



BAKER'S GUEST RANCH

HORSE **70** BRAND

Phone 9-F-23

CHOTEAU, MONTANA

July 7, 1941.

Dear People,

A year ago I was home - just getting ready to start back. It was a nice 4th last year - see just it seems I always manage to have a pretty nice 4th.

This year I was working in Fairfield the 2nd & 3rd - then due in Glasgow tomorrow. I grant I did a little planning but I knew it was no use to work anywhere on the 5th - everyone was taking a long holiday. So I wrote to the Baker ranch to take me in. It was a grand week end. It was an honest to goodness vacation, Mrs Baker met me in Choteau - (away have to go over to pencils because I'm aboard the train. But I'll try a little longer.

At any rate there was a regular cloud burst between Fairfield + Choteau - Mrs. Baker had one of her guests - the dog groceries + a trailer - The mud was pretty bad so, although we only had 30 miles to go, + we started at 7:30. It was after 10 when we arrived at the ranch.

[We are going by the A.C.M. Shelter - they are turning the entire Missouri river through the plant - that means things must be going pretty full blast] well, as I said - it was fair to say when we got to the ranch. We could see what we were in the trees. They made us coffee - and we sat around & talked until nearly midnight. Then "Alkali" the guide, acted



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"pack-rat" (he who carries luggage at a guest ranch or vermacularly "Bride Ranch") all I could see that we were going a long way through the trees. They were drippy & it was as dark as your pocket. I did not notice much about the cabin that night except that it had a bed. I got there as fast as I could. Next morning Alkali pounded on the door, I woke to a bright & shiny world.

At breakfast I met the rest of the guests - two girls from Milwaukee. Louise Zobel - whom they called Zubby & Jane Ballard. Just Jane. Then there was Mrs. Calmer who had been in touch with Mrs. Baker. They were all going to the rodeo at Augusta. But that was the last place I wanted to go. In stead Alkali saddle up "Dusty" for me. Dusty is the white horse in the cut above. Everyone likes Dusty & I felt very privileged to ride him. Alkali had Snoop - ~~was~~ named because of his propensity of nosing into everything. The Sat. ride while resting after lunch Snoop came clambering over the logs & tried to sample Alkali's hair. Mrs. Baker did not want to have me start out on an all day trip first thing out of the box so we ambled up the middle fork of the Tetou for about 2 1/2 miles - took some pictures & got back by noon. After lunch we went out another trail for 2 1/2 miles and got back by 5 P.M.

[Oh the sky is beautiful; the sun is setting and great banks of fluffy clouds like banks of steam catch the light & slant it up into the zenith. In contrast to the brilliancy above, twilight is gathering on the (over)

on the prairie. Some of the grasses are beginning to ripen while other varieties are still green. To me there is nothing quite so utterly lonesome as prairies at twilight. Even more than watching twilight gather over water. Those who live in the tropics miss a very soul wrenching experience to never know twilight or dawn.

But to get back to my usual work after getting back from the afternoon trip to take a nap. Then Lois Hodgskins who is the dining room girl came to see if Alkali + I wanted to wait until the next get home or eat. This is a Freshman at Bozeman Her father "Bing" Hodgskins was my Turkey marketing manager for Teton County but he died very suddenly of heart attack about 5 years ago - Margaret was a Freshman at Bozeman then Elvire a senior in High School + Lois + her twin brother still quite youngsters. Mrs Hodgskins who is quite a remarkable woman has helped them all to get their education - Lois is such a darling - about 5ft 8, talk like "Bing" was + the same sunny disposition. Well Alkali + I waited until 7 - then we were too hungry to wait longer. Though we could have, for the folks came before we finished - The girls were much thrilled with the rodeo, at least the Milwaukee girls - Mrs. Calenders only comment, when asked how the show was - "no one was hurt" - I was glad indeed when I found she was only staying until the next day + did not care for her at all - On the other hand Grace + Zola are darlings. Grace is a biochemist at the Milwaukee Hospital and Zola is the P.T. later in discussing where I came from + I mentioned Jamestown N.Y., Zola asked if I knew a Mrs - I forgot the name by now - she said her name was Louella Hollister - "Does she + I go to some class in J.H.S." - Seems Louella still has to do all the housewifery for the family - Her husband is a would-be artist. When I hear of such cases I'm



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just plenty glad I don't have a husband to support.
~~It's worse~~ things than being an old maid.

Saturday with the calendar woman departed, Zelle, Alkali & I went way to the head of the middle fork + over Route Creek Pass until we could look into the Sun River - Swan River Primitive area. For 18 years I have wanted to look into the primitive area + there I saw it - The Chinese Wall nearly 40 miles away - moonlight peak - and all the jumble of peaks, with great grassy parks, rivers lake et alles - now my desire is greater than ever. But which ever way you take it - from Missoula north - South fork of the Flathead + south or from Route Creek - west - any way you take it the trip is a 10 day to two weeks + cost \$100.00 All food, tents, bedding everything has to be packed in - maybe some day before I am old and decreped I'll get there. At least I, packed in - It's in buying - buying and wonderfully beautiful.

We came back over the pass + down to timber line again to a clump of fir where the horses could graze I still rode dusty - There we made coffee + had our lunch. It was then that Snoop tried to eat Alkali's hair.

The flowers on each trip were wonderful. There were 3 or 4 varieties of Penstemon - Twin flowers, Sago
 (over)

lilies, Paint Brush, wild roses, Burr forgetme nots
Coral Root, Telima, wild parsnip, gentians - and all
in a riot of color.

HO I've run out of lead pencil. It's doubtful if I can
finish now. I'd best wait until I get to Glasgow but
I'll try a little while if don't make my eyes ache -
Glasgow

Thursday - I did not finish on the train - It was too hard - so
I went to bed, called at BOOAN for Glasgow. I went to bed
right away again but hard to sleep the room was so hot.

Tuesday & Wednesday, here, were like living in a bake oven
but last night it cooled off. Must have been a storm
somewhere for when we came out of the meeting at
11 P.M. a cold wind hit us & by the time I got to the
hotel all the electricity went off, so there was nothing
to do but crawl about & find tooth brush, night
gown etc by touch. I did not find time to finish
this Tuesday night either - as it was past midnight
when we got in from the North Country. I have been
putting on chicken-roll demonstrations. They are hard.
In the morning I kill ^{pick} three chickens. One by the
dry pick method, one slack scald & the third the hard
scald. Then after lunch we compared the appearance
of the three birds, then do the chicken roll & show them
how to can it, and how to fit up for the freezer locker.

Well, all this shop isn't so interesting. It's plain
hard work. Last night Mrs. Elliott's daughter Shirley
came to get ~~us~~ us. Mrs. P. is the H.D. - Mrs. Elliott & I
were finishing processing the chickens & cleaning up
the mess. We found that we had been locked into the
school house - so we had to put all our stuff through
the basement window & crawl out after it. Then I went
home with Mrs. P. & Shirley for a lunch & then to a 4-11
meeting. This is the county that had the winning

team that went to the W.P.C. at Cleveland in 1939. June Wren & Merla Uphouse were both there at the meeting. It seemed nice to see them. June has grown into such a lovely young lady. Now - I know live talk enough about now. I want to finish up the week end trip. When my pencil gave out I had just finished the Sat side.

That evening the two Milwaukee girls & I went to see Betty Ross. Her aunt is Olga Hanson, Head of Out Dept. at Bozeman. Betty is in charge of the Women's work for Farm Security at Fairfield. I have a House Keeping Cabin at the Baker Ranch for all summer. Betty was there for over the 4th with 3 other girls - I knew them all. Miss Patch is Supt. Schools at Poplar & will help Betty on the project & Miss Rooney was at Fairfield & now at Helena. We found the girls trying to drip color candles on a bottle to make a fancy candle holder, so we chipped in with suggestions & help. Pete, the Bakers dog accompanied us & begged cookies of Miss Patch - when no more seemed forth coming, he wanted out.

