

Dear People,

We get one awful
week off and another
comes along directly -
County agent conference
is now over - and I
say "Thank the dear
Lord." Sometimes I
think I can never face
another year, but I
already have demands
enough to keep two
people busy for a year -
at least my money will
run out - then I can
stay "in" -

I've got to go to the
"Sheep herders' banquet, the
State wool growers are
having their annual banquet,
so I won't write more
now. I hope
next Sunday I will
really have time
to write a decent
letter.

Lots of love
Farrille -

Bozeman Mont
Jan. 31, 1932

Dear People

Well the hectic season of the year is over and we can settle back to just ordinary hard work. This idea of heavy schedule all day & extra things all night is sure tiring. It seems harder to face each year. And it just got over with on the nick of time this year. The last meeting, last banquet came off Tuesday & I woke Wednesday am. ^{voiced} I tried to struggle along at the office Wed & Thursday but ^{nothing doing so} have stayed home since & done nothing but sleep. I was glad Dr Dean told me to stay in for the last three days we have had a ^{below} holding blizzard from the East with 20° temp. and the wind going 60 per. But my house has been nice & snug. I have had nothing to complain of. Now that conference is over we have to live ~~at~~ the work for the new year

and start all over again. Sometimes it seems just plain dumb, but I suppose any person's work seems dumb at times.

At the Wool Growers Convention which was the first 2 days this week they had a real sheep wagon with an old header with it. This was parked out in front of the hotel. Tuesday night when we came out from the dance at 1 AM he was just climbing out of his wagon. I said, "Why did I think you'd be in bed." When ~~he~~ answered I could see that he was well "lit". "Oh no, he said then called after me wildly "Say madam, say madam" - to my "yes?" he said, "Will you please say a little prayer for me?"

The new O'Henry award book is just out. As usual Wilbur Daniel Steele is in the money again. I wish I could get around to writing. What I must get around to writing, what I must get putting thoughts into words. and to think it's the same dictionary that supplies the words (over)

For state scientific bulletins &
Poultry circulars as it is that gives
writers Steele and Wille rather than
impliments to convey thoughts from
their futile minds to folks like us
that read.

Well I seem to be getting
weary again. This pen won't hardly
track, and that makes me want
to cross. So to save my Sunday
reputation I'll say good night

With lots + lots of love

Yours

Harrille

VALLEY HOTEL

COMMERCIAL
SAMPLE ROOMS

STRICTLY MODERN

CAFE IN
CONNECTION

SIDNEY, MONT., Feb. 4 1932

Dear People,

Well again I am getting a Sunday letter written on Sunday. Its been several years since I have been in Sidney - But as far as I can see the town has not changed a bit - Only a bit slowed up as every thing has. You still smell vile beet pulp - They have a sugar factory here.

Frances Smith is here in town too - I surely enjoy Frances - She is good to look at & has a very good brain - Another rare combination. She is the Nutrition Specialist.

Fanny Fortner Parker used to be H.D.A. here - before she married "Happy" Parker. She had the

VALLEY HOTEL

COMMERCIAL
SAMPLE ROOMS

STRICTLY MODERN

CAFE IN
CONNECTION

SIDNEY, MONT., _____ 19__

present H.D.A. Clara Dugan Frances & I over for dinner today. Fannie acquired a 9 year old son when she married. She certainly understood him & he loves Fannie dearly & calls her "mother" -

I hardly know what to tell you for nothing exciting or interesting has happened - Also I have to go to bed & be ready for work early in the morning so I will say Goodnight.

Lots of love

Fannie

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,
AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
COOPERATING

STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Feb. 15, 1932

Dear People:

It sure was a surprise to hear of Vi's boy I never knew a thing until I received the letter you forwarded. It seems funny she did not tell me last summer. I can understand not telling you all for fear of worrying you. But laws I am capable of shocks, I mean withstanding them.

Let's see, seems last time I wrote I was tearing up magazines. It took me all week, but I finally got them completed and all wrapped up - the parts I want to save - I slipped out a few articles to send home - but of course they are at the house & I am here. Kua is still with me. Probably will be until the end of the week.

Yesterday being Valentines day we had Lois, Mark and his new wife to dinner. Together I think we fixed a very creditable dinner & the best part it was not expensive. Mark is very

fond of meat loaf so I st. worth of hamburger found the main part of the meal. I rather like my meat loaves. I put in 2 raw eggs, bread crumbs, dash of "Poultry Seasoning", one of a-1- sauce, paprika, onion (over)

salt, celery salt ordinary salt. In fact about the only thing I left out was furniture polish and kistamine - they might have improved the mess. Then I sliced hard boiled eggs over the top.

Ira fixed the potatoes - baked them along with the meat loaf. She took out the insides mashed them put them back to brown over the top.

was started with fruit cup - I forgot about that. For salad we had cottage cheese for whiteness and then cut hearts in shape of hearts and arranged around the mound. For vegetable we had cauliflower with dash of peprika on it (again red + white) Oh yes the baked potatoes stood up white + fluffy to with peprika dashed over it.

Dessert was date torte cut in heart shapes with whip cream & a red cherry gracing the ridgepole. After that we had coffee. How wasn't that

a nice Valentine party.

Since starting this letter I received a letter from Vi - well I am pleased that they finally got to tell me -

Mrs. Grace Stone Coates - a woman I have met several times has just published a new volume of verse called Mead & Mangle Wozel - She has a lovely choice of words but she has either an unhappy philosophy of life or else she has not grown up. Although she is older than I am. Let me quote from it - I have Frances Smith's copy.

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,
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POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

I take any of them at random - I open the book &
find - "Idolatry"

When the hour is dark
And the desolate temple is empty
Any puppet of straw
Can be twisted into an idol;
Then if we come with eyes
Closed for reverent worship
Never need we discern
That our goddess is less than gold.

The Day

Dawn flung itself on the mountains
With the rush of an eager boy;
I shouted beside life's fountains,
I shall enjoy, enjoy!
As day withdraws its ample
Prowse, and night hangs sure,
I say to the shards I trample,
I can endure and endure.

