

The Limberlost  
49 Meadows  
Avery, Idaho. 4/28'11.

Dear Mama and Papa:-

Well, here goes for the home letter. I've used up about a pound of paper and worn out two stubb pens writing letters this time. I've written fifteen letters and have them all ready to go out Sunday. The boys go to Avery Sunday, and Bill will probably be out before the fifteenth of May (if Mrs. Taylor will let him). I wrote to Jennie, Cad, Louise + Maude H. (together) Aunty Layman + Lela (together) Mrs. Flowers, Bill Chedsey, Lulu, Aunt Lydia, W. T. Carter, Mary Meade, Evon, Mrs. Torsen, the girls, Clarkia Merc. Co. Eustace Collins and your letter, and oh, yes a note to Mr. Fleming.

The little red mail bag is going out stuffed to the rim. It came in pretty full last time too. I had ten letters, and three cards, and Myrtle had as many or more. Your letter and Cads are the only ones that I've written too this time that I wrote too last. It's no wonder the paper and envelopes don't last, but what would this neck of the woods be without the mail. I've just paper and env. enough for one more attack, then I'm out. Could you mail me a couple lbs or barrels of stationary to Avery? The Post Master at Avery greets the little red sack with smiles. His smile is equal to Minnie's of Collins when we use to swell the cancellation for her.

The snow is going real fast, two thirds of Mrs. Torsen's clearing is out. It looks so funny to step from the ground in the clearing, over the fence on to big banks of snow. The timber is protecting the snow, it is melting around the trees until bare spots show. A horse would surely have a great time. We have to watch so carefully when walking in the timber not to go in by some log and hang on the snags, and when on the meadows, so as not to go through the ice and into the water. The little meadow stream is very high. it doesn't know the way to the North Fork and spreads out all over the Meadow in under the snow. It's not deep but only cold and wet.

We went over to Hanzen's Wednesday, and on the way over Myrtle fell into the Little North Fork. We were crossing over an ice bridge where the boys had crossed the day before, just at the foot of the little hill very nearly to Hanzen's. Myrtle was ahead, the ice broke and in she went. The water was swift and turned her over enough to thoroughly soak her suit, but it was not very deep. I stepped out as far as I could and helped her climb out. She was so surprised she had no time to think of any pet phrases equal to the occasion so she just squealed at the top of her voice. My! My! But this is cold. Such a laugh as we had after she was out. We were so nearly there that we went on. The boys were working out in the yard. Hansen came in and built up a big fire and they worked on outside and Myrtle dried out. We swore solomently that we would never come over to see them again unless they provided a crossing for us. As we made them a carmel pudding for dinner they have decided to bridge the stream. I said we made a pudding. We did, that is Myrtle made the pudding and I kept the dog away while it cooled.

You would die laughing to see the consternation caused "Lena" (Hanzen) the cook at "Nika" Lodge when ladies call. The boys have barely enough room for the three of them, likewise dishes etc.

Myrtle, Dynamite and I sat on the bed, and the boys rolled a blanket up and sit on the floor. The two stools were used as side tables for the coffee, sugar and cream. Their big table just held the bread (biscuits) gravy, corn and potatoes. Our dessert was kept out on the snow until all were ready. Twas canned pears and pudding. Wow can your cook beat "Lena."

The boys jump around and do everything so funny that we laughed until our sides were sore. The boys escorted us home and then after a concert, took the lantern and struck out across the clearing. I suppose they got home but we've not heard as yet.

It's too funny to see the boys and Bill. They're real cordial since they've been meeting here and bringing the mail to each other. Bill thought the boys were over here all the time and the boys thought

Bill was over here all the time just because they always found each other here. I don't know why but they all, always manage to get here the same day. We took our calender while they were here last, (We write the daily doings on it) and counted up the times they had been here together. The boys have made six calls and Bill five. We had the laugh on them. Say, the boys contributed an oatmeal sack full of beans, a pound of coffee and about three pounds of nails to the cause and refuse to be payed. We got two sacks of Farina from them. The last time we were over they gave us some dried pears and a lot of empty tin cans. What'cha know about that.

I'm sorry I can't write any thing else but "The boys" and "Bill" and "snow" but they're every thing.

We had a dandy Easter dinner over to Mrs. Taylor's. They had a big fat hen and rhubarb pie. We ate so much we could only make a mile an hour on our way home. We always come home the same day. Think of walking seven miles to have a good Easter dinner. We had a fine time. Every one had so much news to tell.

