



GEO. F. SHEA,
MANAGER



— NORTHERN HOTEL —

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

Jan. 12, 1936.

Dear People;

I doubt if I can do much at concentrated writing as there is a radio ~~radio~~ howling & squawking next door. It's quarter of ten & I just got back from Huntley. I have worked all day Sunday & have a big weak a head of me so I'd like to kick the radio into the street and go to bed early.

Last night I was invited out to dinner. I got in at 6:30 & supposedly was to have my suit back from the



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cleaners. But it wasn't here. The folks I was to go with came & still no suit. You should have seen me pacing the floor in my slip - not patient at all. Eventually it came but I had a bad half hour.

The first of the week I was in Roundup. One evening it was too cold so I sat in the lobby. I found "Bambi" & read the whole book in one evening. I have often heard of "Bambi" but never got hold of it at all. It is a very sweet story about the life of a deer. The volume at the hotel had charming woodcut



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in it. It is so charmingly told while Bambi is still a little fawn he hears the jays ~~soldiers~~ fussing. He asks his mother if deer fuss that way she answers "no never." Also when the old owl hoots he asks Bambi if he was scared. Bambi humors him & tells "Oh terribly" the owl puffs up with pride & chuckles. I don't know when I have loved a story more.

When at Roundup I worked with a family by name of Minnemans. They ^{live in a} little nearly extinct town, in fact they are nearly the town now, they & I



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their poultry plant. They have one flock in what used to be the bank, another in what was formerly the school & a third in the Hack-Smitts shop & a fourth in a renovated box car. Mr. & Mrs. Minnemans are both Ohio State graduates & delightful & their house is furnished most tastefully with quaint old fashion furniture, Rosewood mahogany & walnut. All in all I had a most delightful time. Well I must go to bed.

lots of your
— Harriette —

pictures. Dad. They are
all especially fond of the
steps in Allen Park. They
are so truly lovely.

Well, I must get
to bed for I have to
talk to the H.D.s for
an hour to morrow & I
have not got my subject
matter prepared at
yet.

With lots of love
your,

Harriette

Bozeman, Mont.
1/20/36.

Dear People,

I inadvertently left my
glasses at college to night
so this will be very short
sided for I have to hold
it off about three feet to
see it at all. Gladly but
I am getting far sighted.

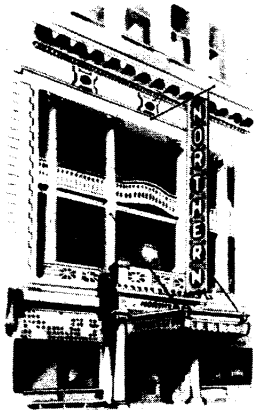
Well, again it's County
Agent Conference. Some-
how I don't get as thrilled as
I used to. It's just one more
job & we seem to have had
plenty of them of late.

I had such a strange
dream the other night

I can't figure out why I dreamed it.

Seems Vi + I were in a place + I had an older sister. She was tall with beautiful dark wavy hair. The three of us were apparently keeping house in your absence. Sean remembers the older sister combing her lovely long hair + Vi starting a fire for preparation for supper when you two returned. You were supposedly returning from a trip to Canada but when you got to talking we found you had gone on to Labrador + thence to Greenland + the Iceland. I was too busy with the meal to hear particulars of the return trip but Paris seemed to be in the itinerary. And mother you had on the white dress you wore to Edna Underwood's wedding it wasn't clean + I was quite upset. Dad - you went to the plans + began to pick out some time you had heard in Iceland + both of you laughed so early. Well, it was all so real + funny.

I have had so many compliments on your last



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NORTHERN HOTEL

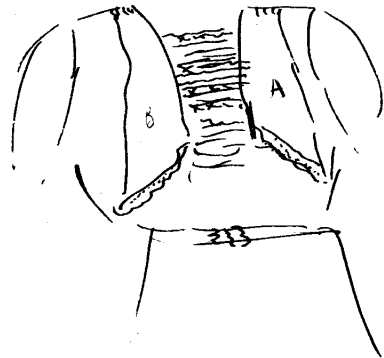
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BILLINGS, MONT.

Jan. 27, 1936

Dear People,

And now extension conference is over for another year. As I said in my last ~~of~~ letter, I could not somewhat take it so seriously as I used to and in consequence did not work quite so hard. And as to clothes - well being a dinner, I was able to have some-once-time dresses made over quite presentably. I had a red velvet that looked like this:



well I took out the lace part & had the dress's face lifted taking it up at the shoulder seam & the two revers I made them into a collar.



The dress is even better looking than it used to be.



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NORTHERN HOTEL

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BILLINGS, MONT.

The conference was over Sat, & she was on the program, explaining rural electrification. So she staid all night with me. Then I came down here yesterday afternoon.

I am on the last leg of my chicken testing. I expect to get the Billings territory finished up this week. Then I go over into the Flathead district next week.

We had some snow in Bozeman Friday, that was most welcome. So far they have had little snow down here.

I am starting a new book called "Flesh of the Wild Ox." a story of the Big country & most interesting



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BILLINGS, MONT.

It is written by Carleton Coon, a young explorer & anthropologist sent out from Harvard.

Well, dears, I am so sleepy I can't seem to write straight so forgive me if this is very short

Lots of love

Your

—
Farringer.

P.S. I went to the desk to get an envelope for this letter & found both of your dear letters waiting for me. I always enjoy your descriptions of your discussion



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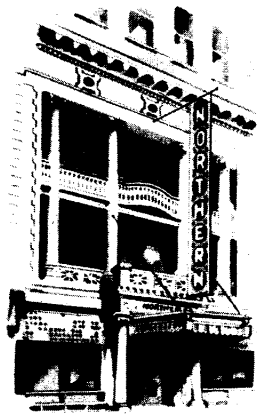
— NORTHERN HOTEL —

CONSTANTLY KEPT NEW

BILLINGS, MONT.

group, Dad. It is well for folks from different walks of life to talk over our problems & the world about us. Our Extension Service is taking on a project at present to foster discussion groups among the rural folks of the state in hopes they may better understand themselves & in that way better their own conditions.

