

Jan. 7, 1942

Dear People,

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

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

We have been having below zero weather since before New Year and it hangs on. But I still maintain I'd rather have cold than extreme heat. That just takes the starch out of one.

The folks on the resident staff greet you and say "did you have a nice vacation?" we answer "Vacation ????" with several

question marks & a lift of eye brows,
that makes them remember we only
have Christmas day.

Well, I must skip-

I hope you are feeling more
comfortable mother - and here's
to the chief cook,

Best love
your

Harriette.



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Jan. 8, 1942

Dear People,

Thanks so much for the air mail letter, Dad. It was thoughtful to let me know.

And so, Mother, you are taking time out. I'm glad Dr Johnson put you where you want have company and phone calls constantly. I truly hope you take advantage of seclusion and do a heap of resting. That's what hospitals are for. As Mrs. Sheppard - wife of a Prof at Bozeman said when her annual offspring was presented. "Well, I can count on ten days rest each year."

I just got in from Bozeman, while it's only 200 miles, I've been going since 10 A.M. now it's about 8 P.M. It was so snowy the trains were all late.



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FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

I had to go out to the Capitol. About an hour before train time I put in a call for a taxi. I stood one foot & then the other for over a half hour just when I was nearly frantic a young man on two crutches came out & asked me if he could take me down town. So I boosted in my luggage. Just as we were under way I saw the taxi coming, but I felt not at all obligated to leave the man & the crutches. We had gone about five blocks when the car coughed & he said. "He sure had fixed it nice. He guess he was out of gas. Laws! I looked at my watch - just 20 minutes to the train departure. Of course he couldn't get out on the snowy slippery streets so I dashed up



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FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

to the corner garage + yelled, "quick, some gas in a can. Or I'll miss my train!" "So sorry," said the man, "but you can't carry gas except in a red can + I don't have a red can." I must have exploded. He said the gas station across the street had a red can. So dashed over there + repeated my request. The lad looked at his watch filled the red can in a hurry + we went sliding down the street.

Well, we pulled into the station, the train was in. But I made it. That was all that

was necessary. I was glad I was there as the crutch man said he would have been stuck without me. It seems to be warming up.

To day was the first day the temperature got up to zero.

Am on my way to Fairfield to help the H H club pick + pack



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GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

their capons. I don't know what kind of a job or what the conditions will be. I can only repeat the current expression - "I hope, I hope, I hope."

When this letter arrives, I do so sincerely hope every thing at 178 So main will be looking up. But stay in the hospital as long as necessary, mother. Let the doctor be the guide.

Well, I'm going to turn in early as the bus leaves at 8:30 A.M.

Best of love
Your

Harriette



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Jan. 12, 1942

Dear People,

Well, I'm back from a most strenuous trip to Fairfield - when I arrived today A.M. I got into Chuker clothes at once. Glenn + I picked up four of his capon + went out to the Community hall 8 miles out, we set up what we thought would be a good set up. Then tried the picking machine. It would throw the switch each time we tried it. So finally we left as it was noon, went back to town, got an electrician, ate lunch + went back. It took the electrician until nearly 4 P.M. to get it going.

So instead of getting Glenn's forty birds done we only got 4. Then we heard that the snow had been so drifted that the mail had not gone out, so we decided we had better see some of the club members so they could get their birds off feed + bring them the next day. We



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GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

started for Mrs Southards - we only had 4 miles to go but it took us 3 hours - we got stuck so many times. When we got there they had received the mail. That made us feel so much better + we went back to town. It was 8 when we got there I had a bowl of soup and went to bed as we had to leave town shortly after 7 A.M. We knew the Squires could not get through a drift to get their birds out, so we went as near as we dared + they carried theirs over to our trailer. It was beautiful - The sun was just coming up and the main peak of the Rockies were bathed in pink glory.

Well, we finally collected the Squires + their birds and got to the hall where we got terribly stuck in a ditch + 3 of the birds smothered but Mrs Baird + I raced into the hall + bled them at once, thus saving them.



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GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

I was the only one who could do a good job sticking. So I stuck bird all day long, all 125. Glenn ran the machine + the women pinned. We found we could make much better head way if the wings were plucked before going to the machine so that fell to the killer also.

By evening my fingers would hardly work. So Mr. Peden, a very nice farmer came to help me.

Everyone was jolly + worked hard. They have the big community school at the center. The janitors wife came over + told us she had made coffee + sandwiches for us all + to quit work. It was a most generous gesture + was it appreciated? So refreshed we all went back to work again.

