

(By Associated Press)

WRONG SIMILE

ST. LOUIS—If some buxom miss complains that she doesn't see how she's gained so much weight since she eats just like a humming bird, tell her this:

Each of the 17 humming birds at the zoo here eats four times its weight in food daily.

* * * *

Dear People,

①

Emonts
Hassola
1/12/35

Excuse pencil-

I received the New Year's greeting
wire & I wired back. I hope
you got it O.K. I never dreamed
you'd be so worried for I thought
you would take the Xmas box and
card as that week's message. I
truly did not want to worry you.
But I have been so terribly busy.
Each day I work from the time
I get up until I go to bed. I
have my demonstration farms now
enumerated & will next get Annual
Report. The end of this week is
State Poultry Show, then next week
Annual ~~Report~~ ^{conference}. After that I
should have a breathing space

my Jessie + Catherine was chosen for that
Colleg. - He got tonight to Spokane to
try out with the 12 others chosen from this
district. A truly hope of her gets it. He
is a quiet lad. But has possibilities - I
always like to see the way family get ahead.
How do mine people though, since she went to
Washington. Rachel Truett is plain dumb
compared to the Way's job - worst will learn. She
is about 35 + never will learn. She
spells poorly + never gets things straight
the worst is that she is so willing + try
to land so that I never have the nerve

yesterday was Sat. I was supposed
to have $\frac{1}{2}$ day off but I worked until
7 P.M. Then Frances Smith + I
had a pick up meal down + my
house + went over to Lois Pappas.
We read, "Goodbye Mr. Chips" - short,
light but has some loveliness
& fine psychology in it. The
trouble was, it was again mid-
night when we broke up + had
to take the morning train out of
Bozeman. Prof Merriam is
on the train - Head of Eng. Dept
at Miranda; He has been in
Bozeman helping to select the
Rhodes scholar.
John Way the brother of

Mrs. Jessie + Katherine was chosen for that
to give her.

Prof. Herring + I have had such a
wonderful fine time talking - now I
am supposed to be working on annual

Report - But I wanted to get this
written so that it can be posted
at Antler - if I wait until November
it makes the letter 24 hrs later
as #1 + #2 pass. This side of
Missoula.

We had some nice snow for
a short time, but now a
drizzle has come along +
taken it all.

I am so glad you like the
South Am. Book a sort of
thought it would be good. I
like to be home + join in
the family reading.

If I get fairly work done
I must say adieu right
now.

Lots of love
your

Harriette

P.S. Did I see lucky I am known in the
State. The wire was addressed to Harry Cushman But

I had a nice letter from home
to day & one from Grace - ~~the~~
Grace - bless her heart is always
prompt with letters.

I agree with you O; shouldn't
let the children be lax even if she
is - I have not heard from her
either nor John since his birthday.

Yes its quite a surprise to
hear of Gordon's marriage - that family
has a better bathing average than usual
75% of them are married + only 50% of
yours! I must say good night - Love
Harrille

1/14/35

Dear People,

Its late and all I have
time for is a tiny note.

As I said in my last
letter, this week is conference.

I did not get back to
Bozeman until very late Sat.
afternoon, so yesterday I spent
the day in washing, ironing &

and getting my house in order, for
we still girls gave the annual
party here at my house.

It all went off very nicely
for Frances Smith, the Nutrition
Specialist organized the whole
thing. Donald & Blanche did the
Salad - an avocado pear, grape
fruit one - Joe & Frances set the
tables & did the dessert - lemon
sherbet and little cakes, while
Pauline & I did the main part
of the meal - Chicken souffle
Brussel sprouts & potatoes with
Parsley. And Blanche tended
to the rolls. Then we all did
the dishes afterwards. We
had 16 in all for the meal.

Each of the girls brought
their own prettiest things so
the tables looked so pretty.

them here.

Well it's sounds funny to
say I am sleepy but I am.
I was so please to get the
clippings, mother but so far I
have not had time to read them.
This day work + night play is just
too much for one my age.

I hope I find a regular letter
from you all tomorrow

Legislature is in session I
wonder what they will do to us this
time. Some have hopes that they
will restore part of our 20% cut
but I am not that hopeful. Just so
they don't cut us more.

Well good night, dears. Please
forgive a very stupid letter.

Best love
your
Harriette.



Jan. 18, 1935.

Dear People,

I am really going to get the
Sunday letter off on Sunday. Last
week, when after I got the letter
done, I carried it about in my
purse for a couple of days.

Well County Agent Conference is
over and am I glad? It's too
much work. I didn't get to bed

any night until after mid night.

Monday the girls were here. Tuesday
was the Epsilon Sigma Phi or the
ten year asse banquet. Wednesday

Was the big banquet & dance. Thursday an
Extension & college faculty card party
Friday the Buffalo initiation. Saturday I went
with Marshal Hud the Co agent of Park Co over to
Livingston to the Park Co Turkey growers annual
banquet. I got back to Bozeman at 5:30
I thought I would read a little but I was
so sleepy I just couldn't keep my eyes
open, so minus supper, I took hot bath
& went to bed. I got up at noon today
ate some breakfast & went back again
I got up permanently at 4 P.M. And now
I am sleepy again. All I did was my
weekly washing straighten up the house &
do my finger nails.

