

The Limberlost
May 15, 1911.

Dear Homefolks.

Mr. Flowers came in yesterday from Avery and brought us the mail. Dynamite came over with it this morning. I was sure glad to get it. What a time you must have had on the trip. Oh! how I wish I could have been with you? I don't know what Lu would have done with another though. I'm mad at her, so think I'd have missed the trip to Spokane or else have gone to the Hotel. I've written her three letters, one before I left home and two since and not one word have I had from her. She may be pretty busy with an M. J. on her hands but what would she do with a homestead. I guess she is congratulating herself on getting even with the whole family while she was in Olympia, but I'll be blamed if I like the burdens of the sins of the whole family heaped on my head.

Ring is about to have forty spasms with a squirrel. She gets so angry with the old fellow that lives in the big spruce by the spring. We haven't seen but one bird since we got back. I am afraid the Drs. made a mistake with Ring. They seem to have left only the appetite for squirrels. I thought that was to be cut out, but she still loves the little beasts. We never pay any attention to them or to her either. I'm hoping she will know a squirrel bird when she sees it.

My! but I do hope Berna gets through. She is no sister of mine if she doesn't. I don't want her to fail. Wish I could be there to attend the exercises, and to go fishing with Marjorie. Never mind. Maybe we can fish out here this summer. I do want the girls to come out and stay with me a while, especially if Cad doesn't get to stay all summer, and I'm afraid the big diamond spells "hurry home." I don't want to stay over to my place alone. It's too lonesome by far. I won't do it, if I can help myself.

We were over to the place and fixed every thing up fine, for what we had. Made a make shift table for a dresser. It will fall over if the door is left open, but it looks well, didn't have any thing to make it from. When the man comes in I want a solid table and dresser. It looked real stormy and rained all night so we came back the next day before the crust got rotten. We have dreadful times walking now. Every step has to be watched. You drop out of sight by the side of the big logs, sometimes under them or between two, such scrambling. It beats the tumble Mrs. D. and I took when we tried to track Ring while she was tracking Carter to Avery.

We have not had a bit of sunshine for two weeks. Such grey days. The cabins are dreadfully dark when it rains. It was pretty and clear last night when we went to bed. It was and is raining this morning.

Of course the rain cuts snow too, but tis not as pleasant as the sunshine nor as warm.

We got out of wood this week Friday so put on our gum boots and started for the boys in the rain. They just howled when they saw us coming so dressed up. You can't walk on the meadows without rubber boots. The snow is all most all gone and the meadows are like lakes. The sheltered places in the woods have about three feet of snow yet. You can't follow the trails any where yet with horses in here. The next two weeks will have to do wonders if you can make it in here by the first of June. The clearings are clear enough to be worked on now and need it. 'Tis the very best time to work. Have you a man yet, Daddy? I fully expected to hear from you one way or other today. For goodness sake, don't send a man with a couple of little Indian rubber stomached boys. They can't help roll logs or do heavy work and will eat twice as much as a man. I've appetite enough, goodness knows, and I'm use to the country. I don't believe we could get enough in to feed three new ones like me.

The log rolling will be heavy work, one man can hardly do it alone and the youngsters couldn't help. If I had my way, I'd like two good men turned loose over there and get it over. The ground ought to be prepared at once and seeded. Then again, I hate to go to that trouble and expense, not having heard a word from Coeur d'Alene. It surely puts me in a great position, ducedly confusing.

We have not provision to cook for men. If Mrs. D gets her men in here, it will run things nearly to bed rock. Then what will I do. How will we manage to settle that? My work is just as important. Well? I wonder what next?

Dynamite and Art. Larson went over to the place and sized up the clearing for my place. They didn't think it would be at all hard for a clearing. The building and fencing will be the hardest. They didn't set any price and the mail today said Mrs. D. wanted Dynamite, so I expect that's all off. Dynamite is a willing worker, has never done any clearing. I don't know how he would be to go ahead, (not very good I reckon) but he would do very ~~very~~ well for a second man. Art. may want work as a second man. I can't tell until I see him or hear, but I can't make any arrangements until I hear from you either. So there I am. Dynamite is going to Clarkia and will drop you a letter about the trails etc from there.

Mr. Flowers says there'll be a Gov. man in here shortly, to inspect his place. Don't know whether we came under that head or not. Will plant the onions, but can't do it until the clearing is made for the garden.

I'm in the same position as Mrs. Taylor. My little heating stove pipe is entirely too short so we used May's pipe. Now when May comes in, I'm out, for she will need her pipe. If whoever comes in to work likes a heavy axe tell them to bring it in. My axe is a three pounder. They'll need their own bedding too. I have no nails, for roofing or furniture, either. Could you, when you come, bring out a few strawberry plants, raspberry, currant, gooseberry, ...anything else to make a garden a garden. I believe I can get a rhubarb root or two from Mrs. D. Ask her?

