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 prickers, and my brain is full of cricks,

I presume yours as
anxious to know how we're getting along and what we're doing. I want to know all about you.

Alright, shut your eyes and call upon the spirits of all your ancestors. You'll need them every one. Keep your eyes shut you can see clearer.

Now, there picture two girls sitting at a table, covered with oil cloth, writing. The table is stacked with letters and writing materials 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? Thx. Thx.

We washed today and the house is spring with clothes.
drying for tomorrow's
washing. It makes a
very neat-looking cabin
to have fustoons of stockin
tea towels, table cloths
hanging from the ceiling.
Our little dog "Pinky"
curled up by the side
of the table. A very happy
looking puppy pup. She
looks as sweet whenever
she stood the trip just
fine; Mr. Fleming took quite
a fancy to her. (Wants one of
her pups?)
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 tell it is nothing dreadful. please don't start a
scandal on 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 Marader, better known as "Dynamite." He is so called on account of his ability to paddle hot air. He has been with Mr. Pickett all winter and surprised us by appearing on the scene. The morning after we arrived, he had been over to Taylor's and Kanzens 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 wood,
and his name surely fit.
The two men went over
to the Flood-wood to get
us some reading material.
I expect them back tomorrow,
but I don't know whether
they will make it or not.
The day they left Hugger,
Durnell and Bill Griffis
had dinner with us.
The sun was so nice and
warm, we took the tubes
turned them upside down
and sat on them, but
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 Q. will stop and see us every other day as he makes the rounds of his traps. So we will not get soloncone. 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 Pickelner's double. Their actions are very similar. His laugh, was somewhat drawn, at one corner when he reached Dry Camp. It had snow shoe cramp the last three miles and suffered a great deal. After a cup of 'steer' his spirits revived.

Mr. T. 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. T. Nearly had a spasm and for two or three days afterward declared he had swallowed a dragon with mine heads. 'Twas sometime
after Saint Patrick Day too.

"It was a pretty wise stunt for you to put me next to a few things. Cast, I'd have gotten you into trouble sure. My! What wonderful experiences 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. Cast summer..."
never was in more pleasing company, and "By the Lord Harry" shis a cooking good girl; in fact the whole family came in for such a lot of praise (trade lasts) that bin stacked for a year to come; "It's just jump up and come down, but Muggs is the finest dog division for years." How is Muggs any scraps lately? I can't wait for my needles are out to Avery. I don't think I'll know how when they try get them in to me, I'll be heart broken if I have that all to learn over again.

By the way Mr. Fleming wrote to know if the Pulleys 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 that as I told Mrs. Chidsey, call on my representative, Mother, for particulars of the trip in. Myrtle has written even more to her mother than I wrote home. So by the time the neighborhood letter is rounded up you will get all the particulars.

How was the date on the "Thirty first," Dick at Materialize or did
Cousin Larry decided that time was too precious to be spent in such frivolity.
Have you been for a ride lately? It's sure a great change from what we left in the States.
Dust, walks, rides, green lettuce and company.
Now it's snow, snow, snow, 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 him in shape? 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. I 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 want to "Cherry" tonight.

Good night, affectionately, Dora.

Later: Cad. talk about catching bread on the water, fishing. 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-
fortation, also, that
he enjoyed the McConnell
as much last summer
and had no way of repay-
ing his kindness that he was
going to be good to me
because I am a friend of
thisirs. His kindness was
soirwhelming.
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 fine how life moves around and we met one another's friends under the most peculiar circumstances. I saw a butterfly, a green fly, a camp robber and two blue jays today. News that for signs...
Spring.
Tell Ben. I'll write him, and send the letter out by the next mail that leaves these diggings. The boys or Billie will go out about the fifteenth of April. Let me hear from you then.
We are reveling in nineteen new records. Isn't it glorious.
And new books galore. I guess we won't get a lonesome.
We washed Wednesday and mowed 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. Sir, afraid our neighbors will talk of such happenings
again, but I guess it will be a long time before civilization steps in to the Madison again. May you be the next to come.

Answer soon.

Sincerely,

[Name]
Letter written by Pink to his best friend, Carrie McConnell Bush.

(whose father built the big house
was 3rd. gen. y state of Delaware.)