Jan. 7, 1942

Dear People,

Just a note - I am deficient Annual Report and I have not seemed to find time to even say hello.

But I want to get this off before I go to the office.

We have been having below zero weather since before New Year and it seems we will maintain all nature have cold then extreme heat. That just takes the sting out of one.

The folks on the residential staff greet you and say "Did you have a nice vacation?" We answer "Vacation??!" with emphasis.

Merrill G. Burlingame Special Collections Montana State University-Bozeman Do Not Duplicate Without Permission
questions number 4 a sight of letters from 
that makes them remember we only 
have Christmas day.

Well, I must write.

I hope you are feeling more
comfortable mother and back
to the chief work.

Best love
your

[Signature]

Horriette.
Dear People,

Thank you so much for the air mail letter. It was thoughtful of you to hear from us.

And so, Mother, you are taking time out. You need to please get your work done. I hope you take advantage of the recent air mail and do a lot of writing. That's what hospitals are for. As Mrs. Sheppard, the wife of a judge here, she said when her annual offspring was present, "Well, I can count on this day next each year."

I just got in from Roanoke. While it's only 200 miles, it's been going since 10 a.m. now to about 8 p.m. It was as many the trains were all late.

I had to go out to the Capitol. About an hour before train time I put in a cab for a taxi. I stood on the corner for over an hour, thinking. Just when I was nearly frantic, a young man on two crutches came out and asked me if he could take me to downtown. He was located in my luggage, just as we were under way. I saw the taxi coming, but I felt not at all obligated to hear him. The man had the crutches. We had the man and the crutches. We had the car and the said. He was the car and we had it nice. He said he was not in that part of town. I looked at my watch. I got 20 minutes til my watch. I got 30 minutes til my watch. He said he couldn't get out on the snow.
Great Falls, Montana

In the corner garage & yelled "quick some gas in a can. It will miss my train!

"Sorry" said the man, "but you can't carry gas except in a red can & I

must have a red can." I went across the street & bought a red can.

The last looked at his watch & filled the red can in a hurry & we went sliding down the street with it.

Well, we pulled into the station, the train was in. But that made it. That was all that was necessary. I was glad some time had passed, but I still had to walk on the platform.

To day was the first day the temperature got up to 30's.

I'm on my way to Fairfield to help the H&H black pick & pack there. I don't know what kind of a job or what the condition will be - I can only repeat the current expression: "I hope, I hope, I hope."

When this letter arrives, I do so sincerely hope everything at the H&H main will be looking up.

But stay in the hospital as long as necessary, Write me as soon as the doctor lets you go.

Wife.

Best of love.

Yours,

Harriette
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True, Romance,

Well, I'm back from a most

atmnous trip to Fair Field. When

I arrived Saturday 8:30 a.m. I got into

the hotel at once. Glenn & I

picked up two of his enjor and went to

the Community Hall & miles out,

we set up what we thought would be

a good set up. Then tried the picking

machine. It would throw the melon

all the time we tried it. So finally

we left it. It was now, went back
to town, got an electrician, ate lunch
+ went back. We took the electrician

until nearly 4 P.M. to get it going.

So instead of getting Glenn's first

fruits done we only got 3. Then it

seemed that the snow had been so

difted that the mail had not

gone out, so we decided we had

better see some of the club members

in town so they could get their mail

off. So they could get their mail

off + bring them the next day. We

started for Mrs. Burnett. We only

had 4 miles to go, but it took us

3 hours. We got as many as we

could. When we got there they had

received the mail. That made us

feel so much better if we went back
to town. It was 8 when we got there.

We had a fork of soup and went to bed.

As we had to leave town shortly after

7 A.M., we knew the engineers

could not get through a drift to

get their bricks out, so we went as

near as we dared & they carried

them over to our trailer. It was

beautiful. The sun was just coming

up and the main block of the Rockies

were bathed in pink & glory.

Well, we finally collected the

engineers & their bricks and got to the

hall where we got terribly stuck in

a drift & 3 of the birds smothered it

Mrs. Burnett got raced into the hall &

knocked them all over, thus saving them.
It was the only one who could do a good job -- I think, so I stuck with all day long. All was fine. The men and the women joined. We found we could make much better headway if the work was divided before going to the machine. So, I fell to the tailer also. By repeating my fingers would hardly anyone notice, so we went on very well work. So me, Mrs. Beeman, to very nice work. Everyone was busy and worked hard. They heard the big community school at the Center. The janitors were coming over and told us the high school coffee. It was a most pleasant meeting and was appreciated. So refreshed, we all went back to work again. We all went back to work and didn't have our about 9:30 we had from all done. Bobby asked me to have the bed fixed. The whole thing slept like a pool did, see the whole day.

We got back to town about 11:30 but it was after midnight before we could get to bed because I had to wash the blood off my hands, my stockings, my gloves and hardly off me. A lot both felt elegant.

