

Lone Adair Pocket Notes/Loose Pages

Wed. Smoke dreadful.

Thursday. Smoke worse, worried.

Friday. Could hardly breath. Dreadfully nervous. Sit around and wondered what to do.

Sat. worse yet.

Sunday. Took our book and went to Mays and stayed all P.M. and read. About dead for sleep and too nervous to sleep get up about four times to look for signs of fire. Perfect nights but hear trees falling all night.

Aug. 1, 1910.

Enstalled as chief cooks for the "Fire Fighters." Spent two thirds the day washing dishes. A rap at the door early this morning. A man ask us to tell him how to get further east. If there was a trail anywhere in view [?]. We directed him on Mrs. T's Trail. Mr. Flower was with him. The mysterious gentleman at last turned up, The Ranger. Mr. Roach left word that there was a pack train coming and for us to direct it to Mrs. T's. We put a note up on the crooked tree and went over to get our breakfast. After breakfast we packed enough for the night and went over to Mrs. T's to learn more of the fire. We found the camp of fighters enstalled in her front yard with Mr. Jack Ricketts as cook. He was tired of his job and Mr. Roach enstalled us as cooks till he could go to Clarkia for men and a cook. Such a mess. Such a time. Such hungry men. They blazed and partially cut a trail to the fire from Mrs. T. The fire was about a mile S.W. of her place.

Aug. 2.

Got up at five this morning and got breakfast. They cut trail till dinner and then moved camp. Mr. R. has not appeared. I guess he had to go to Clarkia. There are nine men in camp. Mr. Ricketts, Glen Avery, Mr. Powill, Mr. Alec Litherland + Brother, Mr. Flower, Mr. Fin, Mr. Smith, The Swede. We have nothing to cook in that is large enough and are having a dreadful time. Our bed is next to the dining table. The table is made of three hewed boards. It is not near large enough but is better than nothing. Our fire place is about five ft. long, and we have eight large willow hooks. My but we did hate to go to bed without a curtain except the dark. Myrtle Durham came over with Mr. Flower in the P.M. and stayed all night. I was so glad she did. Mr. Bishop joined the crowd tonight and brought a large reflector. That was a godsend we had been trying to bake for ten men in a small sized one and it took three different bakings, and was so slow.

Aug. 3. Wednesday.

How time does fly. We have but little time. We took time to wash and bath our feet this P.M. Such dirty greesy clothes you never saw in all your life. My eyes are nearly put out. I slept last night for the first time in a week. I could not sleep Tues night because the horses were right behind our beds and stampeded three or four times trying to get to the trail.

Aug. 4.

All went well till five thirty. ~~Eight~~ Nine extras came in for supper. There was some pretty tall hustling to make a dinner for eight do for nineteen. The cooks waited. McPeak brought the packs in also the

mail. Got a letter from Evan + Cad also a note from Papa. More horses for nightmare only twelve head at our bed last evening.

Aug. 5.

[Too faded to read if there was writing below the date.]

Moved camp. S. Aug 7.

Mr. Collins joined camp as help on morning of Aug 7 very competent help.

Wed. Aug 10.

Burned out of camp had to move to other side of river. Fire drove us back to other side on rocks same evening. Moved back again to sleep on the ashes. (?)

Aug 11.

Wind changed fire charged down upon us like a miniature [hell?]. Came within fifteen feet on one side and about forty ft to other. We were all ready to camp in the river (especially Missoula Baby) when the wind change. Rejoicing. More applause from the gallery. No sleep those two nights.

Aug 12.

Watching wind closely today also the deep place in the river. Took a good rest this. P.M. More Joy! Four men quit or struck today and left with [love?] to to the cooks. Mr. Roach left for town to get more men. They need three hundred at least to hold this fire in check. It got away from the patrol men and almost got Mrs. T's claim. Strenuous fighting at other end of line. Took six men from here today to help on that side. Had fish for breakfast. Mighty good.

Aug. 13.

Fire started up again just back of the tent. Came very nearly getting us. The men put it out and then we all turned in. I have slept but very little for three nights and am getting terribly sleepy. Am watching the fire back of the tent today. Men are making a trail to some place. I don't know when, or where, but I expect we will soon be having to move camp again. I hope they get us near the water if they do move us.

Aug. 14.

Mrs. D and Myrtle visited with us yesterday P.M. We were so glad to see them. Everyone has left the country but us four ladies. I'm getting to look like Kate D. I look so old I hardly dare look in the glass any more. I believe I'm getting fat even then. Johnny M. bothers the life out of me. I'll spit at him if he doesn't go away from the table and leave me alone.

The men took their lunch today and Mrs. T and I expected to be all alone all day but they came back about two o'clock and rested the rest of the P.M. We have but seven in camp now. Expect Mr. Roche in today possibly McPeak. I'd like to see some mail.

Aug. 15.

Mr. R. did not come so are still cooking. Mr. Farm Baby Litherland and Sunny Jim. came over today to finish packing they moved camp yesterday and took Mr. Collins with them. Bad use to them.

How I do miss the lad. He was the life of the camp. They went back to our old camp. Mr. Langdon is head boss + kitchen help too. The men took lunch today and we are all alone again. We have been reading aloud. My but it is cold. I've been nearly frozen all day. Wish I had my long underwear. Slept well last night. Didn't sit up to talk.

Aug. 19.

Mr. Roche not in yet. Heard he went to Spokane. Moving camp today. Three miles further on. The trail is so hot that they cannot take horses over it this morning but must go around by the meadows to get there. It takes a day and a half to make the trip and it takes three hours to climb it from here if it could be done for the fire the men.

Think I'll go with them to the new camp as there may be a way to get out from there that there is not from here unless I go by Avery which is not what I'd wish to do. The crew is very small at present and we have had a fine time cooking for the last week.

I don't know what to do. I really don't. I've been worried for a few days. I wish I knew. Oh. Such a

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supper. \_\_\_\_\_

across the way at other camp. \_\_\_\_\_

a mule in second camp that stopped across the creek. Mrs. Taylor and I are doing fine.

No camp \_\_\_\_ handed in as yet. Got an installment of knives + forks + spoons this afternoon by Mr. Langdon. Delighted. Sent for table cloth today. Am worried about my blankets. I'm afraid some of these gentleman will walk off with some of my blankets before I get back to the cabin. There are a good many in here without beds.

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[The following may be the note left for the pack train on August 1.]

Greetings!

Word was left for you to bring the horses on to Mrs. Taylors place. three quarters farther east.

The trail starts from clearing by the uprooted tree behind the barn.