The next day Sunday, we packed our bushes, again, for a trip up the North Fork. The first part of the trip was bad for we had to go through about 3 miles of burned over area. It burned last fall from a fire started by a careless camper. It was such a terrible fire that the smoke was clouded the sky at Bozeman & all the C.C.C. at Squaw Creek Camp on the West Gallatin were drafted to help fight it. Forest fires are such terrifying things & riding through

The blackened area seemed like going to a funeral. But as soon as we left the area, the forest was heavy, the creek clear and dashing with much white water, while here & there deep trout pools ~~showed~~ a deep blue from the trail where we wound along the side of the mt.

We went up about 9 or 10 miles to the West Fork Ranger Station. Not many people get up to the Station so we received a warm welcome. The

~~head~~ ranger was trying to raise a new flag on an ancient flag pole, he was called Kenney Boggs while Murphy was doing his weekly washing. The boys insisted that we make coffee & eat with them. I think Gene & Zobby got quite a thrill out of the stop. Kenney let us put a "Smoke Chaser's" pack on our backs. The darn things weigh over 50 lbs & we felt quite bowed down. "Smoke Chasers" are the rangers that go out to put out "spot-fires," when reported by the "look-outs". The look-out stays on the top of a high mt in an all glass house all during fire season. Then if they see a fire started in any part of their area they compute its location by triangulation. They report to the chief ranger & the Smoke Chasers start at once. It's all too complicated to explain in a brief space. However Kenney showed the girls all how it is done, their maps, their put-fits etc. Then they opened some Gov. stew & we all ate together. After that the rangers fixed some cuts for us & we flopped & listened to their tales for about an hour. The next fire no fire so that the trip home seemed easy. I won't get started on anything else now. Because I have work to do & must take the train - Due in Glendive tomorrow.

Please forgive a very disjointed letter.
Best love
Yours
Harriette

HOTEL



JORDAN

150 ROOMS

GLENDIVE, MONTANA

7/13/41

Dear People,

I have just a few minutes until bus time so I will at least say "hello."

Sally Barnes met me at Culbertson the other day & drove me down to Glendive. I could have gone by bus but then I would not have had a chance to visit with Sally.

Friday Mr. Barnes & I had 2 meetings & had lunch at his home at noon - Mrs. Barnes was telling about the new lodge that has just been opened in the badland park. So we went out for dinner



GLENDIVE'S RUGGED BADLANDS

HOTEL



JORDAN

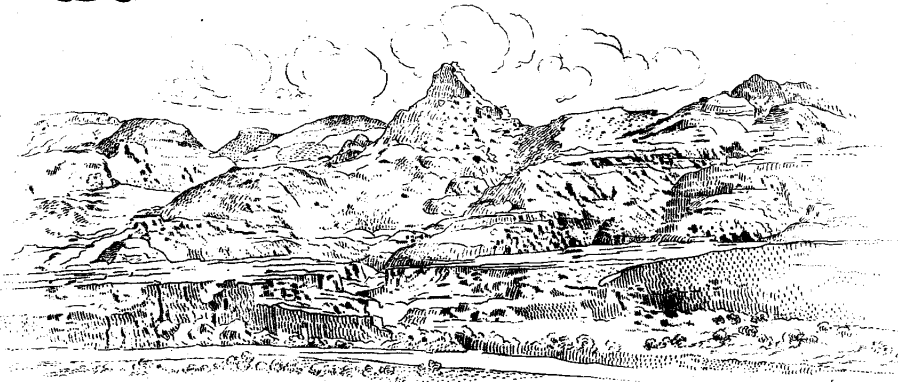
150 ROOMS

GLENDIVE, MONTANA

The fried chicken was especially good. I was so intrigued with the place - I mean the park, that yesterday afternoon I went back with my camera & was going to take a lot of pictures, but the sky was overcast so I did not take many. But I did enjoy

the hike. I did about 10 miles in all. Not bad for a 5hr hike with little side excursions to examine the Bad Lands.

I was pretty tired so I only ate bread & milk & went to bed



GLENDIVE'S RUGGED BADLANDS

HOTEL



JORDAN

150 ROOMS

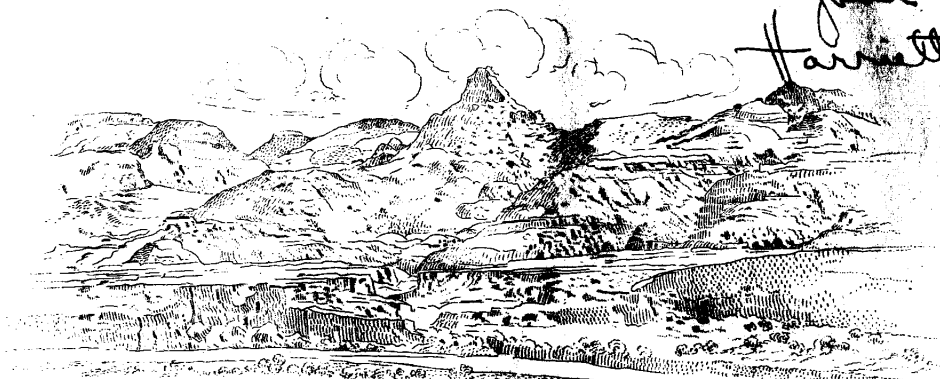
GLENDIVE, MONTANA

When I got here Thursday evening both your good letters were waiting for me. I do so appreciate your letter, Dad, especially when I know how hard it is for you to get the writing urge.

Mother, do as the doctor says and take a great deal of the horizontal position. I think you have more phlegm than anyone I know.

I must check out now & take the bus for Billings -

Best love
your
Farratte.



GLENDIVE'S RUGGED BADLANDS

7/21/41

Dear People,

I have just a few minutes before closing time. So I'll write a note.

Sunday I didn't get a letter written. Sunday is really a very bad day to write when I am in Bozeman. There is just too much to do I canned 21 pts of raspberries 13 glasses of jam - Did a whole of a big washing and did my hair. Wasn't this a real days work?

Today I haven't a very good disposition as I have a boil on my lower lip + it sure hurts.

My clerk is getting married Aug 4. But will stay on the year - I am so glad for that for it's such a job breaking in a new clerk.

I am having a chance to take a trip with Teddy + her sister in Great Falls, Elizabeth her niece + Genie Preston who used to be here in the library + is now at Akron Ohio. We start Saturday. I feel selfish to go when you aren't well at home, but it seems too good a chance to miss. I will leave my stops for each night with Ruth Under my clerk

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so that she can get in touch with me in a hurry
if you should need me. But I feel sure you
won't.

I hope the swats stop soon, mother. They are
so energy taking.

Forgive me if this is not longer I'll do
better next time.

Best love

Yours

Harriette

Bozeman
Mont

7/27/41

Dear People,

You ~~never~~ have to wonder where I am, my clerk knows by the half day soon and she gets messages to me. But it was so ~~very~~ thoughtful to send the air mail letter.

I am ~~not~~ on the trip however I seem to have a hard time connecting with trips - The boil or infection has be come so miserable that Dr Dean ^{thought} ~~that~~ it unwise to start. In fact I couldnot. It is about the worst boil I ever had so I am going over to the Murray and have them take care of it. Friends & neighbors are very kind but you cant order them

about.

Don't send any letters to the
Murray as I'll only be there a
couple of days.

I had great surprise Thursday,
a letter from Luella Barrington. She
is in South Dakota at present at a ranch
resting. She saw my name in the
St Paul Pioneer Press - something about
Poetry so she took a chance writing.
She said she and Bob have been divorced
for 11 years & that he married again but
unhappily - too much family. I
always thought that was the trouble
between Bob & Luella. She asked
after you two and Vi.
Well I must quit & get my

bag packed and the house fixed up.
Don't worry about me. If I
was home - really home with a mother
& father I could be taken care of.
It's just the cheapest way of looking
after ones self, when one is alone.

You say nothing further about
your possible hospital venture
I hope it was postponed.