Then we all went at the ball game the same day. A lot of us didn't have the energy to get up, so we just laid. After cleaning up the feathers, they was we washed all the bed stuff. We washed all the bed stuff. The feet, given, packed and loaded the boxes. Again Mrs. Johnson's job. Again Mrs. Johnson's job. The janitors wife fixed us something to eat. The family saved our lives.

It was 7 p.m. when we finally got home. I didn't get up until 8:30 this morning. My right hand is still swollen and girls to sleep on me. The jet of...
Packing was such a tough one.

But I am so glad I couldn't

Mrs. Dyer was so pleasant as was

everyone able to see how lovely

finds all looked when packed -

day ready for us first them all in

the cool rooms at the freezer locker

if they will be trucked to Billings

to go in the turkey car tomorrow

I hope they bring a good price.

My bus did not leave Fairfield

until 11:30 this morning so not easily

get all the odds and ends we were

supposed to do finished.

As always I stayed at the hotel

that used to be the Bode Rel.

station - it is marvelous what

men can do have done with it.

Each time I get back I find some

thing more done. They have 17 rooms

in it now. Really very cozy and comfort.

And most welcome. Because

Fairfield used to be the place I

had to stay in a private house

when I first that

Buce Ruddle did not please

who while at Fairfield, I am in

hopes you are much better within.

I Hope when I get into Big Bend

tomorrow I will have some

words.

I am hungry now and will

eat, but I wanted to get this

letter finished before rain start.

Your,

Harriette.
June 18, 1942

Dear People,

While I am taking a bath, I'll write.

Mrs. Balder was in yesterday and stayed overnight. Mr. Balder went to Billings and the afternoon train and then went to Great Falls while Mrs. Balder was here. They will drive over to Alliance and meet them. It is nice to have them here. Seems like old times.

Tonight we are going to the Montana Agricultural College and are going to have a turkey annually. The five of us each invite a guest to help. I have a turkey dinner. Some folk that we could invite.

Since writing you last time, we have been home, then down to Montana and back. It was an interesting trip at times. We went down into the cattle country and the people live much as they did in early days. Big ranches and cattle and over the many miles. Some have the best.

A different perspective than the boyhood place where we stopped and a big

& McDonald. He was only a few feet
as big as a young elf. It made me think of the one that thanked you down when she was a little girl.

Speaking of UI, I had such a nice letter from Alberta, the other day. He writes such an interesting letter.

She was telling me about their family reunion they had last summer in the high Sierra. They rented a camp on the lake and had a cook. There were 12 of them—her father, the seven children, and their wives and husbands—all the children and even great-grandchildren. How wonderful to have a big family and one of such a family consciousness. They stayed for a week and had a wonderful time. Her sister-daughter took the occasion to announce her engagement, as she said, it seemed a more proper time for it.

It seems a long time since June 9

We have not heard from the between. Boyle

She is the only person who has been near me over a long period of time. She was here with me last month.

Boyle, mother dear, you are feeling much better. I was so delighted to get a letter from your own hand writing some letters in your own hand writing. Even if it had to be in pencil.

I have been feeling so much better, I always am pleased to think of you. I always am pleased to think of you. How are your pictures and wonder. If you would let me know more about your trip, I would be much more pleased. I am sure you have developed your pictures so well.

Well, dear, I hope everything is so much more on the up up when this reaches you. Best love,

[Signature]

Merrill G. Burlingame Special Collections Montana State University-Bozeman Do Not Duplicate Without Permission
Dear People,

Again in the throes of Annual Report. One wonders if so much time should be spent on what has already passed. However, who refers to the thing every day or in some part or figure. Sometimes I'll have a dozen or more reports out at once.

We had a real treat last week. The college lecture course had arranged for Mr. Knocksbecker to give talks, and then some way they got their wires crossed, and we were to provide us with a speaker, the only one available, was one coming twice a month. But since they were at first not paid him for the same figure, the latter figure went down and to the latter extent. The one who wrote, I think, was a great improvement. Enjoyable and well informed.

Yesterday, I received two letters from "fun-off" places: Martha Elia from Hawaii, and Gay Helmers family from Cambridge, England. Martha's warmest Christmas Day and the Helmers for me. It came through in much better time.

Everything considered, mainly in case present, the bank loaned me the money and going to stay. That will get me into January. Tuesday, but I have to be in Glendale the 15th. So would have to stay. The times go up 10% or 10% and besides I have a schedule all the...
Cooperative Extension Work
In
Agriculture and Home Economics
State of Montana

rest of Feb & most of March.

I'll write you from Chicago to let you know
definitely the train & whether I can make it. I
glow to go Erie as it is so much easier than
changing at Westfield & after all one really has
not save much time. N.Y.C.

Well, dear, I want wrote more now as I
must get Annual Report off before I can leave

I do so hope you will be feeling a lot
better, mother, so that my coming will not
frighten you all out. And, dear, I'll promise to
take over the job of chief cook & bottle washer
for the stay, so that you may have a vacation.