Walter Kern

You are more bitter upon my lips than ergot,
Purple corruption on the murrishing kernel;
Bitterer to me than brackish desert water,
Bitter as tears in dreams that stain Jehenna,
Because you were sweeter upon my tongue than honey
Bladder than milk in unmaturing kernels
Stranger than swooning breath of the sun-kissed berry
You are more bitter in my throat than death

Spring Scimitar

Rake my eyes with a thorn branch
But do not ask me to look at Forsythia
Smoking into color under February rain,

Pumpkin seeds, pumpkin seeds,
Oud which side to butter them —
One who studied Agriculture
Went practicing biology without a license!
Freesias choke me. and never again, violets!
I can forget the color of Chinese love nets,
Tilting an absinth glass against the light.

"Smoking into color" is a lovely thing - But I rather prefer
Don Marquis - Methitabel that dances on one leg and
says "Wot the Hell Archie Wot the Hell" and eats a frozen
fish she digs out of the alley.

But to me the philosophy in "West Running Brook"
or Edna St Vincent Milay ~~are~~ is nicer to live with.
All the poems in the volume are not quite so
sad - some of them have more hope.

I have many things to do so I will
quit and say goodbye for the time
being -

Lots of love

Your favorite

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK

IN

AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,

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STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE

POULTRY

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Enroute Helena -
2/22/32

Dear People,

I was up at the office for a few minutes before the train left. I was glad, for your letter came on the morning mail, rather dear.

It is so nice to hear such splendid progress on Josephine's part. So she is copying poetry. I like her choice. It's too bad that little children in studying poetry can not be given the full

When I learned it

fruity of it. Perhaps the teachers are incapable. I loved the picture "The first Snow Fall" quite, but I little realized the masterhand that perched it. "busily all the night" how that expresses the way the snow flakes hustle, they seem to ~~chase~~ chase each other in the air each trying to get there first. Who else ever said "busily all the night". Then - "a silence deep & white" he didn't say like a deep silent blanket or use

an inadequate simile. just made silence a thing in itself that one could heap onto the frozen fields and the wavy rutted highways that needed covering after the fall rains. then the freezes - We should go back to Lowell and some of the splendid things his age stood for. "Mendel & Mangle Wurtzels" that I talked about in my last

(over)

letter has so upset me that I finally broke out
with feeling, and composed this:

The Seamy Side's not all

Why all this modernistic cant?
The gesture sickens me. Why rant?
Accept that nature's stark
yet don't we miss the mark
When we declare that all?

Of course the forest swept by fire is grim.
But nature ^{covers} with a benedictory ^{hyphen}
The ugly fallen logs with moss
That helps to grow
The wound 'til trees again grow tall.

I don't know whether 'ts good or not
But I am getting damn tired of the Seamy
Side cult. They ~~are~~ a blotch and the
blotch immediately becomes the whole thing.
I guess ~~it~~ start a cult of "et alles", taking
the crude & the beautiful to gether. No use
being a Polly Anna - But why the too much
of "no use"!

I have been thinking it would be
nice to make a collection of my poems
and call it "Follow me" - It would have

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

an introduction saying that I go about the state - some times on a grain - good road & bad - over mountains - I see poverty & ease - ugliness and rare beauty. To have such lodge lodge to gether. "Follow me" would explain in a way cement the thing to gether

The other day I had a letter from Aunt Marnie. She said she would like to hear more from you all she said she guessed that my mother was not well enough & that my father probably lacked sufficient urge.

In the dinner

Things are getting pretty tight here in the state. Two men are talking across the aisle. They are discussing some very pertinent facts - seems there is to be a land utilization meeting in Helena shortly also we are having a mess of a faculty meeting at the college. We may have one large perfectly good State College for rent. One of the men seems to be an irrigation lawyer. I can't keep track of what I am writing because I am listening so hard.

~~Recess~~ Recess while my jaws work up & down - and while I ate I got the low down on the two across from me. the attorney is Wood - a

prominent man in state politics - The other is Reynolds - head of Agri Development for the C.M. & St. P. R.R. located at Chicago. I happen to know both by reputation, so the conversation proved to be very interesting. Wood has some very interesting theories about irrigation & the way of putting ~~the~~ the burden of the water on the water Co. rather than on the land - as it is the water Co. has first lien on the land & it's impossible for the irrigation farmer on one of these non-gov. projects to get loans to swing operations until he gets under way. As a result under present conditions a good deal of the land is reverting back to the companies. It's not a healthy situation.

There is much that causes us to stop and consider.

Well we are almost to Helena - & stay there for an hour. Go to Ft. Falls on the evening train - then on to Shelby in the morning. I want get back to Big Horn until March 14. Stay one day only + two more - That is if my budget is not exhausted. & appreciate your desire to keep in things, mother dear. But please don't go too much beyond your strength. You are a very important person to a great many people & we can't have you unduly & unnecessarily in pain.

Lots of love

your

Harriette.

BROWNING PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BROWNING, MONTANA

DOUGLAS GOLD
SUPERINTENDENT
GLADYS PAISLEY
CLERK

March 1, 1932.

Dear People,

I have been busy every minute since coming up here Sunday. So please forgive me if the letter is late and further forgive a typed letter for I do not see any ink or pen about and I am writing while I am waiting for ~~Hilmar~~ Reik to come back so that I can get the eggs judged. I am very sorry that Grace did not get down as I had hoped to see her. I saw the Noffsingers who live next door to them or rather next ranch. They said that Jack and Grace were in town on Saturday and then I came in Sunday. Some way their plans must have gone wrong.

Last night I was talking to Bill Nelson who has charge of the mill here and was asking him about whether there might be an opportunity to get any arrow heads or anything else that might be sold on a commission. He said he would be on the look out and said that he wondered how elk teeth would turn. He said he had some very nice ones that would be worth quite a bit back east. The Blackfeet do not make very many things that would be very saleable but if you are interested it might be well for you to write to Bill Nelson. Address Wm. Nelson Miller, Blackfoot Agency, Browning, Mont.

The mountains are especially lovely at this season, the snow is still deep while the low lands are getting bear.

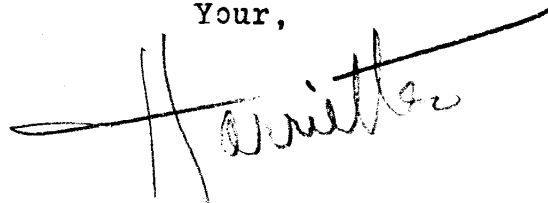
I am going to see if Hil has arrived yet so I will skip.

