

Having gone quite a way ~~to~~ the major discovered that he had brought us the wrong way so back we turned ~~and~~ until we came to the right trail.

Pretty soon we went down an awfully steep and long hill and out onto a mountain of round stones with a big drop of 2000 ft. into the Joho valley. Every once in a while a rushing stream would dash down ~~across~~ across the trail and mother would often observe how "fearsome" a trail it was. It was still raining and was so misty that we could hardly see the beautiful view of glaciers and waterfalls. A little further on we saw on an ice field the "red snow" that "Prof. Earwig" had talked about that morning. There was one thing Dad couldn't take a picture of!

We began to go down and pretty soon it wasn't so cold and there were flowers

along the trail, namely fireweed and yellow columbine.

By the time we got to Summit Lake it had stopped raining and had cleared off a little. We were so stiff that we could hardly get off our horses and when I got off I discovered that the blue dye from my raincoat had run all over my middy! Tragic, wasn't it?

I started down the other side. Judy got a sting on her leg and began to plunge. I got off in the meantime butting my nose (which had a bail on it) and making it bleed. It began to rain when we got down. We were awfully stiff and tired and my feet were aching. We met a lot of horses who had been turned out ~~of~~ to graze and we had to herd them along in front of us all the way.