.

Lacking a main trail, we followed unmarked and unmapped, stock driveways connecting meadow to meadow, logging roads, and the most exciting of all, tracks leading to mining prospects. Some of the abandoned camps we came across were old diggings, but even then, there usually was the remains of a water ditch, a path, or blazed trees leading on to that proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. In effect, we were now part and parcel of the gold rush.

I don't know how the argonauts that led the way so many years ago fared, but for us, this gold seeker's trail led to rich 'finds.' Our first was to discover that miners were, and are, pretty friendly people. Maybe I should qualify this a bit as I could talk their jargon. But, nowhere else on this trip did we see a sign on a cabin that said, "You're welcome to use this roof friend—just leave it as it was." We didn't stay as the grass was poor but rode on to another invitation that we couldn't resist. A night in a bed!

Charlie and Judy Jones came out of their three-story mine log house and wouldn't





We were to winter on the border of Utah and Nevada.



ANTALOPE VALLEY, NEVADA / SNAKE VALLEY, UTAH

On the scary drive out of the mountains, at speeds of taking switchback curves at a recommended 45 MPH, I connected again with my mountain mamma. I had left at sixteen to join the uranium rush in Moab, Utah, in part to escape her alcoholism, brought about by a terrible divorce that had also changed the destiny of both myself and Highland Celtic sister Mary Margaret.

My early Oregonian mother, a young Schweizerdeutsch speaking Swiss Miss of an immigrant family from Grindelwald, an Eiger Village, gazing down on the Jungfrau, that had a cog railroad, but no road; she really was an Alpine-Celtic-Outlander. No wonder I was born wearing skis and happily wandering mountain trails with a knapsack on my back. I had been to a great aunt Marie Bowman's 100th birthday party, where she was also noted by the press for being the first European female to climb Mt. Hood.

I had left the boys with a promise to return with a stock truck. They were to hold the string at the lake until the grass gave out, then go to one of three other meadows we had scouted when shuttling everyone who was leaving to the car. Good planning, except that I couldn't find a large truck for rent that was reasonable. Nor pasture.

I finally headed south, after putting the girls into my old grade school, with a borrowed pick-up. And enough borrowed money to rent a horse trailer for a few days, and to pay a deposit on rental pasture in California, if I could find any.

I caught up with BJ and James in their next to the last of the reserve meadows we had chosen. This one was private, complete with a road, and NO TRESPASSING signs. As deer hunting season was due to commence the next day, they felt this minor criminal act was justified for the safety of Charlie and Friends.

I had just started cooking the first decent dinner the boys had known since we abandoned them, when up drove a vehicle with its horn honking. Out jumped two men and an angry-looking boy; all were armed. I greeted them pleasantly as possible when looking down the action end of a thirty-aught-six. We were told to get the #%&*@~ out of there.

I explained the necessity of holding the horses until I could find pasture, told something of our trip, and reasoned that since no cattle needed the grass, our grazing was actually beneficial. My answer was the click of the action of the repeater rifle loading



Whispering in
Pokey's ear...
"Hope you find the
menu a delight tonight"!





ON THE TRAIL AGAIN TO LOGAN LAKE

Hunkering down by a low burning “squaw wood” campfire, I took a slow drag of that hot newfangled freeze-dried coffee, and wondered out loud, “Well, how long is it going to take us to pack up and get moving this morning?”

No matter how loud I had ranted last year, or how fast I had moved to set the pace, we had never been able to break the pattern of an hour and a half for breakfast and breaking down tents, and another hour and a half of saddling and packing the horses. Three hours total every travel day, which cut a big chunk out of a reserve of available daylight. Now that I had lost James, my off-side packer, Barry Jr., literally was going to have to learn the ropes.

“Up,” I signaled, and my little son, who was only thirteen, lifted his 80-pound pannier up to the saddle forks faster than I did mine.

“Manty,” and he had it in place before I could bend down to pick up the lash rope.

“Catch,” and he had the loop on his side snugged by the time I had the diamond twisted, ready for the loose end again.

“Five minutes!” I exclaimed and stepped around the horse to take another look at this little pug nose punk who had stolen my name. What I saw, standing proud 6’ 2”, was a man, not a boy. We were going to do just fine.

