



Mrs. N. A. Adair  
Moscow  
Idaho.

Mar. 26. 1911.

Dear Hornfolks:-

This of course includes  
-all inquiring neighbors,

We -are -at the Meadows  
-and -all safely. I will  
try -and outline our  
trips from Museum on  
to the Meadows. So  
many funny things  
happened that I'm  
sure you'll enjoy it  
with us.

Mr. French came to us

wished us well, - and had quite a visit with us, just as he left. The Brakeman on the train came up to us, looked us over and tipping his hat said, "Pardon me, but aren't you the famous young ladies from the 49 Meadows?" You can imagine our surprise. He told us he was Mr. Teats; Dr. McPeaks brother in law, McPeaks, has gone over to the prairie, and expects to be in Clarkia again this coming summer.

It seems we can't go anywhere but we are recognized. They were very much surprised when we came in to Rosalia. We left there at nine o'clock and got to Avery the next morning, the train was very late. Dr. Cornwall was on the train between Lepou & St. Joe.

so we had quite a visit.

We had quite a time getting Ring off the train at Rosalia, there was a family of a dozen or so youngsters getting off the train - a head of me, so I could not get off at once and go to the baggage car. As soon as I got off I made a run for the car but the train was starting I turned to Mr. Leats, (brakeman) and told him I wanted my

dog. He called to the  
Baggage man, whistled  
to the engineer, stopped  
the train and gave the  
unfortunate to me. We  
didn't have any trouble  
with her after that.

As we got off at Avery  
we met Mr. Rock. He was  
just leaving. His work  
had been delayed by  
the slide above Avery.  
He told us about the  
guide and wished us  
well. Mr. Thruett was  
not at the train and

so we took our dog, and  
suitcases and went over to  
hotel; We got there, but those  
things were so Terriably heavy.

We left a call for nine thirty  
-and ask the boy to hunt Mr.  
Flumpping for us -and have  
him call -at the hotel -at  
half past ten. We waited

until one o'clock and had  
not heard from him so  
started out on the search  
ourselves. It seems we are

continually on the man  
hunt. We got Mr. Rabbit to  
look for him, left word at  
the store -and P.O. -and went  
back to have a sleep. We were  
just sleeping nicely when  
we were called.

We met Mr. Flumpping, -and  
made arrangements to start  
early in the morning.

Mr. Fleming came over early and went over to the Murphy System for breakfast with us. He had not pushed any all winter so we took as little as possible with us.

We left Avery at five thirty and walked without our snow shoes, very nearly to the top of the skidway, from that on the snow was very soft, and our shoes got

very wet and heavy.  
We ate our lunch at  
the main trail. The  
alcohol lamp didn't  
work out in the open  
air, so we just ate  
sandwiches. We made  
our sandwiches of the  
meat, mother fixed for  
us, and pea nut butter,  
the two kinds with  
green onions were just  
fine. We took a whisky  
flask of water and one  
of whisky with us. Our  
water gave out in the



-after noon and we were  
so terribly thirsty when we  
reached dry camp! The last  
two miles were terricially hard,  
Mr. Fleming was - a very tired  
man - and had a case of  
snow shoe cramp. It was  
good for the three of us that  
the camp wasn't two miles  
further.

There was wood, tea, sugar,  
coffee, candles, an axe and  
a blanket - at the camp, and  
every thing so clean and in  
such good order. We found  
out that Bill Griffin and  
"Dynamite" had gone up and  
fixed the camp all up for us.  
Wasn't that good of them?

We took a little whisky, built  
a fire - and melted some snow  
for a cup of button bouillon,  
The bouillon heated and  
revived us until we felt fine.

