Dora S. Adair
June 10, 1910

Pocket Notes

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. Pope 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 Dennit, 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 Mullin, (our mutual friend). They took as a chaperone,, a Mrs Cameron from places unmentionable, I don't think I shall inquire further of friends 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 stove to see if all was going smoothly. I guess I must have looked though for every one began to plan on something to keep me warm and dry on the trip. Quin V. produced a soft felt hat and a fur lined coat, and Herman gave me a pair of shaps. I was a beauty to be sure, I put the shaps too under my shirt 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 corralled 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 corral 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 to and then got supper. It began raining again and then turned to hail. When we got up in the morning all the tincups and pans were frozen to the log, the horse ropes were frozen stiff and so were we. I had on my brown suit, my sweater and Irvin 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
Cut 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 stop
ped 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 an-
other 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 ~~and~~ the snow had drifted in, till 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. Jorsen'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 Jorsens 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 Calkins without any further trouble. In crossing the swail from Majo 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 stove, 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 asked
Mr. Mc. Peak, run the lines
over to Mrs Taylor's and
looked for the faded
trail that we paid
a twenty a piece 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. Mc. Peak 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 re-blaze 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

think I'll be an expert
trail and blaze hunter
yet long. I kept the
line carrying back and
Papa split the posts
to estimate the timber
He is not at all pleased
with the outlook, unless
Spruce should be as
valuable as white Pine
Im liable not to remain
as long as was expected"

Wednesday, 15th —
took Boomers, door
and loose shakes to
make a table and
some shelves. Worked
and fought Mosquitos
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 hart to unpack the provision, 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 Mr C. could not help it that our troubles did not come singly, It was very provoking, when we did very as tried as could be to find beans, peas, coffee, split peas hominy, Lard etc

all in one general mixture.
I sorted all I could
and tied them up in
every thing I could get
hold of except my stock-
ings. 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
Jonsons 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
dont get some things
in to her claim. She
and Addy have
been discussing things
Ive kept out so far.

Thursday, 16.

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

Later, Mc P. arrived
with the rest of the
goods. Mrs. Jorgen, Myrtle
Durham and Claude
Dunbar came in with
him, Mrs. Jaylor's

stove did not come
and they could get
no one to come in
and work. Mrs L.
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 Jorsens 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 Anne
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 do
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 benches 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 dont mind that when you get use to it.

Friday, 17.

Spent the day reading and sewing. I made me a black satteen 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 continuall drumming near the cabin. Rockey tried to get him while he was here but failed. 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! Layed in a good supply of bark in case of rain and took my bath. Twas hard but not what I had expected, Casually mentioned Jones's and the trail, Mas J. 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 oclock. thats 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 dreadfull 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 last 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 Jorsen 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 would
nt 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 Jorgens, 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.
Did keep writing
but a short time when
I heard a call, I lost
no time in answering
It was Jorgens coming

to spend the day.
Sick! But I was glad
to see them. So
Sunday has not been
so long and hard
as it seemed. Sim
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; It's 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 heart's 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. J's. The sawing put my writing out of commission, & can hardly read it. Our bacon's about half gone. I guess we have a good appetites. Mrs J. 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, strained 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. Thats pretty good after getting up at eleven the morning before but ill 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. Do 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 dont 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, whoever 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 Bess Chidsey would be

be pleased to see me sailing around with his revolver strapped over my shoulder. The strap's 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. L'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. Wiborg's breakfast so we could go to Mrs Taylors. Had to swim the bushes were so wet with dew. Mr W. 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 on less than three feet

each in diameter, I've been pulling up brush, too. If I help 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 smashing 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 Sand I came back and left Mr N. tearing down Shurr's old cabin to finish out Mrs. D'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 noticable. I think

will have macaroni for supper for a change, the potatoes are lasting well but the bacon is going fast, I dont 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 bt at the cabin at five thirty, I guess that surprised

the gentleman some.
After breakfast we started
for Mrs Taylors again.
Mr. T. 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 change
able person I have ever
been with, She hasn't
the slightest idea what
she wants or 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 through 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 any way. Did nearly cut my eyesight trying to look ahead and watch for blaze... Mrs. D. would [illegible] herself entirely I believe, if she tried. Letting her lead and have to

eventually go ahead and break the trail myself. While we were gone today ~~yesterday~~ a party of Chipewyans had a dance on our perfectly good tablecloth, and ate our oatmeal mush

June 24.

Got up and to the calm early again. My feet 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 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 Mays till quite late last night and it was almost dark. I walked like a racer and Mrs. L. had no trouble in keeping up. She 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. Jorsens as yet. Besides could not

while the man is working. Mosquitoes are better since the rain. Had a heavy frost last night, and today is beautiful except a little breezy.

