

The Limberlost
49 Meadows

Dear Mother,

And all others who are interested in this old back woodser:

I'm trying a new pen and it's a racer. I think it'll do better by the time it gets warmed up to the occasion.

I'm at the Limberlost (and a swamp it is) bag and baggage, beans and bacon, even my little brown shoe packs and nightie.

Art Larson and "Lena" Hanzen came over to One Bar with two horses and brought over most of my belongings. I think it'll take about two trips yet to get all. I'll make them myself as soon as the horse comes in from Avery Clarkia. We sent the horse back with McPeak so that Mr. Cooper could bring in a pack load of things to us but he had all he could take care of, so Bill G. will bring her in with his pack train. He's at Clarkia now and we are expecting him any day.

Dynamite blew in from Floodwood to get his many belongings yesterday. He's enroute to Canada on a gold hunt. Heard of a rich strike near Revelstoke (where Larry G. was) and already imagines himself a rich man. We got a letter from Elsie Watkins in which she told us she was returning Dynamite to us and considered him the most interesting piece of explosive she had ever touched off.

Well maybe you think I wasn't surprised to see Marjorie come riding in with the pack train. I nearly lost my breath, which would have proved quite serious in this high altitude. We found the gov. survey and tally post last week while walking, which reads, "Altitude 49 Meadows, 4800 feet." So you see we are up some, and oh! this hill between me and the rest of the world.

Can you just imagine Marjorie and me tonight all alone at the cabin, with only Betsy and Ring. It has been raining very hard all day. We came over in the rain this P.M. and were as wet as a right dewy morning in the garden before the snake entered. We changed our clothes and built up a good fire and are now warm and comfy.

The men, Mr. Coutemanch and Mr. Champagne will be over tomorrow to cut down the trees that are liable to make me unrecognizable. They have to be in the States by the Fourth and will have no time to do any thing for me except to see that I am safe from trees, and possibly get me some wood, if I want any thing else I'll have to call upon the boys for help. Mother you don't know how trying and discouraging it is to want and try to do things you can't or have no heart in doing. My last meeting with civilization was so trying. So many welcome and unwelcome things at once. It got the best of my fortitude and the back corner of the woodshed claimed my company until "The Raven" (Mr. Champagne) discovered me and threatened me with all sorts of things, which, if they were to come true, I'd claim more attention at a fair than a flying machine, I'd be that queer looking; so I braced up and fit it down until I got a good chance where the Ravens could not croak. We call Mr. Champagne "The Raven" because he is so dark. His hair is a raven black, his skin very dark and his eyes a dark brown. He's French and we torment him by telling him he looks like a Scotchman. He's a terrible joker, and Myrtle and I had to combine forces and lie awake nights to plan on getting even with him. Such characters as we do meet.

Mr. Fleming stayed about ten days at the Meadows, and such a jolly time as we did have. He rather likes "Onie" but Onie don't care for anything but friends while shes homesteading nor ever after I'm afraid. He made me a present of the big straw hat. How's that? We correspond, and He's a dandy letter writer.

He spend some time at Elizabeth's and liked Bill so well that they went hunting and fishing. He brought us girls about thirty-five pounds of mushrooms and we never came so nearly foundering in all our lives. I never saw mushrooms like them they look like a sponge, that is for texture and are shaped like a half opened umbrella. The inside is all hollow and make a delightful hiding place for bugs. They

are found on the new burnings. These we got at our old fire camp on the Clearwater. Such memories! Such a man! Such mushrooms!

Later.

Marjorie got sleepy and it was getting late so I stopped and we went to bed. I got up at six thirty on this beautiful Sabbath morning. It rained all night and when I got up the fog hung low over old Round Top completely covering it, about nine o'clock the sun proved master and now every thing is steaming with the heat. I love it but am afraid it will bring us a good old thunderstorm. We had a most terrific electric storm the last of the week, Thursday, I believe. We were all sitting around the fire at Mrs. Torsens when it came up. The wind blew a hurricane and such thunder and lightning. Marjorie was frightened to tears and took the whole neighborhood to quite her. Myrtle and I went over to Durhams to stay all night. (Mrs. T. has not covers enough) The Raven took us home. We were soaked when we got there so he built a fire and we played the phonograph until we were we were dry and comfy once more. Then he took the lantern and waded back to Mrs. Torsen's. I counted five trees down near the trail and two across, coming over yesterday.

Marjorie is making a checker board. I see my finish. She has made things quite lively for me already yet. She doesn't get along very well with Henry, got real saucy and impudent to Mrs. Durham, threatens to leave without a moments warning and land at Moscow if everything is not to her liking.