Bernadette and Colette had grown too. So much so that flexing their arms to lift a saddle into place, it was noticeable. Both admonished me for mentioning something as unladylike as muscles. On the other hand, neither appreciated any suggestion of help when it came time to climb on their horse. This contradiction was a sure sign they were growing into Alaskan skookum womanhood.

Bernice somehow looked the same. I decided this was on account of her hat being the only one that had survived the rigors of last year. My black ‘Californian sombrero top’ had not passed the ‘whop’ test of swatting Skookum. And, in keeping true to the change in geography, I was now sporting a historic beaver felt ‘Cascade Peak’.

The rest of our outfit was new or refurbished. She-who-must-be-obeyed, or go hungry, tightened the buckle on the strap that held a lighter cast-aluminum Dutch oven in



Forty years after this happy family scene, I went back in a motor home named Charlie Horse, while gathering video for my CaliforniaTravelMagazine[dotcom], to camp once again at Logan Lake.

The Cabin had tumbled down into a duff supporting the growth of re-generated trees.





PASSING BY LOGGERS TO THE OREGON BORDER

It began to rain again at Logan Lake, so we stayed zippered up for another day. I rigged a manty tarp ‘cook shack’ shelter, so Bernice was able to continue her tradition of fine foods for famished folks. We spent the day reading, curled up on soft foam pads, with down sleeping bags as cushions. Not that uncomfortable of a way to spend a drippy day, except that I was gloomy as the clouds above.

Here I was, a web-footed Oregonian, hiding from a little bit of rain. I know that without rain showers, you don’t have flowers or green grass. However, I had the feeling I had chanted, “Rain, rain, go away/ come again, another day,” as a child, once too often. The day of reckoning had arrived.

Perhaps I was overly sensitive to the rain on account of our spending so much time under a desert sky last summer, and our Utah winter: or, from driving up from the heat of the Sacramento Valley into the sudden crispness of the mountain air. Whatever, now the sight and smell of cat-tails rotting in the mud along the shoreline of this shallow lake, or the homestead cabin itself, with roof half-fallen in, filled me with a feeling of doom.

But then, an early morning sun rippled across the waters of the lake that now reflected a heavenly blue. Birds happily swooped through the air. There was a freshness about, not so much from everything having recently taken a bath, but more from a shower of sunbeams. Yes, Bernice was right. It was a good day to be alive.

It was with this jubilant celebration that, after breakfast dishes were done, we all went to explore the cabin. Each of us conjectured what must have happened in one day in the life of those that had lived here before.

With these thoughts in mind, once again, we followed the Emigrant Trail. Without park service signs, we knew we were experiencing it as it had been. North, from the cabin, the pioneers couldn’t have gone any other route. We had come to the first of many lava fields we were to cross in the Cascade Mountains. The way through was dictated by the pattern the flows of molten rock had faulted and fissured.

This field was quite aged—although geologically, the lava eruptions of the Cascades are all quite recent—and a forest of determined pines had succeeded in planting roots down through the cracks in the jagged and inhospitable rock. Perhaps in another 10,000



On autopilot on a safe , but otherwise boring,
logging road where the only action was
turning a paperback page





LAKE OF THE WOODS TO DIAMOND LAKE

What is the significance of crossing a line on a road map from one color to another? As gold to green. Between some countries, it could be barbed wire and armed guards marking a dividing line of freedom and slavery, life, or death. Traveling from state to state, it often is only a 6 cent difference in the price of a gallon of gasoline.

For us, crossing into Oregon was many things. Both Bernice and I, as native daughter and son, were coming home. I hope I don't sound too chauvinistic (oh, how I used to love that word before macho female liberationists stole it from the dictionary) in writing that Oregon is much more than a state of mind.