Best love
your

Harriette

Harriette E. Cushman : State College : Bozeman, Montana

7/29/41 -

Dear People,

Well darling ~~is~~ I feeling pretty good
this afternoon. Hospitalization was what
I needed I couldn't put ^{on} all the packs etc
They call it an abscess line - By what ~~was~~ name
I never saw a lip spread over so much space
Every one laughs at me + I laugh
with them, for surely you never wish a
fanny looking creature unless Fred and
Lain packs well there will be Bangff +
Rake house again - This seems like getting home
in time love Harriette

Harriette E. Cushman

Harriette E. Cushman : State College : Bozeman, Montana

7/30/41

Dear People,
I have not had quite so much ^{rest} sleep today
and so can keep awake better between words.
The lip has gone down considerably. They
still irrigate the inside + pack the outside -
how helpless one is all alone at home + how
relieved of all responsibility when the nurses
are here to lean upon. Miss Corolus is as dear
as ever + all the doctors remember me, so it
is rather like a vacation. - Hope you are better
Mother - Best love your Harriette.

Sunday Evening
8/3/41 -

Dear People,

Well, I'm going home tomorrow. Now that I can be up and around there is no reason for staying - And there is so much to be done in Bozeman, it will be good to get back.

Everyone has been wonderful to me. I have not only enjoyed the nurses I have known before but also the new ones. A Miss Johnson from Medicine Hat, Alberta Canada is especially darling. The Canadians seem to make especially good nurses.

I have finished "Slips in the Sky" by Gunnar Gunnarsson. It is so simply told and yet through the child Uggi's eyes you get such an elegant picture of Iceland. It was of a time about 50 years ago, I should gather. yet they seemed to have no roads or carts. Everyone traveled horse back & every thing carried on pack saddles. Their life seemed so very primitive - But the part I liked about the book best was the little boy's great love for his mother. He was such a beautiful understanding person. All the family relationships & relationships to the servants wonderfully portrayed -

Now I am starting Louis Adams's -
"From Many Lands" - It promises to be very
good. I like his writings anyway and his
sincere efforts to adjust the second
generation of foreign born to this country's
way of doing things is indeed a wonderful
piece of work. It is hard not to feel
snobbish + that those with Anglo Saxon
ancestors are a little more representative of
the U.S.A. than others. But after all we all
came from somewhere.

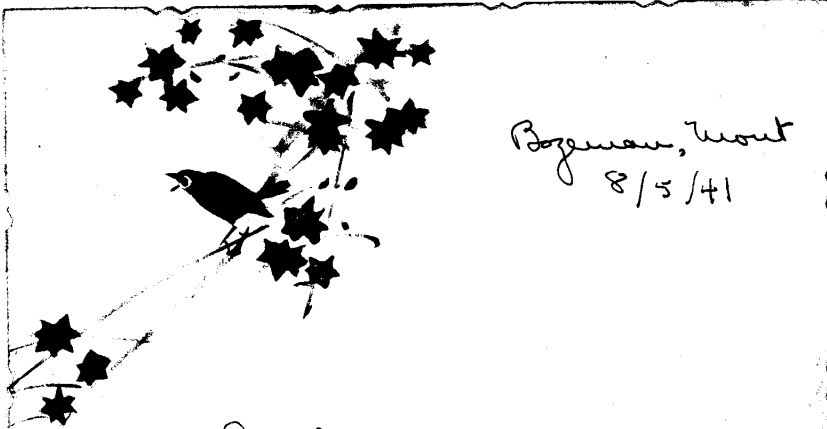
Strange how quickly habits will
change. It is only 8:15 P.M. yet I am
getting as sleepy as I do at midnight at
Bozeman. I'll have to try to go to bed early
& get up early when I get home. Perhaps I
can get more accomplished.

Well, darlings - I won't write

more now -

Best love,
your

Harriet



Bozeman, Mont
8/5/41

Dear People,

I thought you would like to have a note saying I am home. The lip still feels pretty awkward and no feeling in it, as if I had had a shot of novokaine. But the doctor said it would be that way for quite a while. And I feel wobbly. I guess the sulpho-thiozol is a pretty drastic treatment. However it did get the bugs in a hurry. Miss Carolus said yesterday that before the discovery of sulpho-thiozol + the derivatives of the drug, I would have been there weeks, so I'm pretty lucky. I am going to try to take things easy for a few

Harriette

date.
I asked Today last night. They
had a wonderful time & saw a
lot of country. And I talked to
Tollip's nephews towards. David left
for the army this morning. It was
hard for all of them. Will is the
first break in the family. (Grand
after graduating is in the Army.
of her at the College + Elizabeth
librarian at the U.S. Library. So they
have all lived at home. (Edward
or "Benny" as we call him went
have to go to the army as he has a
very bad leg foot. Sometimes a
disability is almost a blessing.
As a guide in my last article
from reading David's
"from many fields" - it is so
understandingly written.
I will try to get up enough
energy to write to you to day. I am
sorry for them to have to

ill. But when you think that
the doctors only gave him a few
months time when she married
him, I feel he has done wonder-
fully.
It seemed so good to get back to

Bergman. But it is so lonely. I
could only see one window, mostly blacked
out from that window. Wild rose
blossoms & wild lilies. Wild rose
the grass is green. My mother
flowers. The smell of the grass
on the mountains comes drifting
in at sunset and the mountains
glad with forests from the valley.
There are few places more lovely
than Bergman. From my letters and
from David's. At it looks to
live in a place one loves. So many
live in such lovely crowded quarters
and only see nature at its best
when on vacations. It is always
from David. The years at Maple Springs
were so lovely too. How can one say
which is the lovelier - Lake or Idaho?
I hope you are all comfortable
I hope you are all well.
David

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

8/11/41

Dear People,

Before I do anything else, I write the
home letter, so it will go out on tonight's mail.

I am feeling stronger each day, but can only
make it, half days so far. But by Wednesday
I'll have to perk up, as Western States Conference
starts. It's the same conference that met here
in 1930. Since there are 11 western states
included 1941 is exactly our turn again. I
wonder if I will still be poultry specialist
when it meets here in 1952. Some how that
sounds like a long way off.

As I am not quite up to snuff & my clerk
is on her "honey-moon," they wished the job of
making place cards for the banquet onto me.
I hope we have one left over. Then I can
send you one. I switched the idea from
Bob Fletcher's Mont. State Highway publicity.
I made a skin 5 1/2 inches long out of buff
paper and stenciled some indian pictographs
on it. Then on the inside a key to the
pictographs & a translation. It has not
been hard work, but very tedious to cut out

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IN
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STATE OF MONTANA

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

each skin - Fold the outside cover, mount the skin on the cover. There are 100 of the cards to make. I have them practically done except putting the insides in + punching ~~the~~ holes + tying. The insides are still down in the mimeograph room.

After the extreme heat we are having a welcome cool break. With so few days of extreme heat - we in Montana just can't take it when it comes along.

Mother, your letter telling about your physical condition, was just returned to me from Butte. I am so dreadfully sorry about it all. The only comforting thing is, that the letter received previous, but written after the one going to Butte + back, stated you were more comfortable. You and I must be tough - you certainly fool the doctor. In a much smaller way I seem to also. While in Butte I asked Margaret Carulus if I was a baby to come over, "Baby!" she said, "why I've seen lots of people die that didn't have half the infection you did." It makes one thoroughly believe in fate. That you don't hang if you are slated to drown. Only for your sake, Mother, I do wish the pain would ease up. It is not fair for nature to constantly play such a nasty trick,

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STATE OF MONTANA

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Blanche Lee who used to be home demonstrative leader here for about 15 years & has gone to Wisconsin - Is here visiting - She was just in the office - It seems so natural to have her about.

Well, darling, this is not much of a letter - I hope I have more time & energy at the end of the week and can write you a nice long letter -

I had a nice letter from Aunt Mamie this week & one from Virginia - Cliff has gone to officers train camp as he is a reserve officer.

I do hope this finds you feeling easier Mother - And, Dad - I don't say anything about your health - We all seem to take it for granted. But then, when one is fine looking & young as you are - one does take accompanying health for granted.

Best of love
Yours

Harriette

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IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

8/18/41

Dear People,

Well, dears, Ruth came back from her honeymoon this morning + the conference ended Sat. So things are back to normal + we dictated 50 letters. That really was something. Ruth brought me a lovely handkerchief from Canada. I said that was something new for the bride to bring her boss a present. I do so appreciate it.

The dinner Friday went O.K. I have an extra place card I am sending it to you. They do not look much to make but they did take a lot of time.

