



Miss S. P. Lyman
Forest Grove
Oregon



Chatskanie July 30th '77
 My Dear Friend

I received your welcome letter two weeks ago. I must beg your pardon for saying anything to grieve you for you know I never meant to do that. I wrote you a letter last week, but it was written in the evening when the folks were all talking, this hurting me somewhat thereby, and there were so many mistakes in it I would not send it; but will try and give you a letter this week. I should like so much to have been with you on your trip. I received a letter from Annie Huntington a week ago Friday, she is teaching she thought I was at the Grove and sent the letter there and Mother sent it to me. She said she wrote to you some time ago, but had

received no answer, she wanted me
to ask you if you received it, said she
intended to write you again. Did
Mrs. Anderson go to Seattle to the asso-
ciation? she intended to when I was in
Portland. Have you been black-berrying
this summer? I have been out several
times a little while, not far away.

Will you camp out and pick berries?
if you do think of me I should like to
be along. A lot of us talked of going out
to the Bever Falls and camping one or
two nights to "hunt" and fish. We
were going the last of the week of the
4th but it was so wet we had to give
it up. I have been listening to the
gentle man of the house, telling his
experience in camping out and how
to cook meat and bread out in the
woods, so I shall know how to do
it next time. Louis is working just
a little way from where I am now

He went out hunting yesterday and
killed a deer, the first one for him
and I guess he feels pretty proud over
it. Game is pretty plenty about here
just the place to camp. I am board-
ing this week with our uncle of
Charlie Bryant and last week with
his cousin. There are a whole host of
Bryants here and near this place. His
uncle Geoph. who lives at Marshland
preaches some times, when he can get
any one to listen to him, yes, and
I am teaching school in the very
house in which Charlie himself
once preached. I wonder if his spirit
haunts the house, I guess it does and
that is the reason I feel so good for
nothing to day (no disrespect to him
intended at all) By the way I heard that
C. B. was in the asylum in E. Portland
Did Mary see him when she was
in Eugene?

Aug. 2^o. I did not get this letter
finished the other day but will try and
get it ready for the mail this week
which goes out to morrow. Louis started
home to day and I feel desolate and a
little home sick. I wish you could
see some of the houses where I board. I
guess they would call up remem-
brances of your boarding round days. I like
most of the people very much though
there are one or two of the families who I
think are not particularly troubled with
neatness. I wish you could get acquainted
with my grand Mrs. Conyers. I am
going out with her to morrow after school
for nooses if it is not too wet. We
have been having nice weather but it is
some damp just now. Good bye for
the present. Write soon please

Your loving friend

May S Eaton