Best love

Yours,

[Signature]
Dear People,

How are both of you tonight? I hope as comfortable as possible. I feel well and slept. I wish everyone in the world felt as well.

I was at the county agent's house at noon and was lead chicken and all that goes with it. Then we danced. Hart, Price and I just went out for a bowl of soup and a sandwich Sunday.

Tomorrow I talk to the Indians at Bismarck.

I have just finished Kadlum. It's a book belonging to Ruth Palmer. It's the story of a white man who spent a year among the Eskimos. He lived right with them in their igloo eating fish and going with them on seal hunts. It is a very interesting book.
The natives are dirty beyond anything but she tells how she came to understand and appreciate them. They have no idea of any other place they are a manly people and I must not be a manly people like this.

We found a few places in the west & east. Each place as different as possible from the others. The first place - They are a mighty, powerful tribe. They live to the north of the town. They are called the Blackfeet. They live in tents and cook on wheels. They have a great deal of gold. We built a tent when we arrived. They drove their house from the house. The house was beautiful. The second place - They are a white girl who lives there. We built a tent there. We built a tent there. They are wonderful - They are wonderful.

Well, stayed up & read Scott & Cooper. They were entertaining. Then Mrs. Jones. She lived on top of a hill. When she was a child, Jones was a child. She lived in a tent. He had raised the family of five girls. He had raised a good little tent. She was always kind & always helped with the books & stories. But he was a fine man and

The moving picture show is next door. Can see the show through the window. Can hear the talking & the music. Every so often you hear the audience laugh out loud and once in a while they clap wildly.

Well, I must go to bed.

Best love,

[Signature]
Dear [Name],

Please forgive me for not having written sooner. I have been very busy with work, but today I thought I'd write to let you know what I've been up to.

Yesterday, I attended an art lecture at the University of Montana. The speaker was a renowned artist who has developed a new method for creating abstract paintings. He discussed his techniques and showed some of his work, which was quite impressive. I found the lecture very informative and enjoyable.

This evening, I will be giving a talk on my recent trip to Europe. I visited several art museums and galleries, which was a great experience. I think you would have enjoyed it, and I can't wait to tell you more about my trip.

To night, I hope to give a talk on my recent trip to Europe. I visited several art museums and galleries, which was a great experience. I think you would have enjoyed it, and I can't wait to tell you more about my trip.

I hope you had a good time at the exhibition. I saw some of your work and was impressed. I look forward to seeing more of your artwork in the future.

I hope this letter finds you well. I'll be home soon, and I'll be sure to bring along the locals this time with the local foods and drinks.

Well, that's all for now. I hope to see you soon.

Take care of yourself.

Yours,

[Name]

3/4/42

Bozeman
Dear People,

You won't have time to write me today, so I will have time to write you.

Saturday I had to write my program of work for the year so I mean to get through it. I'll finish it next week. This Friday we left at 9 am and drove all the way here, getting in at 11.30-5.35 miles per hour. Then yesterday we had meetings all day and finished up at 11 pm. So you will forgive me. We have meetings here every day today and drive back to Chicago tonight. I was installed relief specialist on Friday and today I drive back to Chicago tonight. I was installed relief specialist on Friday and today I drive back to Chicago tonight.

Last night it was the County Nutrition for Defense Committee. Things seem as much nearer when you are in such communities. We are not only plans for families to feed themselves, but we also plan to distribute food to the families on the food surplus. But also we plan to distribute food to the families on the food surplus. But also we plan to distribute food to the families on the food surplus.
I expect to be in Great Falls next Sunday, and should have a day of rest and talk, Things are easy. At least they're easy for a time. This continued finishing rather gets me down.

As I walk from my windows the foreground is gray, the trees in green, the river in gray, the ground in gray. That's a common gray—equally gray. But a gentle wind—equally gray. The sky is blue, so blue, with feathery white clouds. The whole scene is very little changed from what it was in the early 1930s when things were much the same. The river was quiet, the water flowed, and the earth was green. Now the river is wider, the water is faster, and the earth is dry. The city has grown, but the feeling of the past remains.

I have been thinking a lot about the American West, and how it has changed over the years. The frontier is gone, and the old ways have faded. But the spirit of adventure and the search for new opportunities lives on. I hope to capture that spirit in my writing, and to share it with others who are interested in the history of the West.

I have been reading a lot about the history of the West, and I have been impressed by the resilience of the people who lived there. They faced many challenges, but they always found a way to overcome them. I admire their strength and determination, and I hope to capture that spirit in my writing.