Yesterday Teddy, Martha Husley + I drove to Gardiner - an old gold mining town near the edge of Yellowstone Park. Since the price of gold warrants it, it has sprung into being again. We went above the mine to have our camp fire + meal. Then we tramped about the hills - took pictures + then went into Gardiner + thence to the park + went around the Osprey Falls trail. It was very lovely. I had never been around it before.

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STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
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Thursday morning I had "M.D." Wilson + his wife + two daughters at my house at breakfast. "M.D." was here for Western States Conference. So the whole family came. Elizabeth graduated from Wisconsin this summer + Virginia, who was a wee only-poly when they lived here, is tall + very nice looking.

Clare Duggan has asked Martha Husley + me to put on the colored pictures + poems for her instructors in charge of the state W.P.A. nursery schools this evening - so I guess I must quit and get cleaned up + organized.

And here I was going to write a long letter today -
I'm feeling fine except the lip still has no feeling - feels as if it has a shot of novocain in it + it is still so I can't whistle -
I hope everyone is more comfortable.

Best love

Yours

Harriette.

8/25/41-

Dear People,

It's cold today even though the sun is shining Saturday night some Canadian Hawks flew over and confused by the rain & lights of the town, they circled and cried. Does that mean early winter? The mountain ash are turning also. Everything points to winter. With the late spring, it just seems as if we have had a very abbreviated summer.

Your good letter came Friday, mother, what a lady, what a lady - up and making preserves. Darling, don't over do just because you have runned up enough energy to get under way again.

Yesterday I went with the Nortons - the same family I went with to Virginia City - to Morrison Cave. I have not been there since 1934. Then we took carried our own flash light. Since then the C.C.C.s have made a real contribution. Instead of the breath taking climb of over two miles straight up the mountain, they have built a road to within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the entrance. And that half mile is an easy grade. I had heard about the cave being electrified and was rather sick about it. It was so beautiful before. But my worries were all quite useless. Who ever planned the lights was a true artist. The lights are hidden behind stalagmites and in such a way that ~~they~~

The tracery is brought out more than one could ever imagine. Also the lights are not too bright, just a glow and in the great ~~vaulted~~ ^{vaulted} ceilings interesting shadows are cast.

But it wasn't the fun of the first time. We had just our own group. The ranger came up from Whitehall & took us through. We laughed & called to one another, we took our time spending the whole afternoon scrambling hither and yon. Now with everything ordered and with between 50+100 people in the party, we were sort of herded through. I tried to take some pictures but don't think I got a thing. I asked the guide if I could come back later in the fall & later in the day. He said I could. I hope Bess or Martha and I can go over just on a picture taking excursion. The cave is 46° winter and summer, so if it's not actually snowing, we should be able to go anytime. Now with the lights & the steps & paths so much better we should be able to get some beautiful pictures. If the C.C.C. never did another thing, that project was most worth while - I do not imagine the State would ever have had the money or would have spent it improving the Cave.

I don't think I thanked you Dad for the picture of my ancestor - the one Cousin Viola sent

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

to have copied. I do so appreciate it + the work you did was lovely.

Speaking of Cousin Viola, I had a card from her about a week after she wrote you. She wrote one way on the card, then turned it around + wrote from bottom to top. All in pencil - so that it was almost impossible for me to decipher the ~~letter~~ ^{writing}. She wanted to come + visit me. So I just did not answer her. I just couldn't have her coming out.

I got a letter from Vi today, the first in months she seems to be getting so much more out of life than she did for a while. She says Tom is still unwell.

I am so sorry for him. Well, I must get to work, there is always lots to do on Mondays -

Ruth got back from her honeymoon. But I guess I told you that last Monday. Well, it meant that we had an especially busy week.

Yesterday when the Vertons came for me, Mrs. N. brought me the most beautiful bouquet of gladiolas - the most beautiful pastel shades and so big + tall must have been over 3ft and each bloom 3 or 4 inches across.

Best of everything for both of you + take care of each other.

Best love
yours
Farrille

P.S. - Since sending some writing paper as a figure you must be about 100

I should tell you something about Jack
Garey, for now that he is Elizabeth's
boy friend you will hear of him once in
a while. Teddy laughs. Jack, one of a
family of seven was raised on their
street & has known Elizabeth always. Just
this summer they began taking serious
interest in each other. Jack is a Missoula
graduate. His sister - one of them used to
work up at college. When Jack came back
from Missoula about the only job he
could find was driving the laundry
delivery car. Then about two years ago
another local boy + a brother of one of
our county agents met, fell in love +
married Kirstine Flagstad's daughter.
Young Dursenbury, his wife + Jack
pooled their musical + financial interests
and started the "Bozeman House of Music".
They are doing very well and all of us are
rather proud of the young folks. Young
Mrs. Dursenbury is a nice addition to the
town. She traveled all over Europe with
her mother and as we are told not im-
pudently was the one to pour oil on the
troubled waters when the famous lady
flew into a rage at some director or
manager.

Well, darlings, I'm at the foot of the
page. Best love
yours
Marjette.

P.S. Speaking of Idaho. Did I tell you of Western State Conference. I saw
Bob Coakley. He of the Chandeliers. Home? Bonheur is stated about 1000
feet had a nice time taking over old times. That was a funny happen-
ing because Chandeliers insisted Big Jack Bonheur.

Bozeman, Mont.
Sept. 2, 1941.

Dear People,

Well, here it Tues. and no home letter
written. Sunday was a hectic day. I
washed and ironed and canned 34 pints
of beets. That really is a full days work
I was so tired, it seemed as if I could
hardly relax and go to sleep. But I did.

Then yesterday Teddy, Bernard, Elizabeth
and Elizabeth's boy friend Jack Garey
called for me about 9:30 and we went
up the West Gallatin to west Yellowstone
and over into Idaho to a little settlement
called Mack's Run for dinner.

It seems amazing that Bernard +
Elizabeth are adult folks now. When I
first came to Bozeman Bernard or "Bunny"
as we call him was a little fellow
peeing out evening coats + Elizabeth
a tiny little girl. Now Bernard is
last year at college and Elizabeth was
celebrating her 26 birthday yesterday
and is librarian at the high school.
Marjory, the youngest did not go with us
she was taking care of some children who

parents were away for the day + David is in the army.
They had a letter from David. He says he will
be in Texas only for initial training, then will be
sent either to Hawaii or the Canal.

After dinner we took a side road to
Big Spring. It is the beginning of the south fork
of the Snake River. The river I was always
following when I worked in Idaho. But here
we were just south of the Park and an area
of over an acre was just an immense
bubbling spring. There was a bridge over
the water + we were told to take along some
bread. We were so glad we did. There
were hundred of trout - just big Rainbows
at least a foot long. There were a great
many people on the bridge + we dropped in
pieces of the bread. It was fun to watch
the fish rise + snap the bread. After spending
about a half hour that way we came back
to Montana and stopped to call on Mrs. Kersusmaker

She is an interesting old lady where I have stayed
all night on occasions when we wanted to get
an early start in the Park. They have a little
Post Office a few cabins + an old ranch house
+ live on the shore of Hebgen Lake. So they rent
boats also. Teddy knows Mrs. K. even better
as she has spent several vacations there.

While we were there Jack Gary spied a
beautiful white Persian kitten. Mrs. K. said
take it. Jack decided to, as he has a little
cousin who wants a kitten.

Both Teddy + I visualized a rather hectic
90 miles back to Bogeman with a stranger
scared cat protesting. It had probably
never ridden in car + had never seen any of us
But it was a darling. It would settle down
in first one lap + then another all the way
home. It had the loveliest blue eyes - almost
the blue of forget-me-nots. We all quite fell in
love with it.

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Forsyth
9/8/41.

Dear People,

I'm glad you can't smell me. I've been judging chickens all day & can't get a room with bath - That, in the face of making reservation a month a head. But the hotel - The Joseph, caters to the rodeo folks. However their money is no better than mine & I am sure the extension folks spend much more on the hotel annually than the lousy rodeo at fair times.

But I did not set out to write a crabby letter - Only rodeo trash irks me.

