

"The Limberlost"  
49 Meadows,

Dear Caroline & Edith.

I presume Edith is still in Moscow, and I hope she will be until after you receive this, I'd like to write to you together this once. I've been writing until my arm is all full of prickles, and my brain is full of cricks, I presume you're as

anxious to know how we're  
getting along - and what we're  
doing - as we are to know  
all about you.

Alright! shut your eyes. call  
upon the spirits of all your  
ancestors, you'll need them  
every one! Keep your eyes  
shut you can see plainer,  
Now, then, picture two girls  
sitting at a table, covered with  
oil cloth, writing. The table  
is stacked with letters and  
writing material, - and we're  
pretty busy. Around on the  
S. East side of my paper box is  
a picture of a young man with  
a vandyke, I'm trying to get an  
inspiration. I don't think  
vandykes - are terribly inspiring  
- do you? Ha! Ha!

We washed today - and the  
house is strung with clothes

drying for tomorrow's  
ironing. It makes a  
very neat looking cabin  
to have festoons of stockings,  
tea towels, table cloths etc  
hanging from the ceiling.

Our little dog "Ring" is  
curled up by the side  
of the table, a very happy  
looking poodle pup. She  
looks so sweet when asleep.  
She stood the trip just  
fine; Mr. Fleming took quite  
a fancy to her. (wants one of  
her pups) Ha! Ha!

We have been alone at  
the cabin two nights,  
I believe we're getting used  
to it,

Why, girls, we were counting  
up today and it will be  
nearly two weeks from  
the day we left before  
we can get the mail  
out to you. I wonder  
what you folks are  
thinking about it, I trust  
it is nothing dreadful.  
please don't start a

scandal or a searching party for we are really alright, though from the outside it must look queer,

For a week we have had two perfectly strange men at the cabin, Mr. Fleming and John Marsden, better known as "Dynamite". He is so called on account of his ability to peddle hot air. He has been with Mr. Ricketts all winter and surprised us by appearing on the scene the morning after we arrived; He had been over to Taylors and Hanzens and decided to stop in and see what we look like. He thought Carter would be with us. He is one of the funniest characters

I have met in the woods  
and his name surely fits.

The two men went over  
to the Floodwood to get  
us some reading material.  
We expect them back tomorrow  
but I don't know whether  
they will make it or not.

The day they left Hazen  
Larson and Bill Griffin  
had dinner with us.

The sun was so nice and  
warm. We took the tubs  
turned them upside down,  
and sit on them, out

in the sunshine, The  
snow is melting very  
rapidly.

You'd have a laugh if  
you could go down on  
the meadow and see  
the tracks that lead  
to the cabin; Bill G.  
will stop and see us  
every other day as he  
makes the rounds of  
his traps. So we will  
not get so lonesome.

We enjoyed Mr. Fleming  
very much as a guide

He is the most killing piece of humanity I've met for some time. He nearly died laughing at him, all the way in; if he wore glasses he'd pass for Harry Pelletier's double. Their actions are very similar. His laugh was somewhat drawn at one corner when he reached Dry Camp. He had snow shoe cramp the last three miles and suffered a great deal, after a cup of "steers" his spirits revived.

Mr. F. started the fire and melted some snow, so that we could have a drink. Our water bottle went dry in the early part of the afternoon and we were nearly famished for a drink. As soon as the snow melted he took a swallow or two and then passed the



cup to me, as usual  
I was slow about beginning  
I looked into the cup  
and there was a worm  
and two or three other  
leggy, wiggly things  
chasing around in it.  
We boiled the water good  
and strained it before  
we used a mouthful.  
Mr. F. nearly had a spasm  
and for two or three days  
afterward declared he had  
swallowed a dragon with  
nine heads. 'Twas sometime

after Saint Patrick's Day  
too;

'Twas a pretty wise stunt  
for you to put me next  
to a few things. Cad, I'd  
have gotten you into  
trouble sure. My! what  
wonderful experiences we  
have had together, you and  
me. Thanks for the warning,  
he hasn't caught me yet!  
He thinks you are a truly  
wonderful girl, and  
enjoyed your company  
so much last summer

never was in more pleasing  
company. and "By the Lord  
Harry" she's - a corking good girl;  
In fact the whole family came  
in for such a lot of praise,  
(trade lasts) that I'm stacked  
for a year to come;

"Holy, jump up and come down, but  
Muggs is the finest dog I've seen  
for years." How is Muggs  
any scraps lately?

I can't knit for my needles  
- are out to Avery. I don't believe  
I'll know how when they boys  
get them in to me, I'll be  
heart broken if I have that all  
to learn over again.

By the way Mr. Fleming wishes  
to know if the Pelletiers are  
from Toronto. He knew a  
family by that name there  
in his youth. (???)

I've written a long letter to the

folks - and am going to  
tell you ~~to~~ as I told Per  
Chadsey, call on my rep-  
resentative. Mother, for  
particulars of the trip  
in. Myrtle has written  
even more to her mother  
than I wrote home, so  
by the time the neighbor-  
hood letters <sup>are</sup> rounded  
up you will get all  
the particulars.

How was the date on  
the "thirty first", did  
it materialize, or did

Cousin Lurry decide that  
time was too precious  
to be spent in such  
frivolities.

Have you been for a  
ride lately? Its sure a  
great change from what  
we left in the States.  
Dust, walks, rides, green  
lettuce and company.  
Now tis, snow, snow, snow,  
more snow beans and prunes.

Edith have you made  
up your mind to ride  
horseback? You'd better  
reconsider and come on

you'd enjoy it after you  
got here I'm sure; You'll  
see Lulu in Spokane, will  
you not?

It's getting late, I must cut  
the kindling and get to sleep  
or I'll not be beautiful tomorrow.  
Will write a little more before the  
boys start if possible.

Write and tell me all about  
your good times and let me  
enjoy them too. I wrote to  
"Cherry" tonight.

Good night,  
Affectionately,  
Dona.

Sater:- Dad. talk about cast-  
ing bread on the water. Listen,  
I went to settle with Mr. Fleming  
this morning and he would  
take nothing for the trip. Said  
he had had had so much  
pleasure from the trip that

he needed no other com-  
pensation. also, that  
he enjoyed the Mc Connells  
so much last summer  
and had no way of repay<sup>ing</sup>  
their kindness that he was  
going to be good to me  
because I am a friend of  
theirs. His kindness was  
s<sup>o</sup>ir whelming.

He wishes to see you  
very much when you  
come out - and will try  
to get over to the meadows.  
The price of the trip, was

fifteen-dollars. I feel as if I'd had a Merry Xmas present. I forgot to tell the folks the regular price of the trip.

Isn't it funny how life swings around and we meet one another's friends under the most peculiar circumstances.

I saw a butterfly, a green fly, a camp robber and two blue jays today. How's that for signs?



spring.

Tell Ben I'll write him, and send the letter out by the next male that leaves these diggings. The Boy or Bill G. will go out about the fifteenth of April. Sit me hear from you then.

We are working in winter now records. Isn't it glorious. And new books galore. I guess we won't get as lonesome.

We washed Wednesday <sup>and</sup> ironed Thursday. "Again"! Not till two day after we arrived. Stood every thing fine.

We had a dance last night. kept things going till one o'clock. I'm afraid our neighbors will talk if such happens

again, but I guess it  
will be a long time before  
civilization steps in to  
the Meadows again.

May you be the next to  
come.

Answer soon

Sincerely,

Isna.

Letter written by Pink to her best  
friends - Carrie McConnell Bush.  
(whose father built the big house &  
was 3rd. gov. of state of Idaho.)