

Tue. July 26<sup>th</sup>

We started off right after breakfast on horses for a three day trip. We had two guides along; one, named Tommy Rogers, to take Aunt E. home that afternoon because she didn't want to go the whole three days. <sup>He was very nice, handsome too (see photo)</sup> The other named Walter Britch called himself the "galloping" major and was not at all a worthy man to take people out on the trails as he payed no attention whatever to us, but whistled, and shouted "Aie yeh" all the way up the trail.

My horse was small and her name was Judy. M., E. and Dad were awfully funny because they had never ridden before and looked out of place on horses. E. was always cursing the horses and saying that you never knew what they were going to do next!

We rode to the head of the lake and then over the Joho pass to Summit Lake where we had lunch which we had brought ~~us~~ from the hotel. We stayed there about a half an hour then we started down the other side of the mt. on a steep, zigzag trail.

Poor Aunt E. was in trouble because M.'s beast calmly ripped her's from the rear when he wanted to go faster which made Aunt E.'s horse jump!

We got to Joho Camp about 5 o'clock. It is a little camp of about seven tents which had just been started a few days before.

Mr. Fisher and his wife have charge of it and as yet they had no food and not enough beds. We helped fix up