About 9:30 we had them all done. Bobby Peden, the club member having the best birds of the whole bunch helped like a good one all the whole day.



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FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

We got back to town about 11:30 but it was after midnight before I could get to bed because I had to wash the blood off my blouse, my stockings my goshies - and lastly off me. A hot bath felt elegant.

Then we all met at the hall again Sunday A.M. - Mrs Southard, the Sages Mr Peden, Bobby - + Mr. Baird + I. After cleaning up the feathers + mess we washed all the heads + feet, graded, packed + labeled the boxes -

Again Mrs Johnson the janitors wife fixed us something to eat. She surely saved our lives.

It was 7 P.M. when we finally got home. I did not get up

until 8:30 this morning. My right hand is still swelled + goes to sleep on me. The job of



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

picking was such a tough one.
 But I am so glad I could do it.
 Mr. Baird was so please - as was
 everyone else to see how lovely the
 birds all looked when packed -
 & ready to go. We put them all in
 the cool room at the freezer locker
 & they will be trucked to Billings
 to go in the turkey car tomorrow.
 Now I hope they bring a good price.

My bus did not leave Fairfield
 until 4:30 this evening so we easily
 got all the odds & ends we were
 supposed to do finished.

As always I staid at the hotel
 that used to be the Boole R.R.
 station - It is marvelous what
 Mr & Mrs Os have done with it.
 Each time I go back I find some
 thing more done. They have 17 rooms
 in it now. Really very cozy & comfort.



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

able - and most welcome. Because
 Fairfield used to be the place I
 had to stay in a private house
 Oh, how I hate that.

Since Ruth did not phone
 me while at Fairfield, I am in
 hopes you are much better, mother.
 I hope when I get into Bozeman
 tomorrow I will have some
 words

I am hungry now and will
 eat, but I wanted to get this
 letter finished before hair time

Best love

Your

Harvella

Jan. 18, 1942
Bozeman -

Dear People,

While I'm taking a bath I'll write. Iva and Mr. Balkan came in yesterday and stayed over night. Mr. Balkan went to Billings and this afternoon train + then will go to Great Falls, while Iva stays here. Then Tues. she will drive over to Helena + meet him. It is so nice to have her here. Seems like old times.

Tonight we are going up to Julia Mentis Mrs Pearson sends us gifts a turkey annually. The five of us each invite a guest + have a turkey dinner. I was glad that Iva could be here + be my guest.

Since writing you last time I've been home, then down to Forsyth + back. It was an interesting trip at Forsyth. We went way down into the cattle country. There the people live much as they did in early days - Big Ranches and cattle over the prairie hills. Some how they have a different perspective than the dry land farmers who barely get along. The one place where we stopped had a big St. Bernard dog. He was only a pup but

as big as a young calf. It made me think of the one that knocked U down when she was a little girl.

Speaking of U, I had such a nice letter from our Bobby, the other day. He writes such an interesting letter.

Dad was telling me about their family reunion they had last summer in the high Sierras. They rented a camp on the lake & had a cook - There were 42 of them - He father the seven children their wives & husbands all the ^{grand} children & even 2 ^{great} grand children. How wonderful to have a big family and one of such a family consciousness. They stayed for a week & had a wonderful time. One grand daughter took the occasion to announce her engagement. As Dad said it seemed a cross section of life itself.

It seems a long time since Dad & I used visit back & forth between Payette

& Weiser. She is the only person who has known me over a long stretch of time. Then she was here with Mont. Power for such a long time & she was always part of the group here. She & Mr. Balken have bought a place on Vashon Island in Puget Sound and are having such a wonderful time fixing it up. Some time I hope I can go out & visit them.

I hope, mother dear, you are feeling much better. I was so delighted to get a letter in your own hand written even if it had to be in pencil.

I got your good letter, Dad, & the new year greeting at Toronto. I always was partial to the Toronto picture. The graduation of Jess is wonderful in it. But then all your pictures are wonderful. I would be as much more proud of my pictures if I did any own developing & enlarging.

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

your
Barrett.

[Jan 27, 1949]

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

Dear People,

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

We had a real treat last week. The college lecture course had planned for Mr. Knickerbocker then some way they got their wires crossed + in order to provide us with a speaker the only one available was one costing twice as much. But since they were at fault we got him for the same figure. The one sent turned out to be Walter Duranty, the one who wrote, "I write as I please" - He was thoroughly enjoyable, and so well informed.

Yesterday I received 2 letters from "fur-off" places - Martha Eder from Hawaii + Prof Halman's family from Cambridge England. Martha's was mailed Christmas day and the Halmans Jan 2. It came through in much better time.