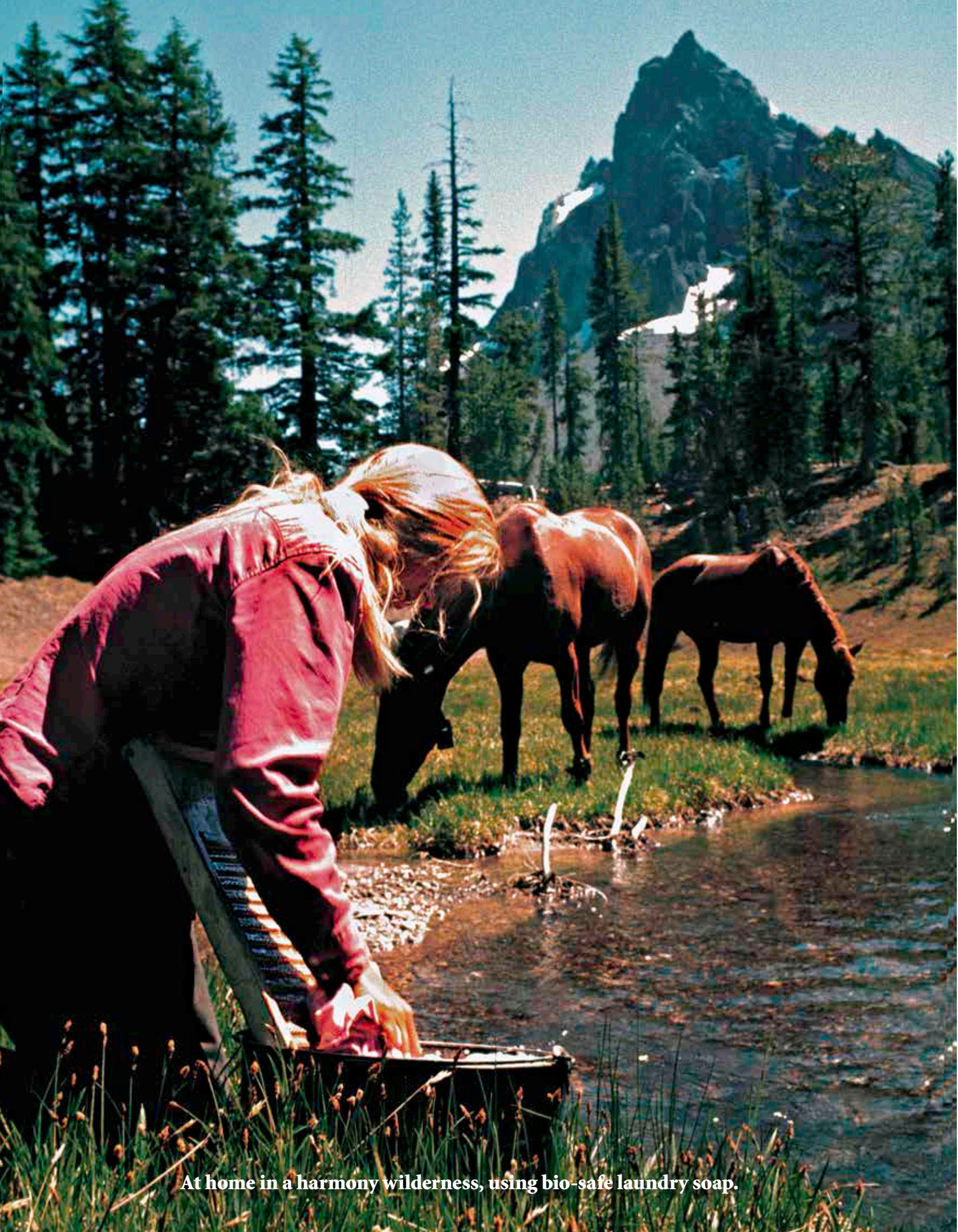
Noted for tall trees and majestic mountains, it is the relationship of the people with their land that makes this state worth talking about. And their weird cult of the outdoors, where sports as hiking, skiing, mountain biking, white water river running, have been popular pastimes long before becoming 'discovered' in other parts of the country. This 'oneness' with a wilderness wonderland has often been described as being, "Oregonized."

Because of this, even though the number one industry was timber, there also is an attitude of conservation. Oregon has long led the way in environmental legislation. It's bottle bill, and Willamette River clean-up are but two outstanding examples. It is this respect for the land that accounts for the fact that Portland, Oregon's largest city, time and again has been selected as one of the most differently livable metropolitan areas in the United States.