I wish you could see the agency and all the people that live here the queer houses that are strewn over the flat in front of me. Some fine college bred folks, some of the queerest breeds and then then the fine old full bloods, the come to the meetings with the ceremonial paint on their faces and their hair braided and wrapped in gay colors, There are the dogs, the smells and the noises that you hear and see no other place on earth.

Well dears, please forgive me if I cut this very short.

Lots of love,

Your,





SALISH HOUSE

ON FLATHEAD LAKE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SWANBERG
POLSON, MONT.

3/6/32

The
Power
City
In
The Garden
of
The Rockies

Dear People,

I have had quite an array of read semi-freshy stories - the McCall's + S.E.P. I should have perhaps improved my time ^{but} too late to regret now. I have got to get some sleep and start another week.

Since I last wrote, I finished up at Browning came across the mountains in a snow storm & was driven to Missoula, had meeting there, back tracked to Rouen had more meetings & came up to Sunday here. Rouen's no place to spend Sunday. Hotel with no

DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION :::: BRING YOUR ROD AND REEL



SALISH HOUSE

ON FLATHEAD LAKE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SWANBERG
POLSON, MONT.

The
Power
City
In
The Garden
of
The Rockies

running water and a bun bed. Besides Polson is on the lake & only 15 miles from Rouen. It has been snowing now since Tuesday. So that the highways are heaped up. But I put on my woolen socks & took a four mile hike along the lake shore. I love lakes - I never cease to honor mountains. Mountain streams with their chatter charm me. But lakes seem part & parcel of me like part of the family. You can almost feel out the surface of the

DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION :::: BRING YOUR ROD AND REEL



SALISH HOUSE

ON FLATHEAD LAKE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SWANBERG
POLSON, MONT.

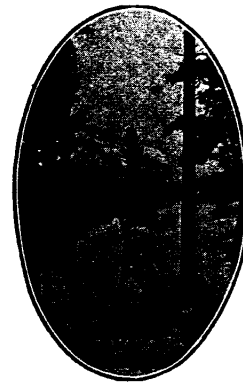
The
Power
City
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The Garden
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The Rockies

water must feel as it creeps,
suddenly creeps - to end in little
slaps against a half sunken pier
or the way it ruffles at the edge
of the ice along the shore

The flathead is like our
Chautauqua, - when the upper
end is frozen over, the lower end
is open water & visa versa.

To night as I was eating
dinner, the dining room
windows over look the lake, the
last after glow left the hills,
they took on that deep blue tint
and the water seemed to cease

DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION :::: BRING YOUR ROD AND REEL



SALISH HOUSE

ON FLATHEAD LAKE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SWANBERG
POLSON, MONT.

The
Power
City
In
The Garden
of
The Rockies

creeping. It lay almost motionless
and shimmered, silvers then
turned dark. And on its gently
breathing breast a string of
wild ducks settled - bobbing specks
they looked more like soot
shown from a passing boat as
they tucked their heads under their
wings for the night.

While I was walking out
away from town it seemed so
utterly preposterous that with so
much beauty, such adjusting in
nature that man can make

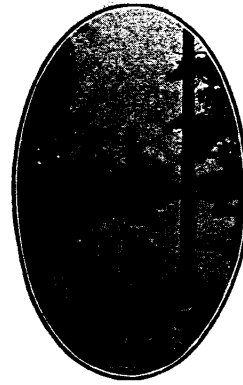
DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION :::: BRING YOUR ROD AND REEL



SALISH HOUSE

ON FLATHEAD LAKE
OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SWANBERG
POLSON, MONT.

The
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SALISH HOUSE

ON FLATHEAD LAKE
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POLSON, MONT.

The
Power
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such an overwhelming mess of things.
It is not only "Duddy's" baby
stolen, stock markets going
swash - but even when I'm
working hard and unselfishly
and all the rest of us to try &
help - farmers are overwhelmingly
suspicious. Every move that's
made - some body is sure, some
body else is going to get the best
of things - I'm pretty near
sick of it.

No - Vi did not write of
Uncle Oliver's death. Poor old
chap. He's lucky though - Besides

DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION :::: BRING YOUR ROD AND REEL

Poor old dear was not needed longer,
I hope Vi gets into no messes over
the worldly things he left.
Vi seems to have an affinity
for getting into messes.

I'm glad my will is all made
out very definitely so that she, or
no one else will have a ghost of a
doubt as to my intentions.

Well dear, its time I
went to bed. I did not get
up until late this morning
but - nevertheless I am sleepy
again

lots of love
Your
Farrington

DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION :::: BRING YOUR ROD AND REEL



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

- Mar, 20 - 1932 -

Dear People:

While I am waiting for the
sewer & will start a Sunday
letter.

What will next week bring
for us? Each week begins
with a new day - I have dull
important meetings scheduled
and Basel to the empty
air another adventure stalks
on our side page.

With business for a week, the
I thought that to have things
would be the into a small routine
But in Merrill's over the unexpected came
most unexpectedly Friday night.
I went up to visit Bert on Friday

Merrill's over
some in the way



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

morning. We were supposed to
have a meeting in town in the afternoon
but it never materialized. The County
Agents office was full of farmers
making seed loan applications.
They were seated on the floor,
occupied every available chair
& leaned against the wall, so I
fled to the County surveyors
office which was unoccupied
and worked on my "1932 Program
of Work".

The County Agent Mr. Passley
was supposed to court on a trial
over some land. The tenants had
failed to "summer fallow" their
land according to the lease &
the land lord was trying to turn them



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

out. Mr. Rossley of course was very loath to go but since with his position anything he might say would get him into trouble. What they wanted of him was the technical definition of "summer fallow". He said afterwards that he managed to answer questions for 25 minutes without saying anything.

By the time he came back it was 4:30 - Since we had to start for Highwood and a night meeting, at 5:00 we went over to his house & had a bite. He has an adorable black haired wife and three youngsters about the ages of Ji's - George Tommy + Mary Frances. While most of the roadside



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Chouteau County were nearly impossible with frost going out, the Highwood road was only plowed to be O.K. People had been coming in and out in about an hour + a half. We were allowing ourselves plenty of time.

Stopped at the hotel to get my rubber. "Mac" - (Mr. Macaulay followed the property, day etc etc) - "Well," he said, "the sheets on your bed won't get worn out to-night." A nice parting shot.

