

Mar. 26, 1911.

Dear Homefolks: -

This of course includes all inquiring neighbors.

We are at the Meadows and all safely. I will try and outline our trip from Moscow on to the Meadows. So many funny things happened that I'm sure you'll enjoy it with us.

Mr. French came to us wished us well, and had quite a visit with us. Just as he left, the brakeman on the train came up to us, looks us over and tipping his hat said, "Pardon me, but aren't you the famous young ladies from the 49 Meadows?" You can imagine our surprise. He told us he was Mr. Teats: Ira McPeaks brother in law. McPeaks has gone over to the prairie and expects to be in Clarkia again this coming summer.

It seems we can't go anywhere but we are recognized. They were very much surprised when we came in to Rosalia. We left there at nine o'clock and got to Avery the next morning, the train was very late. Dr. Cornwall was on the train between Tekoa & St. Joe, so we had quite a visit.

We had quite a time getting Ring off the train at Rosalia. There was a family of a dozen or so youngsters getting off the train a head of me, so I could not get off at once and go to the baggage car. As soon as I got off I made a run for the car but the train was starting I turned to Mr. Teats, (brakeman) and told him I wanted my dog. He called to the Baggage man, whistled to the engineer, stopped the train and gave the unfortunate to me. We didn't have any trouble with her after that.

As we got off at Avery we met Mr. Rock. He was just leaving. His work had been delayed by the slides above Avery. He told us about the guide and wished us well. Mr. Therault was not at the train and so we took our dog and suit cases and went over to hotel. We got there, but those things were so terribly heavy.

We left a call for nine thirty and ask the boy to hunt Mr. Fleming for us and have him call at the hotel at half past ten. We waited until one o'clock and had not heard from him so started out on the search ourselves. It seems we are continually on the man hunt. We got Mr. Debbit to look for him, left word at the store and P.O. and went back to have a sleep. We were just sleeping nicely when we were called.

We met Mr. Fleming, and made arrangements to start early in the morning. Mr. Fleming came over early and went over to the Murphy System for breakfast with us. He had not packed any all winter so we took as little as possible with us.

We left Avery at five thirty and walked without our snow shoes very nearly to the top of the skidway, from that on the snow was very soft, and our shoes got very wet and heavy. We ate our lunch at the main trail. The alcohol lamp didn't work out in the open air, so we just ate sandwiches. We made our sandwiches of the meat, mother fixed for us, and peanut butter, the two kinds with green onions were just fine. We took a whisky flask of water and one of whisky with us. Our water gave out in the afternoon and we were so terribly thirsty when we reached Dry Camp. The last two miles were terribly hard. Mr. Fleming was a very tired man, and had a case of snow shoe cramp. It was good for the three of us that the camp wasn't two miles further.

There was wood, tea, sugar, coffee, candles, an axe and a blanket at the camp, and every thing so clean and in such good order. We found out that Bill Griffin and "Dynamite" had gone up and fixed the camp all up for us. Wasn't that good of them? We took a little whisky, built a fire and melted some snow for a cup of ~~bullion~~ bouillon. The bouillon heated and revived us until we felt fine. We had a dandy supper, fried potatoes, bacon, chocolate, nut bread, fresh air and a good fire. After supper we took off our rubbers and german socks and dried them and warmed our feet. Myrtle and I curled up on the blanket and went to sleep. We slept until we got cold, and then got up and sit by the fire and Mr. Fleming took a nap. We had a cup of hot water, got good and warm and went to sleep again. Mr. Fleming called us at ~~five~~ six o'clock for breakfast. We left camp for our climb at seven.

The weather was not the best, very squally all the early morning and in the afternoon it was especially bad.

We were very hungry when we got to Basin Camp, so Mr. Fleming built a fire and heated a pail (we carried the pail from the camp) of water and we had a cup of bouillon and some sandwiches. You'd have had a good laugh to have seen us sitting on our extra sweaters rolled up on our snow shoes for a chair, our feet on a bed of boughs, sipping our bouillon, we looked like the Macbeth witches, and had snakes enough to make it real realistic. The water was so full of wiggley wiggles that we boiled every mouthful we drank. We filled up the bottle again at the Basin and started on again.

The side hill, under the over hanging rock was quite solid so we took off our snow shoes and walked across to the other side. The warm wind kept the snow too wet for us to go without our shoes from the time we left the Fishhook. I mean the skidway.

It took us a good long time to climb "old Breezy" and the snow and wind was blowing very hard. We were wet and cold by the time we reached the Clear water camp, so didn't stop for another lunch but hurried on to the cabin. Ring chased up a rabbit at the Camp. Mr. Fleming shot at it and missed it. The "Terrible Pair" heard the shot and answered. They shot and called for a half hour or so. We didn't want them to think we were some one that was lost so didn't answer.

We got to the cabin at a quarter after three: Mr. Fleming started the fire and heated some water while Myrtle and I hustled around and got our dry clothes on.