At last we are having real Montana
winter. It hovered around zero Sunday
Monday & Tues. Tuesday night she took a
nose dive and we have had from 10° to 20°
below ever since until Saturday when she hit
27 below during the day and fell to 35°
below last night. Fortunately my house
is small & the furnace good so I have had
no trouble keeping warm. I pity folks
with stock & low on feed. Reports from
have are 40° Below. They usually are colder

[FEB. 11, 1935]

Enroute Billings -

Dear People,

I have no pencil + writing with ink on a train is awfully hard work.

Yesterday was a busy day. I went up to Barbara + Chas Poters to take some pictures of the children outside + to see if they had anything I wanted to buy as they are selling off everything possible before going to Washington. She has a washing machine which she will sell for \$7.50. It looks as if I could certainly get \$7.50 worth of use out of it. I was just on the verge of getting a brand new one. It's too hard washing by hand + too expensive to send out my washing - most everything else was either unnecessary for me or too expensive. Then I went over to the Alpha O. Home for dinner. There is a Sophomore who lives there named Alice Knowles that came down to my house one night with Ina Scribner. It is the first time I have been asked to

society house for a meal & I quite enjoyed it. Then I went down to Teddy's for tea. While at Teddy's Sally Barnes asked some of us to come up to her house for the Ford hour. It happens at 7 P.M. in Bozeman. It would be 5 at home in Jamestown would it not? We enjoyed it very much, especially when Miss Lehman or what ever her name is sang the "Erl King" the song still gives me the shivers. While listening, I wondered if you were also listening.

After that I went home did some washing & ironing and went to bed.

This morning I went over to Helena, when I got on the train, it was crowded. Mr. Parker our Gallatin County Senator was returning to Helena so he came & sat with me. He was telling me a lot about the state politics. Actually I never saw anything more rotten than the mess we are in. So many of the Country's

as a protest have kicked over the apple
cart & elected the dumbest radicals to send
up to Helena. It is surprising the extent &
magnitude of the dirty machine that the awful
Cooney is building - Parker said he would not
be surprised to see him elected for a second
time. Last year at special session he was
almost impeached but for certain groups waiting
he has ~~retained~~ ^{gained} his power in all directions -

Well, after I had lunch I walked out to
the capital to go over turkey figures with the Comptroller
& cover of Agri's Clerk, stopping on my way to see
Mrs. Ruzicka. I talked a while with her &
then she was to come & ~~see~~ meet me at Stafford's
office & we would go up to the gallery & listen
to the Senate a while. The Bill up for
discussion was state insurance for state
property. I was very much interested. One
of the ^{members} Gallatin, Mr. Parker, gave a very able
talk. He is against it. So were most of
the intelligent men. Some of the men for it
were either the slicker types looking as
if they might merely be trading votes for

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

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

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
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Something else or they were feeble minded
type. It seems too bad. The idea is
good but the provisions of the Bill as
introduced are sort of crazy and as one director
from Powell County said it would cost more
to set up machinery & put it into effect than
it would save the state. I don't know how
it will come out. They were still arguing
when I left to catch the train.

I am on my way to Billings. It
seemed queer to go right through Bozeman to
night & not get off.

Well, dears, I must quit & try to get
some work done. I just finish my ¹⁹³⁴ annual
Report Sat. night. It was done the first of Feb
but the needles upset my schedule -

Lots of love

Your Hawthorn,

most of the pullets have none.
We were working on cull chicks
which would have to be killed
any way. So when we decided
what to set, the chick was
killed & set determined on
"posting" - Out of 20 I had
only about 3 wrong. The method
is one ~~is~~ used by the Gaps. and
is just beginning to be used
widely in this country. I was
greatly pleased that I could
do as well as I did.

Well, dears, it's late - I had
to wash & iron & get ready to go
out again. I should be back
to Missula by next Sunday.

I was interested, Mother

Bozeman, Mont
Feb. 24, 1935

Dear People,

Not a great deal has happened
except poultry since I wrote
from Three Forks last week.

When I got back to Bozeman
this morning I found the house
letter. The letter from Mother
and the clipping from Dad.
Thanks for Post.

I had a letter from Oi too.
The first since October, I
think. And as usual it
was full of war. Seems strange

she can not see the bright or funny side of anything. I don't know quite what she would do if she were in the constant pain you are, mother. Maybe some day she will grow up.

Tomorrow Walter Mecklenburg + I are taking an unexpected trip to Pasco + Prosser, Washington. It will seem fine to get out of the state. It is a baby chick meeting. We will be joined by Mr. Buchanan the Poultry Specialist of Washington at Spokane.

This afternoon I spent most of the time at the hatchery trying to learn how to sex day old chicks. They say it takes young eyes + a person over 80 does not even need to try. Walter + I were both surprised at how many we got right. You hold the chick in your hands head down then with your thumb + fore finger of one hand and the fore + middle finger of the other hand you gently invert the vent. The male has a tiny eminence while

"Come-on-Pat", as the sailors
of a great ship called to him
perpetually. The mother was
sure 'Come-on-Pat' was the
king's title.