Everything considered - mainly if I can persuade the bank to loan me the money I am going to try to leave Sat night. That will get me into Jamestown Tuesday. But I have to be in Glendive the 10th so won't have long to stay. The fares go up 10% on Feb 1st and besides I have a schedule all the

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POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

rest of Feb + most of March.

I'll wire you from Chicago to let you know
Definitely the train + whether I can make it. I
plan to go Erie as it is so much easier than
changing at Westfield + after all one really does
not save much time N.Y.C.

Well, dear, I won't write more now as I
must get Annual Report off before I can leave.

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

Best love

Yours

Farrington

Rouae Hunt
2/22/42

Dear People,

How are both of you tonight? Hope
as comfortable as possible. I feel
well fed and sleepy. I wish every-
one in the world felt as well fed.
I was at the County Agents house
at noon + we had chicken and
all that goes with it. Then in
Isaac. Host. Spec + I just went
out for a bowl of soup and a chocolate
Sunday.

Tomorrow I talk to the Indians
at Dixon.

I have just finished Kabloona
a book belonging to Ruth Palmer. It's
the story of a white man who spent a
year among the Eskimos. He lived
right with them in their igloos eating
frozen fish + going with them on seal
hunts. It is a very interesting book.

the natives are dirty beyond anything but he tells how he came to understand and appreciate them. They have no leaders or anyone more important than the next one, a most truly communal way of life. He says its stepping back into the stone age.

We tested at four places in the last 2 days. Each place as different as possible from the other place. The McKees - the first place - They are a couple past middle age. Live right outside St Ignace. They came from Idaho about 5 years ago - Their children all grown + married. Mrs McKee said they had \$18.00 when they arrived. They love their place - The house faces the beautiful Mission Range. She said when they arrived + she looked at it she sat down + cried it was so beautiful. The second place a white girl about 25 had married an Indian. The Indians have their land tax free. We both wondered if that was the reason back of the marriage. She was lively + gay - He a shiftless breed. Then the Muelis - Swiss from Bern Switzerland. They had a nice place

well kept up + raised Scotty dogs + poultry. They were intelligent + interesting - Then Mrs Besch. He lived on top of a high hill. When the youngest child, now 15, was born Mrs Besch went hopelessly insane + has been at Warm Springs ever since. He has raised the family + kept things together. He has a good home but so barren - Bachelor quarters always look so hopeless + it adds. But he was a fine man and so eager to learn. That is what keeps me going in this work. You never know what tomorrow will bring.

The moving picture show is next door. I am getting the show second hand. You can hear the talking + the music. Every so often you hear the audience burst out laughing and once in a while they clap wildly.

well I must go to bed.

Best love
yours

Dear People

Please forgive my neglect. We have all been very upset not only by things international but also trying to get a clerk. Sat. I thought I had one but she only stayed 2 1/2 days. I guess the job looked too big. Both Ruth + I are at our wits end trying to find someone.

This evening I was at an art lecture at the college. Miss Roberts of the Billings Normal the one who had the Jamestown Camera Club exhibit at the normal. She said to tell you again how much she enjoyed it.

To night she gave a talk on Franz Cizek the Bohemian artist who developed to art school for children - all of them under 15. His motto was "put the hand on the tool. They will do the work." Some of the work they did was most remarkable. Miss Roberts visited him in Vienna.

Well, darlings this a most short note. I hope by the next time Swifts will have things more settled.

I leave town again Sunday. I'll be along the high-line this time with the whites + Indians both.

Well, there does not seem to be more to tell again.

Best love to you and hope every thing is in good shape at home. Both take care of yourselves.

Yours

Harriette

3/4/42 -

Bozeman



SHERMAN HOTEL

MARY MOORE, MANAGER

117 ROOMS

OTIS ELEVATOR SERVICE

WOLF POINT, MONTANA

8/10/42.

50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

Dear People

I'm not on the program this morning so I will have time to write you.

Saturday I had to write my program of work for the year so I never got through of that + packing until 3 A.M. - Then Sunday we left at nine^{AM} and drove all the way here, getting in at 11:30 - 535 miles - was I tired. Then yesterday we had meetings all day + finished up at 11 P.M.

So you will forgive me. We have meetings here + Poplar today + drive back to Chinook tonight. Bess McCalland Nutrition Specialist - Paul Orcutt Animal Husbandry Specialist + I are doing a group of meetings.

