

Ione Adair Journal Summer 1910

Great Fire Journal

Left Moscow on the electric at 7.35 Friday morning. Came very nearly getting left. Had the pleasure of sitting by and getting acquainted with Mr. Bill W. Changed to the W.I.&M. at Palouse. More hustling. Just twenty minutes to hunt a dray and get our many valuables transferred. Rope broke on two boxes but got them on the train by handling carefully. Had dinner at Bovill's and took a nap by the fireplace while waiting for the Milwaukee. My but it was warm! Dorothy B. gave me a book to read while homesteading. I got real smart and ask if she knew, or knew of Norah Danmit. She told me she surely did but naught to the good. It seems Nora had tired of working and had gone away to be married to Ray Mullien, (our mutual friend). They took as a chaperone, a Mrs. Cameron from places unmentionable. I don't think I shall inquire further of friend's friends.

We left Bovill about two or two thirty and rode to Clarkia in the Palace car. Talk about dirt and heat. That was the dirtiest caboose I've ever seen. The crew were very pleasant and all went well. We got in Clarkia just in time to wash for supper. Had supper and stayed all night at Roberts' Hotel. After supper we went to the store and left our order. I saw Aunt Pet. and waved to her as we left Collins. Old Frank R. was in Clarkia on his bi-annual spree. He beat the Fourth of July this time. He was quite talkative. He didn't sober down very much by morning and we ran off with his horse and left orders to have him sent to Collins by freight. Met Mr. McPeak the packer, a very pleasant man. A fine eye and head. He has promised to see us through and not leave us to the mercies of some sub-packer. Oh Joy!

Sat. May 11.

Got dressed in time for breakfast at seven. They have three breakfasts here so I guess I got one alright. Began raining right away. Went to the store to see if all was going smoothly. I guess I must have looked tough for every one begin to plan on something to keep me warm and dry on the trip. Quin W. produced a soft felt had and a fur lined coat, and Herman gave me a pair of shaps. I was a beauty to be sure. I put the shaps on under my skirt and looked like the fat man in the circus! We left Clarkia at eight thirty. The rain stopped and all went well till we left the meadows. At the end of the meadows one of the horses took a notion to take a short cut home, and away it went. It threw its pack and scattered stove for a mile. Mrs. Taylor and I correlled the other packs and held them till the men came up an hour or so later. From that on till evening it was one continual round of trouble. They had to stop and repack a dozen times or so. Once when they were re-adjusting the sorrel's pack, the head of the train started off at a jump dragging the others along. They were all tied together. The sorrel went too. They had taken the ropes off to adjust a sack and as she ran she sowed groceries, nails crackers etc. for a full quarter of a mile. I was ahead and swung Old Buck across the trail and stopped the procession. Mr. McPeak came up and took the sorrel pack to repack her and I got down and gathered up canned goods in my dress and carried back to the rest of the pack. Its no fun carrying a skirt full of that heavy stuff for a quarter. The labels are off the cans and I suppose we will be eating sardines with our mush instead of condensed milk. We finally reached White Rock Spring at three o'clock. We should have made it by noon. We ate our lunch in the shelter of buck brush. It was a terribly cold bleak place and a good hard wind blowing. Left White Rock in less than an hour and hurried on. We wanted to reach Lent before dark but still Fate seemed against us. We still had to repack. We only made the highest point on Freeze Out by dusk and had to stop. Freeze Out is true to its name. It's the coldest place this side the North Pole. We got our horses and bed attended too and then got supper. It begin raining again and then turned to hail. When we got up in the morning all the tin cups and pans were frozen to the log. The horses ropes were frozen stiff and so were we. I had on my brown suit, my

sweater and Quin Wilson's big coat and still my teeth chattered. We left Freeze Out about seven o'clock and most of our way lay through snow for about three miles. Just before we left Freeze Out proper the old white horse slipped on the trail and went rolling down over the mountainside for fifty five or sixty feet before she found a tree to stop herself against. She rolled over and over like a rubber ball, her neck in under most of the way. We never expected to see her with a pack on again but as soon as she stopped she scrambled to her feet and started up hill again with the pack going every which way. The men stopped her and repacked her and the procession started on again, only to get another horse down in the snow. She was easily dug out and on again. The next horse to be repacked was the sorrel, the breast strap to the pack harness broke as she was coming up hill and let the pack slip back over her hips. She tried to buck it off but the snow was so deep and soft that she did not succeed. She was repacked and we started on.

We finally reached Lake Thelma. Above the lake is a very straight steep climb. It being on the north side the snow had drifted until it was many feet deep. We dismounted and walked and slid down to the bottom, leading our horses as best we could. We made it to Mrs. Torsen's by four o'clock with no further trouble, but it was too late to try coming on over to my claim as the trail was a new one to all. We had dinner and Mr. McPeak started out to find the trail.

Monday, June 13.

Unluck day. We left Torsens at eight o'clock. Got a horse down in the mire the first thing. It was the same poor old white that rolled down hill. She went in so deep that she had to be unpacked before they could get her out. The trail was old and very hard to follow. We got to May Calkin's without any further trouble. In crossing the swail from May's to my cabin we got two horses down in the mire. It was ten thirty when we finally reached the cabin. A record breaking trip for time surely.