I have been thinking a lot about the future of the American West. It is a place of great beauty and natural resources, but it is also facing many challenges. Climate change, overdevelopment, and pollution are just a few of the issues that the West must face. I hope to be a voice for the future of the West, and to help ensure that it remains a place of beauty and opportunity for generations to come.
a bundle of garlic heads in his hand and
then opened his fingers and let them drop
at will. There they stuck. They are
most like my mussel shells, one rooted,
attached. In summer a white caused
so their tassel will blossom out beside
the stack. This part of the reservation
is peopled mostly with Shoshone but
where we were yesterday they were badly
Assimilated.

North of town as soon as you
got beyond the river bottom you
got away from Indian families
and were in the hands of whites.
They whites either have purchased or leased
the whites either have purchased or leased
were working with last night,
well, must eat lunch and be ready
to go on the program at 130. So far was
goodbye

Oh, I forgot to say in my last letter
I promised Miss Anderson
have you read a pair of "creepers"
how they put on her over shoes. No body
is put on her over shoes. Miss B.
here has even heard of creepers. Miss B.
is about 84 or 85 and she was difficult

W. E. Brown is visiting Brown's mother. He is
head of the resident home 8c left at Pompey.
Mr. Pepple,

When I got into town yesterday you letter was waiting for me. And we were a shap of chicken letters that had to be taken care of.

All day I've been doing farm visits. Then we have a meeting tonight. So if you are going to get the letter on time it will have to be just a note.

I have been trying to read Van Roomen's "Tolerance" but I had light meetings or traveled every night but work so didn't get much reading done. However the book is most interesting—not a new one published in 1927. But still as valuable to day as the day it was published.

We know spring can not be far off because we saw some spiders crossing across the road today. Even though it did snow again Saturday night.

It's 6:30 & the meeting is 7:30. I have to change my clothes & eat.

Best love,

[Signature]

Harriet
Dear People,

If I get this on the right train, we have to get a note off now.

Perhaps I can get more written later in the week.

I decided yesterday to write once & then get busy.

But it didn’t work out that way.

I had just come in. So that meant unpack, clean up
the house, wash my hair, clothes & iron. By that
time it was late & I went
to bed.

I have my new clerk.
She seems fine + I believe

with write out well. Her name
is Mrs. Riney Harryson.
Her husband is a junior in
college + she is helping the
family living.

I got all of your mail for
letters also. Also thanks, Dick for
the three pennies.

I have not had a chance
yet to take them over to him.

I have to get tomorrow evening.

You did not state the cold.
The rain, instreped
by the 2nd intercepter command,
instreped everyone that a
bad storm was coming.
The sky was warm + today
with a regular cloudburst
in full swing. But by five
The wind had switched around to the East + turned bitter cold. Mrs. Riggs (my mother's daughter) went out with the snow shovel & scooped up ancient & drifted snow & put blankets over the starting plants - over the -

The forecast that day was up about three inches - the promise that above red fingers above the earth & the things that were too far advanced. But we felt we had done a good job. Then, when I went up my window to go to the saw a whole new blanket of snow. This was a case of love at first sight. But we met well. This morning the snow was nearly a foot deep. But Bozeman at least has not had the cold weather that was forecast.

The forecast came in just how to make sure the winter basket + wind & snow & cold. But he didn't think it beautiful, but he failed to agree.

The National 4-H Club Dept. is putting out a transcribed 4-H radio talk during 4-H Club week of April 9 to 11th. We are getting it recorded. Hope you happen to hear it on one of the Eastern stations. It's a series, so if it should be interesting with air & it's all about an egg.

Well, dear if absent quiet corners get this off. Best love,

Your

Harriette
Livingston, Montana,  
March 27, 1942.

Dear People,

I am waiting for the County Agent in the Livingston office so I will start a letter to you. To write long hand would be almost an impossibility with so much other noise and confusion.

Yesterday afternoon Ruth Undem Hughes came up to the office to see us for a little while. It seemed so natural to have come into the office, I think it seemed pretty good to her also. She said that the first few days at home she felt as if she was shirking when she did not have anything to do. Of course after the baby comes she will more than have her hands full.

Neva seems to be able to get along faster each day but I do not think that she will ever be quite as quick as Ruth Riddle or Ruth Undem. Neva is just about my height but much, much skinnier.

I took the creepers over to Mrs. Braneegy yesterday noon. I think they will fit her goloshes O.K. She wanted to pay me then but I could not accept the money as we did not know the amount. I will send it to you as soon as I know the price.

Last night I came over here on the nine thirty train and went to the Park Hotel as usual. To my surprise there was a basketball tournament in town as well as the wind up of a livestock sale so that all the good hotels were full. The clerk said he thought he could get me a room at the Albermarle Hotel. So he phoned and found there was one left. I had never even noticed the hotel before; down one front street opposite the N.P. station. It must have been a very elegant hotel in its day. And big! I. The night clerk took me up the open staircase that led from the lobby to the upper regions. We went along first one hall and then another until we finally got to my room way at the back. I can imagine how it must have hummed in the early days of Yellowstone Park when every one traveled by train and Livingston was the only entrance. The room was small and the ceiling very high as in all the old timers. The bed was a very ornate iron one. The chairs have very good lines and have split bottoms. I looked them over carefully, I don’t think that they are hard wood though they are certain to be the same line of the fine old black walnut ones. The walls are a very billious green and here and there the plaster has come to pieces and patched with a lighter green. The effect is far from good. Just one night made no difference to me at all for many times I have to stay in much worse hotels because there is only the one hotel in the place.