Last night it was the County Nutrition for Defense Committee. Things seem so much nearer when you are on such committees - We are not only making plans for families to feed themselves since there will be distinct shortages on the grocery shelves. But also should it be necessary to evacuate families on the



SHERMAN HOTEL

MARY MOORE, MANAGER

117 ROOMS

OTIS ELEVATOR SERVICE

WOLF POINT, MONTANA

50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

west coast, we will have to have something to feed them when they arrive until they can get adjusted. It isn't the hectic planting of war gardens of War I, but rather serious sober planning. There won't be tin cans available. I wish the whole thing were well over.

We had snow Sunday evening but now every thing is lakes and mud. I have a book of Lois Paysons along with me. You know's "Tolerance". It is well written + promises to be good. I can't seem to think of anything to write.

We have a promise of a stenographer to start the 12th. Ruth will be so glad for she is beginning to find the job pretty tiring - The baby is not expected before the last of June. But that is not so far off now.

I have a set of poultry color slides along with me that Louis Threl + I have taken. The Indians seem to enjoy them.



SHERMAN HOTEL

MARY MOORE, MANAGER

117 ROOMS OTIS ELEVATOR SERVICE

WOLF POINT, MONTANA

50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

I expect to be in Great Falls next Sunday, so I should have a day of taking things easy. At least I hope so. This continual pushing rather gets me down.

As I look from my window the fore ground is grey - the row of trees along the Missouri river banks are grey & beyond the ground rises in a gentle swell - equally grey. But the sky is blue, so blue with a few light white clouds. The whole scene is very little changed from what it was in the early 1800s when Lewis and Clark came up the river. It was right along here that Lewis describes his men writing in agony because the water acted and tasted like Epsom salts. Well, the chemical composition is about the same. Even today one can not drink it with out ice in it. And the effect is identical. One drinks mostly coffee - and even then the magnesium sulphate salts are still ready to do their dirty work. I suppose if you live here long enough



SHERMAN HOTEL

MARY MOORE, MANAGER

117 ROOMS OTIS ELEVATOR SERVICE

WOLF POINT, MONTANA

50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

you get used to it. On most hotel stationary the pictures of the hotel are not exactly truthful. The nearby buildings are always deleted. But in this case the picture is correct. The main street divides with a triangular square or rather a plot of ground. The store buildings are all one story. Then at the base of the triangle the big 4-story hotel looms up. In 1919 things were booming - They expected Wolf Point to be quite a city. So the big hotel was erected. For the last 15 years the top story has been shut off - during the depression the freight division ^{of the G.N.R.R.} was moved to Glasgow & the hotel sometimes had no more than one or two guests over night. Things seem quite picked up now. But the big city never materialized between here & the river on the grey flat there are a few scattered Indian shacks over the intervening mile. As always with Indian shacks, these fall in some particular direction - it's made as if some mighty Indian god had held



SHERMAN HOTEL

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OTIS ELEVATOR SERVICE

WOLF POINT, MONTANA

50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

a bunch of jack-staws in his hand & had them opened his fingers & let them drop at will. There they staid. They are mostly log, mud daubed, one rooked affairs. In summer a white canvas or skin teepee will blossom out beside the shack. This part of the reservation is peopled mostly with Sioux - but where we were yesterday they were largely Assinaboins.

North of town as soon as you get beyond the river bottom you soon get away from Indian families. The whites either have purchased or leased Indian land. It was the whites we were working with last night.

Well, I must eat lunch & be ready to go on the program at 1:30. So for now good bye.

Oh, I forgot to say in my last letter. I promised Mrs. Braneagan I would have you send a pair of "creepers" to put on her over shoes. No body out here has ever heard of creepers. Mrs B is about 84 or 85 & she has difficulty



SHERMAN HOTEL

MARY MOORE, MANAGER

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OTIS ELEVATOR SERVICE

WOLF POINT, MONTANA

50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

getting about icy streets. I was telling her that people still wore "creepers" back East. She asked to have you send her a pair, Dad. You can either have them sent collect to me or bill me with them & Mrs Braneagan will pay me. I can't remember whether she has to have the size of the shoe or not. I thought not but Mrs Braneagan says she wears 5 1/2 if the size should be necessary. Thank you so much, Dad, if you can do this,

Well I must quit,

Best love

Your

Harriette

P.S. Mrs. Braneagan is Gladys Braneagan's mother - G. is head of the resident home cc. dept at Bozeman -



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

3/16/42.

Dear People,

When I got into town yesterday your letter was waiting for me. And so were a whole heap of chicken letters that had to be taken care of.

