

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 G's mother will think of Belle anyway? She'll be sending a detective up to Idaho to find out about this dreadful B.A. who is endangering her Larry's heart. So, Brer Chedsey is gone too? What a lonesome place it must be. Are the cherries gone too? Didn't Mr. Chedsey even ask about me before he left?

What are the flowers doing this year? Are you watering them and how are mamas 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 Clarkia for "rough on rats," but Quin Wilson wrote back and told us there was none in town but to try the butcher knife or the axe. So I'm afraid we will become murderesses before this reaches you.

We went over to Mrs. Durhams 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. D. Mrs. T. 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 eatin 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 Mays. The little ones were not quite as large as quails, so we are waiting our time to have quail on toast.

Bernadine did Mama forget to give you the corset cover I told her too for your birthday. If so 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. T. and I quote from the Ladies Home Journal every day 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 Clarkia for some more paper soon as I get the chance. I think Mrs. Torsen will be in about the first of August so I can send word out then. Where is Mary Liz? Send me Larrys Address also Chedseys. I want to remember him to his gun.

Love to all.

Affectionately
Iona.