The only reason two million Oregonians haven't acquired a reputation for braggadocio more blatant than that of a single Texan is that most Webfoots want to keep everything about this hidden land a secret. In fact their apologies for rain, remoteness, rudeness, have contrarily become a form of selfish pretentiousness. Our "born above the rimrock" Governor Tom McCall made national headlines shortly after being elected with a statement that new industry, new residents, or more visitors were not welcome. There is a James G. Blaine Society dedicated to protecting Oregon from overpopulation, that prints a road map which proves that the most direct route between San Francisco and Seattle, is a detour through Nevada, and Idaho.

Almost as a direct welcoming contradiction of this "keep out" philosophy, the first





At home in a harmony wilderness, using bio-safe laundry soap.



MT. THIELSEN TO OPPIE DILDOCK PASS

Typical of the attention the trail was receiving from these two separate government agencies, both acting under the direction of Congress, was that while the National Park Service had no trail connecting a way-through built, the Forest Service had already completed some of what was classed as a permanent route. We were delighted at that time to come upon a bit of “turnpike” trail construction rounding a shoulder of Mt. Thielsen that fulfilled a promise of what was to be one day—prettier than portrayed in design drawings and specifications.

Mt. Thielsen is a precipitous, 9,000 foot tall, volcanic plug with personality. The old Skyline Trail, built for Forest Service rangers, firefighters, and packers, had charged up the lower slopes quite boldly, and then, as if annoyed at finding a mountain blocking the way, had begrudgingly detoured up and down and across ravines, so not to waste any work time traveling from station to lookout.

In contrast, the new National Scenic Trail, serving a different purpose, seemed much more inclined to play. Its personality was that of children linking a string of daisies together to make a necklace about the mountain.

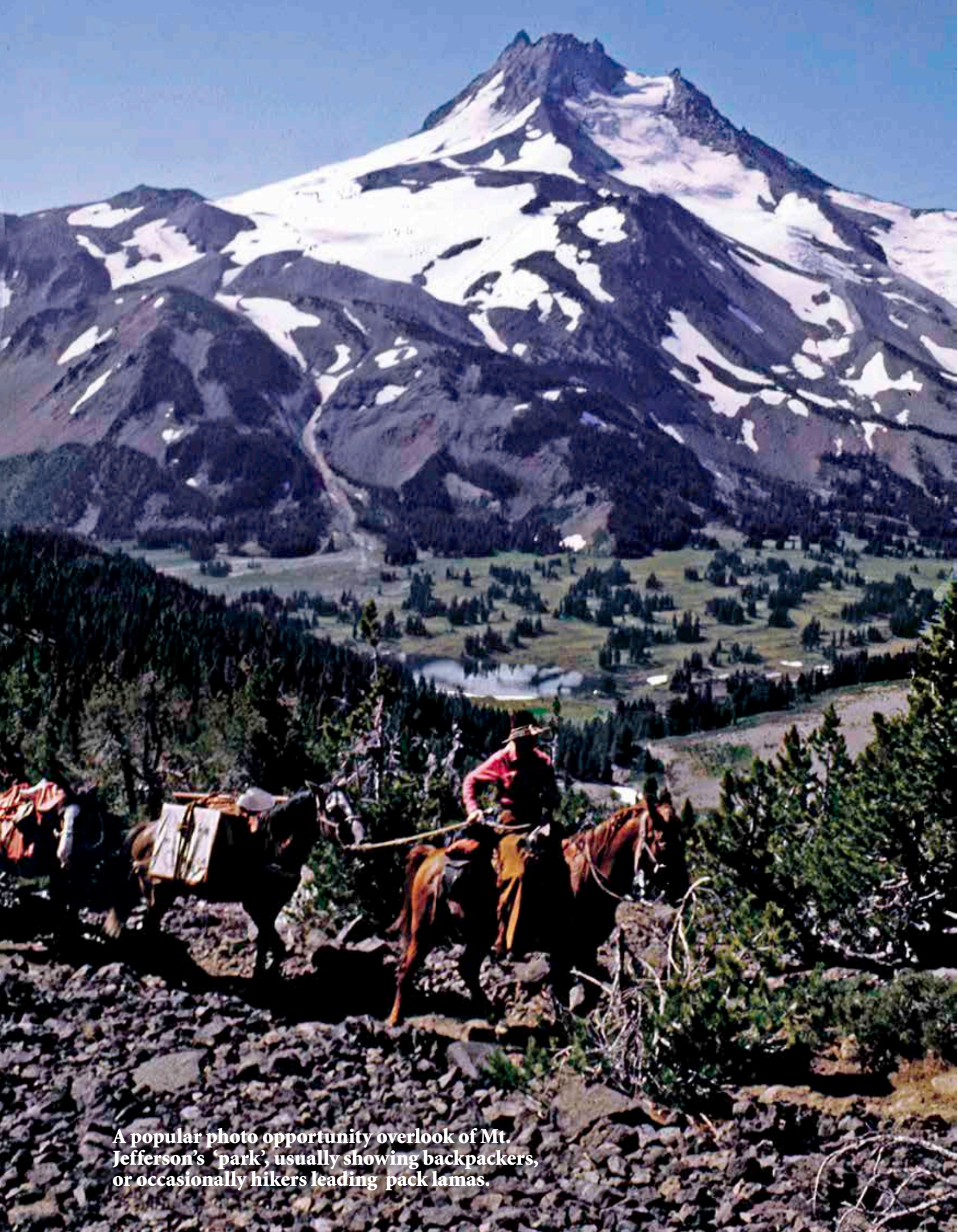
This is not to say that the new trail was frivolous. With a wide 24” tread built of layered rubble rock to cross talus slides, or hewn into the earth of the mountainside, worked until free of boulders and roots to stumble upon, it was built to last.

