
Dear Hornsfalke:-

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 see...
wished us well, and had quite a visit with us, just as he left the Brahman on the train came up to us, looked us over and tipping his hat said, "Pardon me, but aren't you the famous young lady from the 49 Meadows?" You can imagine our surprise. He told us he was Mr. Katz; Dr. Mr. Peake, brother in law, Mr. Peake, 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. He 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 Leboy and St. Joe.
so we had quite a visit.

We had quite a time getting Birke off the train at Rosalia. There was a family of a dozen or so youngsters getting off the train—a head of mine, so I couldn't 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 Arroyo we met Mr. Rock. He was just leaving. His work had been delayed by the slide above Arroy. He told us about the guide and wished us well. Mr. Thurwell met us at the train and
so we took our dog and
suitcases and went over to
hotel; we got there, but those
things were so terribly tray-

We left a call for nine thirty
and ask the boy to hunt Mr.
Fleming 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. Debit 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. Fleming, and
made arrangements to start
early in the morning.
Mrs. Fleming came over early and went over to the Murphy System for breakfast with us. He had not packed any coffee all winter so we took as little as possible with us.

We left early at five thirty and walked without our snow shoes, very nearly to the top of the skiway, from that on the snow was very soft, and our shoes fit...
very wet and heavy. We ate our lunch at the main trail. The alcohol lamp didn't work out in the open rain, so we just ate sandwiches. We made our sandwiches of the meat mother fired for us, and just cut butter. The two kinds with green onions was just fine. We took a whisky flask of water and one of whisky with us. Our water gave out in the
The afternoon and we were so terribly thirsty when we reached dry camp. The last ten miles were terribly hard. Mr. Fleming was a very tired man, and I 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 filed 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 chicken 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 German thick 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 sat by the fire and Mr. Thumming took...
a map. We had a cup of hot water, got good and warm and went to sleep again. Mr. Fleming called us at five o'clock for breakfast. We left camp for our climb at seven. The weather was not the best, very equally all the early morning and in the afternoon it was especially bad. We were very hungry by the time we got to Basin Camp.
so Mr. Fleming built a fire and heated a pail (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 snake enough to make it not realistic. The water was so full of wiggly wiggles that we boiled every mouthful we drank. We filled up the bottle again at the Basin and started on again.

The side hill, under the overhanging rock was just solid as we took off our snow shoes and started
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 was on the skidway.

It took us a good long time to climb "old Bregy," and the snow was 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. Being chased up a rabbit at the camp, Mr. Fleming shot at it and missed it. The "Territorial 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. It was a long hunt it was. After a short concert we went to bed. I was tired, sleepy then.

Morning came at nine. As we were getting breakfast then came a rap at the door and in walked John Markson, otherwise known as "Dynamite". He had been with Jack Ricketts all winter and a funny fellow he is. He had been to FAITH
Then back to Kanger.
He said he thought possibly we had return
and so came over to see.
The day was terrible,
wind and snow all
night and all day,
the men explained to go
over to Taylor 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 Mr. M. [2]
I was left to our own resources. We had a bath, changed our clothes and straightened up the room. We had dinner for the men at five thirty. They washed the dishes and told stories to entertain us 'til bed time. They planned to go over to Bell's Griffiths and get us some records, books, and bring some carrots after the Ranger Cabin for us on Sunday, but
The day was wet, so they waited until today (Monday). They got breakfast this morning. It is too funny to watch the men cook. They are both good at it, but such funny ways of doing things. Mr. Fleming made a bird mulligan. 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 Chernicia. He is going to bring some things in from Chelnia for Mrs. Taylor. He is trying to get work in here for the summer.
I don't know what kind of a mother he would be. He asked 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.

Everything at the cellar is in good shape. Some one had taken quite a little bacon from the place that was down.
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 nightgown. I guess they don't like she who prints for they lifted my gown alone.

The snow is going on and on, going very fast. The Plaza were very plain nearly all they 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 when thin 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 shoe but not nearly so much so as I had expected. All 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, it's dreadful to have your clothes wet through and have to wait for them to dry by a camp fire. The snow was
yelled back from the 'man tri' so far that it was quite breezy, but the night was warm and it did not trouble us any.

Well, I must write to Cat. I'll finish this letter when the sun returns.

Good night.

[Signature]

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Later:
The men got home back yesterday evening. They brought us all the books and phonograph records they could carry in two backpacks. My hat it is great! We surely do appreciate it.

They are resting today and are going to Avery tomorrow. They both are over today. It is Myrtle’s birthday and we are celebrating. We
have, all six, been sitting up on the roof sunning. Bill 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 and said he would work for me at this fifty a day, no thinking and no furnish lunch. So for four dollars and bring his own lunch, that's pretty steep. What is one to do? I couldn't get anyone else to come in him for less, and Bill got to have a cupboard table and bed at once. It's a great game we're playing. Bill got me some wood fire my snowshoes, and had the lot of help to us at the cabin; the charges nothing for his kindness.
I tried to settle with Mr. Flannery before we left here
or rather get him to cut this price and he would not.
Today I told him I wished to write to you and wish
him to talk business. He would not. He says he
has had so much pleasure out of the trip that he
needs no other company.
What do you know about that, if that's not kinder
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 copies of Stein's sin
giving to give Bill and
Mr. Fleming part of the
box to take out with them
and we would like
come for lunch. I never
had anything taste as good
in my life as that hot
bouillon. Mr. Fleming and
Mr. and I wish to give
you own labour! thanks for
the meat, onions and meat loaf.
Mr. T. nearly went straight-up
over the meat 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. James is
climbing the porch post.
Mr. Fleming is calling for the
cries and beating the post
with the hammer. Oh! but it is
baffling.
Tell everyone 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
New things in from Italy
for us.
Now watching the snow
on the dividers. You'll
be informed about the
trails just as soon as
they are passable. Kneen
comes out as soon as he
can for his horse.
Wish good bye. Write
soon. Din all O.K. The
trip didn't affect me in
the least.

Yours truly
Oona