I am so dreadfully sorry mother that you suffer so much. I can't understand Vi's absolute procrastinating indifference. She said she was sending a Christmas gift, but so far it has never



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arrived. maybe she is saving
it for next year. She is a queer
child - after all she has no more
to do than the rest of us, nor is
her lot harder. It seemed to me
when I was there that she had so
many things to make her extremely
happy.

Thanks, Dad, for the clipping
about the egg eating human. I
don't think I could care for 30
eggs even if someone else brought
all of them. It would be
about like a walkathon. And by
the way did I ever describe the
one I saw at Kalispell a few years
ago? The walkers had been at it



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day + night for about 20 days then
they would walk twenty
minutes + then be given 5 or 6 minutes
time out. They'd go to their dressing
rooms + fall asleep at once only to
be wakened by a gong + go to walking
again. It was so perfectly silly
+ they looked so utterly weary as
they wobbled along + placard on
each person's back giving him + her
a number. In many cases the boy
was almost supporting his girl
friend.

President Atkinson gave us
a very interesting talk on the
T.V.A. at conference time. He



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visited it this fall. But the strange part about it was, the future possibilities - Should T.V.A.s + their like become established practices both ~~the~~ those living in stations served by the Missouri + the Columbia Rivers talk seriously about having like projects. Just how will that effect the future of Montana? We are the ridge pole of the nation. If it means better planning + use of our land - prevention of soil erosion + reforestation it ~~is~~ may mean a richer ~~strong~~ state. At least it



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makes us wonder & wonder.
Well, if I was sleepy when I said good night two pages back + I am sleepier than ever now. So I will say goodnight again.
Sincerely,

Farrette

While at Luts Payson's
last night Mildred High
phoned that Sally Barnes
mother died on the 8th. Sally
is the girl that stopped off
to see you in 1931. I am so
sorry for her, as her father
died only about a year ago.

I was in Kalispell the
latter part of the week. It
was so extremely cold 30° Below
& a wind howling that we
did not even attempt to
make our meetings.

Much love,
Yours

Harriette.

Bozeman, Mont
2/10/36.

Dear People,

I got home yesterday
but I did not get the
Sunday letter off mainly
because I have been in
so much on account of
sever weather, that when
the mercury climbed to
zero Luts Payson + I went
tramping. My but it was
good to get out and sketch

one leg. After the camp, I
went up to Lois Payson's apt.
She built a fire in the fire
place & we set out table
before the cheerful blaze.

I always enjoy Lois Payson
so much. She has such sound
judgment & a delightful sense
of humor.

We have not been paid
as yet this month. It seems
the money for the next half year
has not come from Washington.
It will be pretty hard adjusting
if it does not come along soon
since my heaviest expense
comes during the spring. I
have two big insurance
premiums due besides a
lot of little things. But surely
something will be arranged.

somewhat I felt sorry for the blooms. They
of course were frozen stiff, stiff. I
hope they made Mrs. Taylor feel better
for surely they could be of no further
use to anyone. Perhaps I don't
know, but it seems rather terrible
to put all that money in to flowers
for a few seconds when there are so
many sick & needy. But I guess I
always have been too much of a
utilitarian.

Well, dears, if this is going to
get off on tonight's train I must
say goodnight.

With best love,

Yours

Marjette



State College
Bozeman Mont
2/18/36.

Dear People,

If I can keep awake I'll get
off the home letter, that is already
over due.

flory, but we have had a spell
20° was the warmest it was at any
time until tonight. At five it was
about up to zero and felt positively
warm. It's been down between
30° + 40° below each night. Fortunately
my coal held out + I'd taxi to
a from work. Both Frances +
Jo. tried going "out" but roads are
blocked + too cold for anyone to
come to meetings, so they came back

It suits me fine for I have such heaps of office work. I just dictated 60 letters at a whack & have done a lot more besides & you can't begin to see bottom yet.

Lois Payson gave me such an interesting book to read, "Deserts on the March." I enjoyed it so much I wanted to get one for your Valentine but Teddy did not have them in stock. She said it will take about 10 days - so within a week or two you will get a belated valentine.

I am trying a new thing - a film strip. A film strip is a succession of pictures on films the size of moving picture films. You project them onto a sheet with a regular small projector. All the same as the more cumbersome slides we use to use. The film strip - even though containing 40 or more pictures can be rolled into a small roll & slipped into a pill box and tucked into ones pocket. The one I just worked out was on turkeys - it had 40 frames. I hope it turns out well. I would sort of like to

make a personal one of Glacier Park as the 40 only cost \$4.00.

Mrs. Taylor's mother died & was buried ^{Monday} here. (That's my boss's wife's mother) They had a grave side ceremony or what ever you call it. It seemed queer standing in the snow with it so below. All the trees were laden with snow & the sun sparkled brightly. There were oceans of flowers. But

and this morning it is colder
but not bitter. I go out
again to morrow night but
back again for the weekend. I
don't mind the short trips.

Well, dears, I must quit
for I do have so much to do.

By the way Teddy & Doris
were at my house yesterday A.M.
They are so crazy about my
Allen Park picture they wondered
if you would make them each
one, Dad. I am sure they'd be
willing to pay a reasonable
price - I let us know - much love
— Harriette

Bozeman, Mont
Feb. 24, 1936

Dear People,

Your welcome letter came
this morning, mother. I am so
sorry that nearly every week
forces you take "time-out"

So you got your Xmas gift
from Vi - so did I. I very
pretty brown crocheted
purse. It is so lovely. But

why can't she arrange to
have things happen on time?