The real difference was that much time had gone into planning the route. Instead of the obvious choice of making a switchback climbing from a natural niche to a ledge, this trail was carved out of the mountain by following a contour. Without any grade steeper than nine percent, without the toil of climbing, it reached the 7,000-foot elevation, looking down upon the old path, and a view that proved the trail was ‘scenic’.

The axiom that improved trail increased trail use proved true here. We came upon many others who had come to this area to visit a must-see Crater Lake, only to find what they were looking for someplace else. We met a couple of little old ladies puffing along on a day-hike that thought our girls were the cutest little misses they had ever seen.

Bernadette and Colette caught a case of the giggles. And not just from being adored. When these LOLs saw our loaded packhorses, one asked, “Are you little ones going to





A popular photo opportunity overlook of Mt. Jefferson's 'park', usually showing backpackers, or occasionally hikers leading pack lamas.



MT. JEFFERSON TO MT. HOOD

What do I find so fascinating about place names anyhow? It must be one of the symptoms of being a mapaholic. Some people fill in spare minutes of a day by picking up a magazine and noting a recipe, or plans for a plywood bunk bed. I pull out a well-thumbed atlas, and wonder about, “those far away places with strange-sounding names.”

At times, names are the introduction to an interesting bit of history. We camped that night in a pocket meadow, well off the trail, hidden in the middle of a lava field. From my trail research, I knew it was well worth the effort seeking out Minnie Scott Spring. She had been the wife of a wagon train captain who had led his party off of the *Oregon Trail* on a short-cut through here to reach the Willamette Valley.

And, at other times, place names can bring back memories as familiar as those of friends and family. At the top of Oppie Dildock Pass, I had my first glimpse of Mt. Hood in the distance ahead. Like Mt. Rainier, this peak had been inappropriately named for a British Naval Admiral.

Sir Samuel Hood was a contemporary of Nelson, and commander of explorer George Vancouver, who had sent a party to ascend the Columbia River in 1792, to name a landmark after his boss.

Interesting, but almost too far in the past to play a part in this story. What made it important, to me, is that Mt. Hood is my mountain! I gave half away to Bernice when we were married, but still consider it all mine. I was born in it's shadow. As a very bored schoolboy, I was tolerably happy when I could look through a classroom window, and imagine myself climbing this snow-capped beauty. As I grew up, it was my companion, my mentor, my guide. I had friends I shared the mountain with, which are now remembered as a mappable geographic feature, as Joe *Leuthold's Couloir*.

On my mother's side—the Swiss part of me had the memory of an Aunt buried in the snow of the summit. Mom also had a sister that had been photographed next to Dee Wright's Mt. Hood forest fire lookout on July 18, 1921, when a party of Mazama women visited the summit cabin. We, too, 'owned' the mountain, lately known in the national news as a “killer.” His naughty “erectness” was luring me home again.

My “wilderness” mother, Edna Egger, welcomed us too a couple days later at Big Lake.