Fort Benton is built on the right of the old fur trading station on a flat by the Wisconsin. To go out of town in any direction one has to climb up steep hills to



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

get away from the river brakes. We got up the hill alright & started merrily toward the Highwood Mts, the little village of Highwood nestled at the foot of the Mts. We had a long stretch of about 20 miles over rolling prairie. About 10 miles out the car hits a gumbo stretch we mired down.

Clay at home is only a remote second cousin once or twice removed from adobe gumbo. This was at the stage of dryness where it rolls. I can't adequately describe it. Mr. Rossby shoveled



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

& I tried to do my duty at the wheel. The only guide in sight was a lone light about two miles away. About 11 P.M. we came to the conclusion that we had either better trudge across the fields to the ranch house or start back to Burton. At that juncture we both gasp for the ranch began moving. It was only another car. stuck for an equal length of time. They finally came up. It proved to be the young teacher from beyond Highwood & her boy friend. He was coming in to spend the week end with her mother.



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

day light. They started out to a deserted house ~~we~~ could see on the horizon to get some fire wood. It was raining by that time + getting frightfully cold.

We girls got in the Coupe + in a minute Miss Kinder was sound asleep in my arms. I thought the men got lost but I was beyond caring. But they had wanted in the deserted shack til the rain let up a bit.

After they return + started the fire we alternately got out ~~+~~ warmed up + then got in the car again to rest.

It got light about 6 AM. Then the men began to work again on the Deadman car. Ours was



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

near sunk over the running boards. We found that our car sprung a leak in the gas line during the night so there was a great puddle of gas in front of the car. That did frighten us. For safety sake we were obliged to put the ^{CAMP} fire out at once. We girls stood around

in the ashes. With dawn a heavy fog settled down so that it was impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction, so that we were still unable to see if any farm house was near. If we were where we thought we were there was no ranch on the highway between us + Benton. But daylight



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

helped heaps. By eight A.M. with jacking up the wheels putting pieces of posts in the ruts, these were borrowed? from the corrals of the deserted ranch, the one car was on solid ground.

We then decided to abandon the Roadway car & all go in the DeSmet car. Well we only went a mile at the most when again we bogged down. The road was getting worst minutely. That which had been O.K. at 6 P.M. the night before was impossible.

Now we did not even have warm ashes to stand in and I was afraid Florence Kinder was going to give way to hysterics from the way she acted. So I proposed that we girls walk ahead & the men



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

could catch up. So we started - we had scarcely gone twenty paces ~~when~~ the car was swallowed in fog.

The girl was game but she was all in & I felt sorry for her. When I'd ask her directly how she felt it was always "just fine" but half consciously she would say in a flat monotone: "I wonder where they are - I'm so cold". Then we'd pass a familiar object along side the road & she would say "that is the deserted Buck ranch, that is the road to the 'Big Sag' it that the road to the 'Big Sag' - oh it still a long, long, long way - also it a long, long, long way & I'm so cold."

Finally I had to put my arm around her & almost carry her.



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

When we could walk on the feet at the side of the road our feet would ball up until the quins of its own weight would fall off & we would feel as if our shoes were suddenly removed.

Thus we struggled on for a good 5 miles when we saw a car coming out of the mists. It wasn't our car. But it was a farmer who lived on a side road close by, who lived in town during the winter so that the children could go to school & who went out to the ranch each day to do his chores.

He picked us up. I was especially glad for Miss Florence's sake. It only took the car a few minutes to make the last 3 1/2 miles. Oh, the hotel looked good to me



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Mr. "Mac" came out & kidded & scolded & took off my dirty overshoes & I high tailed to the hot tub. I was so sleepy I could hardly address - so sleepy I wasn't hungry though it was noon & my last nourishment had been 5 P.M. the day before. After the bath I slept until 7 P.M.

After I ate sweet water the Bradley & found that the men never got back until 4 P.M. I'm sure that we walked for we could not have helped them.

So that's that. To meet it would be nothing but a terrible nightmare. I don't know why it wasn't true



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

But honestly, it was not. It was as if I was detached - another somebody viewing it as a novel or rather moving picture - I knew it was all coming out soon & ~~some~~ slow.

The deserted slack against the sky at midnight was ^{weirdly} beautiful. The little road lark pinged at daylight was eerie, the mud sickening - sticky and heavy was only the background of the adventures. I felt sorry for the men when they worked so hard and for Florence when she shook with nervous exhaustion. But it all seemed a part of the drama - a drama so much more interesting and completely satisfying than advance



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

well bears, now I am in a very pleasant warm room - my clothes are clean & ~~dry~~ dry, the mud is removed. I have eaten well of nicely prepared food, waited on by a charming waitress in white that deferentially calls me "Miss Cushman" for two reasons - one she likes me - the other - by flattering my vanity she gets a tip - of course she does - the more power to her.

The A.C.M. owns the hotel - the people of the state sleep here. Van der Pae the manager shakes hands with Governor & shakes my hand and pinches my arm - tells me I look younger. Van der Pae is 6-3' +



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

a bachelor with a bald head & a throaty hollered accent - much sought after by "the" people of the Falls.

So no wonder the mud - the smell of the camp fire a 3 A.M. the shifting mists at 6 all seem a far off tale of adventure & I only say "what next." It all looks tame & "a long, long, long way" - But perhaps there is another adventure tucked into next week.

If so I'll tell you next Sunday

Lots of love
yours
Harriette,

March 27, 1932 -
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear People,

Please forgive a very short note - There is nothing to say this trip. Just that I have been in Bozeman since Tuesday and resting up since the trip out was strenuous.

I got your letter Dad about the Sioux designs. Those Indians do not live in Montana - I will try to find out some way about them. Even at the time of the Custer fight they were not occupying their own territory. The Crow's occupy that country & they have to their credit that they never fought the white man, but accepted him & his protection, as a result they have some of the richest lands. Many of them have

better than a 1000 a year from
renting lands. Consequently they
are lazy - who would not be
to have a \$1000 insured whether
they lifted a finger.

Yes, Vi wrote about the
foundations having whooping
cough - She certainly does
have the worst luck - at
least she makes the worst of
it. I am sorry she does not
have the capacity of getting
a lot of kick out adversity.
One says in her favor she's
not well - To that - I know of
others that are not well
either, yet are calling for
no sympathy. To advise the
way you are getting such a
fulness from life though
confined to a few rooms,
^{mother dear.}
Things are very much in the
air - We do not know you

one day to the next what will
happen to our jobs & our
salary. It is very trying
to director Taylor. It has aged
him considerably. You see
though we have money left
in our budget. How can we
expect salaries or spend any
money when the taxes do
not come in. We all talk a
lot about it, but after
all we are all in the same
boat - we cheerfully wear our
old clothes - get along with
what we have and laugh.
We will be cut severely at the
very least. If we can just
hang on that all we hope.

