

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

September 19th, 1918.

Dear Bert and Eleanor:-

This is the only authentic, authorized account of a camping trip to Wyoming undertaken by a party consisting of George B. Dryden, of Chicago, Charles W. Newhall, of Faribault, Frank S. Macomber, of Rochester, and the writer, leaving Chicago Friday, August 2nd:

I had sent my camp outfit to Victor by express about one month before. The outfit included all the food except the perishable items, which I had authorized Abe Ward to get through the local storekeeper at Wilson. The outfit comprised seven bales of bedding and tents, two crates of saddles and sixteen boxes. The box covers and metal bands were fastened with screws so that they could be easily opened and used again. Abe was instructed to draw the outfit when it arrived, store it, and open it up and set up the tents the day of our arrival. We arrived at Victor early in the afternoon and found Abe waiting for us with a wagon. We got to Abe's house a little after six and had supper there. After supper we went over to his pasture and found our two tents, the Canopy and Baker, all set up alongside a most attractive stream. The boxes had all been unpacked and the outfit arranged in order as far as possible, the empty boxes having been put back in the storehouse. We slept there that night and employed part of the next day in getting the outfit ready to go on the pack horses. In the afternoon we had time to go fishing on a tributary to the Snake a couple of miles south of Wilson, where we got some very good trout. The second day we started out with the pack train. Abe Ward and his new wife, he having been married about a month, Charlie Wort, Ira Ward (Abe's son), Frank Giles and Elias Wilson constituted the guides' party. My outfit, as usual, took twelve pack horses; the guides had nine, and ten saddle horses made thirty-one

horses and there were three colts. Instead of crossing the Snake River, as we had always done heretofore when starting from Wilson, the route was laid out between the Snake and the mountains up to the dam, across the dam and up the Buffalo River. We made a short journey the first day, only about twelve miles, to a brawling stream, where we camped in a grove of trees. The next day we made Jennys Lake, where we had a very beautiful camp on the western border of the outlet to the lake, on the edge of a fringe of trees from which to the foot of the mountains extended a beautiful open meadow. We were almost exactly opposite Grand Teton at this point. Up to this place we had traveled by road and most of the territory was fenced. After spending four nights at this point we struck out for the junction of the Pacific Creek and the Snake, crossing the dam as before indicated. That was another comparatively short journey, about fifteen miles, and we camped about one-half mile above the junction, where you remember we had trouble with the sleety snow on our tent the last time we were there. The next day we pressed on to the Buffalo, intending at first to make the fork but we found out that we could get on to the north fork by a cross cut, without going as far as the main fork. We found a beautiful camp on a high bluff and staid there two nights. It was such a short cross cut to the north fork that the next day I went with Abe almost as far up as the Soda fork, where we got some very nice fish. We staid two nights at this camp and then went up to our beautiful camp on the big meadow on the north fork, where we camped with Josephine that time. This time we pitched our tents farther in the trees, which we trimmed out to make a better view. We camped there the nights of the 15th to the 24th inclusive. We went up and down the river, as far north as the falls made memorable by Bert's little mishap and as far south as Soda Creek. The fishing was splendid. We got so many fish that we finally put up a smoke house and smoked about forty big trout, running from 14 to 18 inches, and about half that number of so called white fish, which were very plenty at the junction of Soda Creek with the north fork.

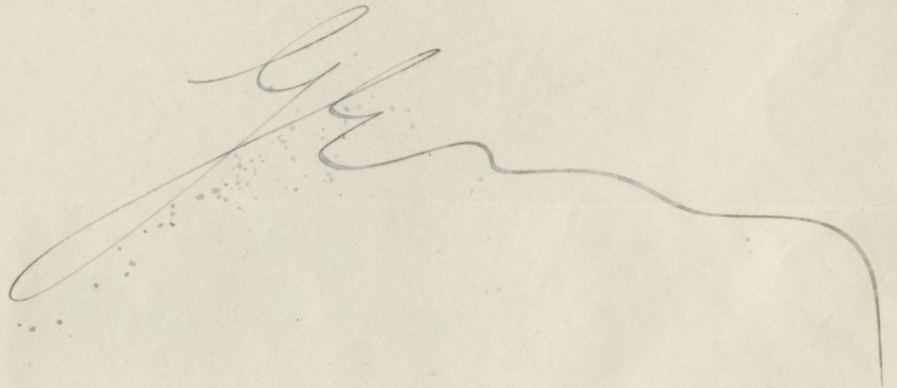
From this beautiful camp, which we all regretted to leave even after our long stay, we went to Two Ocean Pass and camped in a grove of trees on the actual ridge where the waters separate in the valley. From there we made an excursion up to Bridger Lake where we had excellent success in an hour's fishing. I only fished about fifteen minutes, during which time I caught six trout, two 17½, two 17 and two 16 inches long. From Two Ocean Pass, where we staid three nights, we went to Enos Lake where we also staid three nights. We built a raft at Enos Lake and had some good fishing. It was a wonderfully interesting experience to stand on the raft and see the trout strike your fly and then play around the raft in plain sight, the water being just as clear as the air. From Enos Lake we started for home and made Pacific Creek, quite a long ride as it took seven hours, and camped on the same spot that we did going out. After one night we made Jennys Lake where we staid two nights in the same camp as before; and from there to Wilson, making the journey that took two days going out in one day, seven hours. We staid two nights at Wilson so as to have a day for packing up our outfit and went out on the morning of September 5th, the outfit following us in two big wagons. It was sent home by freight in the same packages that it was shipped out in. Of course it has not turned up yet. I came home with the usual number of memorandums for improvements to the outfit but they are practically all minor ones this time. The principal new thing in the outfit on this trip was the stoves and ovens which worked splendidly. I gave both stoves and both ovens to Abe, he and Mrs. Ward thought so highly of them. The bread baking in the molds in these ovens is a perfect success as was, in fact, all the baking, there being nothing lacking in the operation except a receptacle to hold water to keep the oven moist when baking gems. We saw many elk in different places and Frank made some good pictures of a band that we stalked one Sunday afternoon on a ride which we took up on the hills to the west of our camp on the north fork. One day we went up to the top of the mountains