June 25

Mr. Mifong 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 be lieve 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 Ti as we had expected but stayed to watch the fire. I wrote to Miss Caldwell, Aunt Lydia, Margaret and finished Dad'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. Did get my feet damp going over to the bedroom and then suffer with cold

feet till I got desperate and hunted up the sucks,

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 buttoned 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. J. 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. J. 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 ~~bear~~ are; She wishes for rough on rats forty times a day. and just can- not 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 be- cause 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 fuss for us when he starts the washing machine.
Nothing doing, Sunday long enough for two ordinary days. Mr. N. went fishing caught fine, they were quite small, and only enough for appreciation, think I'll go myself some of these days.
Monday, June 27.
Work day. still at Mrs. Taylor's. Got up at five twenty to get the man off to work early as possible. We followed after straightening the cabin and getting lunch ready. I tried

helping Mrs J. 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 or don't think I'd
put myself out much
to pull for her any
more. Nothing
exciting, Mr. N. finished
chinking the cabin for
Mrs. J. and carried 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 accus-
tomed 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 won't
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. J and I left about

twenty after five, as we neared the clearing I smelled smoke and stumped pretty lively for a while. I thought our smudge fire had spread, as soon as I neared the clearing I saw it came from May. We knew then that Matt had arrived. Will Frii is with him. We expected to be put out of our cozy bedroom but Matt wouldn't hear to that. They made their bed in the barn and we slept 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 it here about tomorrow and then leave for town. I'm having some lovely white pine wood cut, to last us till we see the next span. 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 every thing they can get at! Its beans and dumplings today, that doesn't attract me

appetite in the least.
Mr. Nifong finished my garden and went over to Mrs Li's to get something and to take her stove over, (the old one from the Bonner cabin),
Matt told me that the extra stove in Mary'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 me 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 Dunham. 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 best. twenty five miles to Avery and an easy trip. It would surely be fine. that would take us to Lorayne 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 Eric 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 meals. 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 do all

this great out doors
I don't know where is
the best place for my
handful of flowers.
July 1. 1900.
Got up at the usual
time. Mrs. J. 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
to the rafters on both
sides of the roof. I

think that will be quite secure, & we leave feeling somewhat better.

Later. Well! I guess feelings dont count for much. I took sick about four and we gave home early. I felt like sin and dont feel much better yet. When we stepped into the cabin we found one sack on the floor and oatmeal over everything; I dont see how they ever got across to that shore. The sack that was on the floor

contained about a qt. of lima beans, & that

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 so I'm we put it away the night before. It does certainly seem strange

I never knew - any thing but man would rip out a scream to - get into a nice sack. Some straggler must have gone through and helped himself. He must have been a filing for nice for everything else is O.K. There has been but three other people in the rocks that we know of - and it surely couldn't have been either of them.

July 2, 1910

Ann and the kumpas we stayed at home today - and killed away our time. We were going to work, but had

to put it off till Mon.
We seem filled 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 chip-
munk make his attack
for the oatmeal. He
was certainly a cunning
rascal. He tried upre
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 ran along the

wall until he came
to the shelves. from
there he jumped four
feet again and on to
the oatmeal sacks.
It frightened him away
and moved things
along the rafters a
little further 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 sacks, he
kept still and when
he left he walked the
wire up to the side
rafter like a regulation

paid cigars performing
My blood washup and
so shot him as he left
the wire; Am loss to
account for and feel.
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 o'clock
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

Ill win a home. We are going to have fresh light bread, home-made lima beans, ~~and at~~ soup and dumplings and dried apple pie. You would laugh to see the soup. Didn't not fond of salt pork as 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 J. made drop dumplings and dropped them in. I never tasted anything so delicious

I dont know how it would taste at home but it was certainly fine and the men nearly hundered.
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 so rain.

Monday, July 4.
The glorious Fourth is nearly passed. I have spent the day shooting chipmunks, reading aloud and writing. Oh 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.
Nick 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 is

thunder, wearies me. I wish it would rain and be done with it and then it would be so good for the garden. We have every thimble of water and throw on the lettuce bed to coax it along.

Matt is so rushed for time I'm afraid he won't have time to investigate the Avery trail and things until have to go ask just as they are. If we could only make it there, then we could get out easy and get such mail brought in by the rangers. Ethan

if I did know how busy he was I'd have kept Mr. Nipong another day or so and had him cut a foot trail through for us or at least re-blaze it. I guess it's up to us to either walk the meadows or stay at home and it certainly does look like staying at home. If 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 meal before they go.

July 5.