I was glad to have been in Miles City the later part of last week. Hazel Thompson, who is the H.P.D. here at Forsyth was in the Miles City Hospital. She had the same operation I did in '28. Poor kid is only 32 her next birthday she has always hoped to have children - But she is a grand sport. Saturday night when I went up to the hospital after I got through, out at the fair grounds, there were 6 in the room - we were having such a hilarious time, the nurse came along and closed the door.

Sunday afternoon I was at the hospital again where Mary Elizabeth Jacobsen the Co. Agent's wife came & she, "I", carted me off to their house

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

for Sunday night supper. "Jaks" - Mr. Jacobson
the County Agent grew up at Payette, Ida - That
was next town + County to Weiser - we got to
talking - Laws! it brought back things I had
nearly forgotten - Man's Creek + Crane Creek Res-
the old P. I. N. R. R., the folders that lived up
down certain valleys. It seemed like turning
back the pages - sure enough what seemed
most queer, he was only a small child when
I was there. And now we work together. I
seem to feel perennially young. I don't
feel at all as old as many women my age
who are grand mothers -

Your nice letter was waiting for me when
arrived in Fosyth, last night - mother.
It makes me feel dreadfully to realize you
can't sew. Not that you should sew. But it
has always been part of my mental picture;
mother sewing and Dad reading aloud.
I know of no one right now she could use the
patches - But if they seem in your way send them
to me, mother - I have a big basement. Besides
"Some day" will depend on me - you see, I can't
possibly have more than 10 years more as
Extension worker. Then after 60 I will do
rugs + make scrap books - So, darling, what

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

ever seems to be in your way send it out. I'll
use it or find some one else that does. Especially
the boxes of clippings + poetry.
Yesterday it rained over 2 inches in
12 hours. That is really raining for these parts
The fair grounds were like soup to day.

While in Miles City, Mr. Jacobsen asked me
if I would take time to go out to the Boys
Industrial School + help the new Supt. with
plans for their poultry dept. He, Mr. Winter, the
Supt. was such a fine person. I was able to
give him a lot of concrete helps. Since I spent
so much time at Vinland, I was especially
interested in his institutional problems. The Indust-
rial School. As our state reform school. He was telling
of some of his problems of boys "running" away - I
told him of how Prof. Johnson used to put the
boys that "ran" in mother Hubbard dresses. Later
he took me down to meet his wife - a most
delightful woman. He told her about the
mother Hubbards. He said that was more valuable
to him than all the poultry information - That he was
going to try it out.

Last night on the train a young couple both
in "Savination" dry uniforms - + with the sweetest baby
sat across from me. It was rather a weak faced
creature with nearly cross-eyes. But she was a
lovely person. I pondered all evening on why such
an attractive fine specimen would have married
the queer boy following such an unnatural life.
Well, this is the end of the page
Best love
Your favorite

MRS. LOT BORDEN, Proprietress

Whitehall, Montana
9/17/41-

Dear People:

I have neglected you shamefully but I was in Bozeman only 3 days + won't get back until the end of the month, so I had so many things to take care of that I just could not seem to find the time to even say "hello".

Last time I wrote I was in Forsyth, well, I got the fair judged by Wednesday morning. Wednesday afternoon, Squations O'Donnell II, his mother and Mr. Jaffers who is one of the directors of the (Billings Turkey pool - Young J.D. is manager) - picked me up at Forsyth and we drove to Mandan, N.D. The reason for going is that the Billings pool is planning on putting in a turkey dressing plant and Mandan is the nearest point where a mechanical picker is in operation. It was certainly

MRS. LOT BORDEN, Proprietress

Whitehall, Montana

a revelation to see them picking 300 chickens an hour. The picker has rubber fingers. These are placed on a big drum that rotates rapidly. At the same time a suction is in action. Just turning the bird from side to side it is completely picked except for the pinning.

Then we went over to Bismark which is across the river from Mandan. We had to see two different men. We got hold of the one at a hatchery but were unable to contact the other at the capitol as Bismark is on Central time while Mandan is Mountain time. Therefore 11 A.M. our time was noon. So after watching

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folks pour out of the 18 story
capitol building we went right
seeing. The N.D. people have
moved Teddy Roosevelt's log cabin
to the Capitol grounds & have it
furnished as when Teddy lived in
it. Then we went to visit the
museum. The N.D. are really to
be congratulated. The museum is
a 4 story building - while some
of the things gathered there are
more or less junky, most of it is
well worth preserving. On the
other hand things that should be
kept and treasured in Montana
are scattered to the 4 winds.

After our stop at the Capitol
we came back to Mandan. Checked
out & came back to Dickinson -
stopping at Helron to see another
dressing station.

Dickinson wasn't much of a
town, but there would be us

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place after Dickinson until
glendive Montana. Besides it was
growing dark & we want to see the
Bad lands near Medora by day light.

The N.D. Bad lands are colorful
but no nicer than our Bad lands
Park near Glendive. We stopped
here also after having lunch at the
Glendive beanery. The next agreed
with me that Montana need not take
a back seat as far as queer Bad land
formations are concerned.

It was a nice trip & a break in
the routine but hard, we did
900 miles -

Since getting back, as I said
I have just hopped, getting ready
to travel again.

So forgive me if I have
treated you shabbily.

I got your good letter, mother when
I got to Billings, after coming back
from N.D. Take care of yourselves -

Best love
your

Harriette.

PS. office now finding records for
the office, so I got your
address, mother, #
Benjamin Wort,
9/21/41-

Dear People,

According to the calendar this is the first day of fall, but we have already experienced winter. Saturday night when Pauline Bunting and I drove back from the 4-4 fair at Deer Lodge, we encountered a heavy snow storm as we went over the Continental Divide. Our head lights, at the turns of the road, flashed on the pines heavily laden and the cutbanks looked frosted; while the flying flakes came at the windshield diggly - Driving in a snow storm always looks as if the snow came from a focal point as then spread easily & flung itself against the windshield.

But after we got over the divide it was rain.

We were sorry it rained all the two days of the 4-4 fair, while Thursday & Sunday & still today perfect fall days - The trees are turning (excuse I find I started upside down)

a beautiful gold. The grass is
emerald green - Beyond the pines
look somber + dark white the tops
of the mountains have regained their
white caps. They look rather
undressed during the later part
of the summer - I don't know
how all people feel, but most
of us are glad to see the new white
caps. That is, if it (the snow) stays
out of the valley for a while.

I surely don't seem to have
much to write when the previous
week has been one of procrastination.

The A-H fair at Deer Lodge is
quite an institution. The boys +
girls of the three counties, Powell,
Deer Lodge + Granite exhibit their
clothing, cooking, calves + chickens
How is that for alliteration! I
could have added ~~carving~~
crafts. That leaves out the

sheep + hogs but I can't think
of a C. At any rate Pauline +
I helped with judging contests
also the demonstrations + then
judged the fair - no, I didn't do
the animals - Mr. Orant the livestock
specialist did those. But they, poor
beasties were out in the rain. It was
bad enough in the pig pavilion with
its leaky roof + too few light globes.

The last evening the girls put on
their dress review, modeling the dresses
they had made. Kitchen apons for first
year girls; school dresses for second year
+ party dresses for thirds. They came
out on the stage turned very professionally
then with great dignity crossed the
stage. Good experience for them. Also
Sat. Pauline, another woman, + I had to
judge their amateur night. They put
on skits, dances, songs and readings. It
was really most interesting.

Sat. noon they always have a big
free barbecue. Last year they served a
thousand folks. But the rain cut down
attendance this year so all of the braus +
most wonderful beef roasted at the State
Prison kitchen (prison is at Deer Lodge) was not eaten
I bought a hunk of the so good roast + brought it
back with me. So Pauline + I had dinner at
the house yesterday - end. - love Harriette

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BILLING'S BEST LITTLE HOTEL

on BROADWAY, BILLINGS, MONTANA

9/29/41 -

Dear People,

I got back to Bozeman Sat + left again yesterday afternoon for Billings so wasn't there long enough to do anything except rush around, wash my hair, wash + shave + depart.

It was a beautiful trip down here. I drove down with Director Taylor, his daughter, Helen + Booth Holker. With all the rain we have been having the trees were still as green as mid summer yet there was a distinct feeling of fall in the air.