Lots of love

Your

Harriette.

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WIBAUX COUNTY COOPERATING

STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
COUNTY AGENT WORK
WIBAUX, MONTANA

Dear People,

I did not get the letter written yesterday morning before the train came and I did not have a minute after that until evening, then I was so tired that I just went to bed.

It surely is spring time now. I expect we will have more snow in Bozeman yet, for it can snow there in June, but here it will not be that cold again. They want moisture though badly and unless they get it there will be a large part of the state vacated.

We have been blood testing and accrediting flocks the last two days. Its quite a job. It was a job when we had a big crew in Gallatin County when tested several thousand hens in a week. While we only did a couple hundred this time we had no help. The people in this part of the state have no conception of any thing that pertains to poultry. The woman where we were working yesterday watched me with curiosity for some time and then said with disgust, "Well, I'd rather be a farmer's wife than do a thing like that".

Now I am borrowing Mr. Ostby's pen and trying to finish this as they are using the machine to make out a seed loan. These seed loans are a mess & the limit. In many respects its just prolonging the agony of people that ought to be some where else - There are a lot of farms in this state that can produce a pay crop only a couple of times in 10 years - The soil should never have been broken up at all.

Since I want this to go on plus than I will say good bye - Ill write a better letter next week.

Love
Harriette,

THE JORDAN

150 ROOMS
GLEN DIVE, MONTANA

4/11/32.

Dear People,

It's nearly train time but I will try to write a bit if I can write against the neck of a radio. Why under the sun are the abbeys?

I hope you are not overdoing mother in arranging Mrs. Hatch's books. It sounds like a bit of hard work to me.

We are having spring now. Thursday I had a pleasant trip.

Mr. Halber the Co. Agent here was ill so I went Mr. Kelly, the Farmers Union Pres to a F.U. meeting at Circle to explain the

THE JORDAN

150 ROOMS
GLEN DIVE, MONTANA

Egg law. All around Glendive are bad lands - To go to Circle you go over the top of the ridge between the Yellowstone & Missouri. There was seen by a house in sight over the top just queer formations as far as one could see

in their place, as least a non-talking family.
You might apply to the deaf & dumb school for
renters.

I am reading "An Epic of America" by
James Trowlow Adams. It seems very good so far

Vi wrote a note that the little boy did
get the whooping cough but that was last
week - so by now since he is well past the
worst, he is O.K. again. She probably omitted
writing home, hoping to save you all from
worrying.

So you have had a snow storm well,
we have been with out one for about a week in
Bozeman, but it sure feels like one to day. A
very cold wind is blowing.

I am wondering whether you heard our
M. S. Wilson on the National hook-up Sat.
Evening a 8:30 Eastern time. I thought of
writing you to let you be sure and listen, but
the time was too short. Mr. Wilson is
an Economist of National reputation - the only
real reason he stays in Montana, is that he
loves the state & his work here - It's lucky for

us. They are seriously planning on cutting our salaries
all we hope is they want permanently do away
with them. Surely things must straighten about
soon.


lots of love

Fariette

Bozeman, Mont -
4/18/32

Dear People,

I have heaps to do but I ^{will} take a sneak & write.

I got back to Bozeman Saturday morning and it seemed good to get here. I have had so many bum beds out this time. That means go to the Osteopath. I am so heavy through the hips that a night in one of these  beds gets my back all out of kilter. ~~It ~~also~~~~ also it good to get back to Bozeman and the mountains after a trip in the eastern part of the state.

Yesterday Teddy got his old "Henriette" out & we went up Kelly Creek - ~~Janie~~ & I lay down out the ground & got full of ticks. I got a dozen off me out there & when I got home I stripped at once and found 6 more. They look like bed bugs - and fasten themselves & suck blood. If they have been on certain animals previously they cause spotted fever. So we always go over ourselves exceedingly thoroughly after a trip in the hills.

So the Ubls have gone - well, its too bad to miss the rent but as far as the family is concerned I'm glad they are gone. They were too much of a strain with all their staying and talking - I hope you get a decent family

4/25/32

Dear People,

Your letter was on my desk when I came to work this morning, mother. I quite like your crossword puzzle maniacs - what next? But don't let the dumb bells wear you out,

Since writing last week we have had winter, then summer again. Wednesday + Thursday we had the heaviest snow fall of the year. It snowed more than 12" on the level. It was beautiful it came in from the west, the ploppy sort that drove into the trees and filled the crevices of the fir trees.

I had the most unexpected heat yesterday. "Green Pastures" with the original cast was in Butte last night and again tonight. I had no hopes of seeing it for I could not afford it but Mrs. M. L. Wilson invited me to go with them. The trip to Butte along

is very satisfactory - going over the Continental divide and through the forest, then into the queer city with the mine shafts + hoists. Every where is evidence.

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK

IN

AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,

AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

COOPERATING

STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE

POULTRY

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

We left Bozeman about 1:30 so that we had a chance to drive leisurely & enjoy things. Near Willow Creek we drove through early settled country with many old log houses in groves of cotton woods.

After we got there we not only had time to eat but also had time to drive about a bit. Then we went to the theater. It's been such a long time since being in a theater to see a real play that that in itself gave me a thrill.

I had read synopsis of "Green Pastures" but I was not prepared to be so utterly charmed & moved by it as I was. The Lord was lovely. The whole cast were real negroes. Everyone well chosen for his part. Gabriel had the cutest grin & how he did want to blow his horn. Old man Noah was a love, and how he insisted on having 2 legs on the ark - But the Lord said no. One of the most impressive scenes was where Moses very nearly reached the promised land but didn't quite get there & the Lord came & talked to him. The Lord was a massive man with long white hair and awful fashioned

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK

IN

AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,

EXTENSION SERVICE

AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

STATE OF MONTANA

POULTRY

COOPERATING

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

frack coat that fit him a bit too quick.