Saturday evening the faculty women's Club went on a sleigh ride. It had been a long time since I heard the jingle of bells & felt the freshness of winter air. One does not get the feel of the out of doors when riding in a car. We had two big horses each about the size of our old Fred. They trotted along with the bob sled as if it was nothing.

Yesterday I was lazy and spent the day reading & washing my hair. I had a queer book by Anne Parrish called "The Methodist Town" - The story of a lad who passionately loved the out of doors but had strict church going family. It was a strange one, but very well done.

The weather moderated. On Saturday we had a real chinook but it snowed again last night

Roundup hut
Mar. 9, 1936.

Dear People,

Do you suppose I'll ever find time to
leisurely sit down & write all I want to, so you
you are darbs to let me say "hello" & "goodby"
in this frantic way.

Yesterday I thought surely I'd have
plenty of time but there was so much mail
& work waiting for me here at Roundup that
I just couldn't get at even a note.

All our snow is gone just moved out
on us. I hope part of it went in the
ground & not all of it ran away.

I hope you didn't hate the pictures
too much. I had to have my picture
taken for the High School work material
& the dumb dora of a photographer hated
the two. If I didn't take them she'd have
put them in her show window & that would
have been too awful, so I imposed them

on to you all,

I hope you like Deseret on the March I
liked it so much.

I will be going down to Crow Agency to
talk to the Crows on the 12th & then
back to Billings & get into Bozeman I hope
by Sunday. I truly hope a little

later this Spring I'll have a breathing
spell & "stay in" for a while - This morning
about get a little old.

There doesn't seem to be but precious
little to say so it will just be
my wünschens

lots of love

you

Marvella

How can you beat that?
I get heaps nearly as bad
but that seemed a little
bit the worse

I must skip if I
want to mail this,

Lots of love
Your

Marjorie

Bozeman, Mont
Mar. 16, 1936.

Dear People

I got both your fine
letters this morning. I
am sorry you are having
rheumatism, Dad. It's tough
luck. About the pictures -
of course the girls don't
expect them as gifts. It's
rather up to you to state
your price.

Yes, mother, I read "The
Return of the Native" while
it ran in Hapers. I liked
it so very much. Perhaps
you remember I had another

of his books when I was here last
Summer. It belonged to my step. &
I read it on the train - "Gardens" - the
story of the 3rd generation in this
Country. It was well written also.

I recently borrowed Teddy's copy
of "Time out of mind." Don't that
ones sent home? At least I intended
to send it. I liked the saltiness of
the new England atmosphere.

~~Wednesday~~ ^{Thursday} I was at Crow
Agency & talked to the Indians.
I always get a kick out of them.

I have been dictating letters
all day long. I had one
Prize one I must copy. It is
no choice.

" Burns Mont 3-9-36

Dear Sir

Can you advise me wot
to feed the turkey Poults to get rid
of worms while they are small
wot wot due recommend and wot
Pill due you yours truly
J. J. Ernster
Burns
Mont. "

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

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Mar. 22, 1936.

Dear People,

and again I didn't get the letter written on Sunday. But if you saw all I did over the week end you would forgive. I have had so many colds while in Poplar. I came to the conclusion that perhaps I am constantly reinfecting myself from my bed. For goodness knows I eat plenty of fruit + vegetables, so I did my bed thoroughly; down to the mattress, blankets, spread, quilt, pad + even the pillow. It was really quite interesting the way I did the pillow. I wet it first then turned the feather contents in a tub of hot soapy water, I soured it up + down took the squeezed out feathers through the wringer + rinsed them until the water was clear. Then I spread them all over the basement floor. The next morning they were as dry + fluffy as you please. ~~I don't~~ I don't think I lost a handful of feathers all told + the feathers in the clean tick do smell so good. But I told the girls I don't intend to take ~~the~~ up feather washing as a vocation or even avocation.

I was so surprised to hear about your snow storm. While we have had some disagreeable weather there has been nothing extraordinary. From where I sit I can see a snow storm over the peaks right now but the sun is shining in my west window.

I have had a brand new idea & it seems to be working. In Southern Montana especially we run short on our shortage of turkeys at Xmas, it's a real problem to get the cars all dove tailed together. So I have worked a project for the Smith Hughes Classes. They are picking out a few older more reliable boys who would have to be working all summer at any rate & they want a good full time summer job. They are to take 500 poults June 1st & raise them under supervision. Herding them during the summer & sleeping in a tent or shepherd's wagon & having the turkeys roost on perches made on wagon beds so that the whole outfit can be moved from place to place easily. I am quite interested in the response we are getting.

Well dear's its nearly five o'clock & I have to go home & eat quickly for I have to give "Chick" Egan a chick sexing examination this evening. I had to work almost every evening last week & this one is starting out as bad. But the climax was capped when a very distinguished ex banker gentleman drifted in to tell me about his projected plans. He is establishing himself in Battle & is going to raise chickens, pigeons, frogs, mushrooms, collie dogs and standard bred horses. If he knows no more about the rest than he does the chickens I am afraid he will have a dreadful tumble.

I found the origin of racket about the chickens in bottles - "Chuck" Biggerstaff who is in charge of selling Purina poultry feeds in Montana says that its just a Purina sales racket, they are growing them in bottles all over & feeding them Purina. What will they do next?

Well, I must skip -

lots of love

your
Harriette.

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IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Ermete Seoby
Mar 29 1936

Dear People,

Well, I am almost to Great Falls + I have been talking almost steadily ever since leaving Bozeman. I went on No 2 from Bozeman to Logan to Mr. Dickson my first customer. Then from Logan to Helena to Bowman the feed man for Montana Flour Mills. We talked over the crazy Farmers Union Deal that is springing up at Williston N.D. Then I called Agnes Pauline at Helena + went out + had lunch with her. She came down to the train with me + Mr. Skeels was already on the train. He is the head of Indian Resettlement work in the State. Also he used to run quite a flock of poultry when he was at the U. at Missoula so talked + talked. I kept trying to break away but always something else came up. Mr. Skeels is an extremely well read + interesting person. The conversation went from Poultry, Indians to Dolly Garden trout + Townsend plan.