It is very humorous. One place
near Colorado visits a very rich
retired pearl diver - The woman of
the house hold did not care for the
weather how ever. He piped water into
the house & this gave them no chance to
carry water & gossip with the other
women of the village & he got them
chairs. Then there was an outcry -
"The floor is so comfortable to sit upon,
the women moaned, 'One works so
conveniently there. But these chairs!
They are not decent for a woman who
respects herself. Any man can see under
them - & if her skirts are disarranged?
They are worse than the tortures of saints
Gertrudis, who dreamed nightly that
through eternity she sat upon a cloud with
her legs hanging over. Thus every devil of the
Boulders Pit might feast his eyes -"
Love your Harriette.

dear, in little Jack's reaction
to the story. I do hope his
big brother can place a few
of them for you. Not for the
sake of gain, but you have
worked so many years to that
end. I know how happy I
would feel if I could only
get some of mine to stay away
from home permanently.

It seems so strange that
you have had so much winter
in the east. Montana is

just plain doomed if we get no
rains this spring. It's like the
depression. The first few years
folks who were thrifty could pull
some money out of the old sock - then
after while the old sock became
empty. During the past three years
we have used about all the moisture
out of the subsoil. Truly it must
rain this spring.

I have been reading an interesting
story called, "Journey of the Flame" -
a story of old lower California
taking place about the time the
missions went to pieces. It is
very interesting - "The Flame" is this
old Mexican with red hair from
Colorado. He got his red hair from
his father an Irish sailor, who said
he was a king. The old Irish his
mother knew was "spalpeen" and

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS

ROBERT B. MACNAB

HOTEL FLORENCE

ALSO OPERATING
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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

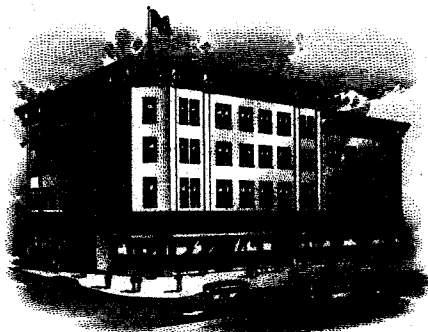
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THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

Mar. 3, 1935

Dear People,

As I said in my last letter I would be going to Washington but get back to Montana again by Sunday. It was a lovely but hard trip. We left Bozeman ~~Monday~~ Tuesday at 2 P.M. Made Wallace Ida the first night next morning got as far as Kellogg for breakfast. Got into Spokane by noon where we had lunch with the best butchery man of that section - Then push on. Went down through

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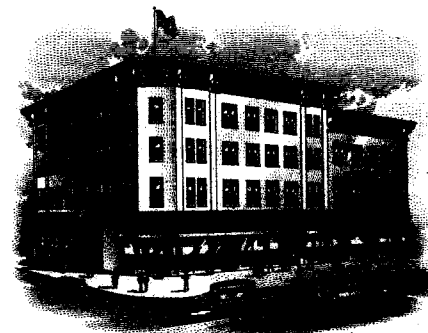
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Colfax & Wallala & to Passo by way where we met Mr. Buchanan poultry specialist of Washington. We had so many things to discuss that it was 1 P.M. before we got to bed. Next four on to Prosser where Mr. C.R. Wells has a wonderful breeding plant. I had to "sing-for-my-supper" as Ima calls it. That is I had to talk at Rotary luncheon. We had a chance to observe sexing at Mr. Wells' place. We took Buchanan along with us and dropped him at Yakima. Then were able to make

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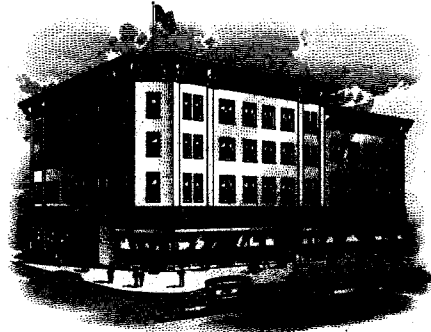
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Tacoma that night. going over the
 "Camels Hump" & "hook-out-Pass" the
 divides between here & Idaho we
 found snow but between Cle Elum
 & Tacoma we found even more &
 fog. when we got to the top of
 the pass the fog from the Pacific
 banked in until one could scarcely
 see a car length away. It was weird
 going ahead in the fog with huge
 snow banks on either side the road
 & the tall gaunt pines piercing
 it, while continuously we met
 trucks coming from Seattle slowly
 laboring up the mountain.
 Mr. Buchanan suggested we stop at

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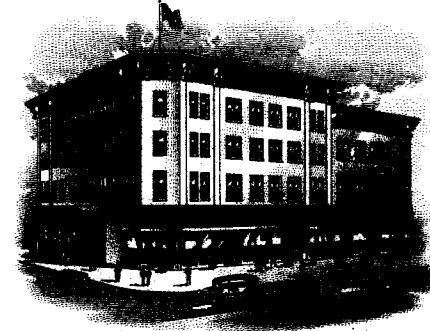
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and land to goodness there was enough
 of it.
 I heard crowing & fussing - down
 on the lawn in front of me were some
 highly ornamental bantams strolling
 about on the grass & a queer old
 alaskan dug out boat.
 When dressed I went out on the
 lawn a few minutes before we had to
 start -
 We had a busy day. First
 the Experiment Station at Puyallup - saw
 Mr. Miller who laughed & said I did not
 have to crawl under barbed wire fences
 this time. Then to Lighorn City - Mr.
 Hanson's place, then to River Bend.

