

Dear Bud + Laine

These letters were written to my Grandmother's mother,
(Sarah Durham Morris), while they were going to Bluff
Utah, via "The Hole in The Rock" - The book Hole in The
Rock has many more stories of their experiences

Fifty Mile Spring

Jan. 19, 1880

Laine to all. Grandmother L. Ena Decker
Book.

Dear Father and Mother:

We received yours of the 20 on the 17 and was
glad to hear from you. I bawled three hours the
other night because Em got a letter and I didn't
but I got one the next day so I quit squaking. The
letter that you wrote New Years beat the one that
you wrote Christmas. Tell Mary Ann if she don't
write it will be her rump that will get kicked next
time. I wrote to her about a Coons age ago and
haint heard from her yet. We got the stamps all rite,
two for Em and two for me. Father said for us to
tell you how we are gitting along for grub and things.
I just more than wish I had some of that sausage and
pork, for ours is all gone. We (me and Em) had to
board George all the way till his father came; I
do their baking and washing and mending. The old
man has had a notion two or three times to go back.
George Hobbs came back and is making pack saddles
to take grub to Herrimans; he is going to take five
mules. The men think they will begin taking wagons
down through the hole in the rock the last of this
week or the first of next and then we will soon be
across the river. I have never seen the river yet.

About half of the company are camped two miles from the river and the rest of us about five. They will have to let the wagons down with ropes it is so steep that the brakes won't hold a wagon back. If the boys had plenty of powder they would soon make a good road, but the powder has not got here and the boys are getting tired of waiting. They want to be going so they can put a crop in. It is just like spring here, we have only had about two weeks of winter here. We have just sent our last five dollars to Escalante to get some pork and Molasses. We are livin on bread and beef now; all our grub that we brought from home is gone. Cornelius has got plenty of shoes but his boots are wore out with working in the rock so much. They have just gone down again this morning to work across the river. We are all well except me. I have got a cold, the first I have had this winter. Genie and Willie are as fat as little pigs and just as full of fun as they can be. I don't believe you would know Genie if you was to see him now, he is just setting it up with a slate and pencil writing. He has just been playing horse out to the wood pile. I asked him if he wanted some bread just now and he said, "no I don't." He is a regular little play. Willie is out there with Rowly's children making a dug way and playing he is blasting the hole in the rock down. We have got the stove in the wagon and it is quite comfortable. We had a rumpus the other night between Nell Hobbs and Mrs. Rowly; you bet it was fun.

Your loving daughter,
Lizzie Decker