

Clarkia Idaho +.

July, 15, 1910.

Dear Bernadine:

Well! I surely did enjoy your letter. It was as good as a newspaper. But I'm afraid you're a hard joker, aren't you? What do you suppose Larry's mother will think of Belle anyway? I'll be sending a detective up to Idaho to find out about this dreadful B.A. who is endangering her Larry's heart. So. Bye

Chesey is gone too? What a  
lonesome place it must be.  
Are the cherries gone too?  
Didn't Mr. Chesey even ask  
about me before he left?

What are the flowers doing  
this year? Are you watering  
them and how are mamma's  
mooney sweet peas? Do they  
look any better than the  
others?

If you were here I could  
certainly keep you busy.  
You could kill either mice,  
chipmunks or snakes. There

are two very large garter snakes, - about as large and as long as a rake handle, that we have to drive from the trail every time we go over to Mrs Taylor's. We have never yet had anything along that we could kill them with.

The chipmunks - are dreadful. They have tried to eat everything we have. I've been shooting them to lessen the number, but it doesn't seem to work. Every time I shoot one two or three others

come scurrying out of the woods to see what the noise is all about. We got the little old stove from May's and shut our oatmeal, sugar fruit etc up in that and I guess we have them baffled now.

The mice are dreadfully thick and so tame. I caught one on the table in the biscuit pan while I was sitting at the table talking to Mrs. Taylor. Yesterday evening we were

quiet for a few minutes  
and lo! six mice appeared  
as if by magic in the  
middle of the room. We  
clapped our hands and  
such a scampering, we  
sent to Clarkie for "rough  
on rats"; but Ivin Wilson  
wrote back and told us there  
was none in town but to  
try the butcher knife or the  
ape. So I'm afraid we will  
become murderesses before  
this reaches you.

We went over to Mrs Durham

with Mr. McPeak as he was leaving and stayed all night, we had to wade back the next morning. My I wish I had some rubber boots. Did Daddy forget he was to get me a pair. Mrs Taylor wrote to Portland for a pair. We blazed a trail around the big meadow, Mrs. R. Mrs. J. Myrtle and I. As we were crossing a little swale we saw a deer, closer than across the west yard. It hurried away before I could

give Mrs D the gun. She was  
up high enough to have a  
fine view of it. We went on  
a little farther in another  
direction and there was another  
deer. I expect we will be  
eaten yet. The trails are  
covered with fresh deer tracks  
every morning. and the  
pheasants dust in our trail  
every morning. We frightened  
the mother and little ones  
yesterday evening as we were  
going over to map. The little  
ones were not quite as large

as quails, so we are waiting  
our time to have quail on  
toast.

Bernadine did mamma  
forget to give you the corset  
cover I told her too for your  
birthday. I see you will  
find it in the lower dresser  
drawer in my room, the  
little hand embroidered one  
I brought home last fall.  
I think there's ribbon with  
it. While up stairs  
please take my big hat  
out of the band box and



see if the moths have been at the feathers. Then look at the green hat in the long box and see how the feather looks.

I'm afraid I can't trust you and Cad to hold Mr. Smith for me if that's the way you go at it. I think Cad is looking out for herself too much. So Mr. Smith decided to stay in Moscow and run his own garage. Does Papa keep the Mitchell

there or does Mr. Smith  
take care of "cheap cars"?

Mrs. J. and I quote from  
the Ladies Home Journal  
everyday for fear we will  
forget how to be nice. We  
even have bread and butter  
plates made from the tops  
to the tomato cans. They  
do real well when you  
have no other. Our mush  
bowls are dried beef and  
salmon cans, and our  
tea pot a tomato can. We  
set our table in real

style I assure you.

Well I must close for now, its getting dark and we must be going towards our bedroom.

Tell Marjorie when she gets down out of the cherry tree early some night to write me a few lines.

I'm afraid Uncle Sam will charge me four cents for this heavy paper, I've used the two tablets you bought for me all, and will send to Clarkie

for some more paper soon  
as I get the chance, I  
think Mrs. Fosen will be  
in about the first of  
August so I can send  
word out then. Where  
is Mary Liz? Send me  
Larry's Address also Chedey.  
I want to remember him to  
his gun.

Love to all.

Affectionately  
Iona.