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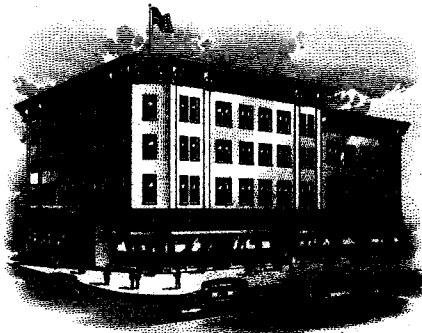
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The old Tacoma Hotel, which we did. Fifty years ago the hotel lawn went right down to the water front as the Hotel now do at Chautauque Lake. But business must progress, so in course of time land has become reclaimed from the sound & R.R. tracks & ware houses extend where it used to be only bay. But the hotel is on enough of a bluff so that these are way out of view. When I got up next morning the fog lifted for a few minutes & I could look out on the bay with its shipping & boats riding at anchor. Oh! how I love the water. Even the fog I did not ~~wish~~ ^{wish}

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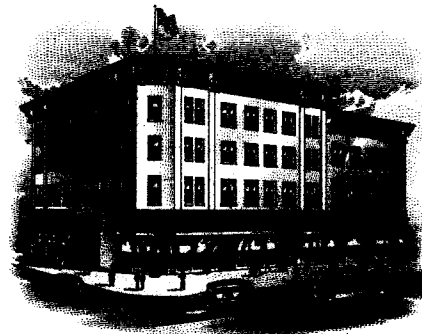
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The Piefers were very cordial - had us stay to lunch & visit not only their place but some of the breeding flocks under their supervision from which a lot of our eggs come from in Montana. Next out to Helen Dow Whitakers. The Whitakers were as nice as ever. It seemed so nice to be called Harriette in these foreign parts. It was late when we pulled into Seattle that night. But did some window shopping before going to bed.

Sat. Am. again pulled out early & went up to the Hollywood Poultry Farm at Woodinville. It was a pleasure

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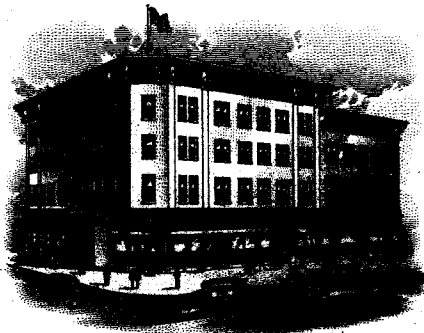
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To see Mr. Atchison again. There we saw laying batteries on a huge Commercial scale. He had about 14,000 hens in individual cages. Going into the house it sounded like a regular poultry house - the hens were all singing and happy. As Mr. Atchison said the batteries are not for a lazy man or a "dumb dora." It takes more real poultry knowledge to handle ~~on~~ successfully but labor is cut down + the over head per hen is less. One man can take care of about 2000 hens.

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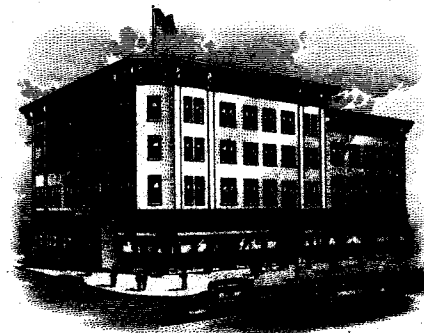
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It was nearly noon when we left Woodinville & we started on the return trip. It hurt not to have time to browse about Seattle & near-by, but I was grateful for the hurried trip. It gave me a lot of new ideas & pep to carry on. We came back through Wenatchee the home of the apples. Mile after mile every tillable space was covered with orchards. By fast driving we reach Spokane by 7 P.M. & Wallace by 1 A.M. In that way we were able to reach Missoula by noon today. Now

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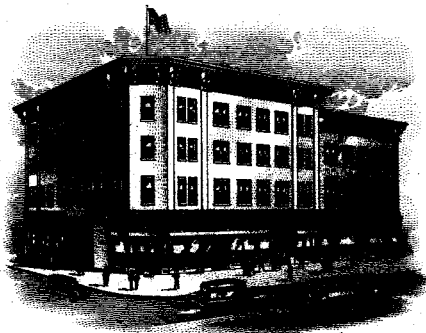
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JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.



CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"

125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

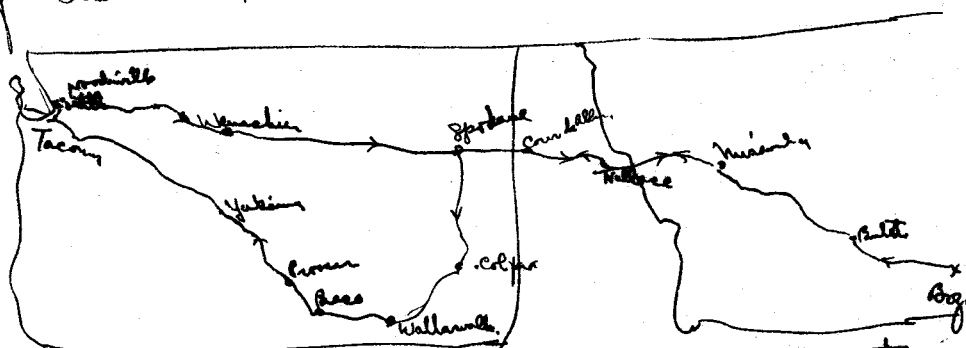
EXCELLENT CAFE
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MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

I saw again a train traveler, poultry specialist of Montana, with lots of worries on my hands, while I saw physically very tired I saw mentally refreshed. I did my share at the wheel & must have driven about a thousand miles out of the 3,000 -



As its nearly bus time & I go to Polson to night I must say good night
Best love
Your
Harriette

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

to take the great lakes trip from
Buffalo to Duluth. That would
make quite a variety out of
the going home trips.

I had the Potters at my house
for dinner today. They are
leaving on the 17th. Glory!
we will miss them so terribly.

It used to be that when I
had the Potter youngsters down,
they were holy-terrors. But
all youngsters grow up + grow in
grace! Helen is John's age +
Jane a year older. Tommy
is about 6. I asked Tommy



The North Coast Limited

FOR 1000 MILES - COMPANION OF MOUNTAINS



Enroute Bendire
March 10, 1935

Dear People,

This is the first time I have had
a chance to ride on the rear end of
the train for ages + ages. You see, we
have to ride at several rates - that
means day coach and Tourist. But
when one is making a round trip
within 10 days, the 1st class is
practically the same as up front.
And so I am back here - in spite of
the radio. Though some "dumb down"
just "said a mouth-ful" - a husband
& wife were supposed to be talking.

The hubby said, "Why do you insist upon going to the railroad station an hour before the train is due?" "Because, duvvel the young thing," I always forget something and I can never remember it until I get to the R.R. station."

That's the funnest thing I have heard in a long while. I do the same thing constantly - Only I arrive about 2 minutes before train time a' la Dickson on the run.

We are climbing the hill between Boyeman and Livingston - We leave the Pusher or rather "helper" on behind. In the observation car here it feels exactly as if you are down on the lower deck of the boat standing near the engine room.

Speaking of boats, I feel very cheated to have been in Seattle & not even seen a boat to say nothing of a good view of the sound. I certainly easily develop a nostalgia for boats & water.

I think the next time I come home if I can be that selfish I am going

were afraid. Then the Sec. would
turn to me. "In simple ~~words~~
words that just means that the
association agrees to ~~sell~~ your
turkeys - They would all smile -
guess that wasn't so bad - the
assoc. has been doing that anyway.
Then the ~~secretary~~ would read the next
section, with some more where-as-es
and again doubt would appear in
the members eyes.
It took a long long while +
much patience. But in the end
I got them worked around as I
wanted them.

The Pres. of the local assoc.
is a queer rather illiterate fellow
& very bull headed. After the main
part of the business, the discussion



The North Coast Limited
FOR 1000 MILES - COMPANION OF MOUNTAINS



if he was going to see the
President. He answered promptly,
"Oh yes, but not right away" -
"What are you going to do first?"
I asked.

"We are going to hunt a house" -
Jane + Helen busied themselves
reading books + looking at pictures
so that truly Barbara, Chas. + I
could really visit.

Charles said if he gets to
Chautauqua Co he will look you
up. I truly hope he can.

Well, since I has wrote you I went
up to Rouan, over to Canvas Hot
Springs, back to Butte down to
Dillon & then back into Bozeman.

When I was at Canvas Hot Springs
it was to attend a Turkey marketing meeting.
Some times I wish you could follow me about.
Imagine a country store. Like Maple
Springs after all the Summer people are
gone or Kintone or Ponati. We held
the meeting in the office at the back,
we had to bring in apple boxes -

Egg cases in order to have enough
peas. I did get a chair for myself -
a funny contraption made of willow
limbs, unpeeled. About half way through
the meeting the white cat wandered in
and curled up in my lap. They were
trying to decide whether to join the
Northwestern Turkey growers or not. They
have been selling independently & jipped
by some of these local creameries each
time. So they were reading the memo-
of agreement. Of course it was
all in legal terms. Each section that
was read the majority of the members would
shake their head - "No - when will - the

and with all jaunce you about
until you are left utterly exhausted.
Ordinarily I don't take the bus. But
the Hot Springs meeting left me no
choice. I could not make the
afternoon train out of Plains -
It was 2:00 A.M. by the time I
got to Butte. Then I had to pull
out again for Dillon at 7 A.M.

Dillon is interesting in that it is
one of the few places that still is the
center of old Cow Country.

Friday at sun set it began to
snow & showed all night & most all
day Saturday. Everyone rejoiced - how
the moisture is welcomed.

This page is written in the Livingston
Station. Well, I'll say good night
for I get into Glendive at 5:00 A.M.
So I'll need to go to bed at once.
Best love
Harriette.