We had two Easter Sundays. One came on Wednesday. Dynamite wanted us to have a celebration with the boys so he went out to Clarkia and brought in some oranges, nuts, butter and three dozen eggs. We had bacon, gravy, potatoes, eggs boiled soft and hard eggs cold and eggs hot eggs flipped and eggs flopped, and topped it all off with a fruit salad made of jello, oranges, nuts and a few raisins. My but we are good cooks!

I baked bread last week. It was a great success. I'm sure even you would have deemed it so. Myrtle is baking today. If having bread all over the house on all the stools chairs and shelves likewise her apron and eye brows is any criterion, she's going to have a great baking.

Mr. Fleming sent us by Bill five of the loveliest great big mountain trout. Oh! but they were good! We rolled them in meal before frying and they did look so pretty. I hope papa wrote to the gentleman and thanked him for seeing us through safely and for his kindness to us. He surely deserves the courtesy. He has left Avery but his mail will be forwarded. Mr. A. S. Fleming, Avery, Ida.

My new cabin looks real homey and comfy now. I've everything moved over and in place. Bill made me a bed, a mouse proof cupboard, two shelves and cut some wood for the trifling sum of thirty dollars. The bed and all I felt as if I could not do without. It was very hard to get material to work with and took a great deal of time to do so. We stayed all night Thursday of last week. We expected to stay two or three days there this week but wanted to get our letters off first so will do time while the boys are out for the mail.

The snow is all off the roof. It slid off about eight oclock the night we were there and made us open our eyes somewhat. We were expecting it though and so were not frightened. May's fence is demanding recognition. The tops of the posts are out, or were when we were there. Bill says the snow is going very fast in the valley and that a man could work at my place by the time he could get in here. I doubt one man being able to do the work. I want it over as soon as possible, and if two are better send two. Have you heard from Coeur d'Alene yet? There will need to be a woodshed, a small cellar a toilet, fencing clearing and fixing the barn, possibly some little jobs about the cabin and bridging the swale.

I doubt us having provisions enough to divide and do the work before the horses can come in. If we could get the horses part way we could possibly get enough packed from there in. We are more nearly out of meat, coffee lard and meals. Will send a list of what we have on hand. Tell Mrs. D if she stocks up to include enough for me too.

We're anxiously waiting the report on the condition of the trail. The boys will write to Mrs. D- and tell her how it is. How I do wish Cad could come in when Mrs. D. comes, especially if you send a man in. I'll hate to go over to the cabin alone to cook for him or them, and Mrs. D. will want Myrtle with her. Can't you persuade Caroline to come then. If she couldn't stay all summer perhaps the little girls could take a trip. I could meet them at Clarkia after you get back, eh?

How are your preparations getting along? It seems so funny to think of you doing it all by your lonesome. I'm afraid you'll be so conceited that you'll never ask my advice again. Have you some one to take care of the place?

Please have "your alls" pictures finished or taken before you leave. I'd like that much left in Idaho for me this summer. Now! Please.

Will papa arrange for my checks at the bank? I wish I didn't have to spend any more. No more Bills (Bill G's) for me, but I couldn't live there until I had it fixed and I could not have boarded any one in here for less.

Please don't forget to lock my box, and what would be best for my plumes this summer. Could you put them on a hat and wear them yourself Mother? Of course papa couldn't.

When Papa comes out I'd like to have six plates sent to me. You know I owe May Calkins three and I have but three left.

I'm lots of trouble "aint" I, as if you didn't have enough to do without bothering you further. Everyone thinks we can get in from Avery sooner. Hoyt is the only one with horses, he charges two dollars a day and three for himself.

We've the biggest kettle of beans on cooking, and an old ham bone. We can bake them dandy too.

We'll write to me before the next mail day, be sure to write ahead of time for theres no scedule out here and the mail leaves most any time. How we did enjoy your last letter. Love from both to everybody, friends, relatives, neighbors etc.

Affectionately  
Iona.

Do we have to have a permit to do clearing and firing?

Envelope with red two-cent stamp addressed to Mrs. W. A. Adair, Moscow, Idaho, postmarked Avery, Idaho. Back of envelope postmarked MOSCOW IDAHO MAY 2 12-30P 1911.

Two calculations have been written on the envelope:

349.5  
  0.3  
104.85

349.5  
  .25  
17475  
24465  
262.125