On the train over from Bozeman, I read a book that Lillian Stone had loaned me. "Junior Miss" is its name. It is cleverly written. If you get a chance to read it don’t miss it. It is very light but lots of fun. Judy the main character is 12 and pretty much straight up and down, while Lois who is 15 is very much the lady and spends most of her time primping. Judy is about as clumsy as the cow but her head is filled with the most sudden and surprising inspirations. It made me think of when I was twelve years old.

I must go and eat now so that I will be ready for the afternoon meeting. I want send this now as I may have time to add more before Sunday. At least the letter should be off on time this week.

Your good letter came yesterday morning. I am always so happy to get home letters. I was interested about further news from the girl with the lovely handkerchiefs. Right now I do not know of any one that wants one but if you can not find takers there, send them to me and I am sure that I will find some who will want them. Well, I really must quit now.

Best love to both of you

Yours,

P.S. I did not get anything more written last week. Did not even get this printed. Please forgive.
May 30, 1942,
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear Ed,

Happy Birthday - and may it truly be a

Happy Birthday, one of the nicest you have ever had.

And I hope when the one comes up next year

it will be in a peaceful world.

I am waiting for the train which is due.

I am going over to Butte & Chase Burgers.

I am going to make a trip to the hills, which
come going to make a trip to the hills, which
you can get a car with a pretty good

I was thinking of it several days ago.

Did you ever get bitten by a fly worst yet?

The Thursday I had a meeting at Montana Tech.

The Thursday I had a meeting at Montana Tech.
The pretty girls were thinner than thin, so
when I drove them up to they took advantage of

and we all stood on the edge of my hair. Now

I am all wrinkled up with the sheet weaves.

And they will know the game.

The ladies announced that John弘元

was well, said that you were less handsome

and said that went much better.

it is nice to

to compare with you.

You have a

to have a

about your face. So many girls have

permanently male relatives

beautifully colored.

well, well, it's time for the mail so I'll

say goodbye. Again, dear, a most happy day

for you is ordered.

and lots of love

XXXXX — XXXX — fire warm kisses — Harriette
Dear People,

This was just a short note. It was late when I got home last night and now we are all in bed. I am getting ready for 44 Club tomorrow.

There was much rain last night but it cleared shortly. We drove back through the main highway at Drummond and struck up the river to Blue Lake and Ontario. (Blue Lake is the map halfway between Drummond and Ontario.) From there we went on to Butte and Missoula. From Missoula we took a train to Helena and "Café" Sardis Lodge. The Lake Lodge on Lake and "Café" Sardis Lodge. The Lake Lodge was most interesting and the "Café" was the interesting one. It has a nice collection of statues and is called "Café."

I would have liked to stay up there a week at least, but had to get back to Butte to catch the 6:30 train.

I was so glad I could have the trip and especially glad to get into that part of the state. It has always been a favorite spot on the map and it is a lovely area. Old ghost towns, snow-capped mountains, majestic mountain lakes and swift mountain streams, while here or there you run into mountain streets. While here or there you run into old town with many streets and comfortable old

I must stop. I have heaps to do.

Harriette.
Dear People,

Well, we just got in ahead of the rain. It's just begun to come down by the bucket full. Thunder and lightning and everything. Dr. Hollands is a very interesting man. He is our medical specialist. We are on a trip to get some Cooperating turkey poults.

Well, darling this won't be long as I want to get this off on the evening train.

This Wednesday we had the last picnic up North Cottonwood. It is such a pretty spot. The mountains and prairie counties are lovely. We enjoyed getting into the mountains and water. When I went to get the room ready for Clare, I noticed the pretty flowers from the home. I just had not trouble to open it first, then forgot. How surprised I was when I opened it and found the lovely view of the mountains and the prairie counties. The flowers are lovely and so much very rich when I said them. It was so nice
of you so generous and thoughtful.  
Sue thank you so much.
I have not had time to read
many of the postcards, but those
I did read were lovely. I thank
you so much.
I think I can get the dresses
made over to fit me. They are
wearing wasn't quite so much
this summer. The blue one will
come in most handy. Also I
can wear the other after just
altering.

Please forgive me for not getting
the package in the mail
well, it's dinner time & do
not want to keep Mr. Holland waiting.

So good night, dears.
Much love.
Your

[Signature]
Dear People,

I did so enjoy both your letters. Got them at Whitehall. Mixed my book, Mr. Hollands on our way back to Bozeman last night. His remark was, "Well, your father thinks also - I am always proud when people say nice things about my parents.