The North Coast Limited
FOR 1000 MILES - COMPANION OF MOUNTAINS



drifted to how turkeys ought to be
dressed. The Pres. began to tell
how he had hired a man to pick his
turkeys & the man was doing a poor
job. "And I told him --- if
you can't" Then he realized I was
in the room. His eyes almost popped
out of his head. He swallowed hard
and said, "Pardon me. But I did
tell him that."

The meeting finish about
5:50 & I drove back with "Chet"
as far as St Ignace & caught the
bus for Butte. I had a few minutes
to wait so I walked up & down the

street to stretch my legs. St. Ignace is one of the old towns of Montana, founded by the early missionaries from France.

The chapel is still there + has some lovely frescos made by the early fathers. The beautiful Mission Range gets its name from them. It was glorious Tuesday evening.

As we were coming in from Dixon it looked Rose in the reflected sunset glow + a few tinted clouds drifted about the summits of some of the higher peaks. But by the time

I took my little walk the sun had set + the snow high and formidable like white carved marble. The

floor of the valley where I stood was 2600' while the summit of the higher peaks of the range were over 11,000'

Can you imagine such height rearing like a marble wall so near you? The streets were quiet - only a few squaws + the omnipresent Indian dogs. Otherwise silence. It made one feel like praying.

I don't care much about remembering the rest of the day or rather night for buses are not my strong suit. They jar + jiggle

March 18, 1935.

Dear People,
Monday and Sunday. We had another good
snow recently. That makes three of them. The
prospects for summer range in this valley is now much
better. However yesterday we girls went for a
picnic into the "Horse Shoe Hills" - They are only
about 20 miles to the north west. There was no
moisture there at all. nevertheless we had a
nice time. We climbed up a canyon & built our
camp fire under a cliff. I took along some of
my canned carrots. We heated them over the
fire while we made the hamburger meat balls.
The girls all liked them & thought them a real
innovation for a picnic.

Saturday Lois Roth & I visited Miss Bogart &
Mrs Place for a little while. We both felt sad when
we came away for the dear little ladies are beginning
to show their age. They are both in their 80s - We
feel they ought to have a little maid; for their
clothes were not as neat as the used to be. They were
put on for neat, but the little ladies can not see as
well as they used to and both had dresses that
should have got to the cleaners & Miss Bogart had
on a very pretty silk house jacket put on wrong side
(over)

out. I know they would have been greatly shocked
& embarrassed if they had known it. But there
are ~~no~~ no phase spots on their minds. They are
so alert to all that is going on. They are not one
sided either. They talk of the times, economics etc
intelligently, they know just where every wild flower
grows. They tell whimsical stories of the early
days at the Fort, of all the gracious ladies &
the soldiers bringing them flowers and wild game,
and through it all they retain their delightful
Brooklyn accent. Can't you see them in the
early pioneer days getting ready for a ball and the
China house boy rushing about - and the
spirited horses and gay uniforms? I dread
to think of the time when they are no more for
then the link with the past will be broken.

I tried out my newly acquired washing
machine when I got back from visiting his
Bosart. It works pretty well. It's unlike a
human being, it gets more noise as it gets older.

I do hope that your stories will have better
luck now, mother, that they are being properly
introduced into society. One wonders what the
basis for acceptance is for surely yours are
better than many we read in magazines - how do
they get there?

Please excuse the ink blot.
I have not made anything for spring yet,
I mean, to cloth myself. One of these days I'll
wake up and it will be hotter than blue blazes.
But I have two or three things that can be made
over. I like the plan of the dress ^{that} you dress mother.
Then I am planning on extravagance. And as
it will also help two others it don't seem
quite such an extravagance at that. A girl
I know - one, Ruth Bolinger being unable to get the
sort of a job she wants has set up a loom in her
Dad's house. She has been doing some beautiful
materials. When she first started Mrs. Palmer -
wife of one of the Profs saw the material &
remarked that she'd just love to get her hands on
it & tailor it. We had all thought Mrs. Palmer
lost of a leaning lily & not very necessary. But she
~~had~~ ^{and} Ruth have set up a partnership & doing some
lovely work. So Ruth is weaving me a brown
suit. It is to be strictly tailored. And the thing
will wear like iron. I am so anxious to get it
done.

I have been reading a book about the life of
Matthew Arnold. He just missed greatness. The
author said if there were ~~two~~ two stools Matthew
always managed to fall between them. It's too
bad for he certainly had the ear marks + making
of an important person.

Really I must get to work though I would
like to chat + chat.

when I was in Whites City last Wed. I went
out to see Frances Hoffman, wife of the High School
Ag. teacher. When they were first married, I used to be
at the home often. She used to be teacher of
eloquence + public speaking - a delightful person
so talented + full of animation. Four years ago she
developed tuberculosis of the spine + she has been
bed ridden there last 4 years. It always makes me
feel terrible to go + see her - the more terrible because
she never alludes to her disability, more than to ~~refer~~ refer
to her horizontal way of living. She is bright, cheerful,
has lots of funny things to tell + manages her home,
That is she knows what is going on + advises her lad
Burton who is sick.
Harry the husband is so brave though it is beginning
to tell on him too.
Well, now I know I must quit + work.

lots of love
your
Harriette.