The Negro Spirituals were lovely, lovely -
So many of the tunes were ones I have heard
you sing, mother - There was something very
primitive and elemental about the whole that
gripped you. It made you feel more spiritual

than if you had gone to an orthodox sermon,

I am sorry to have heard of Dr. Janison's
going - It is hard to know that each finishes
and passes on. One wonders what for & why.

Well, the 5% cut has been definitely
established we are cut not only in salary but
also the expense we have incurred - our
own money which we have spent & is out without
interest will be cut 5% before it is returned. Its
tough sure enough.

When the dandilions come out I think
I will can a lot - I like them & that will cut
grocery bills also I think I will put down

eggs. Are eggs cheap at home? If they are I
can send you some egg grease - With that you
can put down eggs & keep them in the pantry
in an ordinary egg case - much simpler than
water glass & will not need the cool basement & up

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,
AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
COOPERATING

STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

and down stairs putting,
Well, really I have work to do. As the
Lord said, "Even being hard isn't all a
bed of roses."

I only wish I could have you both, one
one either side of me last night it was such a
treat & will give me a lot of thoughts for
months.

Best love
your

Marjette,

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,
AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
COOPERATING

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

5/2/32

Dear People,
again its Monday morning. When I am
in Bozeman working the time simply
evaporates. I have been working hard all day
been at the dentist between 5 + 6 - then I
eat, darn a bit + go to bed. Routine makes
time just zip. Last night "Telly", Mrs.
Cobban Lois + I went to see George Arliss.
He played in "The man who played God" by
Gov. Morris. It was exceedingly well done.
It was the story of a great musician who
suddenly went deaf. And how learning
to read lips + a pair of field glasses brought
him happiness out of utter despair. It takes
stage trained people to make a real success in
motion pictures. One can enjoy Arliss so much
since the sound pictures have come about.
I will be through with the dentist to day
I am greatly relieved for it is hard on the purse
as well as the nerves. Speaking of nerves

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE,
AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
COOPERATING

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

I am wondering whether if you would use
some thing if I would send it to you - you get
out and get so little real sunshine. I have been
using some myself not that I lacked sunshine but
I lacked pep - so dreadfully tired all the while
so too many hot flashes - that is Squibbs ADEK
tablets - It is merely a cod liver oil extract, a tablet
having all the vitamins A + D that a $\frac{1}{2}$ table spoon
ful of cod liver oil has you swallow it with
water - a positively no taste. I think I'll send

you a bottle. I take 2 a day. That means that
a bottle of 80 tablets lasts better than a month.

We have heard rumors that things are
picking up some in the East. How I hope they
are.


I have a lot I must do today so I must
say good bye with lots of love.

Your
Marriette




35M251
RUST CRAFT BOSTON U.S.A.

[MAY 17 1933]



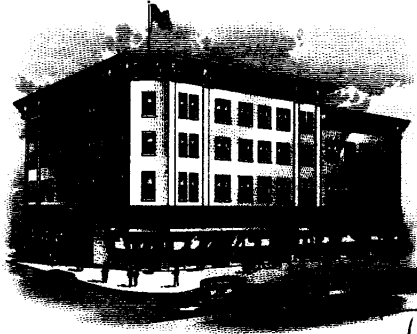
So much you have given to others,
To make life seem worth while,
So much of your loving kindness
Your helping hand and smile.

That many a one on Mother's Day
Would join with me and say,
The best that life has to offer
I wish for you always.



your
Farrington

HOTEL FLORENCE



CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"

125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

EXCELLENT CAFE
SERVICE

at the Office

MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

Bozeman

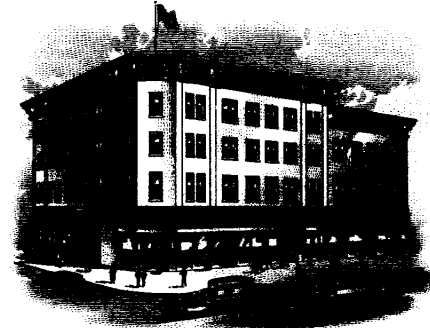
5/9/32.

Dear People,

well its a nice bright day.
the kind of a day that we wish
we could have a million of them.
Yesterday, Mother's Day, Iva Serivner &
I went out to walk Cottonwood to
a picnic. It takes less than a
half an hour to get out there - yet
there you are in the heart of the
mountains with glacier lilies about
and the alder trees shaking out
their tassels. Iva had never
been up in the Bridger Range
before & was delighted over it all

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

HOTEL FLORENCE



CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"

125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

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MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

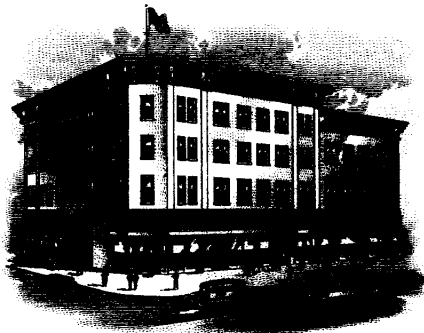
I wish some time I could take
both of you out there. Going up
you can hardly realize you are
climbing as you are facing the
mountains. you just wonder why
the car refuses to pull. But
once there, you turn & look over
the valley floor as it amazes
you that you are as high as
you are. And way across the
valley the Tobacco Root Range
rises to the west & the Spanish
Peaks rise to the South.
It is such a wonderful land
now that Spring is here. Truly

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

HOTEL FLORENCE

CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"



125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

EXCELLENT CAFE
SERVICE



MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

wish I didn't have so many colds. The doctor thinks I have an infection at the back of my nose. I think its just tired & sore like I had during high school. If I can just get a good vacation this summer ill be fixed fine. I was at Missoula on Wednesday

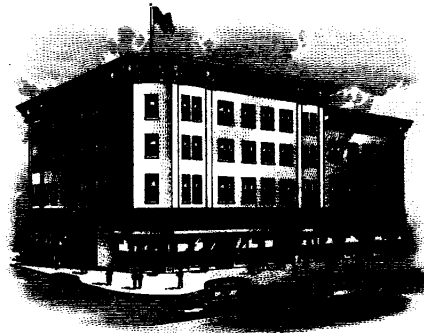
It was a splendid contact with the newspaper cooking school. There were 800 women. The theater was packed. It is inspiring to talk to so many. I told them how to recognize good eggs from bad ones. Then the next noon I talked over the radio

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

HOTEL FLORENCE

CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"



