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After taking a plaster cast of this print, Mr. McFall urged me to don a pair of rubber boots that he furnished and go wading with him a quarter of a mile down stream directly behind his house. This was the only way to examine a number of prints that were about a foot under water. It would have made delightful wading except that the water was ice cold. We walked up & down stream for 100 yards or so on the ~~flat~~ pavement-like rock bed and succeeded in crossing the river at one point. In mid-stream were a number of tracks large ~~enough~~ tracks leading east like the others, ~~but~~. By wading down and scooping out the mud & leaves it was easy to get ~~them~~ a fair good idea of the size and contour, by the sense of touch. These tracks were large like the others but sharply defined. ^{The stride was long.} There were depressions compatible with the prints, especially the great toe, but I would want to examine them ^{directly} when the river is low to be sure. When one of my arms would get numb from the cold water I would switch to the other. In getting back to the bank Mr. McFall was a little indiscreet in choosing his steps and promptly got both boots full of ice water, ^{obscuring his flight} ~~at~~ ^{first} ~~hastily~~ ^{hastily} ~~retreat~~ ^{retreat} ~~to the house.~~ ^{made out} ~~to the house.~~ ^{to the house.} ~~Seeing his flight~~ ^{to the house.} ~~I~~ ^I ~~doubled my~~ ^{doubled my}