There was absolutely nothing at the cabin but a roof, four walls and a bed in one corner. We unpacked and set up the stove. It came through all right, only one little piece broken, but lost four bolts. The men wired it together so it is doing nicely. After dinner Papa and Mr. McPeak run the lines over to Mrs. Taylor's and looked for the fabled trail that we paid a twenty apiece to have cut. It had vanished. They ran the lines to the cabin and found a large tree had fallen across it, knocking one end out of commission entirely. They got back about four o'clock and Mr. McPeak started back to Clarkia.

We slept in Mays cabin and are still using it as a bedroom, as there are a number of trees near my cabin which are dangerous.

Tuesday, 14, 1910.

Daddy cut a trail to water and dug a spring. We run the lines on the two forties near the cabin to be sure the cabin was on my land. I have about twenty feet to spare. Such luck. In the early day we started too Mrs. Taylors to reblaze the trail so we could follow it after the men had gone. It took us four hours and a half to make the trip. It's only three quarters on the section line. After an early dinner Papa and I started out to run the lines on the rest of my claim. We got along very well. I think I'll be an expert trail and blaze hunter ere long. I kept the line coming back and Papa split the forties to estimate the timber. He is not at all pleased with the outlook. Unless spruce should be as valuable as white Pine I'm liable not to remain as long as was expected.

Wednesday, 15.

Took Boomers door and loose shakes to make a table and some shelves. Worked and fought misquitoses till we're black in the face. Daddy tried his hand at the furniture deal and was quite handy. We have put the stove indoors, made a table, three shelves, a stool and took heart to undo the provisions. They were a sight. The night we arrived at Freeze Out I took all my napkins, towels, dish

cloths and table cloths and tied the sacks of groceries in. Every sack was broken and things were in a terrible mess. No one was to blame. The Wilsons had wrapped all securely, and McP. could not help it that our troubles did not come singly. It was very provoking, when we were as tired as could be to find beans, peas, coffee, split peas, postum, lard etc all in one general mixture. I sorted all I could and tied them up in everything I could get hold of except my stockings. Mrs. Taylor was very angry over the state of affairs and sputtered considerably. I held my tongue but could not keep my teeth from chattering. My! but I was cold.

When we got only to Torsens on Sunday the lady had another spell. I'm afraid I'll have troubles of my own if I keep this red head down where it belongs.

Poor Mrs. Taylor was very much disheartened at her prospects, no trail and a broken cabin. She seems also to have the idea that she's been done on the partnership affair because she can't get some things in to her claim. She and Daddy have been discussing things. I've kept out so far.

Thursday, 16.

Did not get up till eight, dressed and started for the kitchen. On the way heard McPeak call and so will know the worst soon.

Later. McP. arrived with the rest of the goods. Mrs. Torsen, Myrtle Durham and Claude Dunbar came in with him. Mrs. Taylor's stove did not come and they could get no one to come in and work. Mrs. T. still has no home and is all broke up. She has cried twice this morning and would eat no breakfast. I guess I'm in for it now for certain. We can do nothing and can not hold the pack train for two days to cut her a trail. She thinks stronger than ever that she's been done in the deal. We settled with Mr. McPeak and paid thirty seven fifty for our shares each. It costs some to eat and travel in this country. I wanted very much to go over the trail as far as Torsens with the men when they went back but Mrs. Taylor would not hear to it. It is about three miles or an hour and a half walk. So I guess Onie will tramp her own yard for awhile. The men left about ten thirty. Before leaving they cut down a tree in May's yard that was predisposed to fall towards the cabin. It just struck the edge of the porch and split two shakes as it fell.

We are now as babes in the woods and a mighty big big woods at that. I don't believe there's robins enough in this corner of it to do their duty at covering if anything should happen. I got busy as soon as I could after Daddy had left and worked hard. I made a table to use as a writing desk and a shelf for a china closet. It was night before I knew it. My but the nights are big out here. I'll bet they'd be large enough for Miss Caldwell here. They'd suit better than the park bench I'm sure. We went to bed about seven thirty to keep from being eaten alive. We had a slight thunder shower, which made the trail to our bedroom quite wet. You don't mind that when you get use to it.

Friday, 17.

Spent the day reading and sewing. I made me a black sateen corset cover. There's some class to that. I even French seamed it. We have not seen any game yet. There's an old grouse that keeps up a continual drumming near the cabin. Daddy tried to get him while he was here but failed so he drums on faithfully. The chipmunks are getting very tame. We saw deer tracks on our trail as we were coming over this morning.

Saturday, 18.

Another day. This is bath day. Wonder how it will seem to bath in a thimble full of water. Laid in a good supply of bark in case of rain and took my bath. T was hard but not what I had expected. Causally mentioned Torsen's and the trail. Mrs. T. thinks it might be well to plan on going over to dinner tomorrow. Went to bed early to avoid the rush and get up late for the same reason.

Sunday, June 19.