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IN
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EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Mar. 26, 1935,

Dear People,

I feel conscious stricken that I did not get a letter off either Sunday or yesterday. Especially since I received the very nice box from home. It was a welcome sight to see my old black scarf and a real pleasure to feel the softness and loveliness of the new blue scarf. Also the mat is such a pretty one and all the handies never come a miss. Thank you dears. I feel as if I have had a birthday or something.

I heard a good new definition of an old maid.
"an unappropriated blessing".
Mildred Leigh and I went to an Ag Club forum last night. When we came out there was a white world and whirling blizzard. But it was a soft white one and not too cold, so that it was delightful plowing through the drifts to the car. Somehow whirling soft snow never loses its novelty and thrill. I always am so glad to be alive.

Sunday evening Eva Scribner, Polly Robertson, Victoria Sigfried and I were invited to Edith Rhyme's for Sunday evening supper. Edith and her mother live together they are Texas people originally. Both are very much ladies, however when you know them more intimately you find that the perfect poise and speech in no way interferes with freedom of thought ^{or} interesting plants on life and conditions. Mrs. Rhyme is 70 & a lot younger in her ways than many women of 40. Polly is very youthful. She declares her self a communist and anarchist and raves loudly - after considerable discussion I asked innocently what she had done so far to help Bozeman, Gallatin County or Montana politics. Polly was quite speechless and subsided. There is so much one should do at home. Bozeman itself is not so bad. We have the city manager type of government & really have worked off a sizeable debt. But county and state affairs are in almost a hopeless jumble.

Right now we are quite disturbed over the rider put on to one of the federal Agricultural Bills - It was put there by the milling companies who resent the regulation of wheat production. Their method of retaliation is very sly. They state there shall be nothing ^{without} written or oral that would ~~be against~~ result in the curtailment ^{use of} any good food stuff. If it ~~goes~~ through nearly all of our human and animal nutrition is just out. It looks so

(over)

innocent. The unsuspecting person would think of course
we do not wish to limit consumption. Their tirade began
last fall when the milling companies sent out a man to
jump all over the home ec. departments of the country.
It seems there was a bulletin printed at Washington D.C.
which showed that people on low incomes ate mostly
cereals and that as their income increased their
diets became more varied, better cuts of meat were
introduced and more variety in vegetables. After
all, the findings are the most natural in the world
who just eats bread and oatmeal if his stomach ^{+ purse} can
take care of crab salad, lettuce, celery and tenderloin?
Well, the millers said ^{that} the home ec people of the country
were advocating cutting down of wheat + wheat products.
They would not listen to reason. When Blanche offered
the suggestion that it took more wheat to feed and animal
and produce one pound of meat than it took wheat
to make a pound loaf of bread, he would not listen at all,
why even I would be disobeying the law constantly
when I told ~~them~~ ^{Poultymen} that a ~~planned~~ balanced ration
with meat scrap + alfalfa meal is better than straight
wheat for hens. Surely the thing won't pass the Senate ~~though~~
it has passed the house already.

While rugged individualism is very fine in
some matters, it's difficult if used to selfish ends. Well
I know so little, am really no one to judge so I had
best lay off discussion.

Iva loaned me a book called "People of
the Deep." It may not be true yet it reads like
truth and is delightfully written. Iva said I
might loan it to you, so as soon as I get it

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wrapped up I will send it to you. Please don't
keep it too long as Ina is quite prompt at
returning books,

Also I am sending my last two annual
reports. It's been some time since I have
sent any home.

When we had a Chancellor for
the greater University at Helena we had to send a
copy of our report to him. I thought we still had
to have one for Helena, but apparently not. So you
can keep them as long as you want to. Only don't
throw them away as I can use the pictures and
folders at least.

Well, dears, I must get to work.

So good bye for now.

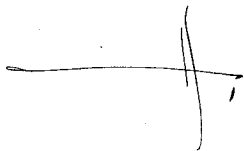
Lots of love
Your

Marjette

P.S. Oh, I must tell you how I know I am my mother's
own daughter. Louis True in the publicity dept. is in
the Bozeman Symphony Orchestra. They are putting on
a public performance tomorrow night. Louis asked if I
would sell some tickets for him. at first he gave me

31. then 20 more. Now I've sold 58 with a
promise of 2 more. I don't think I ever tried to
sell tickets before. I was glad I could for I
adore symphony orchestras anyway. They are trying
to work up something worth while.

Well I must quit

A handwritten signature consisting of a horizontal line followed by a vertical line that crosses it, with a small comma at the end.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS

ROBERT B. MACNAB

HOTEL FLORENCE

ALSO OPERATING
HOTEL BAXTER
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

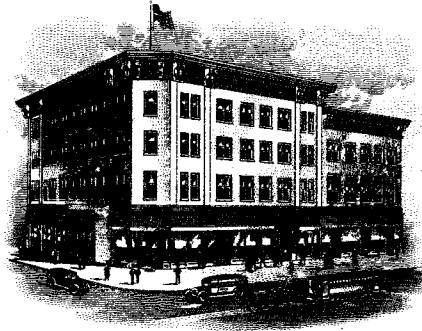
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BISMARCK, N. DAK.

