

The weather had been hot and sultry. ~~That afternoon~~
~~we packed~~ About noon I heard a peal of thunder to the south
and looked up to see a white cloud as if from the results of
an explosion bursting up from the Steins mountains. We hurried
ly paddled back to the rat house where we had left our plates
and supplies. It was unprotected from the ^{wind} ~~wind~~ side and we had
to seek shelter elsewhere. The wind was already dashing the
waves into whitecaps. We hadnt gone a quarter of a mile when
the advance drops struck us. We were ^{Suddenly} ~~enveloped~~ in a shaft
of green light as the sun broke through a rift ~~in~~ the clouds.
There were such green shades in the water backed by the dark-
~~ening of the pouring rain.~~ ~~In the pelican and gull colony~~ and
~~about~~ ^{Over} the wide stretch of the lake the birds began to
rise.

When the storm broke over the lake there was a great
uprising in the pelican and gull colony. The air gleamed
white as the rays of the western sun caught the wings of the
flying multitude. Pelicans flapped up in the teeth of the
gale, Mallards, red-heads and teal winged up and wway to their
young. Cormorants lifted from the surface and beat along over
the water leaving a trail, of little splashes in their wake.
Terns began to cry and flit up from all sides. Blackbirds
were all a-flutter as the rain and hail began to pelt.

We started for the dense line of tules to the west in
order to get some protection from the gale. We had gone but
a few hundred yards when ~~the~~ ^{it} gale took us. The waves lashed
over the sides. With a great sweep the wind drove down from
the mountains and across the lake with a force that swept us
headlong. Although we rode with the storm the waves splashed

square over the stern, till we almost gave up hope of reaching the tules to the north. But with a final spurt we drove the boat into the tules and forced her through to the opposite side which gave us some shelter from the wind. and jumped out in two feet of mud and water to force her through to the opposite side where we had some shelter from the wind. In this way we completed a half-way job by getting soaked from head to foot and we saved some of our equipment.

In an hour and a half the lake wind ceased and the lake dropped back to a moderate calmness so we could hunt another rat-house camp. We were rapidly getting into a sort of amphibian state where (a condition of water-soak seemed part) of our normal environment. We felt we were reaching the muskrat stage. We really needed wet clothes and a wet blanket to sleep in.

While in Musk rat town why not do as the musk rats do?

We were rapidly reaching the muskrat stage
there