Didn't wake up till eight o'clock. That's doing well for me. Mrs. Taylor was dressing very funny and I ask why she did so. She told me to avoid getting wet when we crossed those dreadful meadows. That she had dreamed and lived through that awful walk all night and if she had to take it she would and be glad when it was over. I told her I wouldn't take it for anything if she felt that way about it. I made the remark Sat. that we would have to give in one to the other. When she wanted to go to her cabin I was ready to go with her and when I wanted to visit Torsen I'd like to have her go with me. Well! She threw that up at me and told me I was decidedly selfish, that this was a business trip for her. She was here to homestead and not to visit. She didn't care to visit but would save her strength to go back and forth to her claim. If I could get some one in here to stay with me and go visiting that she'd go to her cabin and camp, and attend to business. Well I wouldn't think of such a thing and told her so, and that papa would be very angry about it, and we would not go a step towards Torsens. I sure don't care to seem the selfish one if I'm not, but maybe my vision is terribly distorted. She kept talking walk till about eleven, when I finally got her to understand I would not go, and I sat down to write.

I'd been writing but a short time when I heard a call. I lost no time in answering. It was Torsens coming to spend the day. Gee! but I was glad to see them! So Sunday has not been so long and hard as it seemed. I'm sorry the lady and I had words. I expect old Reddy will get me into trouble yet. Myrtle, Claude and I are going to explore the Avery trail next Tuesday if all goes well. Its getting late so must adjourn till tomorrow.

June 20, 1910.

Rained and blew all night. Fought mosquitoes till I couldn't sleep. Woke up at seven but it was too wet to go to the cabin so tried to sleep. Managed beautifully, didn't wake up till ten twenty. Grass still wet. Strapped on my gun, put on Papa's old coat and went to the cabin. We had breakfast at eleven fifteen and sat down to tell stories. When tired I tried to write but decided to comb my hair. I pulled it all down over my face in grand style and gave it a fine rubbing. Mrs. Taylor went to the spring and left me to pull my hair to my hearts content. Our looking glass hangs directly in front of the door, and imagine my surprise upon looking in to see if my hair was parted straight, to see a strange man standing looking at me. I was startled for sure. He introduced himself as Mr. Nifong of Clarkia and said Papa had sent him to help build a trail to Mrs. Taylors and cut down the trees around the cabin. Whew!. A man for that. I thought I'd never see another. He went to work at once to fell a large dead tree next to the cabin. He could not run the saw alone so Mrs. Taylor and I helped him. He didn't swear once, although he mentioned it. The saw needed setting and was rusty, and he had no wedges that would work well. We finally got it down with four good feet clearing to spare. It looked mighty doubtful for a while. He is working the saw into shape to try the other trees in the morning and a terrible screeching he is making of it. His hair is as curly as Mrs. T's. The sawing put my writing out of commission. I can hardly read it. Our bacon's about half gone. I guess we have good appetites. Mrs. T. fooled me into thinking I was eating a fried egg this morning when it was but a nicely browned potato cake.

June 21, 1910 still

Went over to the bedroom in the rain. It rained some in the night but looks fairly good this morning. Tried to get up early to get breakfast for Mr. Nifong. Made it at seven ten. That's pretty good after getting up at eleven the morning before but I'll have to prod again and do better. Burned three brush piles in the rain last night. The place looks different already. I really believe a man is a necessary evil. My dirt floor is mighty damp. I've had feet for a week. Mr. Nifong went to roll a large log this morning and broke the "canthook." We've been patching it. I don't know whether it will work or not.

I put some dried apples to soak for supper. Mrs. Taylor said they'd be no good unless they were

first class. Who ever heard of dried apples or prunes being anything but first class. I've decided where to have my garden and will probably plant onions tomorrow. We had onions for supper last night and didn't have company either. Such extravagance! I'm sure Brer' Chedsey would be pleased to see me sailing around with his revolver strapped over my shoulder. The straps too long to go around my waist and he is not very much to brag of. I don't understand how he ever kept from loosing it. I must write to Cad today. I wish I was sure when I could mail it. Possibly before the Fourth. We gave up the trip over the Avery Trail when the man came it. Will try it later. If the weather permits will go and view the "wreck" as we call Mrs. T's cabin and see what can be done for it. Its dinner time so will stop and go to work.

Wed. June 22, 1910.

Weather very fine. Got up at five o'clock to get Mr. Nifong's breakfast so we could go to Mrs. Taylors. Had to swim the bushes were so wet with dew. Mr. N. was just getting up when we reached the cabin. I nearly talked the arm off the man today and found that he attended the U of I at one time and was well acquainted with Ben McConnell. His parents live out North West of Moscow. I helped him saw down three trees yesterday. My my shoulders are lame. All three trees averaged no less than three feet each in diameter. I've been pulling up brush, too. If I keep this pace up I'll be a regular Sampson. Minus the hair. Mine gets so full of pine needles and moss that I'm afraid I'll not have much left by fall.