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

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



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

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

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

Best love
you

Harriette

3/24/42

Dear People,

Bozeman

If I get this on the night train, I'll have to get a note off now -

Perhaps I can get more written later in the week.

I decided yesterday to write first + then get busy but it didn't work out that way.

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

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

will work out well. Her name is Mrs. Neve Jones Newgard. Her husband is a junior in college + she is earning the family living.

I got both of your good letters also thanks, Dad, for the keepers.

I have not had a chance yet to take them over to Mrs. Paraneau. But surely will get time tomorrow evening. You did not state the cost.

The radio, instructed by the 2nd interceptor command, instructed everyone that a bad storm was coming. The day was warm + balmy with a regular chinook in full swing. But by five

The wind had switched around to the East + turned bitter cold. Mrs. Riggs (Mrs. Walter's daughter) + I went out with the snow shovel + scooped up ancient + descript drifts + put blankets over the starting plants - over the daffodils that are up about three inches - the peonies that show red fingers above the earth + the tulips that were too far advanced. We felt we had done a good job. Then when I put up my window to go to bed I saw a whole new blanket of snow. Ours was a case of love's labor lost. But we meant well. This morning the snow was nearly a foot deep - But Boyman at least has not had the cold

weather that was forecasted.

The janitor came in just now to empty the waste basket + asked if I saw the snow. I asked him if he didn't think it beautiful, but he failed to agree.

The National H-H Club Dept. is putting out a transcribed H-H radio talk during H-H Club week April 9 to 11th. We are getting 4 records. I hope you happen to hear it on one of the Eastern stations - It's sounds as if it should be interesting on the air + it's all about an egg.

Well dears if I don't quit I won't get this off. Best love

Your

Harriette

Livingston, Montana,
March, 27, 1942.

Dear People,

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

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

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

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

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

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

I must go and eat now so that I will be ready for the afternoon meeting.

I wont send this now as I may have time to add more before Sunday. At least the letter should be off on time this week.

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

Best love to both of you

Your own,

Harrille

P.S. I did not get anything more written - in fact, I did not even get this posted - Please forgive - H.

May 30 1942,
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear Dad,

Happy Birthday - and may it truly be a happy one - one of the nicest you have ever had. And I hope when the one comes up next year it will be in a peaceful world.

I am waiting for the train which is lat. I am going over to Butte & Clare Duggan & I are going to make a trek to the hills, that is if you can get a car into there, which is somewhat doubtful as it snowed all day yesterday.

Did you ever get bitten by a flock just? Thursday I had a meeting at Fremberg. The pushy goats were thicker than thick. As I was coporizing I couldn't use my hands to drive them off so they took advantage of me and bit all around the edge of my hair. Now I am all swelled up with the ickest welts.

But they will soon be gone.

The radio announcer that John Barrymore died - well, Dad that gives me less headache than to compete with you. It is nice to have a handsome father. So many girls have perfectly ordinary male relatives.

I had a book sent to you. Hope it arrived safely. With war conditions Teddy does not keep many on hand so we have to order.

Well darling it's time for the taxi - so I'll say goodbye. Again, dear, a most happy day for you is ordered.

lots and lots of love

XXXXXXXX - XXXXX - five warm kisses. - Harriette ->

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK
IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF MONTANA

EXTENSION SERVICE
POULTRY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

June 1, 1942.

Dear People,

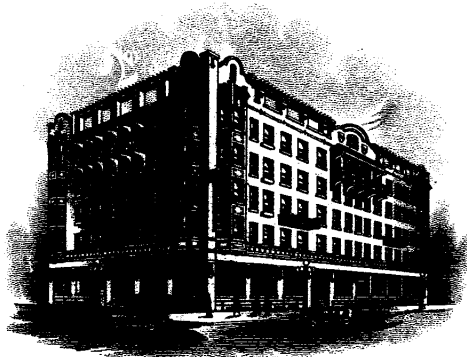
This will be just a short note. It was late when I got home last night and now we are all in a dither getting ready for H-H Club Convention.

Clare met me at the station. We set out at once in a hail storm but it cleared shortly. We left the main highway at Drummond + struck up through Hellville and Ovando. (Look on the map half way between Butte + Missoula for Drummond). From Ovando we struck across to Seely Lake then went north to Linking Lake and "Cap" Lairds Lodge. The lake + lodge are most interesting but the "Cap" is the interesting person. He has a rare collection of stories and is a colorful personality from every point of view.

