

## O. I. Boys Abroad

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after one wagon came in and reported the other wagon broken down, so four of the party, Larsen, Graham, Smoker and Sorahan, started back to see what was the trouble. So they said, but we all knew it was because it was the lunch wagon that was broken down.

The real cause of the break-down was never settled, but the crowd was equally divided on two reasons: One was that Smoker had worn his tennis shoes and put his No. 8s in the wagon; others said that Sortor had his nine blankets on the wagon when he should have put half of them on the other wagon.

By the time the argument was over the other boys had arrived at the scene of the breakdown and found things in a bad way. A spring was broken and some bolts had jarred loose. It looked hard to do anything, but Graham was a blacksmith, Sorahan's brother was a blacksmith, Smoker's brother's friend was a blacksmith, and Larsen's father had seen a blacksmith shop, so with that much knowledge they thought they could fix it. They tightened up the bolts with their fingers and tied up the spring with blanket rope and gun rags. After repairing the wagon they ate and went to sleep.

While the blacksmithing was going on there was something doing in camp. Ben Moore had killed a deer on the way, Carl Stone came into camp with some rabbits, John Taylor bought two chickens, and "Big Joe" went five miles and caught five fish five inches long in five hours and came back carrying them in his shirt pocket. So there was meat of some kind for all.

The following morning the wagon was

repaired and in the afternoon we started for Slick Rock. Sortor had been down the creek, or Salmon river, and forgot the time of day. He finally saw a big fish and tried to make him bite, but it was a little out of reach of his bait. He got on the edge and reached as far as he could, finally reached farther when he slipped and went into the water up to his chin. It was Sortor whom we met on the road with water-dripping clothes and he asked where we were going and when we told him to Slick Rock, he said: "I've been there." He had been on one slick rock, true enough, but not the right Slick Rock.

We stayed in Slick Rock two days, but no one else saw it as Sortor did. The second day we were there a hunting party started for Bald Mountain. Ainsworth, who is supposed to know the country, acted as guide. They got near the top of the mountain when Ainsworth got lost and had to go to an old shack and wake the proprietor up to inquire where he was. The man came to the door and said: "If you go down the trail about 100 yards you will find a trail to the left, and if you go down about 50 yards you will find a trail to the right—take that one." We began to look at one another and he thought we didn't understand so he took us a couple of miles on our way to get rid of us.

Sortor and Ainsworth found huckleberries were thicker than deer and easier to get so they laid their guns on a log and began to pick berries. We went into camp without any deer.

The next day we went to the coast. Sortor and Hugh Jackson were treated pretty roughly by the waves the first time they went in. Sortor is a football