Mr. Hollands is very stimulating. In fact I think he is the smartest economist I have ever run across.

I am still reading Lincoln Steffens' autobiography. I added it out with me. On another day a week I would read a passage from it, then we would be off somewhere, not in the middle of an argument. It was the only way to think.

I am left in some air after going over the current report on the mining + the sugar beet situation. I spent most of my time just trying to keep things perfectly written.

We got in last night. Yesterday I did a day's washing + ironing. Cleared the house and washed my bed. I declare it took me most of my time just to keep things clean. I reminded myself of a cat, always washing.

The pictures I took with Clare on Memorial Day came back. Many of them are very good, I took time at them. Some of them in the bed were marred by reflected light. I haven't exactly fixed them. I'll work on them, as the room was not really dark enough on the wall, but I will try to see what the look like.
I was at the office all morning but we are starting my retreat on Sunday limit at 12:30 I will be back Thursday.

There was a bird singing tonight, I think it was a cat bird, but his morning wasn't exactly standard, it was in the middle of the night, it was dull, and I was about to wake.

I thought I would never get the sleep. Seven a.m. came altogether too soon.

I am glad you are enjoying Richard. It is so nice you have friends.

I almost wrote down to the yard, but I have wondered if we could sit out there and have a wonderful view. It can be flat at the other elevators and I can see the coast. I don't know if you could sit there. I will inquire.

You should get out in the wind. Thursday you could just climb, but we could climb without need. We will see if you would be interested. I will call you.

Happy birthday, Christmas, only happening to you. You will have John's commencement present. He sent me his invitation. It will be fine, and you will love it. I already know what to send.

Well, it's most time for Dr. Hollands, besides I am at the foot of the page.

Best love you.

Farrette.
Dear People,

It was so good of you to write, and to send the letter airmail. But it was a shock, especially when I got your letters only yesterday in which you stated, all things considered, she felt stronger than last year at this time.

As you know, mother, that the Apache has come back, and am sickening on you than you would have become proficient in the deaf and dumb language, or just in time. And it has been necessary. Only now they tell me it's deaf and mute on the instincs and not mute. Didn't that is just because we have drunk. But that is just because we have drunk. How twisted the word deaf to mean writers. How much more words we twist about.

I appreciate all they do for us.

Mr. Holland's and I finished our trip Thursday. We are now ready, but having a very good thing as a change from work and I am glad to have a little while. I went up to the office and got my mail, and then came home to sleep yesterday and got my mail, and then came home to sleep. It's mostly what happened. Mr. Holland's is brilliant. We are very pleased, but he still strenuous for us has a day. We did so or at 7:30 a.m. and started off for the day. We formed a day depending upon the travel distance. It forms a day depending upon the travel distance. We formed a day depending upon the travel distance. It forms a day depending upon the travel distance.

We formed a day depending upon the travel distance. It forms a day depending upon the travel distance. I generally to bed early or to reach our own way. But long drives and often over very poor quiet and roads was of burning.

When in Hove last week, I found a $10.00 bill on the stairs. I turned it in at the desk. The money was remitted. The man was of burning.
I was surprised & very pleased. I planned to do something special with the two.

The trip this week was even than last week in that the part of Montana was nice. I do not like the Teton area too much. I can see a change from where I arrived 20 years ago. Then point from where I arrived 20 years ago, of the house of our & of the house of my friends 1910 to 1918. The house of 1910 to 1918 were still there, and I was the only one who was left there. Those left are the ones who were there 1910 to 1918. We wanted to see the house of our old friends. We wanted to see the house of our old friends.

In the parts of sweetness, stillwater, yellowstone in the parts of sweetness, stillwater, yellowstone in the parts of sweetness, stillwater, yellowstone, and Carbon counties where we were this week, the people are progressing. The buildings are painted and trees & flowers growing, as for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing. As for Holland, painted and trees & flowers growing.

This won't be a long letter as I want to hear it catch the afternoon train & thus get the evening plane out of Billings.

Well, write again tomorrow when you have a little more time.

I hope you have a very happy father's day, and I hope your day is brightened and made easier.

I hope your day is brightened and made easier, so that in the end knowing that it is father's day, it will be like which came first. The sun or the sky. With the result that the day will be bright and shinning and very happy for both of you.

Best love

Fannie
Dear People,

Well, so far today we have had no rain. I think this is the second day in June that there has been no rain. And tonight is goyery. May rain begins midnight.

At least I am finding time to read "Windsoft"

I had a lot of friends because I love to return, & am engaged at. How beautifully Mary Ellen Chase writes. I almost despair of ever doing anything when I read her simple sentences. She never uses more adverbs words. I am not quite as great as Willa Cather, but both of them have a feeling for words & can draw human relationships in such a way that the same manner. You and Philomena could have stepped out of "My Antonia" - and Redgild have stepped out of "Shadows on a Rock" or Ephraim Peplin's "Nettie of the Utesines."