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

I was so glad I could have the trip and especially glad to get into that part of the state. It has always been a blind spot on the map. And its a lovely area. Old ghost towns, snowcapped mountains, canyons, mountain lakes and swift mountain streams. While here + there you run into clearings with hay meadows and comfortable old ranch houses with corals and the regular village of sheds + shacks that ~~are~~ surround all old time stock ranches.

I must stop - I have heaps to do
Best love,
Harriette.



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

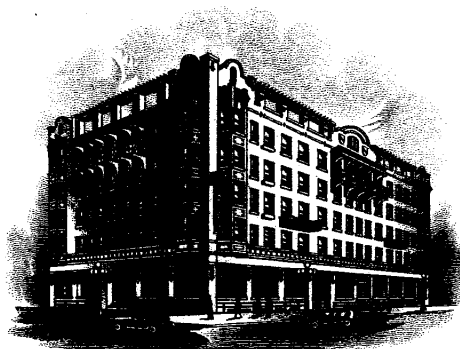
GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

June 8, 1942.

Dear People,

Well, we just got in ahead of the rain. It's just begun to come down by the bucket full. Thunder and lightning + everything. Dr. Holland + I drove up from Bozeman today. It took us all day as state cars can't go over 40. If you are caught going over, it's the same as handing in your resignation.

Last week was H-H Conference. I was so weary when it was over I did not do anything. Clare Degan was in for the nutrition meeting Friday and Sat. and stayed with me. I find she collects match cover also. I yanked all mine out to give her duplicates, so I spent the afternoon yesterday sorting all of mine. I have a big box full. I put them by states except Montana. And this state I did by towns. It was quite a job.



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Dr. Hollands is a very interesting man. He is our marketing specialist - we are on a trip to get some cooperating turkey growers.

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

Last Wednesday we had the H-H picnic up North Cottonwood. It is such a pretty spot. The members from prairie counties thoroughly enjoyed getting into the mountains.

When I went to get the room ready for Clare, I noticed the package from home. I just had not had time to open it first, then forgot. How surprised I was when I opened it and found the lovely pair of hose and the poetry magazines. Stockings are like gold + so I felt very rich when I saw them. It was so nice



Park Hotel

FRED J. PERRA, MANAGER

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

of you to be so generous & thoughtful.
I do thank you so much.

I have not had time to read
many of the poems; but those I
did read were lovely. I thank
you so much.

I think I can get the dresses
made over to fit me. They are
wearing wash suits so much
this summer. The blue one will
come in next handy; also I
can wear the other after just
shortening.

Please forgive me for not opening
the package when it came.

Well, it's dinner time & I do
not want to keep Dr. Hollands waiting
so good night, dears.

Much love
your

Harriette.

Bozeman Mont
6/15/42

Dear People,

I did so enjoy both of your letters. I got them at Whitehall. I read yours, Dad, to the Hollands on our way back to Bozeman Sat. night. His remark was, "Well, your father thinks also - I am always proud when people say nice things about my parents."

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

I am still reading Lincoln Steffens autobiography. I had it out with me on the trip last week. I would read a passage from it, then we would be off on another long argument. It was such a pleasure to find someone would care think. So many of the county agents are left in thin air after going over the current gossip, the rationing + the perfectly evident things.

We got in Sat. night. Yesterday I did a big washing + ironing, cleaned the house + washed my hair. I declare it takes most of my time just to keep clean. I remind myself of a cat, always washing.

The pictures I took with Clare over Memorial day came back. Many of them are very good. I took time out this noon + projected them on the bed room wall. It wasn't exactly fair to them, as the room was not really dark and the wall not a very good screen. But I did want to see what they looked like.

I was at the office all morning, but we are starting off again on turkey hunt at 12:30 + will be back Thursday.

flow but I am sleepy. It was after 1 AM when I got to bed, then there was a bird - I think a cat bird, (but his mewling wasn't exactly standard), who began singing. That it sounded as it said "Mary, Mary, Mary" then it would lilt into a shrill song. What it was doing, singing in the middle of the night, I don't know. But with very thing else so deathly still, he about woke the dead. I thought I would never get to sleep. Seven A.M. came altogether too soon.

I am glad you are enjoying Richard kindly, mother - It is so nice you have so many young friends. About going down to the yard, I have wondered if we could fit one of those seat elevators that can be put at the side of the stairs. I don't know the cost but will inquire if you think you could use it. Then you could get out into the sun without stair climbing. Let me know if you would be interested. It could be your birthday-Christmas, only happening now.

