Five months have passed since we left. There has been a lot of sickness, loss, and death. We are in Devils Flat. Ten days ago, we filled our barrels and now they are almost empty. Livestock is thin and sick. James Wright lost a child and saved one. I feel sad for them and it’s steaming hot. I feel like a desert. I expect to get sick going through Devil’s Flat . I expect to encounter some more Indians. It’s been between 95 and 100 degrees in the day making it almost impossible to pass. Sooner or later, my mules might die. I hope not. This is a long, dangerous, and hot trip.

--Clara Rise