125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

EXCELLENT CAFE
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MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

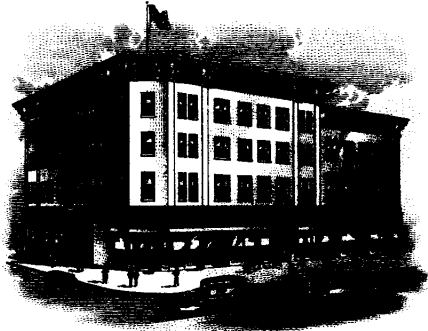
I always get a thrill when talking over the radio. Don't go over the letters, Mother dear, that's too much of a job. Just bundle what you find into a box & send them collect. I can sort them. Perhaps I want need them as much anyway. And goodness knows when ill have time & strength to get at them. For I think for a while now that its warm & should get out of doors & soak up some good mountain air & sunshine. Really one could come & spend a whole summer in Bozeman & tramps to places every day & yet not exhaust

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

HOTEL FLORENCE

CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"



125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

EXCELLENT CAFE
SERVICE

MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY
ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

all the levelness about,
we took some pictures
yesterday. If they are good I'll
send you copies.

I send for the egg grease
& a box for you too, I'll send
it as soon as it arrives.

The Watsons that own my
house are very funny. They always
manage to lift a corner of the curtain
on my goings out & comings in. I
guess they think I am a queer person
when I leave town I always donate
my unused bread butter & perishable
left overs, but I never neighbor. Well
I don't want to, they live as close, it

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

HOTEL FLORENCE

*my pet room at
the Florence
R. 306*

CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"



125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

EXCELLENT CAFE
SERVICE

MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY
ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

would make life quite miserable
to have them running in & out.

Higuer & E.H. I still expect to be
in Bozeman this summer. It will
be very grand to see them. But I
expect they will be so busy renewing
contacts with so many friends that
no one will see much of them.

I must get to work now.

Lots of love
Your

Harville

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

5/16/32

Dear People,

Well it's Monday morning. It does not seem like Monday when I sleep most all day Sunday but I have not been able to get rid of the cold so I took advantage of nothing doing & staid abed.

I wrote a poem this week - lets see if I can remember it. Usually I can't. I call it Winter Willows - you know how willows are the only color on the landscape where every thing else are Conifers & sage. I will send you a typed copy soon to put in your book - Winter Willows.

Struggling up a conifer giant,
Tilted red willows gaily flaunt
Their color 'gainst the snow.

A russet rattle on a track
Careless that the ~~current~~ creek
Makes their progress slow.

Not mindful of squat snow banks glowing down,
Hunched between three firs that frown
Upon their levity below.

Somehow I still don't feel that its finished.
The poor things think they are written then I come
along & tear them to pieces again.

It snowed quite hard early yesterday morning
but so cleared to glorious day but cold. I was
just as glad that I was going nowhere. I put
down my eggs & will send the egg geese on to you.
It's not at all difficult to put on.

Since I am taking time from my work I
dare not spend more time since I must get the
bulletin done this week.

Lots of love
Your

Harvill

FERGUS HOTEL

HUGH EGAN, MGR.

FIVE STORIES OF SOLID COMFORT

CAFE AND DINING ROOM

SAMPLE ROOM

LEWISTOWN, MONT., May 28 1932

Dear Daddy,

This is started a bit previous but it will probably finish up just about in time to get to you for your birthday.

I have still on cooking schools, and consequently I seem to fit better and you. And now we, that is Elsie Cramer and I are trying to submerge us into going to keihart for over recreation day. That will mean, if we do, that that I may not be back to civilization in time to write a birthday letter in time. Its so very nice to be June

FERGUS HOTEL

HUGH EGAN, MGR.

FIVE STORIES OF SOLID COMFORT

CAFE AND DINING ROOM

SAMPLE ROOM

LEWISTOWN, MONT., _____ 1932

born. Always lilacs and Lily of the Valley with June roses coming on.

There is a book that I am planning to send you for a birthday gift but its in Bozeman. I left in such a hurry that I did not have time to bring it with me. But because it is something I think will interest you I will wait till I get back to send it.

I hope that this will start a very happy year -

May 31 There I knew I would not get this done at Lewistown.



GEO. F. SHEA.
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON.
ASST. MGR.

== NORTHERN HOTEL ==

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

I do wish you could have been with us on the Memorial Day jaunt

We left Sat. night about 8:30 P.M. with no very definite plans except we were headed toward Heibart

By the time we got to Stanford night had settled down. It doesn't get dark now until 9 P.M. - Being

on a mountain road ahead we thought it best to stay at Stanford for we knew we would get a clean comfortable bed there.

We three had a room together. We didn't talk very long and woke

up at 7 A.M. so that gave us an early start along the road.

↳ Elsie knew of a "cut-off", so



GEO. F. SHEA.
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON.
ASST. MGR.

== NORTHERN HOTEL ==

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

we left the main trail at Jeeper and very promptly struck into Pig Eye Basin. That is Charlie

Russell's old stamping ground, it's where he was that terrible winter long ago when the cattle all froze or starved to death & when

Charlie Russell was the cowboy. In sending a report to his boss

he drew a sketch of one lone bony cow standing with her tail between

her legs - with a coyote howling & bones strewn about. He labeled

it "Waiting for the Chinook or the best of the five thousand"

The picture made him famous overnight - The picture hangs



GEO. F. SHEA,
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON,
ASST. MGR.

== NORTHERN HOTEL ==

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

small is worth a great deal of
money now.

as I said we went through old
Big Eye. For sure & through Pig Eye
Pass over into the Belt Creek
country

By now we had reached
the top of King Hill or the divide
of the little Belt Mts. Oh it
was glorious on top of the world.
one fold of mountains back of
another. It made me think of the
time I took Mother up Mt. Holyoke

There was a snow bank 10 ft.
high on the top of the divide. The
air was so clear & the white clouds
so peacefully floating in the blue



GEO. F. SHEA,
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON,
ASST. MGR.

== NORTHERN HOTEL ==

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

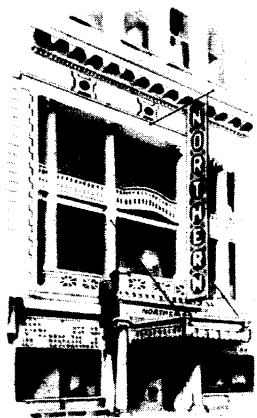
BILLINGS, MONT.

day - after playing about awhile
we retraced our steps.