Mrs. Taylors cabin was in a terrible condition. One tree had mashed it flat. Mr. N. chopped and rolled that off and then cut down a large decayed white pine back of the cabin. It didn't come up to his expectations and went across the cabin also knocking it still flatter. It had but good logs enough to build about three logs high from the wreckage. It looked much like rain so after lunch Mrs. T. and I came back and left Mr. N. tearing down Sherer's old cabin to finish out Mrs. T's. We lunched on bread, butter and a can of sardines beside the little stream between the two cabins. They had the laugh on me as I sat there on a log swinging my feet, a revolver over my shoulder, reading a piece of a Sunday School paper that had been wrapped around the lunch. The contrast was quite noticeable. I think we'll have macaroni for supper for a change. The potatoes are lasting well but the bacons going fast. I don't know what I'll do then, probably learn to like salt pork. We have a good fat piece of that on hand.

June 23.

Mr. Nifong did not get in until nearly seven last night. He's a poor guesser at time. We have but one timepiece in the crowd, Mrs. Taylors watch. So we watch it carefully for fear it will run down. We beat him up this morning. We were dressed at the cabin at five thirty. I guess that surprised the gentleman some. After breakfast we started for Mrs. Taylors again. Mr. N. went on ahead and we got lunch ready. The man must have worked dreadfully hard the day before for he had the walls up all ready to roof. They put on the shakes yesterday and chinked the cabin. Mrs. T. has the gentleman cutting trail today. She is the most changeable person I have ever been with. She hasn't the slightest idea what she wants nor when she wants it. She swore she'd have no trail and that she would have a trail. She'd have a man pack her things over and that she'd have a horse pack them over. She had not thought though that when Mr. McPeak brings the stove he'll be the only man near to pack, so she might as well have the horse take them in and make a trail. If she's to go there every day or every other day I hope she gets the brush cut anyway. I've nearly lost my eyesight trying to buck brush and watch for blazes. Mrs. T. would lose herself entirely I believe. I've tried letting her lead and have to eventually go ahead and hunt the trail myself. While we were gone today a party of chipmunks had a dance on our perfectly good tablecloth, and ate our oatmeal mush.

June 24.

Got up and to the cabin early again. My but I am sleepy and the days are long when you start it at five in the woods. Mr. N. is working on the trail again. I've been pulling brush and raking in the yard. I read an hour or so, have written nearly as long at it is but eleven o'clock. We have dried apple pie, light bread and bean soup for dinner, also potatoes. There's some class to that. This is to be our first pie, so don't know how it will seem, but it looks mighty good. We didn't get started to May's till quite late last night and it was almost dark. I walked like a racer and Mrs. T. had no trouble in keeping up. She's a very poor walker but I think she'll get better with time or as she becomes accustomed to it. We have been too busy to go to Mrs. Torsens as yet. Besides could not while the man is working. Misquitoes are better since the rain. Had a heavy frost last night and today is beautiful except a little breezy.

June 25.

Mr. Nifong is working on the trail. He thinks he will get through today. We are watching fire and sunning ourselves. I sat out on a log with my hair down and my back to the sun for over an hour. The sun then got too hot for me and I came in to the cabin to write. I really believe I'm lazy today. I'd rather lie on the bed than pull brush. Evening. At noon the fire got the start of us and Mr. N. had to fight for an hour to keep it out of the big pine tree. We didn't go to Mrs. T's as we had expected but stayed to watch the fire. I wrote to Miss Caldwell, Aunt Lydia, Margaret and finished Cad's letter this afternoon. It must be dreadfully warm out for it is quite warm in here today. Our evenings are unusually cool and I've been sleeping in my wool socks. I'd get my feet damp going over to the bedroom and then suffer with cold feet till I got desperate and hunted up the socks.

Sunday, June 26.

A beautiful day, just a slight breeze blowing from the North. The Man does not work on Sunday but expects to do his washing today. He made a washing machine last evening. It is a corn can fastened on a stick. He took a spike and made holes through the can before fastening it to the stick. It works like the old fashion stomper. We have a tub but no washboard. So he soon remedied that. As it was Sunday we could sleep as long as we pleased. Oh! the irony of fate. I just couldn't sleep and I wanted to so badly. I got up early and slipped out and sat on the porch for an hour or so. Then I went in and tried to dress without waking Mrs. T. but didn't succeed. We dressed and came over and had breakfast at nine thirty. I decided to write while the dish water heats. Mrs. T. is making a cake. She has a hard time and cannot swing into the ways of the woods gracefully. She cannot eat mush on her plate nor drink condensed milk. She don't see why mice and chipmunks must bother us. We have enough to bare; she wishes for rough on rats forty times a day and just cannot get use to covering things up. She has been quite good tempered for three or four days but is under the weather this morning and nothing suits. She is very discouraged now because she can see no large trees near her cabin. I wish Matt would come in and prove that she either has or has not a stick of timber. The relief would be great to me.

I'm afraid it will be a long day unless the gentleman makes some fun for us when he starts the washing machine. Nothing doing. Sunday long enough for two ordinary days. Mr. N. went fishing caught five. They were quite small and only an aggravation. Think I'll go myself some of these days.

Monday, June 27.

Wash day. Still at Mrs. Taylors. Got up at five twenty to get the man off as early as possible. We followed after straightening the cabin and getting lunch ready. I tried helping Mrs. T. pull brush for two days. When she was with me at home and I was pulling brush or picking up she did not turn her hand to help so don't think I'll put myself out much to pull for her any more. Nothing exciting. Mr.