The job of getting things ready for the Agriculture for defense program was a terribly big job. The State defense program committee turned over a list of all counties, their egg production for 39 + 41 then asked that the increase of 6% or 1,25,000 dozen eggs be allocated to the counties. All counties could not be the same, for

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some counties are not poultry countries others are - Some counties have had an increase in poultry population, others have increased. All in all it was like a huge Chinese puzzle. I worked until midnight ^{two nights} + all day for two days until I got the whole thing come out right. But I was glad I did it carefully because Mr. McKinnon + Mr. Able head of the State Defense Council said I got my work in the best shape of any of the ~~state~~ subject matter Specialist. One is always pleased to be complimented.

Now we are having a series of district meetings to present the figures + get the county people started on the work of carrying back the figures to the farmers.

The plans should prevent the best mix up of World's War I. when they plowed up every thing for wheat. It is only recently that we could get

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the mischief done there, even partially rectified.

I was so glad to get both your good letters when ~~she~~ I got into Bozeman on Saturday.

I am reading a book by Hegley Farson - the same one who wrote "Way of the Transgressor" - This one is called "Behind God's Back" - a story about Africa. Lois Farson was reading it when at her uncle's this summer. He asked her what she was reading, when she answered, "Behind God's Back" He asked ~~what~~ why she didn't come out in the open with it.

This is a messy looking letter - The people have the radio going full tilt listening to the Joe Lewis fight. While I can't hear the words, the racket is infernal + mixes me all up.

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on BROADWAY, BILLINGS, MONTANA

I can't think of any thing very interesting to say.

Oh yes you asked if I knew Mr. Fairman. I don't know him - But I know his daughter Dr. Jessie very well. She was head of State public health work for many years until they nabbed her for a much better job in Washington, D.C. Also I know another daughter in Great Falls. I can't remember her name - she was married, her husband is dead + she has done a grand job + raising her son + daughter. Then to show you how very small the world is - one day I was riding the bus from Bozeman to Billings + I sat with a darling young girl who was going somewhere or other. We got to talking + the girl told me that while she was going to College in Portland she took care of ~~the~~ children of a nice family - the ~~daughter's~~ wife's father lived in Kalispell. It was the third daughter of Mr.

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on BROADWAY, BILLINGS, MONTANA

Bismarck -

For Jessie + the rest of the family
live next door to Agnes Pauline's
family - I am sure you remember
me talking about Agnes. She + I
have been ^{on} so many trips together, so
often 4th of July together, and then
live here at their home on Flathead
Lake.

It is a small world - "no fooling"

Well, darlings, I must get to bed
& sleep. Today has been so strenuous.

Both of you take good care of
my father + mother,

Best love

Your,

Harriette

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4-H From a Parent's Viewpoint

I FIRST became interested in 4-H club work when I saw the work my two nieces were doing in first and second year sewing. Their work amazed me. Such young children to be doing such splendid work, I thought. Naturally, I could hardly wait until my daughter was old enough to become a 4-H'er. She was 7 then.

Now, she has just completed two years of cooking. She is capable of getting breakfast and luncheon for our family. Sets and serves the table correctly, has learned what a well-cooked and a well-balanced meal means to our health. Good posture was their health program for this year.

She has learned to conduct a business meeting properly. Courtesy is taught at their meetings. She has been taught how to judge foods. This teaches a child how to establish standards, and helps them to be observing and develop self-assurance.

I give 4-H credit for this. Of course, without it she might have learned, but in 4-H a group learns these things together which makes it more interesting and enjoyable.

I am very glad she has had the privilege of joining such a large national organization for young people and hope she can have several more years of club work. The 4-H spirit is very fine. The motto, "To Make the Best, Better," and the slogan, "To win without bragging and lose without squealing," are challenging, and when each member pledges his head, heart, hands and health to her club, community and country, I am sure she cannot help but feel her responsibility for development.

I think it the duty of a 4-H parent to visit the clubs to which their children belong and see what the leaders are doing. Very few of us realize the time and work it takes to carry on a year's work. Let me say, too, that much credit goes to our county home demonstration agent, Miss Dora Clark, for the great exhibit on achievement day. Looking over the exhibits in clothing, canning and cooking, we find a very high standard of work.—
Mrs. E. L. Neikirk, Roosevelt county.

PLACE OF EGGS IN THE DEFENSE PROGRAM

Harriette E. Cushman
Extension Specialist in Poultry

In a leaflet put out by the United States Department of Agriculture, it is stated, "Farmers throughout the country face the challenge of breaking all records in producing eggs as speedily as possible." Further, in accordance with Congressional authorization, the egg prices will be kept near parity through 1942. In 1940 there were 3,240 million dozen eggs produced. There is need of 3,700 million dozen for 1942. Of these, 510 million dozen will be needed for export, mostly dried eggs. There are not a great many drying plants in the nation. However, our neighbors in Washington State have plants at Seattle and Spokane. Therefore they will need to use their surplus for drying. Besides, Washington will need a large volume for its army camps.

In view of these facts Montana may expect difficulties in attempting to import the usual quota of 200 cars of eggs. Therefore, the Secretary of Agriculture's quota for increasing Montana's egg production is entirely logical and sound. With the market assured, those who comply with the request have nothing to lose. The Montana quota is entirely within reason. We have been asked to increase only 6%. Based on 1939, 1940, and 1941 figures this would be only 1,125,000 dozen or only about half the annual amount imported in normal times.

This expected increase can be met in three ways: (1) Increase flocks sufficiently to produce 6% more eggs; (2) So feed and manage present flocks to produce 6% more eggs; (3) Hold and market eggs produced at present so that 6% more will reach the market in edible condition. It is estimated that we have nearly a 10% loss at present through faulty handling. The two latter methods are strongly suggested to meet our demanded quota. No additional houses are advocated. When the emergency has passed we can return to our present production, if we so desire, without unnecessary adjustment.

In allocating percentages for increasing egg production, all factors have been taken into consideration so as to make these increases in production without causing hardships. No county or district has been asked to increase over 10%. The capacity of most poultry houses can be increased that much without detriment to the flock. Furthermore, a 10% increase has been requested only in districts near large consuming centers which will turn to nearby supplies in case importations are difficult to procure.

Then decrease in size of flock according to the 1940 census is considered. For example, the Northwestern district shows a dropping from 93.7 birds per flock in 1939 to 87.5 birds per flock in 1941. This indicates incompletely filled or empty poultry houses. This district, which is our principal producing area, can stand increasing flocks with assured egg prices.

Also "eggs laid per hen" is considered. The state average of 8.33 dozen eggs per hen per year is taken as a basis. Those counties and districts which are below the average should employ better management to bring up their production to the state average.

Northeastern Montana shows both a lowering of size of flock and eggs per hen. To bring the production to normal at least a 10% to 12% increase could be recommended. However, the Defense Committee only asks a straight 6% from each of these counties since they are removed from the principal state markets.

Then those counties having newly set up irrigation projects have been carefully studied. It has been found that few of the poultry houses situated on these

projects are filled to capacity or the flocks in these houses so managed to yield the average state egg production. The suggestion that a 5% to 10% increase (depending upon location) be expected from these districts is only asking those situated on these projects to get the habit of employing practical and economical practices of poultry husbandry.

The Southeastern Montana district most nearly meets the state average production and at the same time shows a normal healthy increase for its geographic location. In addition, it is removed from large consuming centers. The only reason for suggesting the 1% increase is so that the people of the district may participate in the patriotic program. This is especially designed to contribute to the health of the people living in the section. The Nutrition for Defense Committee advocates an egg a day for each member of the family. Even in rural areas this dietary habit is not usually met. Eggs are one of our greatest protective foods, standing besides milk and the other necessary foods. The egg is rich in essential vitamins and minerals, besides being high in a very digestible protein.

Even in Southeastern Montana, as well as every other district, we find that eggs are shipped into the area at certain seasons of the year from our distributing centers. With transportation facilities as uncertain as they are during this present emergency, a district must not rely too much on truck or rail transportation. These carriers may be diverted at any time for other uses.