So you see I have had an occupying day. I can never get on my train lately but what I want to do is to know + know one who has something to contribute. Just when I get so dog tired of the work + wish I could get a job + they put, I run into some one interesting.

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POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Friday night the wind blew harder than I ever knew it to. In fact the dust that blew into the house nearly choked me so that I got up & closed the windows. About 1 am. the wind died down & it began to snow. It snowed at least 4 inches before morning & then the mercury began to drop. This morning it was zero when I left. It's only about 10 above now. So March that entered like a lamb is certainly going out like a roaring lion.

Last night I copied turkey figures until away after midnight. I have a great page of them & enough work ^{in analyzing them} ~~out of the figures~~ to keep me busy for a week or more.

But I am so sleepy now that I have stopped talking. I'll go to bed very early for we get into Wolf Point about 4 AM.

While I was in Bozeman 2 weeks this last time, I got nothing read for I had to give a chick keeping exam to our lady, visited a poultry plant another night & talked things over with the poultry plant man a third. After that I mended & mended some more I sometimes wonder how long patching will last. A very like many other ~~worth~~ things. Before I utterly go to sleep all say goodnight. Lots of love
Yours Harriette.

THE CHINOOK HOTEL

CHINOOK, MONTANA

April 5, 1936.

Dear People,

We have certainly been having funny April weather. As I said last Sunday the temperature dropped way down. When I got off the train at 4 am. it was 10 below. It has stayed down about 7 or every day until today it began to warm up. Even last night, I was out to the mader's - He used to be our Entomology specialist and lives on a ranch just out of Glasgow. It's a pretty place. I was out there last summer when every thing was green most of the place is taken up with hay meadows along a meandering stream. And even in bleak winter it's lovely. Bill - Hilla Earl & the children are much happier than when on a salary & living under the stress & strain of a job!

THE CHINOOK HOTEL

CHINOOK, MONTANA

We left the ranch about 9:30 last night & it was 4 below then.

I was afraid I was going to have to take a middle of the night train but Hazel Thompson was in Glasgow over the week end & coming here for work so I drove with her today. She is a darling - One of our new district H.D.s - Her outlook on life is so fresh & young. She is a talented little miss, full of pep & refreshing.

Since last writing I have had 3 Indian meetings. I do like my contacts with them. At Wolf Point we had our meeting out at the Woman's Mission. Some hot Indian women strikes me as very queer. The agent asked one old squaw to tell of her experience of raising chickens & "believe it or not" her name was Mrs. Wetsst.

At noon at the Indian meetings

THE CHINOOK HOTEL

CHINOOK, MONTANA

we ate relief meat + hard tack with the rest. It was filling but I can't say altogether satisfying.

I did not get out to Fort Peck Dam when at Glasgow but Hazel says it's progressing.

It was rather of a shock that they finally did take off poor Mr. Harpman. Some how capital punishment seems so terribly cruel + wrong even though the man was implicated.

So you finished 'The Tates Return' I'm glad you liked it. I did also. And did I send you the book 'Time Out of Mind'? I would like to know how you like it.

Well, dear, perhaps I am growing sort of in a rut, but there doesn't seem to be enough interesting things

THE CHINOOK HOTEL

CHINOOK, MONTANA

to relate.

I think one thing is that I need to get my glasses changed for I find with either much reading or writing that I tire quickly. I drove most of the 150 miles this afternoon + that was tiring - in fact I drove all but 3 of them. We got within 3 miles of Chinook + ran out of gas. So we hailed a passing car + he towed us in. I let Hazel drive while being towed as it's her car + she understands it better. But even with the time lost in the towing we made the trip in 3 hours which isn't so bad.

I had a letter from Jace. She is still east + may get up to Jamestown.

Well dear, I must get to bed + get up early tomorrow.

Lots of love
you,

Harriette.



HOTEL KALISPELL

KALISPELL, MONTANA

Easter Sunday
April 12, 1936

Dear People,

Well, I feel as if I had been to a real party. Mrs. Bernard had her tea room fixed so pretty this afternoon with gaily flowers on every table and an eight peiced orchestra. All of Kalispell seemed to have turned out.

There were so many pretty easter bonnets & pretty suits. I had on my suit. and although I was dressed no different than ordinary I did not feel out of place.

and better than ^{that,} all today is a grand day. So warm I have not had to wear a coat at all. After breakfast which I had at noon I went walking for a couple of miles about town. I always

The Scenic Center of the Northwest



HOTEL KALISPELL

KALISPELL, MONTANA

feel like walking over here. Somehow with trees & mountains in the background it is an incentive to walk. While on the prairies all I feel like is going to my room & shut out the boldness of it all.

It's funny even the people on this side of the mountains are different. Those that live near or in north Dakota are so profane. When I have had to stay in Williston, Wolf Point Glasgow or Glendive on a Sunday I get sick to death listening to the bright young things swear & curse every breath. The typography of the country has a very definite relationship to the bearing & actions of the people living there.

The Scenic Center of the Northwest



HOTEL KALISPELL

KALISPELL, MONTANA

I came over the mountains yesterday from Conrad. Glacier Park was lovely. The mountains were all wrapped in snow. To me, Glacier Park is the loveliest spot on earth. Somehow the peaks rise more abruptly & more spectacularly than anywhere else.

When I got in yesterday I found both your letters. Yes, of course go ahead with the pictures. I am very sure that both Teddy & Doris will be more than willing to stand \$2.00 each, and they will be so glad to get the picture of Allen Park steps.

The Scenic Center of the Northwest



HOTEL KALISPELL

KALISPELL, MONTANA

I had an Easter card from Grace such a pretty colorful one.