FORT KEARNEY HOTEL
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DEVILS LAKE, N. DAK.

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THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY
ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

March, 31, 1935

Dear People,

I just got in to Missoula this afternoon and found both your letters waiting for me.

I am so terribly sorry for you mother dear, ^{for you} that to have his Tax any more. That seems about the hardest part as the years move on, that one must adjust to an ever narrowing group. I wish you could have been spared the pain.

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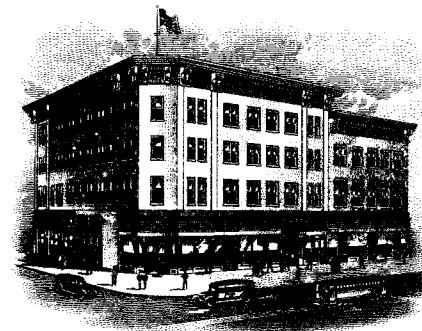
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I can do so little to really ease your burdens. I seem rather clumsy and almost useless some times.

When I left Bozeman the other day it was snowing hard. But getting into Butte the side walks were dry. Then this morning I awoke to a white world. However when I got here the side walks are dry. But the way the wind has been howling, it would not surprise me to see white

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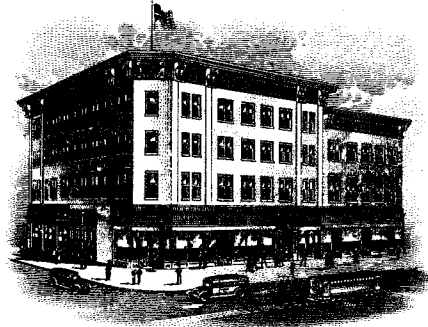
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pavements in the morning.

The Bozeman Symphony Orchestra turned out a very creditable program. I think part of the crowd went because they thought it their duty. Others were there because it was "bank night" and they might get \$2.50, while a few attended because they loved Symphony orchestra music.

Radios and moving pictures sort of cheat us that love play and music in person.

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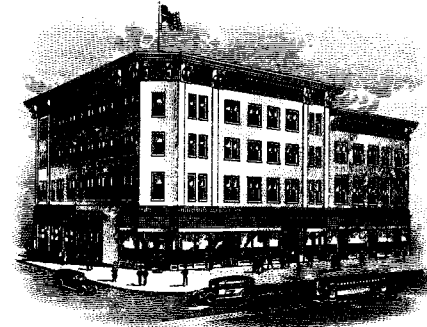
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something about the radio bothers me. I must have a screw loose some where for lots of people enjoy it to the uttermost.

I mailed the annual reports before I left Bozeman. I hope that you will enjoy them.

When coming through Butte yesterday, I was talking over the possibility of writing a chicken story with Douglas Gold. He used to be Supt. of Schools at Bozeman and now is " " in Butte

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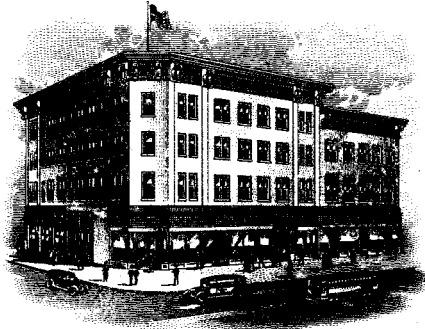
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I don't suppose the idea will
ever amount to a hill of beans
but Doug says that there are
lots of readers about dogs and
cats but nothing about Poultry
unless it is "The Little Red Hen"
and he thinks there could be
some definite informative material
worked out. I'd like to do it.

But really don't hope for any success,
I must go to bed for the bus
leaves out for Reno at 8:00 A.M.
Good night -
Best love
your
Farrington

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

April 8, 1935

Dearest People,

When I got back from Great Falls this morning
I looked in vain for a letter from Home -
none in sight. I hate to have Monday morning
come and go with no letter. I hope things are
all right.

We had more winter again. Last week
but today has turned into a real April day,
first rain then sun, then more showers,
and the white cat at the girls' dorm had
two snow white kittens. Does seem like Spring.

Spring flowers: called "Analogy" by Marion Doyle.
That makes me want to copy a poem about

Arbutus, snowdrops, winter green,
All seem made of porcelain;
Some spring plants are warm to touch,
Tulips, hepatica and such,
But these are cold as pearl, and crossed
With the flowers of the frost.

Tulips flaunt each flaming petal,
Fashioned out of molten metal;

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Hepaticas are soft and furry,
Oddly as a bitter; purry;
But arbutus, snow-drop wintergreen,
are made of frail, cold porcelain,

Those are all home flowers and give our
nostalgia. Oh, for a tramp in kidder woods
with the hepatica coming up and the puddles
under the uprooted stumps where the frogs
pipe. And the living trees grow tall, tall, tall -
seems as if they are taller than the California
Red woods. All distances, heights and heights
of youth certainly become vastly enlarged in
retrospect. Fortunately pleasures and happiness
undergo the enlarged tenderness.
I hope tomorrow brings a letter from
both of you
is waiting for me.

Lots of love

Yours,

Martha