

THE PASS

no one got panicky. This was slow work, and evening caught us just as we connected with the zigzag we had made that morning down the shale.

Next day we attacked the two more difficult problems that remained. First, we cut a log ten inches through and about twelve feet long. To either end of this we attached our riatas. The tree had grown almost at the head of the shale slide. We rolled and dragged and checked and snubbed it down the slide until we came opposite the trail we had made along the ledge. This was no mean undertaking, for the weight was about as much as we could possibly handle even in the best of circumstances, and the circumstances were far from the best. At times it seemed that that log would get away in spite of us, taking our riatas with it. Then by tremendous efforts we would succeed in stopping it against a hidden ledge or a