

"The Limberlost"  
49 Meadows  
Nov. 20, 1910.

Dear Bernadine & Marjorie:

Do you girls object to me writing to you together? You see it takes a good bit of paper to keep my letters up. I don't think I'll have nearly enough. You know I got a pound of writing paper at Mr. Sherfey's before I left and I've used about half of it up in one month's time. Where will I be by spring?

Put on your bloomers and let's go for a waddle on the meadow. You could run last week but the snow is soft now and you have to wade. There is a good foot of snow here and it is snowing hard tonight. Mr. Benedict says there is but three or four inches of snow over at my place. I haven't been over since the last snow. Sunday, Myrtle, Carter and I went over. Carter came back and Myrtle and I went over to see Mrs. Taylor. We came back that evening and got in just before dark. My but it does get dark in here. You can't see anything. My rubber shoes rubbed a blister on my heel, and I've had an awfully sore heel. It started from the seam in my stocking. Myrtle, Mrs. D, and I went over to Mr. Flower's last Wednesday. We carried our blankets and some provision in Carter's pack sack on our back. Mr. Flower leaves this week and has sent out a great deal of his things, so he is not prepared for company. We knew they had no place for the dogs so we left them with Carter. They would not stay so he shut them in the house for a little while. When he opened the door the white dog "Snooz" got away and soon caught up with us. "Ring" set up such an awful howl that Carter took the chain off and took her out with him. She lay down and watched him for some time, then got up and started as fast as she could down the trail. She caught up with us when we were about half way over to Mr. Flower's it was too far to take them back again so we let them follow us. The poor things had a hard time, they had to stay outside in the cold until after supper. They did a great deal of talking about it, but that didn't open the door for them.

Every morning, before breakfast Myrtle and I go down to the meadows with Carter to look after the traps. My what a time we have and such appetites.

Later: -

It got so late last night that I had to stop writing and go to bed. I told you it was snowing last night. Well, you should have seen this old world this morning. It snowed about nine inches, and every tree is covered. The little trees are so heavy with snow that they look like great big Corday or Peach basket hats. You have to stoop down and look up in under to see the tree at all.

We put on our bloomers, German socks, and sweaters and with Carter this morning. Carter had to break the trail for us. We couldn't go anywhere. We just floundered in the loose snow. Myrtle and I had a snow fight and fell down hill in the snow. We were nearly buried. Carter dug us out and took us to the house. We didn't get any thing but snow in the traps. We caught an old blue jay the other day. The poor old fellow followed his nose and got into trouble, both his legs were broken, so we had to kill him. When he saw us coming he set up an awful chatter and called out, "Shame! Shame! Shame!" We were ashamed but he should have been more careful.

Carter took Ring alone and went hunting with her the other day. He says she is fine when she is alone. He shot a bird and it sailed away through the woods, he was sure it was gone and did not follow it. A few minutes later, here came Ring carrying the bird in her mouth. She gave it to Carter and he gave her the head for a reward. Isn't she a smart dog?

How is school? Marjorie do you still object to climbing the stairs? How many words did you miss in spelling day before yesterday?

I got a long letter from Lu, with the last mail, she says that Marjorie Jean is trying to walk and can say "Here it tis". Isn't she just the smartest?

Last Sunday we had a Jello for my but it was good. Maybe you think we weren't glad to get the Jello, it helps wonderfully.

What a time you must have had at the party Bernadine. Tell me more about it.

To think that I had to miss the Fair and Uncle Jim too. Well! it's just my luck. I always miss the good things. Madam, late as usual hasn't missed a meal since she came out here though. The next big fat girl you see going down Second Street, just take a good look at her and think of me. That big black leather belt that I got at the Boston which was too large, is large no longer. I've eaten till I touched.

Marjorie are you taking music lessons of the same teacher that Berna is? Do you think she is cross?

Mr. Carter is going out to Avery for the mail tomorrow. I wonder what I will get this time. How we do enjoy the new phonograph records. Carter has to play "Lead Kindly Light" every night before we go to bed.

Hurrah for Idaho! We had a genuine rally out here when we heard the news. I wonder how the Thanksgiving game will come out.

Mrs. Taylor's nephew has arrived. He would be real good looking if it was not for his nose. It is longer Poznanski's. He has had an awfully hard time since he came out. He was lost and had to stay out two nights and sleep on snow. He has had a hard time with his feet, they are so sore.

Cad sent me some of the nicest pictures for my walls. They are mostly of nice, very nice looking men. I wonder why?

I'm so sorry I didn't get to see Uncle Jim. Is he the P.M. at Spirit Lake yet? Hurrah for Frank Wallin's girl. Does it look like the Frei's?

Well, girls, answer soon, and tell me all about the household and the town. I'll wait anxiously to hear from you. With love to all.

Lovingly, Iona.