In summing up, a paragraph is added to show by concrete figures what a 6% increase in production may mean to a flock, let us say, in Northeastern Montana. The census shows the average production for this district is 7 dozen eggs per hen per year. Further, the 1939 average size flock of 66.1 hens has been reduced to 65.4 hens.

65.4 hens laying 7.0 dozen eggs = 457.8 dozen per annum
A 6% increase would be - - - - - 27.5 dozen

On the other hand if the flock were increased to 66.1 hens and those birds were managed and fed to produce 8.33 dozen or the state average,

the flock would produce - - - - - 550.6 dozen
or an increase of - - - - - 92.8 dozen
or a 20% increase.

The 6% increase suggested for the district is indeed reasonable. Aside from all sense of patriotic duty to help the Nation in a real emergency, the increase of 6% is only good business. The producer sells on a guaranteed market. Further in Montana, he sells on a market from which 12% of the state's consumer needs will most probably be removed. If efficiently managed, the production of eggs should not cost over 10¢ to 12¢ a dozen, even with raised feed costs. Therefore, it is the hope of the State Defense Committee that all the poultrymen of the state will exert themselves to make the minimum increase in egg production designated for their district and county.

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AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
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POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

10/13/41 -

Dear People,

I spent most all day yesterday cleaning
clipping, letters etc in my various cupboards
& drawers. What amazes me is the great
number of things that I accumulate.

Walter, I tied up a lot of little booklet
that I thought might be used to put
poems in. If you can't use them - throw
them away.

Last Thursday I had a new experience.
Bess Mc Cleland, Louis True & I went down to
the broad casting station after 11 P.M. &
broadcasted to Butte where our talks were
transcribed. The transcriptions then are to
be sent about the state. I don't know just
how the talks did not go out on the air so
anyone else could pick it up but some-
thing about short wave length, I guess. But
we talked back & forth to Butte. Then after
we finished the broad cast Butte played
it back to us. It seemed a strange & weird
procedure but evidently it worked.

Knowing you are interested in 4-H you should be a clipping from the Montana Farmer. Also a miscellaneous statement that gives you an idea about the Extension Program which you asked about.

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STATE OF MONTANA

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA

We are beginning to have our Indian Summer that we have waited for low! these many months. The farmers are going right after their thrashing. All of them won't realize what the night have had if not rain, snow & rained again on the shocks of wheat.

The Red Book ^{magazine} had a short story by Hugh Walpole in it this month. It seemed so strange to read one by him several months after his leaving this confused world. Especially it was strange because the story was about a lonely woman in London - afraid of Hitler & afraid of death & how a little lad ^{about 4 years} came to her out of the night and change attitudes. It made me almost feel the tale was prophetic. One wonders what his feelings were when dying and leaving life & all he loved so much. I know, Mother - you never enjoyed Mr. Walpole very much. But somehow he always seemed like a very dear friend whom I knew intimately. His books were almost a part of him. I read them because of him. Almost as if would someone I knew well - whether the individual book was good or bad.

I stopped here to listen to some of Pauline's 4-H stories. She is reading over those submitted from the various counties to pick out the one to go to Chicago. Some of them are certainly funny. I must get to work. Best love you
Harriette

are from Eastern Montana where they were ~~not~~ driven out by years of successive droughts. The money for development was supplied by Farm Security.

Now one stands on the upper of the three benches and sees farms dotted over the whole basin. It is in reality an old lake bed, left by the receding waters after the glacial age; before the Missouri found a new outlet. Consequently the valley flows, now that water has reached it.

Following the rains everyone was hustling to get his fall work done. The farmers were "topping" beets, hauling them to the big dump on the outskirts of Fairfield. Others were thrashing. The golden smoke of chaff was spraying on nearly every section. Still others were sacking & taking seed peas to the newly build pea cleaning plant.

Such evidences of business was gratifying. It gives me hope

Bozeman Mont
Oct. 20, 1941

Darling,

A very happy birthday. And I really hope it is a nice day for you. Not too many visitors to tire you out. The heart behaving as well as possible and the rest of the woman as nearly normal as one can expect.

I do hope the gift and letter get to you on time.

I am very much ashamed of the outside of the gift. I got in late last night from Helena and points north. Then this morning before I got up Edgar, who use to be our janitor, came to wash my

windows, and I picked up all my things & brought
the book up to the office to wrap. And I
just had nothing up here to make a pretty
package. However D.C.P. made the inside nice.
You remember his "Almanac for Moderns" - and
you liked it ^(did you not?) too. That's why I thought you
might like him again. I rather like seeing
Glacier Park and the Gallatin through his
eyes.

Forgive the jacket being scuffed. I took
the book in the field to read it before sending &
traveling about my suit case is hard on anything.

I had dinner with Agnes Pauline last week
and told her about Mr. Pratt asking about the
Piemont. She said she remembered, after I
brought up the subject - that they had come
from Jamestown originally - that is - their forefathers.

Agnes is a nurse, so she is always
interested & asks about you mother.

We are having truly Golden Days - as D.C.P.
says: the days bequeathed by the Indians. We
we all afraid that with so much rain & snow
we would miss the best of a Montana year. But
it's here. For over a week now - just one perfect
Golden Day following another.

Friday & Saturday I was working on the
Fairfield project. It is amazing what those
people have accomplished. When I first
came to the state, the district was practically
a total waste. Not enough rainfall there
for dry land crops - not even good grazing.
Then Gibson Dam was put in & the three
"branches" irrigated. Most of the settlers

travel. It was so grand to get out
into the soft sunshine. During
the summer, the sun is too-hot hot
during the middle of the day, but
come Indian summer & one wishes
it would last for ever.

Well, darling, this has not sounded
much like a birthday letter.

But on the 23rd while Turkey
Landing School is going on at Billings,
I will be thinking of you and
hoping the day is kind to you.

Best love

Your

Marriette

The Cushman - Salute -

☒☒☒☒☒☒☒ - ☒☒☒

- KISSES AND HUGS.

again. Too many of these selfsame
families, I have known down in
the Eastern Montana Counties. The
ascending march of failures had
gotten them down. They didn't care
whether school kept or not. And
literally schools were often closed
because so many families had
moved out. Now the school
buses take the children to a big
central school.

Instead of the unpainted, worn
& tattered tar paper shacks, they
now live in the neat well kept
F.S.D. built homes. Sure they are
nothing fancy but they are attractive
And many of the families have put
in trees, flowers & hedges - what
a change from the drab prairie
where nothing grew. What ever

the mistakes of the present administration,
this is not one of them.

Yesterday my train from Great Falls got into
Helena about 2:30 & did not leave until 6:30.
So I checked my bags & went for a tramp up
"Dry Gulch" as it's called. In about two jumps
the city was behind me. First a few alpine
like, half farms, half suburbs cling to the
steep sides of the gulch. Then no habitations.
The trail entered the Lewis & Clark Nat.
Forest. I came across some old deserted
stamp mills from early gold mining days.
Then further up I saw a shack of a prospector
perched on the steep hillside & nearby
the timbered entrance to a mine shaft.
One never feels sorry for the fellows. Gold
is in their blood. They chase the pot at the
end of the rainbow. Usually they have neither
pitch or pine. & care less about having any.
And most generally live all alone. I
would have liked have got further up
the gulch but at about what I
judged to be a three mile mark &
turned reluctantly back. Already
shadows began to creep down on the
trail, though the upper shoulders of
canyon were bathed in golden sunshine
and high in the ever so blue sky a red
staining plane dipped & glided.
It was a lovely interlude to the day

Bozeman, Mont.
Oct 27, 1941.

Dear People,

Well, I got back from the grading school Sat. night and yesterday I spent the best part of the day sleeping. Grading schools are hard work. So I did not get up to the office and get your letter until this morning when I went up to collect my testing box + antigen. I was so glad to get the good letter + also the clipping about Mr. Woodward's collection. The three books mentioned are the group that you sent me - I mean, you sent me one of them, Dad. I value it as one of my precious books. The engravings in it are so lovely.

The wind is whistling about the house. The sky clouded about noon. I am afraid the lovely Indian summer has caught cold. It usually does when I begin feeding. That means work in the poultry house with the dust + chickens flapping about. But one gets used to that.

