

the colors upon Prow Peak and Country in general, heard again the horse bearing the sheep herder. This time the gate of the animal was emphasized and hurried. He approached me extremely nervous like and stopping told of his trouble. 25 minutes ago I had seen his tent on divide a short way back but now I was shockingly informed that it had completely burned down. The shells I had heard had exploded in the fire. He claimed that \$70. worth of equipment, 2 guns, tent, bedding, and food had been completely destroyed.

Jokingly he replied that the only thing he recovered was his faithful frying pan. A candle left burning upon a wooden table was his explanation of the fire. The last I saw of the herder was when he had wrangled his pack train in preparation for a trip to the city to acquire a new supply of food and camping equipment. To verify the report I hiked to top of mountain and went to a point where I could look down upon the divide. With the binoculars could see a smoldering mass of debris where a short while ago stood a neat camp very unfortunate indeed but a valuable lesson for me to be more cautious in the use of the baker tent now used in my own camping. The trail from where I met the herder now trends south down the west slope of Cold Spring Canyon to the divide of Rock & Slate. The trail from here on to head of Slate Canyon to the south is standard but up & down, crossing many deep gullies made from drainage off of Prow Peak. At the cabin (without roof) on divide got more water and continued. At the lowest point on this trail found another spring. These springs are associated with a black clay soil. From the second divide along trail paused and went up right hand lateral trail to ridge. A wonderful view of Slate Canyon far below was my reward. The small flats below were smuggled deeply among the contour of rugged canyon walls and towering mountain tops, bedecked with a maze of dazzling colors. The thread like trail of Slate Canyon could be seen winding ever up among the rocky slopes, but soever far below. From this point a robin winged its way on what appeared to be a thrilling ride across this chasm from my point to a point higher upon the slopes of the Buckley or Steel plant mountain. Retracted to divide, picked up pack and wound up at bored spring at the lower end of the upper Slate Canyon valley. Had a bit here and then onward to upper springs to Fallen tree Campsite of 5-15-36. Made camp on some moraine knoll n.w. of spring and pond. Had supper later and then to bed again to the weird call of coyotes howling on ridge just east of camp. It was on this evening that fall was so dynamically forced upon our dreary summer. The temperature took a decided drop, the wind started to blow, rain came intermittently and stormy black clouds appeared from a perfectly blue sky capping the upper peaks of the Cascade Range. Even the coyote call seemed to sense the on coming change and reflected his feelings in that ^{un}conspicuous