Myrtle and I took some very hard trips last week and she was determined to go with me. I took her as far as I dared without tiring her too much, she doesn't stand the climbing in this altitude very well. One of our trips was over to Mrs. Taylors and back to Torsens. Then down to the Haunted cabin to meet Mr. Cooper. He came only to the creek. Then home (Mrs. D's.) that evening, about twelve miles in all. We took Henry and Marjorie to the Haunted cabin and back and they were good and tired when they got home. Myrtle and I went over to Hanzens to get the mail last Monday and "Lena" said he thought Mr. Cooper had come home. He thought he heard the pack horse bell. We took across the trail too Cooper's on our way home and surprised the old fellow. He was trying to put a little "cinch" stove together and an awful time he was having of it. We helped him get it together and he treated us to some town bread, fresh butter and onions, also two great pieces of cheese. You have no idea how we did enjoy it. Mr. C. brought some mail in to us, so we had the mail twice this week.

I had a deluge on hands when there was no letter in the little red bag for Marjorie from Mama. It was a dirty Irish trick. Mother, you don't realize how much a letter from Mother means at this end of the line or you'd never let a mail day or a chance for an additional mail day pass with out having a letter, ever so short, waiting for us.

I was so disappointed over Cad not getting to come when I wanted her most, and then Daddy didn't get to come. I didn't get to have my work done and the place fixed up and then the decision went against me, (curses) and then the family left for parts unknown, and then, and then, --well,-- every thing went wrong and then to top it all off, Marjorie was naughty to Mrs. Durham and Myrtle got mad at me. My, What a time we do have. Ha! Ha!

I must tell you about our trouble its too ridiculous. We had been for a walk in the rain, Myrtle and I, dressed in boots and slickers. We came by Mrs. Torsen's to get the gun rod and found Dynamite there. He was going over to Durhams. Dynamite liked Myrtle real well. Myrtle hates Dynamite. The Raven was going to Durhams for some potatoes so we all started out together, Myrtle and Raven, Dynamite and I. Raven stopped to help us under the fence, Dynamite took the lead. Raven stepped back with me, and Myrtle balked, sit down by the wayside and wouldn't move unless I stepped up and walked next to Dynamite. It wasn't a case of pick and choose your pardners, so I didn't go ahead. Myrtle got in the lead and rushed home as mad as a hatter. She read my title clear (to her mother), but said nothing to me. The next morning I came to the Limberlost, and here I am. We had not not one word passed between us. I guess she'll get over it all right, but I'm sorry. She should not start a joke if

she can't finish it. We were planning on going to Avery together and taking the trunk out to Clarkia, spend the Fourth in Clarkia and come in on the fifth, but I presume she'll be too angry to do so. So I'll probably spend the Fourth at the Limberlost sucking my thumb. Marjorie is very anxious to have Helen Frantz come out for a visit. If Mrs. Torsen goes to town about the eighth of July I think I'll have her come out with her.

Just think. I've just the month of July and until the fifteenth of August, then I'm through "doing time" if all turns out well.

Mrs. Torsen and Mrs. Durham ask me to write and ask Papa not to say anything about their Homestead cases if he went on to Washington D.C. Mrs. Torsen received a letter stating that Daddy had been talking Homestead altogether too much and with every one, whether it concerned them or not, and had been explaining to outsiders why my case was just as strong as Mrs. T's and D's and that he didn't see how they could get their claims if I lost mine. Now I don't know any thing about it one way or the other, but I do know that when Daddy gets to thinking or arguing on an question that nothing sort of a miracle can stop him. He does talk Homestead too much, when I'm around, and I presume he must when I'm not there. He to my knowledge discussed every phrase of my case with a goodly number that it didn't concern at all. It makes me very angry to have my private affairs vaunted in the face of the public and more angry still to have People talking about papa that way. I know he wouldn't do any thing, for the world, that would keep the ladies from getting their places, that is intentionally, but if any thing should come up now they would always blame him for it, and I just can't stand it to have him misjudged in that way. I don't know where he is but if you can get word to him please do so.

Mrs. Durham said that a number of people had spoken too her about it while she was in town, and then Mrs. Mix wrote to Mrs. Torsen.

I hope you're having a good visit, and don't feel the heat. You were lucky to get Mrs. Stratton to stay at the house weren't you? I had a long letter from Jennie she's moved again. This time to Chino Calif. It's south of Los A_. Poor Jennie, will Calvin ever have any thing ahead of what it takes to move to the next town on? He'll land in Mexico at the next move. He's just about as far south as he can go and not get into water.

Tell Bernadine to write, and give my love to all; whether you think it needed or not. I've a surplus on hand and must dispose of it before it spoils.

Have just the jolliest time you can, and remember all to tell me later. I'll keep you busy this fall.

Love from both to both.

Affectionately Iona

Envelope addressed to Mrs. W. A. Adair, La Otto, Indiana, and postmarked CLARKIA IDAHO, JUN 28 A.M. 1911

Back of envelope reads "The Limberlost" 49 Meadows, Avery, Idaho, and is postmarked LAOTTO__ JUL 8 1911 10 AM