Matt leaves tomorrow and is gardening today. I took the hatchet I gave to them today and he gave me enough winter onions to plant a row across the garden. Thiyr 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 Mapi he went clear across the swamp to gather some roots for us. Ah. Bill! Now

"Watch me about that."
They were beauties and
we sure appreciated
them. They wanted
us to stay-dog eat
legs 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

fut. 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 bottles full of water to the lettuce bed. We decided to do our muchly put off washing today, so took the washes

dishpan and tub and went over to Maja'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. Gaylor

Mrs. Gaylor is wearing

a blue Louise gown, she too stuck up for anything she washed her hair 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 8.

I 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.M. and put on my stripped dress. It is so long and full as 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 it any longer. We are reading "The Chaplin" out loud & will have early and build a smudge at Thaye and read.

July 8. 8.

Well I found out why I dressed up yesterday. I guess it was because I couldn't help it. Mrs. D. and I were sitting out on the porch reading when we heard the awfullest noise I ever heard in

the woods. I was repeated. 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 thinking 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 Hoskins for it myself. He said as he was bringing Mrs. D

in yesterday they met
Mrs. Jorsen, Johnny & Myrtle
at the bars, about twelve
miles on the way. Myrtle
came on ~~to~~ blacksmith her
mother but Mrs. Swent
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 Mays.

July 9.

Home again. We rode
over to Mrs. Dis on the
pack saddles. Such

fun. Mr. McPeak had dinner - and then left for Clarkia... We decided to stay - all night as Mrs. J. wasn't feeling well. Read the newspaper today. first live seen. Mrs. J. was somewhat put out at having to pay for a pack horse to bring her stove - and some bacon on. 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 cabins [illegible]
ready to receive them.
We always misunder-
stand things so. I
wonder if I am daffy.
We left Mrs. D sometime
this morning. Mrs. D's
watch is not running
and neither is Mr. 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 mead
ow 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,
[illegible]
were all dreadfully ex
cited. Mrs. D could have

shot it either time but I had the gun and was always too far away. My feet I wish we could have gotten wet. 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 does

seem possible. We have
now twelve months
and 29 days yet to serve
of all goes well.
We went over to Mrs.
Lo 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
any 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 is 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 civi-
lization before I house for
the winter.

July 12:

Hows 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 klep perfect time on the tin pans at May's every night but I can't decide whether they do it with their feet! teeth or tails.

We sprouted the potatoe today and found that the flies had been very busy both outside and inside the sack. Whoever heard of flie blowing raw potatoe and any old gunny sack. They beat the band. That makes me think, "Once Cad ast blamed." We are

going to iron after dinner. We have to go to Mary'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 leant 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 watch stopped. 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. L. stayed awake
last night to see if I
was fooling about not
sleeping. I don't think
I slept twenty minutes.
A fizzle! 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 own tongues next.

July 16
Went to Mrs. Taylors
again today.
July 17. Read this
morning and took my
bath for Sunday is
always bath day. Dress
ed up in my gingham.
Expected Mrs Durham
and Myrtle but they didn't
come.
July 18. Work 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 Mays 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 is some tired folks at camp tonight We tried to run the line from here to Mrs Dorsey. 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. Why it was provoking that we were within a quarter of Mrs. J. 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 meadows. At 4 9 we saw a man

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 clothes 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. Q. Suddenly we heard the sound of chopping - and Myrtle gave a piercing scream. Thinking she would frighten the person she shouted normally. Mr. Rourke, the State man was with Mr. Q. and they got us a fine dinner and treated us royally. We got home about six o'clock 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

did hate to do it that way. Everything all right when we got home.

Sunday, July 24. Mrs. J. wanted us 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 every thing ready for the fray. We go to Mrs J. to stay all night.

July 26. Made it. But am in a dreem of a temper & didn't sleep a bit and Mrs. J. poked us 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 shots 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 track in the garden.

July 27.

Rats! Curses! Three deer at Maj's this morning and I missed them. Had only seven loads for the revolver as have to go slow. They are very tame. An old Mother and two little ones. I heard them go

go around the house and thought it was a horse. There is an old pheasant at the spring and I can't get a shot at her. Hard luck - and I give a whole lot for a mistake. 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 dont 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 to. 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 the 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 did do the dishes myself. She helped me clean the

squirrels, 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 "Your 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 demurred, but if
she thinks I'm going to
get up in the morning
and say "This is a dandy
fine day lets go over as
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 we here. She complains about not having time to practice and then sat in the shade reading all P. M.

I darned stockings and sewed up the hole in my waist this morning. I'm not doing any clearing the men will do that & guide when they build the new cabin and so what to the use. Mrs. J. has been staying to mend 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 as we were not thrown at

one another as. 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 dont 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.