

The Limberlost  
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 going out to prove up about the 20<sup>th</sup> or 25<sup>th</sup> of Aug. Wonder where I'll be? Please find out if it will be necessary for me to continue to live at the Limberlost, while the decision is being made? If Marjorie 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 too? 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? Aunty 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 Mrs. Torsen 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 Clarkia next Friday, July 28<sup>th</sup> to bring Mr. Torsen to town and to bring the horses back to the Meadows. We will remain in Clarkia one day to rest the horses and will leave the next day. You'd better come to Bovil in the car and take the twelve something train for Clarkia and come and see me. I'm afraid if Marjorie sees you she'll hit the trail and not come back with me. What then? I can hardly blame the youngster, it's pretty slow for her out here without 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 we'll 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.

Marjorie 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 flies nearly devour 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 scarred old horse even then. 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 Art 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. Rock 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 improvements on the trail from Hemlock 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's 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 misquito 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 or the warty toad 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 Marjorie and I are dogless, we miss the little fellow. We'll 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?

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. Maries and to Clarkia taking an extra day.

Lovingly, Iona

Envelope with red two-cent stamp addressed to Dr. W. A. Adair, Moscow, Idaho and postmarked AVERY, IDAHO. JUL 25 1911

Back of envelope is blank.