"Nettie of the Utesines."

"Reading Windsoft." - the idea comes clearer & still more clear of a book. This is in my mind. The scene behind the story is Mrs. Pearson's ranch house. The person we girls have visited several times down on the Wyoming River. Mr. Hollands was there the other day. Mrs. Pearson was visiting with her daughter to see that the new thing taking up the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestling with the cattle were fed. Mrs. Pearson was wrestli
They still live on in 1911.

Mr. Helvick states there is something wrong with one of the oldest pines in the park. It needs to be cut down so that new growth can take place.

But an economist does not even have the slightest notion of the value of human relationships. Mrs. Robson is not only active but helpful in community affairs. Since she has started a chicken and turkey situation, she has expanded her skills and knowledge. Her first step towards self-sufficiency was to start a garden of fruits and vegetables. She has since established a small orchard and a greenhouse where she grows a variety of plants.

They have a new shed at the back of the house, and now have electric range and running water in the house.

I went to get down again some time and learn more of the early years they spent in the valley.

In the days of cyclones and storms, it was a real struggle for them to survive. They had a wonderful childhood. They went to school at Pounder, and then graduated from the Uni of Wyoming.

They both graduated from the Uni of Wyoming.

Edward is a Chemist in Calif. The same family name.

Robert was for a while. The daughter quite an artist.

Robert was for a while. The daughter quite an artist.

In her own right, married an Engineer and lives in her own right. Married an Engineer and lives in her own right.

The valley has also become almost wholly summer.

But it seems as if their lives have a whole new cast that would be equal to any

I suppose this is all boring since you don't know the people. But it seems as if their lives have a whole new cast that would be equal to any

if properly handled.

Well, darlings, tomorrow is another day. I hope the captain and first mate are both comfortable and that the sails of the Good Ship Comfortable are all set toward the harbor. I hope the Good Ship Comfortable is a thing of the past. Everything is ship shape -

Best love,

Yours,
June 23, 1942

Dear People,

I'll try to say hello between opening some toast.

I didn't think it too badly and was sort of cotton.

Pauline Bunting has asked me to go to the show with them, so I'll just get this сдела'd off. Don Pauline has been having lice. This morning one eye was swollen shut. I guess she ate too many strawberries.

Well, darlings this just a hello. Hope things are much much better.

Be sure and take your vitamin B pills. Mother - Dr. Brow says they are excellent for heart muscles.

I'll try & write more tomorrow.

Best love,

Harmette
Dear People,

Well, no news is supposed to be good news. For two
days I have received no word from you, Dad. So
I came to the conclusion that Mother is resting a little
more comfortably. I hope this is the case.

Last night I dashed off a letter before going
to the show. It was Steinbeck's 'Tortilla Flat.'
I almost did not want to see it; sure I had so
thoroughly enjoyed the book. But it was well done,
very well done. Of course, the changed the ending
but the rest was mostly true. T. was getting the
sweep machine for Sweets, Pirate and the dogs and
and Sweep all their daily effort to keep from working.
Every day the wonder that the only cares + tortilla
and good health to the astonishment of the health
doctor.

When I get home I turned on the radio
to get the news and they announced that Marie
would talk immediately afterwards. I did so
enjoy her book about her mother, that I was
interested to hear her voice. It was a very nice
voice. I liked to hear her pronounce F. R. A.
I could not possibly say it her way. Needless to
say she was not very much in love with her.

1/4/42

Bozeman, Montana
I have to go to Billings to night, so I may not find time to write tomorrow— you will forgive me, won't you?

I have a copy of "Poetry" on my desk. It seems senseless for the most part. For example, do you make anything out of this?

"Man + Bike"

"How many miles to the sun?" He asked
in answer to my "Where are you going?"

The days were caught in the handle bars,
his feet were mud, his eyes were stars,
his hair was blowing.

What could he find in clouds that were piled
as thick as night in the early morning?
The daily paper, punctual, piled,
sat on my stoop with news of the world
and doubtless a warning;

But under the oak beside his bike
The men lay down and the storm came over;
grass turned yellow and branches blue—

After a while he stood his bike
With heads of clover,

Where was he going? What was he like?
The sun came out in a breath of sprinkling;

The moon came out in a breath of sprinkling;

The sun came out on his bike. I see him still—
He spoke as stammering:

Marion Stokel
And that seemed as intelligent as any in the group.

I'd rather read old Chinese poems.

Well, I am going to get these things done that must be done before I leave.

I must ship.

Best love and hoping things are more comfortable for everyone.

Yours

[Signature]
Dear People,

Well, it does seem to have a few minutes before Bernard Williams, the County Agent, gets here. I probably won't get it finished, but 1 will start.

