

Berulah, Mich.

June 25, 1926.

Dear Charles,

Received your letter tonight. I walked down to the postoffice about eight for I was sure I would hear from you tonight.

This has sure been a windy week. Last night was the first night that the lake has been still. I could hardly sleep it seemed so quiet.

The waves dash against the shore and make a terrible noise.

We drove to Traverse City today. Did not go Mon. as we expected to. It is quite a little city. The largest place I have seen since we left Muskegon. We drove up in the morning had dinner there and then drove back. Went down by the dock at Grand Traverse Bay.

Last Sun afternoon we

drove to Frankfort. Went
down to the beach on
Lake Michigan. They have
slides and swings there
for the children. It sure
is beautiful around there.

Tues. we drove to Onekama
which is 28 miles from
Bendish. Drove down to
Portage lake which is near
Onekama.

So I am seeing quite
a lot of the country
around here.

Haven't found any place

I would care to live at
around here.

I sure would hate to
be a farmers wife up
here. Two or three miles
from any one.

We were on one of the
highest points of Michigan
going to Traverse City today.

I have been here most
a week and haven't been
on the water yet.

Have been going several
times and when we are
ready the wind blows
to hard.

Mr. Osmer hasn't caught any fish yet. He is planning tonight to get up about five in the morning and go.

I wish you could have seen the beautiful sunset we had last night. It sure was beautiful. The prettiest thing I have ever seen.

Now I think I would rather come July 2. Would rather you would keep away from Howell for another month. Then I

don't care. See!

Now about the pen and ink. I will explain so you won't have anything more to write about.

I addressed all the envelopes before I came up for I didn't want to bring ink and I haven't a fountain pen. Now do you get me? Don't call me such things anymore.

All we do up here is to eat and sleep. You won't know me when I come back. I have gained about 10 lbs. *W. H. H.*

We were going to have
12 meals a day but we
are having about five.

I must close and write
a Birthday letter to Dad.

With love,

Eugenia.

Berulah Mich.

Nesbit Cottage.