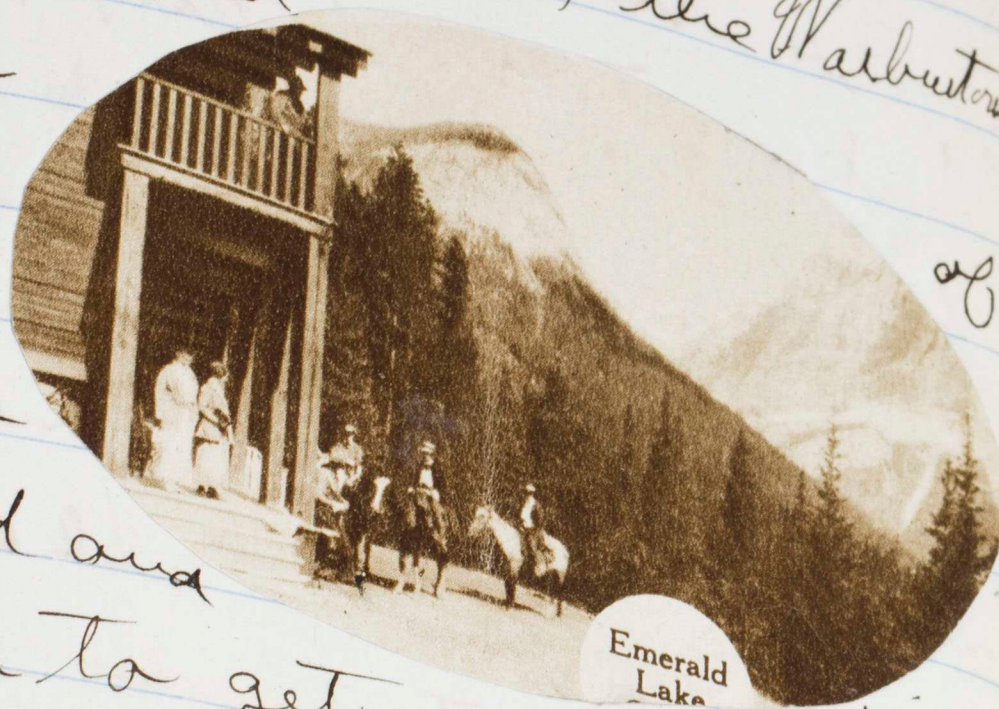
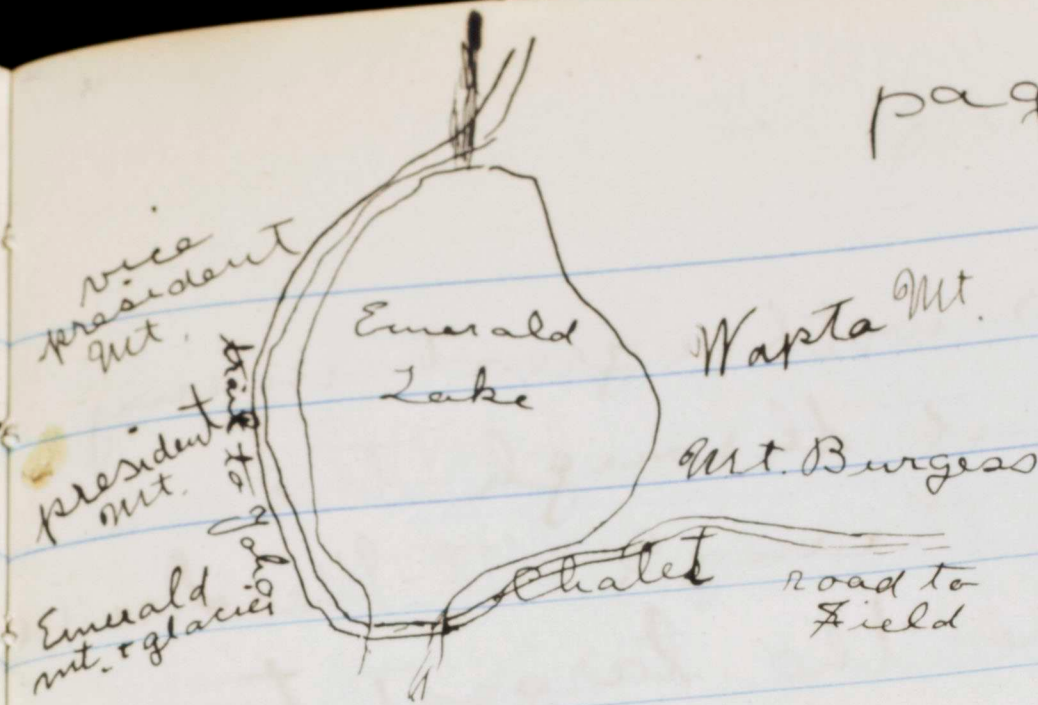


and they wouldn't do what we wanted.
At last when we got back to the
Chalet we found Mr. Newman, the Warburton
(Aunt E's faded beaties) and
Tommy there ahead
us because they
had come over the
lower trail. We were
thoroughly soaked and
had time enough to get washed and
dressed before supper. Believe me I slept
that night!!



Fri. July 29th

Spent the day writing in diary and reading
Ben Hur. In the afternoon Aunt E. and
I went for a row around the shore
of the lake. Jack the Scotchman took
us around. Afterwards we saw and
heard some loons, swimming across.



Sat. July 30th

Dad took some pictures of Major and Tommy
with Judy. Then we all got ready and
sat down to wait for the Brewster Transport
Co. bus. It came and we all packed in. The
Major and Tommy ~~rode~~ up
just in time to say good-bye.
I was sorrier at leaving dear
old Emerald Lake with its
memories of good times than
any other of the places we
had been to. Arriving at Field
we got into the observation
car off the train.

Leaving the Rockies we came
into the Selkirk range, which