N. finished chinking the cabin for Mrs. T. and sawed and rolled logs in the yard and picked up. Also dug her spring out. The trail is real good, a great improvement over no trail.

Tues. June 28.

Work again still at Mrs. Taylors. She is the most changeable person that ever walked a trail. I don't see how Mr. N. ever decided to do or what to do. She is not accustomed to things yet and thinks it truly dreadful to walk to her place in fifty minutes. Made garden, a table, and bedstead, sawed three trees, burned brush and picked up today. The lady is provoked about something and wont have the gentleman go back tomorrow. So I think I will have a garden soon. We broke the axe handle today and Mr. N. run out of smoking tobacco. Such times. We left later than usual. Mrs. T. and I left about twenty after five. As we neared the clearing I smelled smoke and tramped pretty lively for a while. I thought our smudge fire had spread. As soon as I neared the clearing I saw it came from Mays. We knew then that Matt had arrived. Will Frei is with him. We expected to be put out of our cozy bedroom but Matt wouldnt hear to that. They made their bed in the barn and we sleep on in state.

June 29.

Matt called and woke us at five fifteen this morning. My but that seems early. We dressed, made our bed and were on our way at twenty till six. That's speed for these parts. Mr. N. is making my garden this morning. I think he'll finish here about tomorrow and then leave for town. I'm having some handy white pine wood cut to last us till we see the next man. I don't know when that will be. I swept my floor today. Hurrah. I'd give a fortune for some large tin cans. The chipmunks are eating holes in everything they can get at! Its beans and dumplings today. That doesn't affect my appetite in the least. Mr. Nifong finished my garden and went over to Mrs. T's to get some things and to take her stove over. (the old one from the Boomer cabin). Matt told me that the extra stove in May's cabin belonged to me. I shall bring it over and take it to the spring to heat water on when we wash. It will save a great deal of carrying. He also told us it would take but a mile of trail to hit the government trail to Avery from here and that the trail must run, according to the sections it crosses, just about a quarter of a mile back of Mrs. Durhams. He is going to try one day this week to see what kind of a trail and the shortest one that could be blazed through for us. It will be but twenty five miles to Avery and an easy trip. It would surely be fine. That would take us to Torsens and on to Avery without touching the meadows. Saw a fresh bear track yesterday. Suppose the lovable will be paying us a visit before long. I guess I've been writing some. Here my book is full and but two weeks gone. I'll have to back track.

Thursday, June 30.

Mr. N. planted the garden, cut brush South of the cabin and cut up the trees we cut down, and rolled them away, and cut wood enough for about six weeks. He will leave in the early morning hours tomorrow. My check for ten dollars was given today in payment. I haven't planted my flower seeds yet but will soon. I'll have to prepare the bed for them myself. I guess I can alright but in all this great outdoors I don't know where is the best place for my handful of flowers.

July 1, 1910.

Got up at the usual time. Mrs. T. wants to plant her garden today so we will go over to her house. Mr. N. got off alright, but don't know at what hour he had breakfast before he left. I guess we have the chipmunks now. I took a rope and stretched it between two little picture wires, the wires being fastened too the rafters on both sides of the roof. I think that will be quite secure, so we leave feeling somewhat better.

Later. Well! I guess feelings don't count for much. I took sick about four and we came home early. I felt like sin and don't feel much better yet. When we stepped into the cabin we found one sack on the floor and oatmeal over everything. I don't see how they ever got across to that rope. The sack that was on the floor contained about a qt. of lima beans. It was divided into four parts and two of them contained rice. We had six pounds in all. It was all gone to the grain and the partitions were ripped open. There was not a hole in the sack to show where mice or chipmunks had been working. I was in such a hurry that I didn't notice whether the rice was alright when I hung it on the rope this morning but it was all there when we put it away the night before. It does certainly seem strange. I never knew anything but man would rip out a seam to get into a rice sack. Some straggler must have gone through and helped himself. He must have been a fiend for rice for everything else is O.K. There has been but three other people in the woods that we know of, and it surely couldn't have been either of them.

July 2, 1910.

Am on the bum so we stayed at home today and idled away our time. We were going to wash but had to put it off till Mon. We seem fated with the wash. I felt better this P.M. and raked a little in the yard. I sat perfectly still on the edge of the bed gun in hand and watched a chipmunk make his search for the oatmeal. He was certainly a cunning rascal. He tried wire walking but was afraid. Then he climbed to the bedpost and jumped about four feet and landed on the sugar sack. It didn't prove to be what he wanted so he run along the wall until he came to the shelves, from there he jumped four feet again and on to the oatmeal sack. I frightened him away and moved things along the rafters a little farther so he could not jump from the shelf and waited. He came back, tried the wire, went around the wall and came in on the ridge pole and jumped from there down on the sack. I kept still and when he left he walked the wire up to the side rafter like a regulation paid circus preformer. My blood was up and I shot him as he left the wire. One less to account for and feed. We've given up in despair. About the time the munks get through eating the oatmeal the bears will try the flour and sugar.

Sunday, July 3.

