

"The Limberlost"  
49. Meadows.  
Nov. 5, 1910.

Dear Home folks: -

How do you like the name I've given my place. The folks here named it from a book we've been reading, "The girl of the Limberlost." The Limberlost was a great swamp, and the girl a red headed young lady who lived at the edge of the swamp. My place is certainly very well named. My new cabin is below the old one, right on the slope next the swamp. I kept Mr. Benedict just long enough to get the roof on, and Carter is going to finish it for me and build me a woodshed. The cabin is 16x18, and is as tall as Mrs. Durhams, with a six foot porch; I will have a clear view of May's place when the clearing is finished. Carter is going to Clarkia to vote and will go over wood work when he comes back. He has promised to fix the cabin up real homey for me. Mrs. Durham and I decided we would rather pay Carter extra for heavy work than to keep Mr. Benedict and board the two men.

The root house is finished and is a jewel. We have everything that is likely to freeze safely deposited there.

Oh! such appetites as we all have. We just eat as if we never could get enough. Myrtle and I were both on the sick list last week just from making pigs of ourselves. We took a good round of calomel and are now on our feet and going it again. We did certainly live high on the veal that McPeak brought in to us. We kept it fresh as long as we could and then corned the remainder in Mrs. Torsen's tub. We used some of the saltpeter that I brought out this summer to keep the butter sweet, to corn the meat.

It is snowing tonight. We had our first snow on Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup>. It snowed about four inches then cleared up, but it is trying to spoil Carter's trip to town tomorrow by snowing again.

We walked over from my place yesterday in the snow. My but the woods are beautiful; I don't know how long I'll think so but they are certainly a perfect picture today. The snow is just full of tracks of all kinds and descriptions, deer, squirrel, rabbit, bluejay, weasel, lynx, dog, man, etc. There were some tracks that look some what human but every one decided they must have been young elephants.

We got three pheasants on our way over yesterday - and had a lovely stew today. Carter says Ring is very good as a bird dog. I've not had her out yet myself. We left her with Mrs. Durham when we went over to my place and she and Ring became great pals. Ring climbed a ladder and went up on the roof and walked the ridge pole for an hour or so and frightened us all dreadfully. She finally fell off and yelped for dear life for a while, she's altogether too acrobatic for a dog. We took the ladder down the next morning.

I had a glorious trip coming out. Mr. Young came out to see "One Bar Ranch" and Snooz (the dog) Mary Liz, Lulu, Papa, Edith and Miss Caldwell.

Do you know I want to write to Mrs. Luton so badly and I'm so ashamed too, since we didn't acknowledge Edna's wedding. I don't know what to do about.

Isn't it dreadfully aggravating to have me out here with my many wants and have you try to fill them. I wish I wasn't so troublesome.

How's the auto? There's not much use for one now is there?

Papa, have you recovered from your Avery trip, or are you still stiff? If the trial can be postponed I'd like to have it in Feb. or March as walking is much better, but if not, Carter says we can make it, but how will we know. It will take a long time to get mail in here. I'm afraid you'll have to send a messenger from outside to tell us if we are to be there at a certain time. Well I must close. I've been writing till I'm so tired. Write soon. Lovingly

Iona.

Love from all at  
The Meadows

The Limberlost.  
Nov. 20, 1910.

Dear Everybody: -

Well, what do you know about that anyway. Here I wrote a letter to Mother on the eighth and then have to send it in with this. Isn't it a nice looking one? I sent, or started it out with Mr. Benedict and Mr. Griffin. Mr. B was going to Clarkia and Mr. G. to Hemlock Cabin with him. They got in such deep snow on the divide that they could not walk. They got to floundering around and tried to go back and lost their bearings. They had a compass but couldn't get their directions to our place, even with that. They got lost and were out two nights. They got in to Hanzens place the third night and made it back here the next day and on over to Mrs. Taylors. They were wet to the skin, and their feet were so sore. We let them bath with hot water and alcohol before they could travel on. They brought all the mail back to us and a sorry looking lot it was.

Carter left on Sunday for Clarkia and expected to get back Tuesday or Wed. morning. He was delayed in Clarkia on account of the funeral of Glen Avery, then he was caught in a storm on the Divide and had to lay over at Hemlock Camp. He didn't get in till Friday evening after dark. My! what a glad bunch met him. He was certainly a very tired man when he got in, and wet as could be. He fell into the Little North Fork, flat, the stones were slippery and he lost his balance. The mail didn't get wet though. Quin Wilson and Carter together sent us a cigar box full of candy. Odd Young sent us another and Cad sent me one, chewing gum was included. Carter brought us each a small bottle of olives. My but they were good.

Mother two wonderful things happened on my birthday. I made bread and twas a great success, and I got spanket with my own pan cake turner. 'Twas an unfair advantage they took of me, they waited until I was read for bed. I've made biscuits too, and every one is still in the best of health.

Oh! Mother how we do eat. We ate so much that we cut ourselves down to two meals a day for fear we would all be sick. We breakfast about nine, and have dinner about four.

We have a dandy great big lounge, over and upon which there is a general fight for possession after each meal. We spend a quiet half hour and then get up and go to work. It is dark as can be at four thirty, and our evenings are long. We have been reading aloud for pastime. We did certainly enjoy the papers, and the "Digest."

