

The Lumberlost,
49 Meadows.

Dear Daddy:-

So you're once more
in God's Country. How
do you like Idaho? Does
it compare with the
East. Oh, you cool nights
-and decently cool days!

Are you coming out or
do you expect to wait
until later. When you
hear from the Sec.? Every
one in here will be glad

went to prove up about the
20th or 25th of Aug. Wonder where I'll
be? Please find out if it will be
necessary for me to continue
to live at the Limbuloct. While
the decision is being made?

If Maymie comes in I'm afraid
you'll have to either send me
a substitute or you may expect
me to arrive by the next train.

Mrs. D. needs Myrtle and I won't
stay at the cabin alone, even if
my friend Elizabeth does. Do
you wish me to? I presume
I could stay with Mrs. D. until
we hear and come back and
forth a couple times a week, if
that would do?

How is Jay? Auntie wrote that
he was very poorly this summer
and had been at the Hospital.
Mrs. D. has been very bad since
she got out here. I don't think

she's eaten one meal in
nearly two months. Her
stomach has been very
bad. She got some medicine
from Dr. Clarke when Mr. Jensen
came in - and Myrtle said
when she was over last
night, that she thought
she was feeling better.

Myrtle and I - and possibly
Marjorie - are coming to the
Clarkia next Friday, July²⁸
to bring Mr. Jensen to town
and to bring the horse
back to the Meadows. He

will remain in Clarkia
one day to rest the horses and
will leave the next day. You'd
better come to Boise in the
car and take the twelve
something train for Clarkia
and come and see me. I'm
afraid if Maryon sees you
she'll hit the trail and not
come back with me, what
then? I can hardly blame
the youngsters, it's pretty
slow for her out here with-
out any youngsters to play
with, I'd hit it too.

The report was certainly any thing but encouraging. I wish we could have done otherwise in the first place, or have not made the affidavit, but as we have and are in for it, I guess will have to fight it out, only I hate to think of the good eagles that we are spending and have spent, and possibly all for nothing.

Marylin found a fine spring in the edge of the swale so we don't have to drink that old drainage from the swamp. It was getting pretty low and tasted like dried roots and grass. Poor old Pat, the flier nearly drove him bodily. We grease him every day or two. Didn't have any thing to grease him with as we were out of lard so rendered out salt pork and mixed with the fly dope. It works real well, but he is a scared old horse even there. Art Larson has ^{him}

out to Clarkia, will be back
Tues or Wed. His horses got away
and left for the Gov't cabin ^{and}
Act wanted his father to have a
horse to ride. He was not use
to walking and couldn't make
the trip out on foot.

Mr. Roche is at the Hemlock
cabin, he always treats us
very cordially. Myrtle & me.
We have had some great
visits on our way back
and forth. He hasn't been
to the Meadows yet, but
has made some great

improvement on the
trail from Humboldt to ^{Clarkia}
I got a half sack of oats to
feed Pat. last week. He seems
to get so hungry on just meadow
grass. We use the timothy
only for an hour or so before
using him. He makes up
for lost time then. He is a dandy
and so gentle & trusty. You
can leave him and feel that
you have a horse. or if you
want to catch him you don't
have to work all morning ^{to}

do so.

I'm plodding my pen through the carcasses of dead mosquitoes. that - I've killed since beginning to write. They are terribly thick. I've mosquitos netting up at door and window but they come in at a dozen other places, and make life hideous for us. I'm so bumped I look like the fat lady of the wartford at the circus. We fix a net over the bed every night - and so cheat the devils of their due,

Ring followed Art and Myrtle and Pat yesterday so Maymie and I - are dogless. we miss the little fellow. will tie her up next time we have company. She thought we were all going and run along ahead. We only went to the big hill but Ring was gone and we saw her no more.

Well I've got to write to Lu so

must stop.

We heard May Calkins was
not coming in this summer
wonder when she changed her
mind?

I hope you had a fine trip
and not one of your chickens
died while you were gone.

Either write so that I can get
the letter Friday in Clarkia or
come up, would rather see you
all; A letter posted at Palouse ^{will}
reach us the same day, otherwise
it goes to Spokane, St. Maris and
to Clarkia taking an extra day.

Lovingly, Lona.



Dr. W. A. Adair
Moscow
Idaho,