I have not sent John a commencement present - He sent no H.S. invitation. Did he send you one? I hardly know what to send. Well, its most time for Dr. Hollands, besides I am at the foot of the page -

Best love you,

farrille

Bozeman, Mont.
Sat. 6/20/42.

Dear People,

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

I am so glad, Mother, that the speech has come back, but I'm betting on you that you would have become proficient in the deaf + dumb language in just no time, had it been necessary. Only now they tell me it's "deaf + mute" as the victims are not dumb. But that is just because we have twisted the word dumb to mean witless. How many fine words we twist about.

Dad, please tell Mr + Mrs Pearson how much I appreciate all they do for us.

Dr. Hollands and I finished our trek Thursday evening + a very good thing as I came home with Paragites + can only whisper - I wouldn't be much use in the field whispering. I went up to the office yesterday and got my mail + then came home to sleep. That's mostly what I needed. Dr. Hollands is brilliant but very strenuous for 12 hrs a day. We breakfasted at 7:30 A.M. + started off for the day. We did 3 or 4 farms a day depending upon the travel distance. Immediately after dinner at night we each went our own way. I generally to bed early or to read quietly. But long drives and often over very poor roads was exhausting.

When in Havre last week, I found a \$10.00 bill on the stairs. I turned it in at the desk. The manager said if no one called for it she would send it to me. Yesterday on my return I found a check from Havre.

I was surprised + very pleased. I should do something special with the tree.

The trip this week was nicer than last week in that, the part of Montana was nicer. I do not like the Havre area too much. I can see a change from when I arrived 20 years ago. Then some of the home steads of 1916 to '18 were still there, hoping to make a living. Gradually these have all been weeded out. Those left are the ones who were too poor to move or did not have the brains to see that no one could make a living farming there. So it is very sad to travel about there. While in the parts of Sweetgrass, Stillwater, Yellowstone and Carbon Counties where we were this week, the people are progressing. The buildings are painted and trees + flowers growing. As Dr. Hollands + I both stated, why would any person sit down + expect to grow where a tree won't grow.

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

I'll write again tomorrow when I have a little more time.

Well, Dad I hope you have a very happy Father's Day having Mother better. And Mother I hope your day is brightened and made easier knowing that it's Father's Day. So that is the end it will be like which came first, the hen or the egg. With the result that the day will be bright and shiny and very happy for both of you.

Best love
your

Harriette

Fathers Day.
6/21/42

Dear People,

Well, so far today we have had no rain. I think this is only the second day in June that has been the this case. And tonight is gloomy. May rain before midnight.

At last I am finding time to read "Windswept" & had a lot of borrowed books & had to return. I am so enjoying it. How beautifully Mary Ellen Chase writes. I almost despair of ever doing any thing when I read her superb sentences. She never uses superfluous words. Not quite as great as Willa Cather. Yet both of them have a feeling for words & can draw human relationships in somewhat the same manner. You and Philomena could have stepped out of "My Antonia" - and Radequind Pitter out of "Shadows on a Rock" or Agnes Repplier's "Marie Marie of the Ursulines".

Reading "Windswept" the idea comes clearer & still more clear of a book - this is in my mind. The germ behind the story is Mrs. Pearson, her husband and her family. She is the person we girls have visited several times down on the Wyoming line. Dr. Hollands & I went there the other day. Mrs. Pearson was not there. She had gone up to Granddell Creek with her daughter to see that the men taking up the cattle were fed. Mr. Pearson was irrigating. There is something tragic and heart breaking about Mr. Pearson. Both Mr. & Mrs. P. are this of her. Gods They came out & built on the rock pile

they still live on in 1911.

Dr. Hollands states there is something wrong with any one who would sit down on that rock pile for 31 years. But an economist does not even have the slightest notion of a lot of human relationships. Mrs. Pearson is the dominating one of the two & the business person. Since I have known her, & helped her get started, she has expanded her chickens & turkeys I went in the house to leave the forms & saw since I was there last they have acquired electricity. They have an electric range & running water in the house & have a new shed at the back of the house.

I want to get down again some time and learn more of the early years they spent on the ranch. In spite of statements by an economist that, their is a wasted life, I feel that the son and daughter had a wonderful childhood. They knew all the birds & flowers. They had the summers at Crandell Cr. They both graduated from the Uni of Wyoming. Edward is a chemist in Calif. The same place our Robert was for a while. The daughter quite an artist in her own right & married an engineer & lives in N.J. She comes home almost every summer.

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

Well, darlings, tomorrow is another day. I hope the captain and first mate are both comfortable and that the sails of the good ship Cushman are all set toward the harbor. I hope the horrid storm is a thing of the past & everything is ship shape -

Best love
your
Harriette.