**Indian Heaven proved that the spiritual cycle of afterlife was a
regeneration of little angels? Just maybe?**



COLUMBIA RIVER TO INDIAN HEAVEN

If our trip could be thought of as a game where little plastic horsemen advance from square to square by a spin of the wheel of fortune, just before Washington, advance to *Cascade Crest Trail* there is a bright colored block on the board that reads “Columbia River: Truck horses across Bridge of the Gods, loose 50 points.” It wasn’t that horses were not allowed on the bridge. I had written ahead for permission to ride across. This was granted. And, because no one could agree on what to charge—gross weight, the number of hooves, or by the passengers—the toll was waived.

However, the bridge manager went on, no horse had ever negotiated the span before. He wasn’t sure it was possible. Others held this same opinion. A U.S. Forest Service Ranger and the Chief of Police of Stevenson drove across in order to give us a “Washington Welcome.” They kindly offered to arrange for a stock truck to haul our herd across.

We had come too far on our own 40 feet, to hitchhike this quarter of a mile. I resisted this offer and was just about “arrested.” Chief Miles Farris argued awhile, then opened the door of his police cruiser and beckoned for me to get in. He took me to the middle of the narrow, two-lane, span, and flipped on his flashing lights, which stopped traffic both ways, while I climbed out onto the honeycombed steel that made up the deck. Looking straight down through the holes, I could see whitecaps on the river, over 150 feet below.

I must admit, for a moment, I was scared. The entire scene was overpowering. The Columbia River Gorge, which I feel rivals the Grand Canyon in-depth, and surpasses it in beauty, is the only natural break, or near sea level pass, in the mountain cordillera from Cabazon Pass in Southern California, clear up into British Columbia. Consequently, the east/west winds that whistle through this shortcut through the mountains are noted for their ferocity. A “light breeze” was blowing this day, strong enough to flap the loose cloth of my shirt.

Then there was a very visible river below. By length, the Columbia is the fifth-ranked river in the United States. It is third in volume. I could read the power of the current in the form of pressure boils and back eddies.

From this viewpoint, I could look up to thousands of feet of cliff face, carved by nature and time. Wind and water were the sculptures of wilderness beauty almost too





**“How did we make
it down from the
top of the Goat
Rocks?**

**Follow the
thin white line
descending
down the Pacific
Cascade Crest
Trail... from...**

... to here.



MOUNT ADAMS TO WHITE PASS

Unlike the sound of raindrops drumming against the panes of glass of a French door overlooking a sparkling rose garden, unlike the dramatic revitalization of a dusty desert soaking in life itself, rain in the Cascades is not a pleasant experience.

True, it is necessary to prevent forest fires, or sometimes put them out, and to nurture thirsty Douglas Fir saplings that grow to reclaim burnt over forests. But, due to the pattern of warm and dry “Mediterranean” summers in the Pacific Northwest, and a statistic of 50 to 100 inches of rainfall in the average year, it was evident that there are weeks and weeks of cloudy skies and wet, drippy, weather, in the spring and fall.

Living in the rain is not at all as delightful as singing in same. Yellow slickers, so cute and efficient when worn by grammar school tots splashing their way for a block or so to catch a school bus, instead, become a cumbersome covering that merely prolong the agony of rivulets running down one’s neck when it is necessary to depend on them for mile after mile in the saddle.

On the trail, each overhanging bush and bough, laden with droplets, instead of providing temporary shelter from the ever-falling rain, become an obstacle to avoid. Touch one accidentally with your shoulder, and a dam bursts. You notice a dank, organic smell, so different from a fragrant breeze scented with the perfume of wildflowers.

Also, when dark skies close in and obliterate the beauty of the colors of the forest and mountains, and panoramic views, it hardly seems fair that the cities, what with stop-and-go lights reflecting in the sheen of mirror-like asphalt streets, can be more visually exciting.

Our sunshine days came to an end just two days after leaving Mosquito Lake. We had only covered 60 miles in the last two weeks. Now we could look forward to “swimming” our way the last 400 to Canada.

If all this sounds as if I am a pessimist about Washington’s weather, and if you are wondering if we were wondering if this trip was worth the misery—you are right.