We have invited Matt and Will to six oclock dinner, and I'm all dressed up. I put on the dark pongee and my brown skirt, a white collar and the old peacock pin. There's style to that. I know I'll win a home. We are going to have fresh light bread, hominy, lima beans, soup and dumplings and dried apple pie. You would laugh to see the soup. I'm not fond of salt pork so we thought the men could help us eat it. We boiled it till tender and to the liquid added oatmeal, potatoes, onion, salt and pepper and a small portion of tomato juice. Just before ready to serve, Mrs. T. made drop dumplings and dropped them in. I never tasted anything so delicious. I don't know how it would taste at home but it was certainly fine and the men nearly foundered. It looked stormy so we left early for Mays and sit up by a smudge and watched the electrical display. It was quite severe but no rain.

Monday, July 4.

The glorious Fourth is nearly passed. I have spent the day shooting chipmunks, reading aloud and writing. O Yes! I took a nap too. Sleep is a wonderful time killer and it is needed too in this high altitude, when one rises at five. Wish McPeak would drop in with the mail. There has been nothing to denote that this is the glorious fourth except the drumming of the blue grouse across the swale and the low rumble of thunder as the clouds catch on the high divide to the north. We have had sunshine and clouds generously applied today. The weather is very undecided but that distant grumble of thunder wearies me. I wish it would rain and be done with it and then it would be so good for the garden. We save every thimble of water and throw on the lettuce bed to coax it along. Matt is so rushed for time I'm afraid he wont have time to investigate the Avery trail and things will have to go on just as they are. If we could only make it there, then we could get out easy and get our mail

brought in by the rangers. Pshaw if I'd known how busy he was I'd have kept Mr. Nifong another day or so and had him cut a foot trail through for us or at least reblaze it. I guess its up to us to either walk the meadows or stay at home and it certainly does look like staying at home. I was going to borrow Matts horse Sunday but she had never been ridden by a woman or without a saddle. I thought it too risky and stayed at home. Wish they would kill a veal before they go.

July 5.

Matt leaves tomorrow and is gardening today. I took the hatchet over to them today and he gave me enough winter onions to plant a row across the garden. They're South Idaho onions and multiply a hundred to one. At that rate we will be compelled to dig about twenty four thousand onions by spring. I'm afraid I'll not be equal to the task. NO! NO!

Bill came up this P. M. and brought the stove. We decided to use it for a cellar and stored everything in it that the chipmunks like. I guess they'll have to mine some if they get it now. Bill shot six chipmunks today and fed them to the dog. He stayed till four and then we went down to see Matt to get rid of him. He made us some patent mouse traps and told me how to trap and skin mink. On the way over to May's he went clear across the swamp to gather some roses for us. Oh! Bill! Now "whatch no about that." They were beauties and we sure appreciated them. They wanted us to stay and eat beans with them but the dish cloth looked worse than ours so we declined.

Matt tells us that the Milwaukee engineer says Marble Mountain is ten thousand feet high at the peak, that we are four thousand feet above sea level in this basin and that the rocky point we come over before we get to deep lake is nearly eight thousand feet. Perhaps that accounts for some of our high mindedness.

July 6.

Went to bed early but got up earlier. The men called at three thirty. They wanted to make it to the divide before it got hot. We talked awhile then came over to the cabin. We could not scare an appetite of any size until six. We had breakfast then and I carried six kettles full of water to the lettuce bed. We decided to do our muchly put off wash today, so took the washers dishpan and tub and went over to May's. We had a very large wash and nearly covered the six hundred feet of new fence when we had it out to dry. But unless the sun is a wonderful cure all some of the pieces will be pretty yellow. I was very tired after we were through. We then walked home, got dinner and took a nap, so feel better now. Its no fun to run one of those patent washers and carry water up hill to keep it going.

Mrs. Taylor is wearing a blue house gown. Shes too stuck up for anything. She washed her heavy suit today. I haven't had the courage to put one one of my dresses yet but have stuck to the "brownie." This is an awful big world over here and the whole outdoors crowds hard against the clearing fence at night. I hate to leave the cabin at night for fear a bear will take things and "skiddoo" but it seems so shut in among the trees that I can't bear to sleep there bear or no bear. So here goes.

July 87.

Have lain around all day in the shade. I did rake and pull a little brush this morning. I think I shall do but little work around my yard till I decide where to put my new cabin. I don't care about the yard for the old one. I took a bath this P/A.M. and put on my stripped dress. It is so long and feels so funny I don't believe I'll ever wear it out only around the bottom. When I look down and see my big shoes under my skirt I feel just like a peacock. I don't know why I dressed up unless I just couldn't stand brown any longer. We are reading "The Or__lis[?]" out loud so will leave early and build a smudge at Mays and read.

July 8.

