

Dingle, Idaho.

Dear Mother,

I am sitting in the tent on our lot writing. Ken is working on the house and Dad is at home, waiting for the stove agent.

We had a grand trip the whole way. We did not stop in Salt Lake as we intended to go right through to Dingle the second evening, but when we came to Logan at nine o'clock and found it had been raining, we decided to stay over. Wallace was not at home when we called in the evening, so we went to bed in our cabin right away and then in the morning called on Jane & Wallace. They are fine. She let me watch her both her lovely baby, and then around eleven we started for home, taking a bath at the Sulphur Spring en route. We got to Arcadia Ranch in the afternoon and it was even so cold. Everyone is fine, but Dad is a little disappointed that you didn't come. Ida seems so happy

Bob had been very nice to her. Bob and Ida are out driving our horses now.

The weather is fine now. hot. Dad liked the rhubarb so much I believe he was real tickled to get it. He already had made sauce from it and I think we will all have a taste tonight.

Mamma looks good and so does Rodney. The children are fine healthy specimens in spite of their sickness last winter. The turkeys seem to be all right now - at least they aren't losing any at present.

We saw Mitchell and Mabel the last night - they were eating some of Mabel's good bread. Ah! and that reminds me - Mother, your ginger bread was scrumptious! I ate every crumb. When I was crumpling the paper to throw away Ken said "Look out there, your throwing some crumb sticking to that paper." The cake seemed to get better and better as we neared home, so we didn't have one piece left for the folks to taste.

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