However, those first days watching Tag, just tag along, made the price we had to pay in delay, and the rains that followed, a bargain. We took it easy. Ten miles per day. Slow, yet full of fun.



**Happily making miles in the warmth of a gift from Creator of another Indian Summer day.
Foreground, Mica Lake. Far away background, Vista Ridge.
Now look for the “boot lace” on the skyline,
topping out right about ...
.... here!**





WHITE PASS TO SNOQUALMIE PASS

I had a cowboy hat headlamp with an adjustable beam that operated from a four battery pack fastened on my belt. I tried not to use it. The beam could split the inky black night to pick up blazes on the trees, but who knew how long the light would last? Also, one flash destroyed night vision for many minutes. Especially our horses', whose eyes are more adapted for seeing in the dark than humans. So again, we hung our reins up on saddle horns and depended on Charlie Horse to make the right decisions. Our only fear while riding along unable to see overhanging branches, was that a limb might poke someone in the face, or an eye.

In three miles, I turned the lamp on only three times. Once at a junction where Charlie hesitated. Another when BJ dropped a piece of equipment. And finally to check to see if Dark Meadow had grass, or if it was a swamp. It looked livable. We had done eighteen miles that day, plus picked up and packed supplies enough to last over two weeks. What a difference from our first days on the trail in California.

Even more gratifying was as soon as I said, "Here," the family began to hustle together, blindfolded, as a well-trained team. The girls brought in the pack horses and held them while BJ and I off-loaded them in correct order. Without a word of direction, they would then unloosen the cinches and tie the horses to a tree until the next parade when the string was led in again, one by one, for grooming, hobbles, and bells.

Bernice soon had a fire going, our gas lantern hissing, hot water bubbling for tea, and to 'cook' an instant freeze-dried dinner. As soon as BJ and I had nosebags of rolled barley (a 'hotter' feed than oats, with more power) on the horses, we laid out the camp, saddles in position. Our shovel where it belonged between the kitchen and pantry panniers in their familiar square. Even the horses cooperated by bringing their empty bags in for removal and storage. The girls meanwhile had the tents up, and sleeping and saddlebags arranged next to the pack sponges we used in place of air mattresses. All of this was accomplished by feel, by instinct, by training — inside of 20 minutes.

I was one proud father. Nobody was selfish enough to demand special treatment, or less work, or more of their share of the good things. We had no 'mice' raiding the cookie bag as Bernadette and Colette understood that someone would have to go without the next day if they did. Bernice didn't have to harp about keeping water containers filled



≈ Icicles form, on the horses mane ≈ Old man winter, don't stop our ride ≈
Now and then patches of lightness promised the summit was still possible.





CASCADE PASS TO ?????

Topping out at Cutthroat Pass, since I wasn't able to photograph the noble power of a full-blown blizzard, on account of that blizzard, I concentrated on capturing this moment of discomfort by recording on film the ringlets of ice laced into No-Name's mane. Remembered this way, the effect is one of over whelming fantasy-land beauty.

I had made the discovery that my personal selfish boyhood goal had become a way of life. And I had done it! To reach a man-made object in the middle of a natural wilderness was not all that important anymore. To "win" over nature was meaningless because we were already part of the landscape.

In fact, in ways, I was beginning to hope that we would have a valid reason not to finish the last few miles to reach Canada. If to try is the first step, and to succeed is the last step, what then follows after a finish? Wouldn't it be far better, I reasoned, to leave something undone? What would my life be like without a dream to fill in the pieces of an otherwise boring day?

I took another photograph of Bernadette, snuggled down into her storm gear, struggling to sing against the wind. This was not something she had anticipated when voting 'yes' on accomplishing my boyhood dream of being with Lewis and Clark when they crossed the Rocky Mountains — just in time to escape an early winter.

I couldn't catch her words then as my shaking fingers tripped a slow-acting shutter, but I can hear them now. What they seem to say, when hung up by projector and screen to thaw, is: "One who has no memories—good or bad—has not lived." Profound wisdom from such a young lady. Yes, this adventure had justified itself.

I remember the adverse weather with an excitement. The trail was newly constructed, turnpike style. The horses labored through deep drifts and skidded on the ice of windblown areas, but we didn't have to worry about the condition of the trail tread. The hardest part was finding our way. At times we could barely see 20 feet ahead through the blowing snow. Signs were covered just at the places where we needed reassurance. No-Name, who in the last few months had developed an eye for finding the correct route, was as bewildered as a horse reading the label on a dog food can.