Last night when I got home, Mr. Renier brought me a most gorgeous horse of purebreds — red roses with yellow centers. Since I was leaving at 8:45 and not for home until late Tuesday night, I took them over to the hospital to the Winans' house. Did I tell you she has a baby girl, Thursday, June 12, 1942. That's as far as I got when Bernard was along. I had a most interesting day. We went out to turkey hunters as a highlight of the week. Mr. Halverson & I were going to the farm. Mrs. Renier & her two were riding. The O're family was going along. I held you about the O're family going along. The horse that took me last year? They were the ones that took me to Medicine. — Were so delightful. We said, we met all of Mrs. O'res' social circle, there. They were lovely, kind people.
The claim is in the center of it. It seems that back in the 20's before the regular opening up of land, those who took claims had to plant large fences. This one must cover at least 25 or 30 acres. The poles are re-planting the old homestead log house and nothing very easy. As we drove onto the place, first the chickens came to greet us. They are being raised in the old log barn with sod roof. We were feeding the chickens a lovely thick dog food, feeding through the rain, the dog came boiling through the yard, men at the log stables. They then started.

Even at one edge of the yard, near the big and white was a huge cactus. This is what they are going to grow the thing. It is a yeastly lovely spot. And it is a truly lovely spot.

The people do not seem to have any places in which they can bring up their boys. And it is a truly lovely spot. As the days they will mostly remain during the summer months and enjoy the turkeys. Then they will move in from the school.

As we came back from the area's hill place, we stopped to look at some beautiful mane with cats. They were now filled by the woods and the men were all lawyers. The men were all lawyers until the blood and the cats bited by a current of hell. Oh, they were beautiful. Even there battle into every movement was pure grace.

and poetry.

Then we went back to the Memere. In the morning, I had been so wished. I had not had a chance to look at some thing with the a chance to look at some thing with the.

There we always seem to have time at always.

Our house was built about 1900. More like an eastern house with its.

The Memere is a lovely place in the dining room. It was the.

The Memere is a lovely place in the dining room. It was built about.

The Memere is a lovely place in the dining room. It was built about. It was built about.

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The Memere is a lovely place in the dining room. It was built about.

The Memere is a lovely place in the dining room. It was built about.
when I can come to Dillon again she will have them on hand & show them to me.

As we left we almost stumbled over the dogs in the entrance. Mrs. H. asks me Mrs. H what all the cats were put down for she asked well it seems Rocket had fallen off the bridge & got wet & he needed a dry bed. Furthermore the screen was fixed with a known so the dog could go in.

I didn't say anything about miss Helen whom we visited in the afternoon. She is a college graduate also interesting & is a college graduate & teaching where her father had a fortune & much income. She wrote home to make her parents think she died last year & she is continuing. I would like to know her better. I was in all 8 checked up on 7000 turkeys. Made some friendships renewed old friends & had a charming time. As a farmer I know how much they are worth & the more important they are especially when the money goes down & the prices start. Never know what will turn up or what it will all amount to when it is over. I am finishing this in the Butterfly Station current progress is dollars. Hope everything is better. 

Best love

Yours

Hanne.
Dear People,

With a letter nearly every day there is little left to write on Sunday. But I'll try to find something to tell you.

I was so glad to get both of your letters last Monday. When I got them from Billings I did not get this one. I was so glad to see the clipping in the newspaper. I am writing to tell you I have not heard from you since you wrote last June 4th. Your letter was so happy it makes me feel better.

But you must not write too much or I won't be able to get them out. I will understand if you don't write any letter, but I really remember Polly well, thought of her for years, though I had not heard from her since she came to read very well yesterday. I didn't get up until 3 p.m., then I did a small amount of work and read some newspaper articles, did washing and read on Lincoln Stevens. I also enjoyed a book I have enjoyed a book that I have enjoyed a book and am done with it. I don't seem to get much more done at a time. I am afraid Dr. Peake will be wanting it back before I finish it.

I received a letter from you yesterday. Saturday evening I came down to use my machine to make some neat covers for your car. The car is a new one, and your state of health is very good. The cars as I mentioned are made by Betty Ford. She calls them Ford "Sammy." I suggested that she make some neat covers for Sammy's pants. She really did a very neat job, having no pattern. She just went out and fitted the
on dancing. Something like we made up his
closet day dress. Did we wear that dress? Really it was a marvel of construction and
it looked nice.

When 1 came through Butte Friday I
went up to see Elizabeth Coggings (Mrs.
that's Teddie's niece that married Italy in
May. She has a nice little apartment and
is so very happy. She thinks there
is no one quite like him there. They do
seem so comfortable. She says he helps her
with the dishes in the evening. Then he reads
aloud while she minds. They both are
interested in Shakespeare, music & philosophy.
Really they have the chance to make a rich
and happy life.

I must call this enough for now as
I have a lot of work to do.
Don't let the house work get you down,
Dad.

Maybe I will have something more
interesting to relate next time.

Sincerely,

Harriette.

P.S. Thanks for putting your room in motion.
This way you can get your letter without
having to wait for Dad to bring in the
evening.