We rested a little while and then got supper. Mr. Fleming made himself very agreeable and helped us with every thing. We hunted for the phonograph crank, and a long hunt it was. After a short concert we went to bed, a tired, sleepy three.

Morning came at nine. As we were getting breakfast there came a rap at the door and in walked John Marsden, otherwise known as "Dynamite." He has been with Jack Ricketts all winter and a funny fellow he is. He had been to Taylors, then back to Hanzen's. He said he thought possibly we had returned and so came over to see. The day was terrible, wind and snow all night and all day. The men planed to go over to Taylors with the mail the next day (Saturday) if the storm ceased. Saturday was a fairly decent day so the two went over to see Bill and Elizabeth and Myrtle and I were left to our own recourses. We had a bath changed our clothes and straightened up the house. We had dinner for the men at five thirty. They washed the dishes and told stories to entertain us 'till bed time. They planed to go over to Della Griffiths and get us some records, books, and bring some carrots from the Ranger cabin for us on Sunday, but the day was vile, so they waited until today (Monday). They got breakfast this morning, it's too funny to watch the men cook, they are both good at it, but such funny ways of doing things. We made a "bird mulligan" ~~Saturday~~ Friday. Mr. Fleming was helping. I was busy with the potatoes and when I went to put them in the kettle I found the wash pan turned over it. Mr. F. had washed out the pan and was using it for a lid. What funny creatures men are.

The men expect to be gone four days and then Mr. Fleming will go to Avery. Dynamite will go to Clarkia. He is going to bring some things in from Clarkia for Mrs. Taylor. He is trying to get work in here for the summer. I don't know what kind of a worker he would be. He ask for my work but I told him it was in Papa's hands, and he should write to him. He may do so, but I'd rather the work was put out on a contract and to some one we know is good.

Every thing at the cellar is in good shape. Some one had taken quite a little bacon from the piece that was down, but I don't know how large the piece was at first. The mice have been pretty busy, they ate quite a hole in one of the blankets and a big one in the back of Mrs. Durham's new night gown. I guess they don't like sky blue pink for they left my gown alone.

The snow is going or has been going very fast. The blazes were very plain nearly all the way over the divide. We can see out the windows a little better and the snow pile in front of the door has gone down marvelously fast. We will be kept quite busy wondering where time and the snow goes.

Mr. Fleming gives us a great deal of praise for the way we stood the trip in. We were pretty lame from the strain of the snow shoes but not nearly as much so as I had expected. Oh! but I was glad Dry Camp appeared on the scene when it did, for I was tired the first evening. It was so lucky for us that our first day out was nice so we could go to camp practically dry, its dreadful to have your clothes wet through and have to wait for them to dry by a camp fire. The snow was melted back from the "lean too" so far that it was quite breezy, but the night was warm and it did not trouble us any.

Well! I must write to Cad. I'll finish this letter when the men return.

Good night.

Iona.

[Math calculations scribbled sideways at bottom of page]

Later: -

The men got home (back) yesterday evening. They brought over all the books and phonograph records they could carry in two packsacks. My but it is great! We surely do appreciate it.

They are resting today and are going to Avery tomorrow. They boys are over today. It is Myrtles birthday and we are celebrating. We have, all six, been sitting up on the roof sunning. Ring has been up there too. The sun is certainly great, and the roof is the only dry place so we took the elevator and went up.

Bill was over yesterday and said he would work for me at three fifty a day, no shirking and me furnish lunch, or for four dollars and bring his own lunch. That's pretty steep. What is one to do? I couldn't get any one else to come in here for less, and I've got to have a cupboard table and bed at once. It's a great game we're playing. Bill got me some wood fixed my snowshoes, and has been lots of help to us at the cabin. He charges nothing for his kindness. I tried to settle with Mr. Fleming before we left Avery, or rather get him to set his price and he would not. Today I told him I wished to write to you and wished him to talk business. He would not. He says he has had so much pleasure out of the trip that he needs no other compensation. What do you know about that, if that's not kindness what is it?

Talk about weather if we're not having the very best. Oh! but the sunshine is good.

Please send me a couple of boxes of "Steero"s I'm going to give Bill and Mr. Fleming part of the box to take out with them, and we would like some for later. I never had anything taste as good in my life as that hot bouillon. Mr. Fleming and Myrtle and I wish to give you our heartiest thanks for the meat, onions and nut loaf. Mr. F. nearly went straight up over the nut loaf. Oh! but we did relish it for lunch.

Tell Aunt Evaline I will write next mail day.

Give my regards to all.

The boys are having a regular circus on the porch. Art is beating the pan. Hanzen is climbing the porch post. Mr. Fleming is caller for the circus and beating the post with the hammer. Oh! but it is deafening.

Tell every one to write. We'll surely enjoy it.

I saw a fence post today, the top is out of the snow.

The boys are going to bring our things in from Avery for us.

We're watching the snow on the divides. You'll be informed about the trails just as soon as they are passable. Henson comes out as soon as he can for his horses.

Well Good bye. Write soon. I'm all O.K. The trip didn't effect me in the least.

Lovingly

Iona.