We came across the distinctive snow plow shuffle of fresh bear tracks. As wild animals





In our last picture show,
do not the eyes say it all?



WE QUIT THE PACIFIC CREST TRAIL

This is how it came to be that we whooped our way out to the dirt road we would be returning to, if and when we finished, and enthusiastically set out to climb Robinson Pass. Once over the top we would be following the Pasayten River as it flowed downhill into Canada. Our one map stopped at the border, but we felt that if a heavy snowfall blocked our return, we could find a way out by continuing downhill to escape north out of the high country Western Larch, pretty as it was.

Once on this forgotten bypass trail we had 30 miles to go—the toughest, the 12 mile climb to the top of the pass. Each step took us higher up into the clouds. As the snow depth increased with altitude, my hopes of breaching this last barrier lessened.

At timberline the sky lightened enough to reveal the pass as a broad saddle. Without trees for blazes, or a topographic map to guide us by physical features, negotiating a cliff hanger would have been impossible. Here, all we had to overcome was a vast snowfield.

As trail, switchbacks, and markers were completely covered, we climbed straight up. With each stride No-Name would reach out across the snow to test his weight against the wind sculptured crust. In places it would hold. In others, we would drop through with a jolt.

In areas sheltered from the wind, long limbed No-Name broke trail by plowing aside the soft powder. Often the spurs on the heels of my boots stuck deep into a stirrup left tracks upon the surface of the snow. At no time did I have to use them to encourage our pack string onward. Each of the horses lunged forward with a spirit that shamed me for having even thought of giving up the struggle.

It was foolish. We were really thumbing our nose at Old Man Winter. It was daring. The slightest misadventure would have had serious consequences. It was unnecessary. We had already come far enough to claim a victory. And, at the same time, our decision to continue was meant to be.

By the time we reached flat ground the four of us had dismounted and, as best we could in the deep snow, helped our horses gather themselves to leap upward yet another step. We paused to lay in this soft bed of white for a moment of breath showed when Bernice asked, “Is this the top?”





Born on the old Fort Cook Cavalry Post, horseback historian Barry Murray, Jr. learned the value of a difficulty researching an answer of a simple dinnertime question.

command. If this needed a little reinforcement, a word to No-Name would do. On an ice slick corner weaving in and out through the trees, he in turn depended on me to shift my weight at the right moment to help him maintain his balance.

The feeling was free. And of companionship. And trust.

The last few steps approaching the brass obelisk monument marking the border were slow. Silent. I reached down and patted No-Name on the neck. He whickered.

I am positive he felt, as I felt, as the family felt, that a rough trail can be the most rewarding. Maybe this is why man and beast, and old-time families were closer just a few years ago. They traveled over the passes and crossed the rivers into the woods, together.

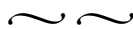
We had arrived. It was October the 7th, 1970. We had ridden two thousand, five hundred miles. It had taken nine months in the saddle. So what? It was unreal: anti-climactic, a letdown.

We took a few pictures of the almost out of place and time metal monument measuring border miles from the established end of the 49th parallel. Then turned, for a first time, to follow our tracks on the way home, and there was the Parson Smith Tree. Just a half-rotted stump now, it was carved by Parson Smith as a testimony of a love for life we lived ourselves. What a photographic opportunity to equal the customs house at Campo.

This 'monument' meant so much more in a historical perspective than the one which read "Canada" on one side, and "U.S.A." or something as that, on the other. I don't have to open my diary to remember the old prospector's words:



**I have roamed in foreign parts,
my boys and many lands have seen,
but America is my idol yet,
of all countries she is queen.**



We had ended our sojourn. We were now getting closer to finding the object of our search. We had passed an old abandoned trapper's cabin on our dash to the border. On the return we stopped, tied up the horses, and pushed our way through the young saplings that had overgrown the clearing, to explore.

Barry Jr. was the first to see it setting on a pelt fleshing bench being used as a sawbuck. He ran over, picked it up and asked, "Dad. Look! What's this?"

Just as excited, I was barely able to answer, "**That, Son, is a Bucksaw!**"





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