The Lumberboat
May 16, 1911.

Dear Mother, T. all. Thank you for writing my diary in April.

Here's a chance for another howdy—and I think this is positively my last appearance.

Mr. Flower will go to Avery Thursday. Nellie and O. will go to Houston with me. Better tomorrow. Rainy. It's more than likely to be rain. It rained hard all day.

He had the Loviest dinner today. Tomato (ried), fried potatoes, bird and gravy, bread & butter, dried apples and cake.

The tomatoes were left over, about two

spoonfuls of sauce. The bird was given us by Mr. Flower, and Mrs. T. sent us the cake first, 2 & 4.

She sent us some candy, oranges, and a cake. Won't mind that just lovely to have to do so.
We even rejoiced at Bit’s thir.

She is so much company, I don’t believe we could homestead with
out her.

Just put Daddy twenty-three

chickens and upon old speckled

hen in a box and send them

to me, I’m afraid they would

find their way into the pot before they

had much time to grow.

I’m sending out a roll 71/2 dark

film to be developed. I’m afraid it

is rather old but I do hope some

of the pictures are good. I’d like

about four (twelve 8x) rolls for the

summer; I want some good

pictures to remember my home-

stead days by.

Daddy, Mr. Hower has the tiniest

little ammunition for his revolver.

The regular cartridge is filled with

bird shot and you can use them

just the same as a shot gun,
for birds and carry but one gun, and am sure of getting the birds.
I'll said you could get them for
a 38 Special. I'd like a boy outfully
wild to use later when the birds
are ripe. I heard the old drum
back of my old cabin the last time
I was over. It surely did sound
good. I hope there'll be forty little
drummers down by the spring this
summer.

I got a lovely letter from
Mrs. McBryde with the last mail.
She is still greatly in love with her
place and homesteading.

I was so glad to get the steer, she
and the writing paper. The paper
I will return to you a few at a time,
as often as I have the chance.
Ellie had saidwould like a good cup
of tea on the road, when she comes.
I hope I can meet her on the trail.
I can't tell how every thing all mad
for a good rest when she gets him.
Mother, you must not come back too tired from your trip. Am going to try to pack you in here in a couple of pack sacks. Please see every thing and every body you can while you are gone and have a dandy good time.

Are Mayprie's fish still alive. I'll write to help and try to get it out until Waring when he leaves the last two months. Has Mayprie the deer made yet? I'm sure Bemai must be beautiful. Did Miss Smith get yours made?

So she will be home again for a short visit? well she and M.G. are doing lots of running about it seems to me. Tell her to send me her old shoes and clothes for me. I may have to call on her to help me out.

I'm going tubing tonight. Got a really extravagant and nice raincoat, Mitchells and things.
be plenty of water in the spring
in the morning bin going to take
a bath. Thank goodness I'm not
as tall as some folks I know. I
never could bath in a tub or
sleep on a lounge.

Give everybody my love,
I wish I could see Flossie's
little Colt. Will it be a pretty
cream like the mother or is it
to little to be colored yet?

If you lettuce and olive oil.

I wish the land office would
wake up.

Tell Bena to put a tiny little
dictionary in the pack for me. May
have any when I go to my place
and 'll be lost without it.

I wonder if Mr. Peak will thin
clarking this summer. I hope so.

May add a P.S. tomorrow if I think
of anything else. Goodnight.

Sincerely, Emma
Started to Ranchon's to take letter for Mr. J to take to Amy, and met boy on the meadow coming over to get letter. We were late and the boy thought we were not coming on account of the rain, so came over. We put on our thick rubber boots without hats and started out. Art森森 is coming to Ranchon for a day or two and will call to see you about work. If you have made no arrangements for a man in men as yet, how would it do to get a man to help Art and let them do the work up at once. Art says he is coming back in and will do the work as you wish for me. He could not do it without the help though. If he had a helper they could soon get the cleaning in a good condition.

Art is a good worker and very conscientious. If he says he will do anything and so he will see to it that it is done. I'd a whole lot rather be and some good helper should have the work than to let dynamite blow it. I'm rather afraid he would not be very trustworthy for a head man. It's liable to blow up at any time. It is at clearing and expects to work for Mr. D. I believe with a good man at the head that dynamite would do real well though. You probably know more of the condition than I do at present. If dynamite is used as he said it would. Well! good bye for the present. Lovingly, Laura.