Well I found out why I dressed up yesterday. I guess it was because I couldn't help it. Mrs. T. and I were sitting out on the porch reading when we heard the awfullest noise I ever heard in the woods. I was repented. My heart and I fought for breath. I finally won and told Mrs. T. I never had heard such a noise. It seemed to come nearer and I finally remarked that it sounded as if her stove had decided to come over by lightning express. We heard the racket off and on for about ten minutes and then heard a call. We answered and then knew it was Mr. McPeak. It was dark when he got in. He brought the mail. Thank goodness. I was about to get desperate and walk to Clarkia for it myself. He said as he was bringing Mrs. D in yesterday they met Mrs. Torsen, Henry and Myrtle at the bars about twelve miles on the way. Myrtle came on back with her mother but Mrs. T went on to Clarkia. Myrtle is terribly broken up and disappointed and sent word for me to come over at once when Mr. McP. came back. So we are going over this morning. Mr. McP has gone to Mrs. Taylors to take some things over and we will meet him at May's.

July 9.

Home again. We rode over to Mrs. D's on the pack saddles. Such fun. Mr. McPeak had dinner and then left for Clarkia. We decided to stay all night as Mrs. T. wasn't feeling well. Read the newspaper today, first I've seen. Mrs. T. was somewhat put out at having to pay for a pack horse to bring her stove and some bacon in. She understood that Mr. McP. was to bring the stove in and take her things on over for no further consideration. I understood that he was to take only the things she had here that he would have taken had her cabin been ready to receive them. We always misunderstand things so I wonder if I am daffy. We left Mrs. D. sometime this morning. Mrs. T's watch is not running and neither is Mrs. D's so we have no timepiece. Our appetites are all we have to go by. We blazed a trail around the other side of the meadow so we can go to Mrs. D's and have but one wet meadow to cross. We saw either two deer or the same one twice. Were all dreadfully excited. Mrs. D could have shot it either time but I had the gun and was always too far away. My but I wish we could have gotten one. I'm somewhat tired after my visit and the walk home. I don't know what time it is but I'm hungry so will start things to moving.

June 10. Sunday.

Have just read and talked and hunted shade today. Nothing doing.

June 11.

It was a calendar month yesterday since we left home. It doesn't seem possible. We have now twelve months and 29 days yet to serve. If all goes well. We went over to Mrs. T's today and she dug and made some garden. We had our lunch of biscuit, bacon and coffee. We made a squaw fire and cooked the coffee in the cabin on the floor. She took the featherbed over to her cabin so I presume we will be taking an all nights nap over there before long. Not if I can help myself though. The lady told me yesterday that she does not expect to go out at all until the fourteen months are up. I don't see how she will make it, but she's so confoundedly head strong that I suppose she'll try. Different here. I going when I take the notion. I tried to persuade her it would never do for her to try to remain without going out before winter and that she could or should not remain in here alone if I go out. She will give in to neither. I think she now expects to go and stay with Mrs. D when I take my wild chase but I think Mrs. D will be going out herself and when she does I go too. Now that may be gross selfishness or anything you want to call it but I want to see civilization before I house for the winter.

July 12.

How's that for thunder! The mice are so tame I guess they'll eat us next. I touched one that helped himself to a biscuit while we were sitting at the table talking after supper. Every time I'd move he'd scurry away only to come back and try again. I never saw such mice. They are larger than town mice, have large ears, white breasts and are a soft blue gray. They are quite musical and keep perfect time on the tin pans at Mays every night but I can't decide whether they do it with their feet, teeth or tails.

We sprouted the potatoes today and found that the flies had been very busy both outside and inside the sack. Whoever heard of flies blowing raw potatoes and an old gunny sack. They beat the band. That makes me think, "once Cad got blamed." We are going to iron after dinner. We have to go to May's to iron. The table is too weak at my house. My such times! The onions grow about two inches a day. They're beginning to look like mountain lilies. I cleaned off the shelf today and found the mice had helped themselves and gotten entirely away with all my clover seed. It has been very stormy looking today and has been thundering all morning. Mrs. D. and Myrtle are coming over some day this week. Good speed!

July 13.

Nothing astir. I felt weak and horrid today so have lain around in the shade and studied the dictionary. Haven't been sleeping well for a couple of nights.

July 14.

Went to Mrs. Taylors this morning. Got up early but don't know what time. My but we do miss that watch. It clouded up this afternoon and we suffered dreadfully from the heat and closeness on the walk home. It has been thundering and threatens a real live rain. I will be glad for the gardens. We are tired and will hustle off to bed as soon as we have supper and wash.

July 15.

Well it beats the band that a fellow can't sleep. Mrs. T. stayed awake last night to see if I was fooling about not sleeping. I don't think I slept twenty minutes. O Pfiffel! And there was such a lovely rain. It didn't rain as much as it should have for the gardens but suppose we must be contented with what is sent. Took a bath and dressed up again today but as yet there has no one come to see us. Wish I knew what time it is. We have been reading aloud for an hour or so before going to bed. The nights are beautiful. They make me think of Miss Caldwell. We discovered to our sorrow that the flies blow fresh onions. They spoiled our lunch yesterday. That's the limit. I expect they'll blow the expressions off our countenances next.

July 16

Went to Mrs. Taylors again today.

July 17.

Read this morning and took my bath for Sunday is always bath day. Dressed up in my gingham. Expected Mrs. Durham and Myrtle but they didn't come.

July 18.

Took it easy all day. That's what I've been doing for a week or so. I'm afraid I would but there's no danger when you don't sleep more than half the night. Have been writing letters to every one I know. Getting ready for the next mail.

