

“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 kneed 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 poodley 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 Hazzen 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. We 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 “Steero” 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 some time after Saint Patricks 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 Brer Chedsey, 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 letters ~~is~~ are rounded up you will get all the particulars.

How was the date on the "thirty first." Did it materialize, or did Cousin Larry 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,  
Iona.

Later: - Cad, talk about casting 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 compensation. Also, that he enjoyed the McConnells so much last summer and had no way of repaying their kindness that he was going to be good to me because I am a friend of theirs. His kindness was o'er 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 of spring.

Tell Ben I'll write him, and send the letter out by the next male that leaves these diggins. The Boys or Bill G. 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 as lonesome.

We washed Wednesday and ironed Thursday. "Again"! Not till two days after we arrived.  
Stood every thing fine.

We had a dance last night. Kept things going till one oclock. 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.

Lovingly,

Iona.

[Note in different handwriting on separate paper at end of letter]

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