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Postcard above is dated 1907; title is added by editor. From State Historical Society of Iowa (Iowa City). The letter is from the Macbride Collection, Box 3, Special Collections, University of Iowa Libraries.

Okoboji, July 23 — 04

Dear Hattie — Agreeable to our plans we came here Friday night. Yesterday I intended to drive out but the day was hot and the ways were dusty so I [stayed] in the shade and did some necessary writing. The work I have done has been pleasant work so far. The country roads in Osceola Co. are little travelled at this season and lead straight for the cardinal points through acres of grain and grass. It has been simply a long pleasant drive in finest weather. Today is Sun-

day and I sit beneath the shelter of a clump of bur-oaks, just such as shaded 20 years ago the well in your old home yard. Here are the little bur-oaks, thick, hundreds of them, and the out look is over Okoboji lake, the prettiest little lake I ever saw. We catch a breath from it now and then which makes the day enduring. And at night, when the sun is gone the lake takes matters into its own hands and laps its shores into coolness most delightful. This it is makes this a summer resort — for hundreds of people and they're here. There must be a hundred little cottages among the trees around the wooded shores of this beautiful lake. People are here from all Iowa towns, they bring the [hired] girl and live here. Then the Inn takes care of those who are cottageless. I should have gone to the inn I suppose but there are too many people there, for one thing, and there is no livery there for another thing. It would be a very inconvenient base for my operations. Where then am I? Well I am at the house of an old pioneer, Roderick Smith. The Smith bros. keep cottages for people like me. Simply a farm-house is here with scattering rooms thrown strangely together. Philip and I have room and bed together. When I lie down I look out through the open door, down past the bur-oaks and over the bluegrass sod to the silver path across the lake where a harvest moon already riding low seems to fill all the horizon with its metallic splendor — but — I go asleep! Philip sleeps as never before and eats! — you would be surprised — We had for Sunday dinner Roast beef, beans (kind P. likes) potatoes, cabbage, ripe currants, pudding, apple-pie. Well P. ate it all and called for more beans! such a boy — He was in swimming yesterday, but this is no place for a boy to learn the art. Like the Iowa river dangerous; gets deep too soon. One steps out beyond his depth unwittingly. I should say that the Smith's have rooms here for 20 or 30 people. P. and I are the only boarders. . . . The rates here are \$1.50 per diem for P. and me. You and Jean would enjoy it if you could entertain

yourselves. There is no body around. You could sail the lake or walk among the trees or by the cottages, but there is absolutely nothing but what you bring along. I am going to I.C. [Iowa City] next Monday or Tuesday and if you and J. would come up Saturday you could keep P. company until I could get back, Friday morning. Then we might spend a week or so here at comparatively small cost, but if you would enjoy it, you should bring a chosen party and rent a cottage. It is ideal for the student or the man who seeks quiet, rest. But if you wish to be "in the swim" you must go to the inn and attend the dances etc. — Society is in full blast a mile hence but 'neath the bur-oak trees here is silent (Browning). Beetles crawl undisturbed contentedly about even across my paper, [occasionally] an



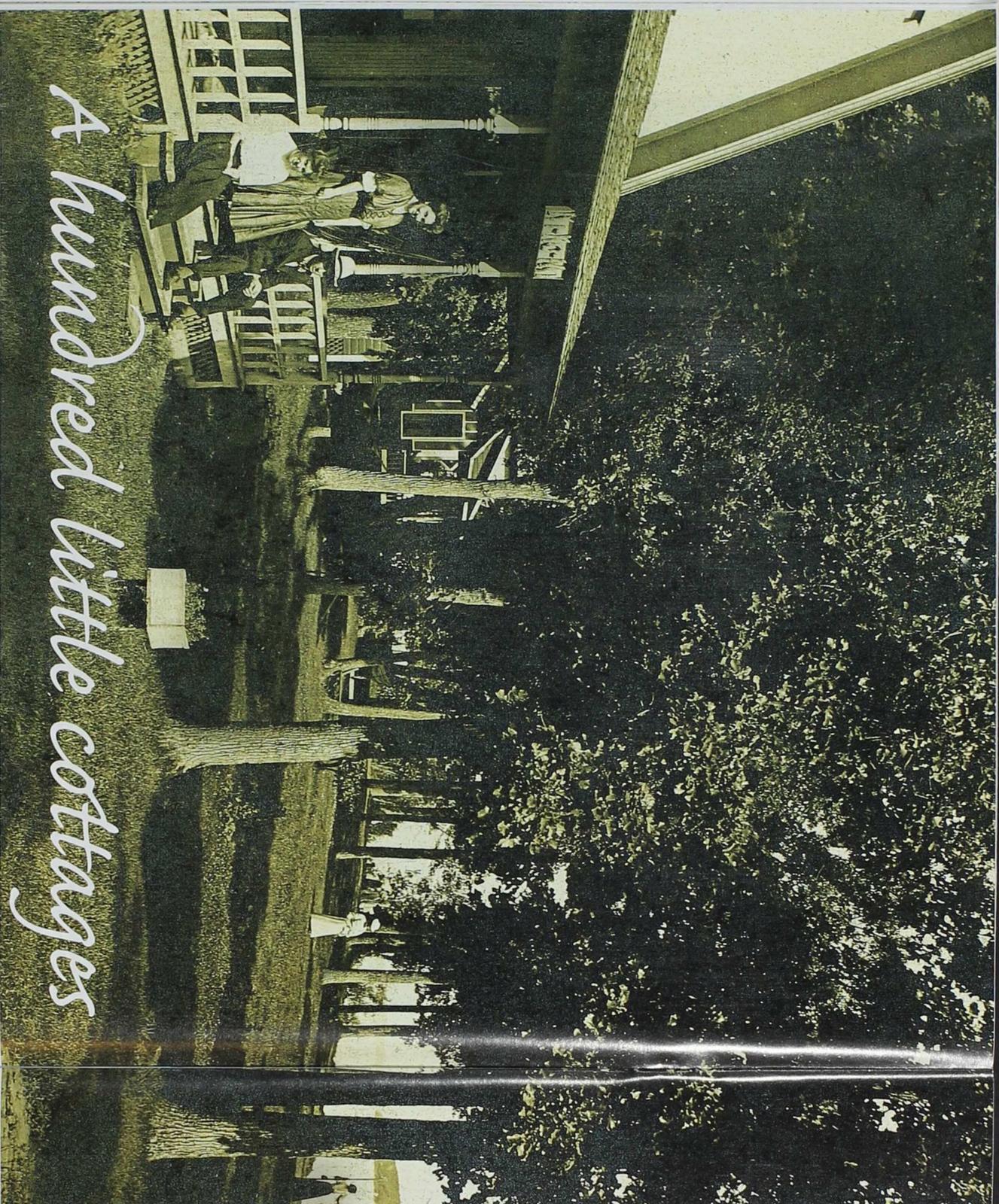
Thomas Macbride, 1928

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# A hundred little cottages

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