July 19.

Washed today. Just as we were coming to the cabin from May's we heard a call and answered. It was Mrs. D & Myrtle. Glad! Indeed indeed! Yes! They have great tales to tell about the deer eating the garden and also seeing four in the clearing at once.

July 20.

There's some tired folksies at camp tonight. We tried to run the line from here to Mrs. Torsens. We made it fine to the corner but could not find the quarter line. It was late and threatening rain and none of us enjoyed the prospects of staying under a tree all night so we retraced our footsteps. My it was provoking. We were within a quarter of Mrs. T and then to have to give it up is very exasperating.

We are going home with Mrs. D tomorrow and see if we can locate Mr. Flowers.

July 23.

We went to Mrs. Ds and got caught in a thunder shower on the big hill. It rained and we were drenched. A sorry looking bunch we were when we struck the meadow. At '49 we saw a man's track going towards the cabin. We hurried on as fast as we could for our wet skirts and shoes. When we reached the cabin we found that Mr. Cooper had been there and left us some provision and Mail.

We all tried to change our cloths and read our letters at the same time. The attempt was laughable but quite successful. Thinking Mr. C. would go out the next day we sat up late and wrote letters. The next morning Myrtle and I went to Mr. C's with the letters. We were watching the trail very closely expecting to see tracks leading the wrong way and that we had missed Mr. C. Suddenly we heard the sound of chopping and Myrtle gave a piercing scream. Then thinking she would frighten the person she shouted normally. Mr. Rouark the State man was with Mr. C and they got us a fine dinner and treated us royally. We got home about six oclock and got up the next morning and started for home. Mrs. Taylor stopped at the old cabin and picked up all the tin cans she could carry and brought over to clean out. She is getting quite a supply for her kitchen but I'd hate to do it that way. Everything all right when we got home.

Sunday, July 24.

Mrs. T. wanted to go over to her place today and stay all night. My but I hate to think of it. Yet I suppose its right to do so. We got up so late that we couldn't go. So spent the day reading.

July 25.

Got it today, were getting everything ready for the fray. We go to Mrs.T. to stay all night.

July 26.

Made it. But am in a duece of a temper. I didn't sleep a bit and Mrs. T. poked so on the way home, it was so exasperating. You'd have thought I was practicing the Wedding March to have seen me coming down the trail. We heard three shouts and a tree fall last night. Rangers I expect. I thought maybe the packer had come and found us gone and was signaling. Lots of deer tracks in the garden.

July 27.

Rats! Curses! Three deer at May's this morning and I missed them. I've only seven loads for the revolver so have to go slow. They are very tame. An old Mother and two little ones. I heard them go around the house and thought it was a horse. There's an old pheasant at the spring and I cant get a shot at her. Hard luck and I give a whole lot for a beefstake. I've a miserable headache today and am cranky. We are ironing and will soon be through. It was seven weeks yesterday since we arrived

here. My shoes are dreadfully used up. I will have to be going on a shopping tour soon or I won't be able to make tracks.

July 28.

Didn't sleep a mite and am so tired and cross I think I'll go frantic if I don't get to sleep tonight. Mrs. Taylor emptied the flour sack this morning and ask me what I thought about taking the meat out of the pillow case and putting it in the sack. I told her I had another case and that it was not necessary but she could if she liked too. She then ask about washing it and I supposed she meant the pillow case so I said it seemed sealed and I didn't believe it needed it.

This evening she got the dirty flour sack to put the meat in and I ask if it wouldn't be better to wash it. She flew off the handle at once and told me she had discussed the point with me this morning. Not being in a very amiable mood I tried to explain what I thought she meant this morning. She was very haughty and I got rather rude I suppose for I am cranky. Then she told me she had wits enough to understand without being told more than a dozen times. That she hadn't understood me this morning and hadn't talked like a barbarian to me either. She went outside and I let her stay. I told her I'd do the dishes myself. She helped me clean the squirrel, a little later. So we will have one great big pine squirrel for dinner tomorrow. The lady was off this morning and told me in a "You're to blame" manner how she would be doing things differently if she could. I just hate that manner of hers, as if I was to blame the way things have turned out. I go to her place every time she suggests it and have never demured, but if she thinks I'm going to get up in the morning and say "This is a dandy fine day lets go over so you can farm," she's mistaken. When she wants to go all she has to do is say so. She can practice her shorthand when she wishes too. She doesn't have to work when over here. She complained about not having time to practice and then sat in the shade reading all P.M.

I darned stockings and sewed up the holes in my waist this morning. I'm not doing any clearing. The men will do that I guess when they build the new cabin and so whats the use. Mrs. T. has been trying to mud her cabin and thinks she'll try and make the old one do. By fall she'll decide not to have any clearing made. I wish I knew how to arrange things so we were not thrown at one another so. Its terribly disagreeable.

July 30.

One more day left in July.

For four days the air has been terribly smoky. Yesterday we discovered a great fire east of here. How far I don't know. I have been feeling poorly for about a week and have just been lying around. The smoke was so close and oppressive yesterday I thought we could not stand it. All night long we heard the falling of the trees, but the night was perfectly clear and no smoke visible.