Please ask Mrs. D. about the oats. Are the sack and half hers and mine together, or does part belong to Mrs. Torsen. If so, will there be enough to seed do you suppose? I'd like another box of 38 Specials, and a little alcohol. Also tacks for my shoes. Myrtle and I have used those you gave me in the heels of our rubber boots. We just could not walk until we nailed the heels.

My big boots have stretched all out of existence. I'll have to have a light insole I guess. My feet roll around like ten pins in my shoes, perhaps I could use the insoles Berna wore in her slippers last summer. It will take but a very thin pair.

I have but one table cloth but I think I can get along with that very nicely. As for curtains, I have plenty of white swiss. All I need is enough drapery to cover the lower part of the stand, and enough for a little touch of color at the window, but the later I can do with out, beside the beds. I have no cover for the stand but think I can use one of the old white curtains I have here, but have not enough for a drape and cover.

Please see if I didn't leave my gause under drawers at home last October. I have but one pair here. I have shirts enough for twins.

Beets, carrots, peas, radish lettuce. Have flowers.

Please keep all my letters that you have and put them away. I want them to help make up my diary. If you have them yet.

Well this has been a terribly unsatisfactory beggar letter. Will write later if I have time or think of anything else to ask about.

Lovingly.
Iona.

Later.

Myrtle is writing a dandy letter to her Mother. Every day is down in diary form. Have Mrs. D. read it to you and you will get all the news. I'm not letter "writty" today. I'm glad Cad comes to visit with you. How I hate to loose those feathers, but it must be, I guess unless a little chunky dark complexioned Englishman and I should decide that goose feather pillows were too good to be lost so easily. How would you like that. Don't take me too seriously, for I don't take myself so at all. Poor old

Uncle Tom and Aunt Emma! That was the meanest thing for Irene to do. Their only girl too. Now if they had had five to bother them they would have been prepared for the unexpected most any time. I've heard that girls were a terrible nuisance, and I'll bet you know it since I came out here. Mother, my dear, please look my last two letters over and see if I didn't ask about four dozen questions that you neglected to answer. I really want to know something or I wouldn't have written asking about it. It's awfully hard not to know what you are doing and why. Please re-read and take a day off and answer.

Daddy certainly did well with his chickens. I'd like some chickens powerfully well. I wonder what I'd do with them though if I should go visiting. It's a good thing I'm not going to Ind. with you this summer. I might beat Irene.

Oh! Your dandelions. I'd give my old hat for a good dish of wilted ones. The mail was very small this time. My smallest. I only had five letters. I made the loveliest bread this week. I'm getting to bake real well. I made lumpy gravy and granulated biscuits yesterday. Thank goodness for a good appetite and digestion! You can't stall us on that. But how I would like some olives, sardines, kipper salmon, greens, lettuce etc. Did you try any of that salad dressing (evaporated) at Swann's. I wonder if it's good and wouldn't be a fine thing for out here?

I wonder when May C. is coming out and how long she will stay. Bill G. has not been feeling well for a couple of weeks, and Mrs. Taylor wouldn't let him go to town. Hansen leaves for Clarkia enroute to Moscow the last of the month. Will be gone ten days, and then back to the woods. We just heard of the death of Art's little brother. We feel so sorry for Art, he has been talking about them continually since his trip to Avery and just learned last night of his death.

No, we don't seem to be afraid out here, we are a little nervous sometimes, but precious little. We never have allowed ourselves to be afraid. But I do get lonesome for homefolks and sometimes dreadfully so. I have never said a word about it, one way or other for I don't wish to make Myrtle feel the same, so here goes for a smile even though the day is grey and the sun never shines, and it seems as if the snow never would melt so we could get horses in over the trail.

Do you suppose papa could come out to Clarkia and come in from there to see about things and bring in the man. If Cad can come then alright, if not we can meet her in Clarkia later, perhaps as the Boys come back, and bring her out. I'd go to Clarkia to get her if I thought she was there any time. I rather think you can get horses to Hemlock, from there you would have to walk. What I was thinking of was getting provision to Hemlock or further and then having it packed from there on the back, enough to last until we could do differently. I don't know whether this would be best or not, but I do know if it stops raining the ground ought to be seeded if we get any garden this year or get inspected this summer. I presume I could get Mrs. D's men after she, (and Mrs. Torsen I presume), is through with them but that would make it rather rather late, would it not?

Iona

Have the lunch cloth double hem-stitched.

Please answer all questions, Daddy, and answer at once. Mrs. D expects Mr. Fred Coutermanche in just any time soon and he can bring word in to us or perhaps come in with him. Mr. John Marsden will write and let you know about the trail from Clarkia and will possibly be in Clarkia three or four days if the trails are passable, if not he will come back to the meadows.

I.S.A.

Envelope with red two-cent stamp addressed to Mrs. W. A. Adair, Moscow, Idaho and stamped:
CLARKIA, IDAHO MAY 18 A.M. 1911

Back of envelope reads "The Limberlost" 49 Meadows, Avery, Ida. and has two overlapping stamps:
SPOKANE, WASH. MA 19 12:30 PM 1911 and MOSCOW IDAHO MAY 7 AM 1911