I hope you did have a nice Birthday Mother. I thought about you while we had our grading school at Billings. Your guests + the refreshments served sounded interesting. I was also

very much interested in your comments
mother on the "ism" - How many think
they have found something new. It
makes me think of the poem by Ella
Wheeler Wilcox that you have so often
quoted. So many ~~needs~~ ^{flattop} so many needs
so many patches that wind + wind
while only the art of being kind
is all the old world needs.

How more than ever the art
of being kind is so much needed.

I hope you like your birthday
book. It seemed such a nice one
to me.

I am sorry U. does not take the
time to write regularly. I can't see
how it would take so much time
I fear she does not organize her
time well. I know I don't have
three loops. But I do have a lot of
other people's boys to do things for.
I am reading "Golden Arrow" by
Mary Webb. It is one of Sally Barber

books. It is beautifully written. I
read her "Precious Dain" some years
ago - This seems to me even more
beautiful in some ways. She draws
the lives of simple people very beauti-
fully and her prose is almost poetry.
Little Dresden figures seem quite
the style now. I was showing "Cinderella"
to some one the other night. They thought
she was especially lovely. Why did I
ever call her Cinderella? She looks
more like Perdita or even Gretchen
but Cinderella she remains.
When I got back from testing flocks
today I struck hands. Each has that
pass of the Puffloren test plus showing
good breed characteristics gets a leg hand.
The hands come a hundred in a lot,
all in a jumble. I dump them on a
table - 100 at a time - arrange them in order
then put them on a wire. I did 600. That
will be more than enough to carry me
tomorrow.

Well, dears, as we start out quite
early in the morning I must say
good night. Besides I am practically
at the foot of the page.
Best love
your
Harriette

Bozeman Mont
11/1/41

Dear People,

It's been a perfect day. Teddy + I went for a picnic and hike over on the Madison. The river was sapphire blue from the cloudless sky.

Coming home we stopped on a high bluff + built a second camp fire + ate up the scraps just as the sun was setting. We built our fire on a big flat rock + made the fire of juniper which smelt so sweet + clean. We had a couple of apples. I baked a pie - But Teddy fixed hers.

Teddy tells me Elizabeth, her niece will be married between Christmas + New Years. Elizabeth is marrying the nice Jack Garay that went with us on the Labor Day trip and brought back the white kitties. I am sure the two youngsters will be most happy - They have so many things in common.

I was down at Billings this week to see how the mechanical turkey picker worked. It actually does work fine. Some of the hunters

Harrille.

also brought in some pheasants & ducks. These worked also. Picked as clean as could be.

I had a letter from Virginia this week. She & the children have joined Cliff at the army camp at Las Vegas Nevada. Virginia says all they could get is one room & they have to pay \$50.00 a month. It is very hard on the young folks. But Jim trusting in Virginia to make out somehow.

There was a very interesting Dr. Helen Mitchell that was here for some meetings last week. She turned out to be a Mt. Holyoke graduate. While she graduated after I was there we did know some people in common. Then did I tell you about Mr. Harward's wife? He was the one who was here for Turkey feeding school. He & his wife are Cornell grads. Mrs. H. use to run the lunch room at the Motor Inn at Westfield & then the tea room at the light house at Barcelona. How exceedingly

small the world is.

I am writing to Cora Cooke to night since her birthday is on the 6th. By the same token this will be the week you two celebrate your 52 anniversary. First thing we know you will have the diamonds one. More power to you. Will all come home again. At any rate best wishes for the both.

The only thing every time you have a wedding anniversary then night away I get a year older. That isn't so good. I can hardly believe Jim almost 51. I don't feel older than 35 or 40 at the night.

I was in Helena Wednesday but did not have time to call Agnes Pauline. I just had a meeting & dug right out.

Saw Mr. Dickover on the train Sat. Am. It's the first time I've seen him since spring. He has the park run up to Red Lodge all summer. He looked fine & asked about both of you.

My friends could not be more interested in both of you if they had actually met you.

Today was the first time I saw Fiddly since you sent pictures, mother. She was so pleased - and added - "I must write to her". Well, it's getting late & tomorrow

is another work day. Best love
your
Harrille

used for meetings. We really had a nice time but I treasured the time as I had so much to do at the office.

And now dim off. The desk looks as if a cyclone had struck it. That - at least.

So you don't like "Random Harvest", mother - Well, you really should lay off stories + sticks to essays, history + biography. You know you don't like stories. I think I enjoy them more to see the way the author handles situations how they portray character etc. The interest is the craftsman's slip stand point - whether they are good or poor to others standards. I like most of them. I can even enjoy Western stories magazine jungle stories etc. Only thing I dislike much are books like "Out of the Light" - when I feel the author was distinctly putting something over on me.



CAFÉ AND PARLOR CAR
SERVICE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

11/11/41

Dear People:

Armistic Day - what a name for any day now! It's like one shivering from cold, one feels one will never know warmth again. It seems as if we have always lived in a world of strife.

Still Montana sun shines + the sky is blue-blue. It seems like something tangible it is so very blue.

I am writing at the office waiting for the taxi. I have to go to Billings yet tonight. That means 1 P.M. before I get to bed. I stay up until one perfectly easily at home, but riding until that time on the day coach is deadly.

I should have written Sunday but it was just too crowded. I put my washing to soak Sat AM. Then instead of going home Sat afternoon I staid up here and worked until 10 P.M. Then Sunday AM. Teddy called at 9 AM. and asked if I wanted to go places at 11 - I did. So I hustled up + got my wash all on the line + in to my liking duds before they arrived. Hildred Leigh, Lois Payson, Teddy + I went over into what is called Middle 16.

In early days the pioneers called a creek flowing into Missouri 16 miles from some where or other "Sixteen Mile Creek". Now there is a town called Sixteen + the one branch of 16 mile Cr. is Middle Sixteen. The creek is a lovely one + winds through a colorful Payson.

We built our fire, etc + then climbed the Mt. side. It was almost up + down. One fairly pulled myself up by the proverbial boot straps! Consequently I am more lame as to arms than as to legs.

We got home about 8 P.M. - Since my hair was very dirty, I washed it + did some ironing - needless to say, no time was left to write home.

Then last night eight of us were invited to Maude Martin's for dinner + after that bridge. You such a powerfully poor bridge player I felt sorry for those who had to play with me.

To day Louis True + I went out to take chicken pictures for a series of pictures to

had come to see her brother in law off.
Solveig doesn't look any older than
she did then. She has such a lovely
complexion.

Rick's Uncle's parents + Solveig's
parents were good friends in Eastern
Mont. now both married Sleep
men. strange coincidence.

Well, again I'll say goodnight
I have not been able to figure out
my Xmas card yet. It always
is a frantic struggle at this time
of the year

Yours faithfully
[Signature]



CAFE AND PARLOR CAR
SERVICE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

I just got through signing 42
letters that I dictated yesterday.
It's amazing how the letters
pile up, if I do much as miss
a day dictating. Some of the
letters are so dumb. But they are
all written by tax payers, so
all must be answered.

Last Spring I tried a Civil
Service Exam. I know I am
qualified, but as usual a
woman not wanted. I did not
expect the job. I mainly wanted
my Civil Service rating. After
this year I want to be able to
apply, ^{because} few want people
past 50. Well, today I
got my rating - 80.00 - not

had when one considers my thesis - It wasn't
too complimentary to the National Poultry Improvement
Plan - I coordinated for the plan was the
job I was pretending to try for -

Well, darling, this is a dumb letter -
I guess because I'm sleepy. I hope there
are not a lot of weeping children or talking
foam-ups on the train - I can nap.

Good night
Best love

your
Harriette

P.S. I did so enjoy your letter mother & the sayings of
the youngsters,

Private
Makes me think of what a youngster said here
in Argonne. One of the women was going to get a saddle
pony for her small son. They went out to the butlers
corral to look over the prospects. They saw one they liked
very much but the man explained they could not buy it for
a while as it was soon to foal. On the way home she had
asked "what's foal?" his mother explained. That night at
dinner he asked, "When is Ginger going to fold-up?"

Well as I am aboard the train I want try to
write much more.

In the station I saw Edwige Carver-Jales who used to
be my clerk back in 1923-24. She + Walter her husband