

After crossing Green River we traveled
 many days without incident passing the
 Soda Springs and Old Fort Hall the only place
 where white people lived since we left Fort
 Taramie. We came to a little river called
 Roaft river my father took an axe a hatchet
 and buried them under a little willow tree
 I have not of them since then. We traveled
 on to Hornsboldt river and down it to the
 sink and across the desert to Snake
 River crossing it twenty seven times.
 We were in sight of Donner Lake passed
 the Donough Cabins where the company
 perished in the winter of 1846 and reached
 that night Sept 7 sister Elettas birthday.
 Going down the mountain was steep
 cast to one place where we had to unmake
 the oxen and drive them down through a
 crevice in the rocks and let the wagons
 down with ropes. Other places so steep
 men would fasten a rope to the back end
 of the wagon and plough through the
 dust and rocks and bear them calling
 out hold to the rope, hold to the rope!