We had a dandy supper,  
fried potatoes, bacon,  
chocolate, nut bread;  
fresh air and a good fire,  
After supper we took off  
our rubbers and gummy  
socks and dried, and  
warmed our feet. Myrtle  
and I curled up on the  
blanket and went to  
sleep. we slept until we  
got cold, and then got  
up and sit by the fire  
and Mr. Fleming took

a nap; We had a cup  
of hot water, got good  
and warm and went to  
sleep again. Mr. Fleming  
called us at ~~five~~<sup>six</sup> o'clock  
for breakfast. We left  
camp for our climb  
at seven.

The weather was not the  
best, very squally all  
the early morning and  
in the afternoon it was  
especially bad;

We were very hungry when  
we got to Basin Camp,

so Mr. Fleming built a fire and heated a pail (we carried the pail from the camp) of water and we had a cup of bouillon and some sandwiches. You'd have had a good laugh to have seen us sitting on our extra sweaters rolled up on our snow shoes for a chair, our feet on a bed of boughs, sipping our bouillon, we looked like the Macbeth witches, and had snakes enough to make it real realistic. The water was so full of wiggly niggles that we boiled every mouthful we drank. The feller filled up the bottle again at the Basin and started on again.

The side hill, under the over hanging rock was quite solid so we took off our snow shoes and walked

-across to the other side.  
The warm wind kept  
the snow too wet for  
us to go without our  
shoes from the time we  
left the Fishhook, I mean  
the skidway.

It took us a good long  
time to climb "old Prey"  
and the snow was <sup>and wind</sup>  
blowing very hard. We  
were wet and cold by  
the time we reached  
the Clear water camp,  
so didn't stop for another

lunch but hurried on  
to the cabin. Ring chased  
up a rabbit at the camp.  
Mr. Fleming shot at it and  
missed it. The "Terrible  
Pair" heard the shot and  
answered, they shot and  
called for a half hour or  
so. We didn't want them  
to think we were some  
one that was lost so  
didn't answer,

We got to the cabin at  
a quarter after three:

Mr. Fleming started the

fire and heated some water while Myrtle and I hustled around and got our dry clothes on;

We rested a little while and then got supper. Mr. Fleming made himself very agreeable, and helped us with every thing. We hunted for the phonograph crank, <sup>and</sup> a long hunt it was. After a short concert we went to bed, a tired, sleepy three.

Morning came at nine, as we were getting breakfast there came a rap at the door and in walked John Marsden, otherwise known as "Dynamite". He has been with Jack Ricketts all winter - and a funny fellow he is. He had been to Faylon,

then back to Harzen's.  
He said he thought  
possibly we had returned,  
and so came over to see.

The day was terrible,  
wind and snow all  
night and all day,  
The men planned to go  
over to Taylor's with the  
mail the next day (Saturday)  
if the storm ceased.

Saturday was a fairly  
decent day so the two  
went over to see Bill and  
Elizabeth and Myrtle and



I were left to our own  
resources. We had a bath,  
changed our clothes and  
straightened up the house,  
We had dinner for the  
men at five thirty, they  
washed the dishes and  
told stories to entertain  
us till bed time, they  
planned to go over to  
Della Griffiths and get  
us some records, books,  
and bring some carrots  
afraid the Ranger Cabin,  
for us on Sunday, but

The day was vile, so they waited until today (Monday). They got breakfast this morning, it's too funny to watch the men cook, they are both good at it, but such funny way of doing things.

Friday  
made a "bird mulligan" ~~Saturday~~  
Mr. Fleming was helping, I was busy with the potatoes and when I went to put them in the kettle I found the washpan turned over it. Mr. F. had washed out the pan and was using it for a lid. What funny creatures men are;

The men expect to be gone four days and then Mr. Fleming will go to Avery. Dynamite will go to Clarkin. He is going to bring some things in from Clarkin for Mrs. Taylor. He is trying to get work in here for the summer.