This morning I had a birth announcement of Bert Willgrodt's second boy. I have always said that sometime I am going to get out an engraved announcement taking, "I ain't getting married, I ain't got no baby, I ain't celebrating ~~nothing~~ 'cept just another day" and send it to all the countless souls that I have repeatedly sent wedding & baby gifts.

I am never going to start out from Bozeman again without a book. We have been busy enough, too busy, but I do feel lost without a book. As a result I have gone to more picture shows than usual last night I went to see Ronald Coleman in

The Scenic Center of the Northwest



HOTEL KALISPELL

KALISPELL, MONTANA

"Clive of India" - It did not show much of his actual campaigns but it was fine of Ronald Coleman. I can almost forgive him anything he makes love so adorably - I like his voice. While in Seebey a couple of weeks ago I saw him in "Tale of Two Cities" He really did much more acting in it. He played the part of the rather disreputable young lawyer that changed places with the young husband & went in his place to the guillotine.

I am so glad that so many young people come to see your mother. I suppose one gets used to it, but after I have worked with people all day, I get so tired when I have to go places in the evening & yet

The Scenic Center of the Northwest



HOTEL KALISPELL

KALISPELL, MONTANA

so many of my evenings are spent that way. That is one thing that I don't like about the job, and nine times out of ten I really don't particularly enjoy ^{the people I get to see.} them, they don't even make good story material.

Well, this a very long letter about nothing - just friendly chatter - and that is about all, so I won't drag it out further.

lots of love,

Your

Harriet

The Scenic Center of the Northwest

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EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

May 4, 1936.

Dear People,

It's a nice warm day, so warm that I have
boiled windows open and the breeze that comes in
feels like a soft caress.

Well, high school week finally came to an
end. Some how so many people about tire me
more than anything else in the world. I fear I
would never get very far in a big city. I believe
the noise and confusion of the city was more what
was the matter with me in Pittsburgh than any other
one cause.

Yesterday was such a beautiful day, I sat
out in my back yard and cleaned all my
silverware, including my salt & pepper shakers the
silver tray & the silver castor. The castor looks
so pretty when shined up. Also I did a big
ironing. It is surprising that one human being
could get so many things dirty and out of
condition.

Jessie Hays who was my stenographer
for about 4 years is visiting in Bozeman and
was up to see me. She looked so nice & had

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a lovely grey suit & everything to match. She left me to take a civil service position in Washington but finally gave it up as she wanted to get back to the mountains and Montana. She will have a job in Helena. She and Ruth Riddell are much alike in many respects. Ruth is not quite as letter perfect as Fessie but takes responsibility much better. After all ^{have} I had some pretty fine girls and I wonder how I do for the work is strenuous and the pay not very much.

Well, since I just wrote in the middle of the week there isn't much to add so I'll say any wider she,

with lots of love

You,

Farrille

May. 12, 1936

Dear People,

I will try to get at least a short note off to you before I go to bed. Again I did not do the Sunday letter on Sunday. Louise Keller and I went out to take pictures. She has always take awful pictures. She knew nothing about time or apatures or not anything about composition. I know precious little, but she thinks that I do so that is all the same. So went up Spring Hill way and had the loveliest quaking aspen grove all to ourselves. Right in the foreground we had Ross'es Peak in our front yard so we could, not help getting some pretty good snaps. I would take a picture and then Louise would come and stand right where I was and take a picture on her camera. She was so pleased with the results, that it made me feel that all our efforts were more than rewarded.

I have been all tied up of late with one of the girls that really bores me greatly. Oona Stautz, our Home Management Specialist, has been let out. She really does her work well but she is so queer and does do everything back side foremost so that she did not get her contract renewed. I was the only one in the office when she received the word so that she came and wept on my shoulder. It has been hard to try and get her straightened out. Somehow if I got let out I don't think I would tell anyone I would be just too proud and would give no one the satisfaction to have them know^{ing} that I felt hurt about it.

I should get something for Vi for her birthday, but somehow I can not seem to think of anything that would be appropriate. But I will have to hunt around.

I am reading a very interesting book call "Man, The Unknown" by Dr, Alexis Carrell. It is very scholarly written. He goes on to state that with all our great strides in science etc., we really know very little about man himself yet.

We all feel pretty sick over Italy's victory. But after all the rest of the world just sat still and let them do it and now the country is gone. It will be something that can never be undone. I am wondering just what the rest of the nations will do now. There was a man that gave a lecture on it here last week. I had intended to go and hear it but one of the girls was here at the house and did not care to go so of course I did not go either. But Lois Payson went and said it was very good.

I liked your story about the nigger that hit the other nigger, mother. I heard a nice one the other day. A professor dreamed that he was giving a lecture and woke and found that he was.

It was warm over the week end but is blowing up cold again to night. It may snow again like it did last Tuesday night. There was so much snow on the Livingston Hill that they had to get the snow plough out in order to let cars get through.

Ever since I have lived here I have tried to persuade Mr. Walton to put kegs over the pie-plant, But he had never heard of it and thought it quite unnecessary. Consequently ours was always dark and tough. But this year just to please me he tried it on just two plants. Of course they plants came up tall and tender pink, He is so pleased with himself and the results that he says that next year he will get kegs for all of our plants.

All my spirea winter killed, not the roots, but the wood of last year all had to be cut back. ~~At~~ 40° Below seems to be alright but when it gets down to 50°, that just seems to be too much. My "Queen's garden" is O.K. and so ~~is~~ the sage and the chive, but the spear-mint did not stand it.

The midnight plane is going over, so I really should go to bed. It seems queer to think that the plane will be in Chicago in the morning. Glory, what an age we live in.

I'm at the end of the page so Goodnight and lots of love. *Harnetta*

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

May 25, 1936.

Dear People,

I got back to Bozeman Sunday night so I did not find the home letter until this morning.

