

Aug. 15, 1914

~~"Miss Pharbes and I had a game of rummy while waiting for the lunch call. When I gathered my washing my foot slipped and I slapped my skirt into the stream, and had to spread it to dry a second time. Two washings in one day was something unusual for that skirt, and I suppose it thought it would get it while it could."~~

After lunch we tried to get up a party to climb Mt. Howard, but could not get four, the requisite number, and then Miss Beyerlein and I decided to visit Bennett Falls, down the road and above Squeaky Bob's place. We found strawberries and huckleberries to eat on the way—the finest huckleberries I ever saw, in great purple blotches on the bushes. Although I had lunched heartily I ate and ate and ate those berries till I had my fill. We took our time, and arrived at Squeaky Bob's and started our way up the canyon, over the logs, swampy ground, through bushes and met no one.

The falls are really a succession of rapids up quite a distance, and the ground is rotten and so are the fallen trees, and every-thing around. I was wearing a pair of boots with Hungarian nails, which proved untrustworthy, as I slipped at almost every step. My feet would sink in the treacherous ground, and I never knew when I would get a tumble. So when I tried to walk across a log over the stream just below the falls, and slipped in to my neck I was not at all surprised. Miss Beyerlein happened to be below me, and lodged between two converging logs, and had to give a vigorous pull to lift myself out, as my sweater which I had strapped around my waist filled with water, and became a dead weight. My glasses were hanging by a wrinkle on my waist, and I must have presented a sorry spectacle as I lifted myself, dripping from every thread, up onto the log, and wiped the spray from my face, giggling meanwhile.

A shafthouse was near, and I hurried into it, for fear of other spectators. Luckily Miss Beyerlein had brought her poncho along, in case of rain, and I partially undressed and put that on. As I picked my careful way down the canyon over logs and rocks, she snapped my picture. Although my camera went under water, the film was not entirely spoiled, and this is how I looked.

I wondered whether I would be seen going through camp, to my tent, but although from a distance I saw some wondering stared, I shied around the campfire, and got to my tent without being seen by more than half a dozen people. Soon I was all dry and dressed up in my old once-discarded woollen dress, and ready for the supper call. Meanwhile I visited some Chicago girls, who were tenting near us, and we jollied about the rain, which was falling, doing its best to spoil our outing.