Well, such brilliancy, who said you could exhibit my oil painting???

Say, Mother, I've got to have some stockings. Those twenty five centers that we got at Uncle George's are a perfect fake. I'm going to send you a pair I wore thru in four days just to show you and him what they don't do. I put the stockings on new. They've never been washed and wore over them my big german socks so there was no rub on the shoe, and went over to my my place. We were gone three days and walked back, and the stockings were in a dreadful condition. I took them right off and rolled them up to send to you. They just fall all to pieces. When you get more for me, get them with the very smallest seams possible. These have worn blisters on my heels and ankles. I've been walking on my hands and going done up in adhesive plaster for a week trying to heal them up. I'm wearing my fleece lined stockings now until I get some more.

That new sweater is awfully nice and warm. It is surely a beautiful shade of red. I am sure you would be proud of your daughter if you could see her dressed up for traveling. Its so nice to be dressed so that you can wade snow, fall down or stand up and still be dry and comfy.

Tell the girlies if they have any more old hair ribbons that are mates to enclose some to me in a letter. I've worn out two already. I haven't had my hair done up since I came back from Clarkia.

Carter is going up to the cabin to get the flour and carrots as soon as he gets back from the Avery. They put every thing away where they would not freeze – and have to leave them until snow shoeing is better.

How is the cold. Lulu wrote me that you'd been having a siege of colds at the house.

How is Henry? Have you decided to love him yet? I got a lovely long letter from Evon with the last mail, also from Cad. Berna

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So Mr. McPeak and I had company. There was no one else at the cabin that night. After supper we sat around the fire and told stories until bed time. We rode in a dense fog from Freeze out to the cabin. My, but it was damp! I couldn't get out of my sweater when I got there and Mr. Young and Mr. McPeak both pulled like troopers until I emerged from the other end of it looking like a giraffe. My neck was almost out of joint. The men had a good laugh over it and another equally as big when they skinned me into it the next morning. They stole a box of apricots and packed them in for us from the cabin. They're awfully nice, both the men and the fruit.

As we were coming down the hill from the little lake the next morning, whom should we meet but Mr. Bishop taking a short cut for our part of the country. He was surely welcome. There was surely a great crowd at the place that night, ten, and raining. It rained for three ~~weeks~~ days, and we paraded the country in our raincoats and rubbers. We did look nice. Papa can tell you just how nice.

My dishes got through all O.K. with but two pieces slightly cracked. It seems awfully good to eat out of dishes that will break if not handled properly. Myrtle and I used them when cooking for the men. We got along beautifully. Myrtle made the bread and I cooked.

Say, I've been doing some thinking about that settlement with Mrs. D. After adding everything and deducting our personal accounts, I decided to bear one half; and call it square. Mrs. D. counts her time going and coming worth something also staying alone if Myrtle and I go. I don't like to keep it on a matter of dollars and cents – and besides it was cheaper for me to take half than to bear 1/3 and then pay for my part of Carters board. There was about forty dollars difference, and it didn't sound as well either. What do you think about it? If you and Uncle John hired a man on halves to work for you would ~~you~~ Uncle make you pay more board because your family was larger.

Mother, will you get some little thing and give to Cad for a birthday from me, if its only a handkerchief. Find some little thing at Miss W's on third street or elsewhere. Ask the old standby, Aunt May, and she will help you. If the pictures were any good, give her one of those with my love.

I don't know what to do about Xmas, out here, I'd like to give each one a little something, that can be sent out by mail. Can you help me out? I'd like to get something like a moccasin or slipper for Mrs. D and Myrtle or a salt & pepper shaker, or something like that which can be of use, also something for Carter; but there I'm stuck.

Tell Berna to get Cad, or you go and get me about three doz, two at least, pretty cards that will do to send out for Xmas cards. I'm not going to try to make or send Xmas presents to anyone this year. I simply can't do it. I've not the doings to work with, and Greetings will be all I can do. If there is any pretty or odd Xmas stationary to be had, I'd just as soon have that as cards;

Carter will come out to Avery about the twentieth of Nov. and you write me at Avery and answer, that will be my last chance to get word in until Xmas when Carter comes out for the mail. He will be out to Avery just before Xmas. He thinks at present that he will go back and forth to Avery but we will let you know the next trip.

Send me a 1911 calender. Get me a potato masher for Mrs. D's Xmas, I think that a good joke. We will need some fun about that time. I think we will have a tree of ~~my~~ our own. I'd like a pin cushion and some magazine pictures for my house.

Well! Well! are you tired. I am. I'm still as great a nuisance as ever, take your time to getting these demands satisfied, and keep track of all the costs. I expect I'll have to come out in the spring and get my books and go to studying for that teachers examination. I'll be so far behind in my money that I never will be able to wade out. I'm head over heels as it is. Oh! gee!

Well, write soon, each and every one. I'm more than anxious to hear from you all. With Love,  
Affectionately  
Iona.

Regards to each and every one at the house. Have you a girl? huh!

What's Rex? Carter says "Avery" is our P.O. Xmas.