So you are doing over the pantry for a dark noon. That's quite a job moving all the dishes and things. How Quakers do collect things we are veritable pack rats. Only when we ~~log~~ log one thing off we don't leave another in its place, as the pack rats do.

It was a warm day ^{yesterday} in fact hot, so that I was grateful for the "air-conditioned" coach.

So we have a new family down stairs - well, I hope they are the rent-paying-kind.

I was talking to Mrs. Riggs - Mr. Walton's daughter this morning before coming up to work. She is going to plant tomatoes today because the moon is right. One does not realize that some folks are still planting in the up & down of the moon.

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You asked to tell more about the Readers Digest contest. I think it was Feb. or March. That the contest is described on the back page. So I tried it. I have no hopes of getting anywhere. Besides my brain seems so dull of late.

Last week was a trying week. I caught cold + lost my voice. It is hard to hold whispering campaigns. Fortunately most of the time was spent in making farm visits + contacting small groups. However one man said, "When do you have another meeting?" I'm deaf so I couldn't hear you today.

The trees and all were further out over in the west end of the state. You see its about 1500 ft lower. This is the time of the year to visit the Mission Valley. The Mission Range is (as I have often said expect) 11,000 and the valley floor is a shade under 3000, so with practically no foothills the ragged peak rise a straight 8000 ft in the air. Right now the valley is so beautifully green and the peaks are white. There is no sight more

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impressive.

I had a letter from Grace today saying that she is expecting to get up to Jamestown. I hope she can make it.

Well, dears, this is a dumb letter, but there is nothing much to say.

Pat, my clerk, took a vacation while I was out this time. She has been losing weight. It worried me so I suggested that she take a rest. She went to her Aunt's in Lewistown and said she did nothing but eat + sleep + feels a lot better. I hope so for she is such a fine

girl. I did not get for in my book while out for I had a night meeting every night. I was too tired then to do any thing but go to bed. But now that I'm back in my own house I think I'll have a little time.

I must go home now & get something to eat as I'm powerful hungry.

lots of love
your

Fairbanks.

LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS
FOUNTAIN ROOM

SKLOWER BROS.
PROPRIETORS



MEMBER A.A.A.

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

A COMPLETE MODERN HOTEL
WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE

MALTA, MONTANA

June 17 1906

Dear Dad,

This will be your letter, a happy birthday letter. And I do hope it will be a happy birthday.

I was going to get this written on the train yesterday. But if I had perhaps all I could have said, was "Hot afternoons there were in Montana". This would hardly have been suitable for a birthday letter.

It seems very queer that with all the cold weather & snow last winter that it would be so dry & hot now. I guess the earth just drank it up pronto. It's been thirsty so very long.

LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS
FOUNTAIN ROOM

SKLOWER BROS.
PROPRIETORS



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MALTA, MONTANA

It rained some before I got here but my room never cooled off, even though it was 2 A.M. when the train pulled in.

I spent Memorial Day making Rhubarb conserve. It turned out pretty well and I did not scotch it this year. You ask our mother if she does not think that an accomplishment for me. You see when there is so much sugar & it is a cooking down process it takes steady watching.

Saturday evening several of us girls went to see "Little Lord



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MALTA, MONTANA

MEMBER A.A.A.

"Foutelroy." The young Freddy
Bathalnew played the part &
certainly did it well. Seems
 queer, after all the ultra sophisticated
 players, that they are coming back to
 the simpler type mixed with a
 little homely element. I suppose
 that means we are swinging again.

at this juncture the agent came
 along. We had a capitalizing
 demonstration at a man's house whom
 the agent says "is living on borrowed
 time". In other words he put
 his hand on some horses he should
 not have & should be doing time at
 Deer Lodge but so far hasn't gone. One
 marvel at him being so dumb in



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MALTA, MONTANA

MEMBER A.A.A.

that respect for he is truly a very
 bright man & has adorable children
 I thoroughly enjoyed my work there. We
 staid for dinner. The little boys
 brought out some little tennis
 rackets, they had the faintest
 idea what they were for. So I took
 a little rubber ball & showed them
 how to "serve" & "return" & before
 I left the kids were playing tennis
 all over the place.

I went up to the Lantz place.
 They are been interesting people.
 Mr. Lantz is head of a resettlement
 project & really doing things. He has
 I don't know how many people on
 his project. He is cutting right
 through red tape & making things
 step. But I feel at his own expense
 if he don't slow up hell be a nervous



GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

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WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE

MALTA, MONTANA

MEMBER A.A.A.

wreck? And one wonders— so many
play politics, so many just sit
it's a nerve strain in both directions
& few realize the splendid piece of
work that Lantz is doing.

The County Agent, I bought
you shirt & tie. I hope you like
it, Dad— There is not much in Malta
to choose from. As far as stores this
might be Malta the island, so
isolated & provincial. at any rate

I hope you can wear it, Dad, & its
not too small.

Well its passed mid night & as
it was 2:00 AM when I got in
last night I must get to sleep—

lots of love

and a very happy natal day
your daughter
Harriette

Scobey Mont
June 9, 1936

Dear People,

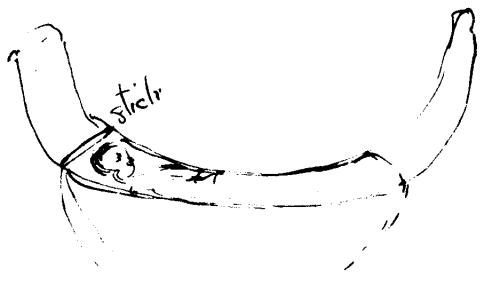
Well, I've been playing with Polly. She says "Polly wants a cracker" and "kitty kitty kitty" - & quite like the old thing, she ruffles up her feathers & gives with delight when I talk to her.

Wey, but it is cold. It rained hard Sunday night and yesterday it seemed as if it would snow. Reports are that it did snow in Butte.