at the east of our camp where we got the most comprehensive view that could be obtained in that locality. From the time we left the road at the bridge on the Buffalo River to the time we got back to it at the lower part of the Pacific Creek we saw very few people, except at Bridger Lake where there were quite a number of people camping, waiting for the shooting season to open. The valley of Jackson's Hole though is being rapidly settled and is now nearly all fenced. On the way up to Jennys Lake we stopped at a "dude" camp owned by Mr. Burt, of Philadelphia, and called the Bar B. C. Ranch. He was formerly a professor of English at Princeton and I conclude must have gone out there for his health. He makes a business of entertaining Easterners for the summer and that is why the residents (roughnecks) call it a "dude" ranch. His place extends from the Snake River back to the mountains and I suppose he has about a square mile of land. The buildings are all made of logs, the central one having the kitchen, dining room and three very attractive sitting rooms. The guests are put up in individual cabins, most of which have only one or two rooms and a fireplace. The place was absolutely spick and span, everything being as tidy as anything you ever saw. The particular reason we stopped there was that Abe's daughter was working there. Mrs. Ward and Abe were very well known, particularly Mrs. Ward who had been the cook there the previous summer. Judging from the way she was greeted by the people she must have been considered one of the family. It turned out that Mr. Burt was a friend of a friend of Charlie Newhall's. He was not at home on the way out but when we stopped at Jennys Lake on the way back, which was about four miles away, he came over and had luncheon with us. He was greatly interested in our outfit and most enthusiastic about it. The day he called we had pie for luncheon, at which he was amazed. The day we got to Jennys Lake on our way back was September 1st, the opening of the shooting season. None of our party had licenses but Charlie and Elias went out that day to try and get an elk.

They went up Leigh's Lake way, which is just north of Jennys Lake, but that is a poor locality for elk and they did not see any. When we got back to Abe's house, however, we found that one of his sons who is running Abe's lower ranch a few miles down the Snake River from where Abe lives, had killed an elk and sent a piece up to Abe; so we had four meals of elk meat.

I find on rereading the above that I did not make it very clear where we camped after Pacific Creek, on the bluff. It was on the Buffalo, four or five miles below the fork where we camped that time with Josephine. We cut across from there and struck the north fork just below Soda Creek, and from there followed up the trail to the camp on the north fork of the Buffalo which we came down that very rainy day.

Crosby in haste



Camp Food August 1918

Cereals:

Wheatena
Oatmeal
Hominy
Corn Meal Mush

Bread:

Raised Bread
" Biscuit
Baking Powder Biscuit
" " War "
Egg Cans
Graham Cans
Corn Bread

Cake:

Layer Jelly Cake
" Chocolate Cake
Plain Cake
Fried Cakes

Pastry:

Cherry Pie
Wild Huckleberry Pie
" Black Currant Pie
Jelly Tarts

Puddings:

Bread Pudding
Rice "
with "Hard" sauce
made with soft maple sugar

Meats:

Baked Ham
Boiled Ham
Fried Ham
Bacon
Pork & Cream gravy
Broiled Chicken
Corned Beef Hash
Chipped Beef & Rice creamed
Cold Tongue tinned
Cold Chicken "
Frankfurter Sausage tinned

Eggs:

Boiled
Fried
Scrambled
Omelettes Plain
Omelettes with Ham

Soups:

Tomato
Mulligatawny
Hrbwurst
Clam Broth

Fish:

Brook Trout, Baked cheese sauce
" " Boiled
(Hot with Hollandaise Sauce)
(Cold with Mayonnaise Sauce)
Brook Trout, broiled with Tartar Sauce
" " " " Butter "
" " Fried
" " chowder
" " dried
Boneless Sardines tinned
Kippered Herring
Creamed Codfish
Codfish Puffs

Potatoes:

Baked Potatoes
Boiled "
Hashed Browned Potatoes

Salads:

Potato Salad
Lettuce "
Orange & Onion Salad

Sundries:

Rice & Tomatoes
Rice & Cheese
Spaghetti & Tomatoes
Spaghetti & Cheese
Onions Creamed
Cheese Cakes (with Egg)
Baked Beans

Cheese:

American Cheese
Roquefort " tinned
Camembert " "

Honey, Quava Jelly, Strawberry Jam,
Apricots, Red Cherries, pickles,
Beets, Queen, stuffed & ripe olives,
nuts, stuffed prunes.