I don't know what kind  
of a worker he would be.  
He ask for my work but I  
told him it was in Papa's  
hands. and he should  
write to him. He may do  
so, but I'd rather the  
work was put out on a  
contract and to some  
one we know is good.  
Every thing at the cellar  
is in good shape. Some  
one had taken quite a  
little bacon from the  
piece that was down. <sup>but</sup>

I don't know how large  
the piece was at first.  
The mice have been pretty  
busy, they ate quite a  
hole in one of the blankets  
-and a big one in the  
back of Mrs. Buchanan's  
new night gown. I guess  
they don't like sky blue  
pink for they left my  
gown alone;

The snow is going or has  
been going very fast.  
The flays were very plain  
nearly all the way over

the divide; We can see out  
the windows a little better and  
the snow pile in front of the  
door has gone down marvelously  
fast. We will be kept quite  
busy wondering where time and  
the snow goes.

Mr. Fleming gives us a great  
deal of praise for the way we  
stood the trip in. We were pretty  
lame from the strain of the snow  
shoes but not nearly as much  
as I had expected. Ah! but  
I was glad Dry Camp appeared  
on the scene when it did.  
for I was tired the first evening.  
It was so lucky for us that our  
first day out was nice so we  
could go to camp practically  
dry, its dreadful to have your  
clothes wet through and have  
to wait for them to dry by a  
camp fire. The snow was



Later:-

The men got home <sup>(back)</sup>  
yesterday evening. They  
brought over all the books  
and phonograph records  
they could carry in  
two packtrucks. My but  
it is great! We surely  
do appreciate it.

They are resting today and  
are going to Avery tomorrow.  
They boys are over today. It  
is Myrtle's birthday and  
we are celebrating. The

have, all sit, but sitting up  
on the roof sunning. Ring  
has been up there too; The  
sun is certainly great, and  
the roof is the only dry place  
so we took the elevator and  
went up.

Bill was over yesterday <sup>and</sup>  
said he would work for me  
at three fifty a day, no shirking  
and we furnish lunch. or for  
four dollars and bring his own  
lunch. That's pretty steep. What  
is one to do? I couldn't get any  
one else to come in here for less,  
and I've got to have a cupboard  
table and bed at once. It's a  
great game we're playing.

Bill got me some wood fixed  
my snowshoes, and has been lots  
of help to us at the cabin; 7<sup>th</sup>  
charges nothing for his kindness.



I tried to settle with Mr.  
7 leaving before we left Avery  
or rather get him to set his  
price and he would not.  
Today I told him I wished  
to write to you and wished  
him to talk business. He  
would not; He says he  
has had so much pleasure  
out of the trip that he  
needs no other compensation.  
What do you know about  
that, if that's not business  
what is it?

Talk about weather if  
we're not having the  
very best. Oh! but the  
sunshine is good;

Please send me a couple  
of boxes of "Stew" & I'm  
going to give Bill and  
Mr. Fleming part of the  
box to take out with them,  
and we would like  
some for later. I never  
had anything taste as good  
in my life as that hot  
bouillon. Mr. Fleming and  
Myrtle and I wish to give

you our heartiest thanks for  
the meat, onions and nut loaf.  
Mr. F. nearly went straight up  
over the nut loaf, Oh! but  
we did relish it for lunch,

Tell Aunt Evaline I will write  
next mail day.

Give my regards to - all,

The boys are having a regular  
circus on the porch. Art is  
beating the pan. Langston is  
climbing the porch post.  
Mr. Fleming is calling for the  
circus and beating the post  
with the hammer. Oh! but it is  
drapping,

Tell every one to write. Will  
surely enjoy it.

I saw a fence post today.  
The top is out of the snow.  
The boys are going to bring

our things in from Avery  
for us.

Here watching the snow  
on the divide. You'll  
be informed about the  
trails just as soon as  
they are passable. Huron  
comes out as soon as he  
can for his horse.

Will Good bye. Write  
soon. In all O.P. the  
trip didn't effect me in  
the least.

Sincerely

Evans

MOSCOW  
DEC 22  
12-30P  
19 10  
A.M.