As consequence of the rain, we had a "hang-up" pool meeting yesterday. About 40 turned out. That meant practically everyone in the whole community. It was a caponizing meeting, not only did everyone watch with careful attention but also about a half a dozen folks learned to do the operation.

Friday & Sat. I worked with the Indians on the Fort Peck Reservation - I like working with them. The young Indian farmer is part Indian himself. He is an Idaho graduate with a masters degree from Nebraska in plant breeding & genetics. A very bright young man & so unassuming. We visited

a number of the Indian houses that were raising chickens. Also had a 4-H club meeting. The Indian home where the club meeting was held was interesting. Their names was prosaic Smith. But they were nearly full bloods. In true Indian fashion the home contained no extra pills, very clean; the floor boards shone but they had none of the things we consider essential to a cozy home. The room in which we held the meeting had four beds. Above one was a queer home made hammock in which swung the cutest laughing little brown baby. Two ropes were swung over the 2x6's of the ~~the~~ rafters. Then a blanket was wrapped around ~~them~~ + a stick was inserted to make the head wider.



Brown babies are so much cuter than white ones.

One place we stopped a little brown fellow was napping around with his back flap of his overalls down + his little brown seat exposed to the breeze. Instead of looking rather embarrassing as would an exposure of white skins he looked just adorable.

We also stopped at Mrs. Two Bonnets High Back's -
Old High Back was seated on the bed while Mrs. High Back
was seated on a rug on the floor with her mouth
filled with dyed porcupine quills. This is the way
she gets the quills softened up for working into
moccasins. The quill work is much older than
bead work. While Two Bonnets can speak little
English she understands. She is almost as
broad as tall & all smiles. She is going to make
me a pair of moccasins with quill work. They are
the kind that come high about the ankles &
have a thong drawing them together.

We went out to see her chicks. She had
five Buff Orp. mothers tramping up & down a
hermetically sealed dog house with their respective
broods trailing jipping after them. After a
little persuasion we got her to open some of the
windows & let out the broods. The sunshine went
to the mother's heads & they staged a fee for
all fight with the little ones all tumbling
under the sage brush.

Sunday Lillian Tubbs the H.D.C. + I went for
a picnic by our selves down beside the Missouri
River. The Missouri here is muddy + treacherous,
not the Bear Mountain stream that we find
near Boyeman.

But the mosquitoes were mercifully absent
& we found a sheltered grove so we had a nice time
until the weather changed & began to blow up a storm

Well its about time to go to meeting.
Our meeting place today is right on the
Canadian border at Whitetail - one of the points of
entry. So I must say goodbye.
I start back to Boyeman again tonight.

Lots of love

Your

Farrington

Bozeman, Mont,
June 16, 1936 -

Dear People,

I received your good letter yesterday, mother. I am glad to think of the living room table back in its place. When ever I dream of home, its as it used to be with things arranged ^{as} they were when I was in High School.

I also had a letter from Vi. It was one long tale of sadness from cover to cover + I had to pay 3¢ extra to get it. I know she has worried but heck! her sense of humor seems to have gone into a permanent eclipse.

Well, I had a hectic ^{but} fascinating week end. Virginia Ferguson who is now a Sophomore asked Mildred High + I to chaperone her party up the west gallery over the week end. There were about a dozen of them. I had forgotten that college students were such youngsters. I felt terribly grown up when I was a sophomore. But they were darling. We made rough beds + slept under the stars. What little sleeping we did. The final bunch of boys got straightened

around and in bed at 1:30 A.M. and part of them got up at 5 A.M. to hike to Lava Lake before breakfast.

But there is one thing they don't treat chaperons antiquated as we use to. They romped about & included us in all they did & I laughed until my sides ached.

Last week the regional Vocational Ag. group held their meeting in Bogusan, W. Va. ^{was} ~~was~~ that worked in the same office I did in Idaho was among them. As I did not get back to Bogusan until the evening before the meeting adjourned I did not see much of him but did have him down to lunch. There are very few still on the Idaho force in Extension work that were there when I was.

Four-H club convention began today. Yesterday it rained most all day, but turned out nice & bright today. I am so glad for many of the youngsters have never seen mountains before. Today ^{the mountains'} ~~the~~ faces are rain washed so that each pine tree stands out distinctly. It seems almost as if one could reach out & touch them.

-Yesterday "Scotty" Cameron loaned me his car to go and make arrangements for the flocks I was to take my H-H group to. As long as he is head of the H-H work that seemed much better than for me to have to hire a taxi. It is the first time I have taken a car off by myself and I did so enjoy the feel of the wheel under my hands. Someday when Jimmie will have to own a car again.

After I left Scotty last week, I met Lillian Tubbs in Wolf Point. She had to see a Miss Hoyerdahl their Red Cross nurse about a schedule. She said she would only be a few minutes & did want to go along. Some thing that Miss Hoyerdahl said made me draw the conclusion that she had recently revisited Norway. When she found we were interested she dragged all her pictures out. In the first place she is an interesting person & in the second place she did the things I would want to, that is visit the rural districts & climbed the beautiful mountains. Her pictures looked like a cross between the Alps & our own Glacier Park. Consequently we staid three hours.

Mrs. Two Bonnetts High Back finish my moccasins & Lillian Tubbs sent them to me. They fit nicely & the lides smell delightfully smoky & indian.

From where I am writing I can see youngsters playing by the campus pool. They are sailing boats. It makes me think of Wilbur Daniel Steele's story

"Sailor, Sailor" - the one time sailor that had moved to Colorado ^{Then one day when he was irrigating he came upon some youngsters with some little sail boats.} # helped the boys sail their toy ships on an irrigating ditch. Of course the man's name was Coffin. It is interesting ^{phenomena, whenever} a writer tells

a sea yarn, the hero's name is as surely Coffin, as when one tells an Irish tale ~~the~~ name is Pat.