Coming down the mountain we
saw a shaft - that looked like
wonder so we parked the car &
picked our way across a mt stream
to it. It proved to be a caved
wooden shaft. The shaft was
caved " Alexander Campbell
died

Sept 11 1891 "

a picketed fence enclosed the
plot of ground. Dad suggested
since it was Memorial Day that
it would be fitting to decorate the
grave, so we picked Spring Beauties
and little mountain Pimpernels for the
old timer.



GEO. F. SHEA,
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON,
ASST. MGR.

— NORTHERN HOTEL —

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

We got to Heilbert about one. There were two restaurants in town but we chose Taylor's.

I don't remember exactly what we had for other more important things were in store. While waiting for the meal, Eva idly ran her finger over the table cloth "why" she exclaimed "this is hand woven linen" - So when Mr Taylor came in we asked her about it.

It seems there was a Frenchman who owned a hotel & was an expert chef in France at the time of the war, during a bombardment the hotel was demolished, and his wife and children killed. It affected so much that he left France, came to N.Y.C. & brought a trunk of lovely old heirloom stacks & stacks of hand woven linen away it. He found nothing to do in N.Y.C. ✓
(over)

but while there he saw and 'ad'
of a sheep wanted in great falls.
so he came west bringing his
foxes + Pentates. But the falls
people could not understand the pas
half crayed man. Then he heard of
the hotel at Heihart. I ~~remember~~
remember well patronized hotels
in the French Alps he thought
this would be the same. But
Heihart is only a dicing silver
mining town. So he could do
nothing! In order to get money
to get back to N.Y.C. & ultimately
to France he sold all his linens.
Mrs. Taylor said he wept when it
actually came to the sale.

Because we were so interested
she brought out all the linens
she bought. It wound up with
her giving us a pillow case with
hand wrought lace about the
borders.

After dinner we set out on
our way again. Elsie knew an
old time who had a dunder



GEO. F. SHEA,
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON,
ASST. MGR.

— NORTHERN HOTEL —

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

Logging Creek. So we set
out for there. We found we had
to go back toward Great Falls
back to a fork in the road
called Riceville then cross the
creek & climb the mountain - from
Elsie's idea it was supposed
to be only a couple of miles so we
decided to try it

Well we had another surprise
we climbed straight up for
10 miles - mostly in low or
intermediate. Then we found
ourselves again on top of the
world. A sign said Logging Creek
7.5 miles so we decided since the
whole was adventure we should
(over)

follow on - down, down, down
we went - the whole 7 1/2 miles
was down as much as we had come
up. We kept the car in low
most of the way.

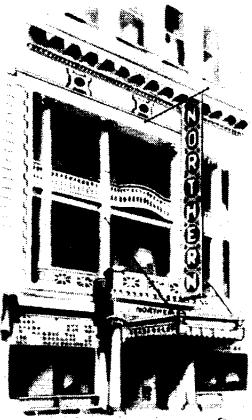
(A lad with fancy spurs
blinking across the lobby)

Well, when we got to the
foot of mountain we were in the
front yard of an old ranch home
They had about 14 cabins scattered
about in the forest & by the
edge of the stream.

It was a love of a place
Mr. Hamilton that owns the place
is truly one of the old west -
They made us most welcome -

We had a cabin by the creek.
And by securing where with all
from the ranch house we
ate by candle light before the
open fire by a deep throated
fire place.

There is no need to add that



GEO. F. SHEA.
MANAGER



A. M. OLSON,
ASST. MGR.

— NORTHERN HOTEL —

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

We slept well. One can do nothing else by a mountain stream that dashes along.

Although it rained in the night the next morning was shiny and bright.

In Hamilton let us have some saddle horses & we rode up the canyon quite a way. I had a funny old mare name Sod ~~to~~ named from her band 30.0. Elsie said that probably the old girl knew it was her last colt, at any rate she was painfully sentimental over her speaking of it. Whenever we were within earshot of camp Sod would begin to whinny. We had a glorious time notwithstanding.

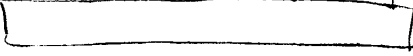
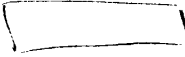
After lunch we returned to


civilization -

I will go down to the
long store & see if the pictures
are printed. If they are I'll
send you a print to let you
see what sort of a time we had.

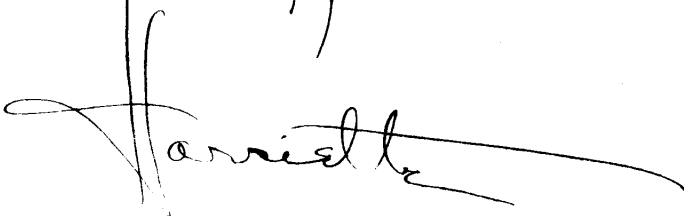
This is terribly long for a
birthday letter but I always
want to share my trips with
you all -

Birthday Kisses + wishes.

 + 
Sixty + five


a Bigger one for good luck.

Lovingly





Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

6/6/32

Dear People -

This has been an uneventful week. Very busy at the office & trying to catch up in energy expended last week end. It must be in not so spry as once was. I have been very tired from the Nebraska trip. What I need is a good vacation. But along with discounting our checks they have cut our vacation also. Only 7 days. One can hardly get a good breath in 7 days.

It has been rainy & cold in the valley - The mt. tops are all cloaked in clouds. We know when



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

The clouds lift that there will be a new snow gown on all the upper stretches.

College is almost over for this year, the dear mamas & papas are here to see Marys & Johns graduate. Do you remember when you came to see me graduate? I think we all had a very nice time.

The other day I got a letter from a woman who said her chickens had white worms with red heads. I call Dr. Welch, the head of the vet. dept, & told him I'd turn the letter over to him. He asked if she mentioned the existence of blue tails. He added that they must be



Park Hotel

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

4th of July worries - I asked him what he was going to tell her - "Oh, I'll tell her to change her place of buying hooch?"

and so life goes on -

Really your birthday book is going today, Dad. It has been such a hectic week since coming "in" - that I have not even had time to make my bed this week.

Well, dear, I must get to work again. How would Kingsley write the "Three Fishers" now?

No one has time for the weeping - except the sky when it rains

Lots of love yours
Harriette