

0808 10 2081  
path. just a little below the snow  
line I met a goat herd with his  
mountain flock and spoke with him  
a few minutes. Then onwards and  
upwards again and soon I was amidst  
great patches of snow, wading knee  
deep in that soft substance and  
scrambling up over rocks &  
debris towards the first & highest  
peak. Around me were the unending  
hills and valleys in their snowy  
whiteness and beauty, above me towered  
these huge peaks reaching into  
the sky and it was the height of  
these that I first mental, as  
and by the side of such a mountain,  
I hoped to see queer. It was some good  
hard work and when I gained the

W. L. Mackenzie King Papers

Volume 2

PUBLIC ARCHIVES PUBLIQUES  
CANADA