Mr. Dickover my pet brakeman on No 1 + 2 had to go to the N.P. Hospital at Missoula Thursday so he told me he would stop off on his return between trains. As I would be out in the country working I told the Walters to let him in as he was more anxious to see my books than me anyway. When I got home at 5 he was having the best time browsing in my library. But he said I had the "darnedest house" - "meaning what?" says I. "well, I couldn't find a vase." There he had brought me a bunch of the most gorgeous roses. I have kept them down cellar each day & bring

them up when I get back at night so that they are still lovely.

Mr. Dickover is short fat wears glasses + partly bald, but he has an interesting thinker - We trade books. I have known him for nearly 10 years but this is the first time he ever stopped. He was delighted with my house + thought your pictures, Dad, were perfect. He especially liked the steps in Allen Park. He said it was the best composition of any he has ever seen.

There was one incident I meant to mention in my last letter but it completely slipped my mind when writing that was the Indian Centuries. It wasn't so many years ago when their dead were laid to rest on a high scaffold. Now they bury them in orthodox manner in a cemetery with a pickett fence around the lot. When I was on the Fort Peck reservation it was only a short time after memorial day. All the graves were bright with color. I asked Lillian what the flowers were. "Paper flowers", Lillian replied, and added that for weeks before

memorial day the squaws were all busy making paper flowers. The burying ground was literally in bloom. A ~~picture~~ ^{photograph} would not have done justice to the scene. It was the color every where that relieved the unbroken expanse of prairie.

I sent off a letter to the Palms Olive Soap competition last night. Should I wish to get a trip on the beautiful ship "Queen Mary". But don't worry, you probably won't have to write steamer letters right away.

Well, I must get to work. I have so much to do but feel too sleepy to do it.

Lots of love,

Yours,

Marjorie

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

June 22, 1936.

Dear People,

Again Monday. Time just evaporates.
Most of the girls that I know are planning to
go to Seattle for the Home Ec Convention. I would
not mind going along even though I am not Home Ec,
as I dearly love Seattle, the Sound & all the
surroundings. The place for Poultry Science
is attractive also - Virginia. But that's pretty
far away. I'd need a little more time & cash.

Well Club Conference is over. And what
a hectic time. As usual we had the Club
picnic up the West Gallatin. The youngsters
from the Eastern Montana were delighted as
always. As soon as the cars stopped they
scattered up the mountain sides & all about
It was like opening a chicken crate.

Louise Keller, one of the girls of the group I
play around with, is going to Missouri. As is
the custom in Bozeman. The parties for her have

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started. Thursday Teddy had some of us down
and yesterday Jo Pollock had a picnic party for
Louise and partly for her two nephews. Jo brought
them back with her from Iowa. They were nice
kids one just finishing high school & one a
senior next year. They joined in 4-H week & had
a lot of fun with the others that came.

It was particularly lovely yesterday. We went
up Bridger Canyon - about 18 miles up. But
with better cars & better roads its pretty hard
to pick a canyon on Sunday & have even a
small part of it to yourself.

Saturday I spent the afternoon washing. I have
not had time for weeks & weeks so I had a regular
he-sized wash. 8 sheets 14 napkins & lunch
clothes etc etc until I had the lines full
& times. Now I am all quite clean again
Except the house. I don't know when I will
get time to clean the rug curtains & windows. But
I hope soon as I am getting pretty grimy
especially with the numerous dust storms we
have had lately.

(over)

Harpers has some very good articles in it this month. I like it about as well as any of the current magazines.

I have been interested and amused at Clarence's chicken venture. With his laziness in sanitation, I think he has done remarkably well, though I dread to think what will happen next year unless he does a good job of cleaning up. Any number of my record

keepers have lost ^{only} four 3% to 5% up to fry size. With better management & better chicks there seems to be little excuse for chick losses in the present day. I often wonder how you did as well as you did, mother while we were in the country with so little to do with - the old piano box wasn't a very well ventilated place on Casnoville always sat in the door way. There is little romance left in poultry now. Its more or less an accurate science & a lot of work that must be done right now.

Well I must quit now &

lots of love

your

Harriette.

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

June 29, 1936

Dear People,

Monday again. Sunday went by at a rapid pace. It seemed to me every time I looked at the clock another hour had escaped. I was house cleaning.

Saturday Edgar, our janitor at the college, cleaned my windows for me. It's a big job; besides Edgar's wife has been very ill & I think he needs the cash badly. My rugs were all at the cleaners, so while Edgar washed windows I washed curtains. Yesterday I cleaned the floors

~~ironed~~ the curtains & hung them, besides carrying 12 pints of pissack - when 10 P.M. came I was quite willing to take a hot bath and go to bed.

Our Lois Lott got married this week to Dr. Cole. He is a widower. It was all rather sudden, but I believe they will be very happy. They have many tastes in

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common. He has a very large home on 8th St. that
belonged to his mother + father before him. Lois
has never liked house work + to keep that big
farm would be difficult for even the most ardent
house maker. But she is a very efficient +
office person so she + Bill talked it all
over carefully + both think it the happiest
arrangement to have an extra person for the
home instead of the office. Lois said -
"I won't mind cooking breakfast in fact I
think I'll like it." So the extra person will
come in by the day.

I so hope she is happy.

It was so terribly hot last week I most
passed out. I was in Forsyth + Miles City. It
was 110° in the shade at Miles. It never cooled
off at night lower than 90°. So I was terribly
glad to get back to Bozeman + decent coolness.

There are two youngsters in the neighborhood
John + Janet that "come to call" as they put it.
John doesn't seem very bright but Janet is all there.
They are 10 + 9. Janet always wants to know if she is

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as big as I was when I was a jobber who thinks I must do something mysterious want to know if it was true that I cut up cat gizzards to find out what they are made of. Where do they get their ideas?

Well, dears, I must quit & get to work. I have a lot to do - get out a bulletin on Turkey marketing & a mimeographed letter on culling.

With lots of love,

Yours,
M. G. Burlingame