6/23/42

Dear People,

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

I didn't burn it too badly - and now I
have ratter.

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

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

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

I'll try + write more tomorrow
Best love.
Harriette

6/24/42.

Dear People,

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

Last night I dashed off a letter before going to the show. It was Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flats." I almost did not want to see it, since I had so thoroughly enjoyed the book. But it was well done, very well done. Of course the changed the ending but the rest was mostly there; Danny getting the Sweep machine for Sweets; Pirate and the dogs and all their daily effort to keep from working. Even the youngsters that ate only beans + tortillas and ^{had} good teeth to the astonishment of the health doctor.

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

I have to go to Willow tonight, so I may not find time to write tomorrow - you will forgive me, won't you?

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

Man + Bike
"How many miles to the sun?" He smiled
In answer to my "where are you going?"
Pileas were caught in his handle bars,
His pedals were mud, his eyes were stars,
His hair was blowing

What could he find in clouds that were piled
As black as night in the early morning?
The daily paper, punctual, furred,
Lay on my stoop with news of the world
And doubtless a warning,

But under the oak beside his bike
The man lay down and the storm came over;
Grass turned yellow and branches blue----
After a while he faced his shoe
With heads of clover,

Where was he going? What was he like?
The sun came out in a burst of sprinkling;
He sprang on his bike. I see him still -
Taking the turn and topping the hills,
His spokes are twinkling.

Marion Stobel

MONTANA STATE COLLEGE.
AND U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
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and that seemed as intelligent as any in the
group. I'd rather read old Chinese poems.

Well, darling if I am going to get the
things done that must be done before I leave
I must skip.

Best love and hoping things are
more comfortable for everyone.

Yours
Harriette

HOTEL



ANDRUS

DILLON, MONTANA

6/25/42

Dear People,

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

Last night when I got home, Mrs. Riggs had brought me a most gorgeous bouquet of peonies - red ones with yellow centers. Since I was leaving at 8:45 and not be back until late Friday night, I took them over to the hospital to Ruth Madem Hughes. Did I tell she has a baby girl, Beverley Jean?

6/26/42. That's as far as I got when Bernard came along. I had a most interesting day. We went out to turkey growers as a follow-up of the work Dr. Hallands + I were doing. First to a Mrs. Kennan + then Miss Nelson. The Ors going along. I told you about the Orr family last year. They were the ones that took me to Banrock + were so delightful. Well I did not get all of Mrs Kennans record done before you. And Bernard was to



the Ors. Their place is town.

IN THE HEART OF THE FISH AND GAME COUNTRY

HOTEL



ANDRUS

DILLON, MONTANA

while Mrs. Orr got supper - which by the way was a banquet - fresh mountain trout, most wonderful biscuits - and well the usual other things. But the trout were perfect. Mr Orr had caught them the day before in the Beaverhead river. - while she was getting the week, as I stated, he + I completed their turkey record.

The twins + Jimmy whom I had not seen on my last trip arrived - Jim is 11 + the twins 7. They are a darling family. Mrs. Orr's brother "Kelly", is our Co. Agent at White Sulphur.

Mrs. Kennan has brooded the turkeys of both Orr's + hers to date. But next week the Ors plan to take theirs to the country. They wanted me to see the place, about 10 miles into the hills. Byron Orr + his wife have pulled out of the immense Poindexter - Orr ranch. Same Poindexter ^{town} who was member was Gov. of Hawaii - as they say too many in-laws + outlaws. At any rate they bought for themselves, one corner of the immense P.O. Ranch only a mere 360 for themselves. It lays up close to the shoulder of the mountain with an old



(over)

IN THE HEART OF THE FISH AND GAME COUNTRY

tree claim in the center of it. It seems that back in the 80's before the regular opening up of land, those who took up claims had to plant large groves. This one must cover at least 25 or 30 acres. The Ors are re building the old homestead log house and making it very cosy. As we drove onto the place, first the chickens came to greet us. They are being housed in the old log barn with sod roof. As we were feeding the chickens, a lovely sheep dog came dashing through the grove. Lady stays at the log shack. Then we started over to the log shack to feed Lady + out tumbled 4 puff balls of kittens. I laughed and asked Lady if they were hers as there seemed to be no other cat in evidence.

Over at one edge of the grove rising big and white was a huge circus tent. This is what they are going to grow the turkey in. I do so admire the Ors. They don't expect become rich but they do want a place in which they can bring up their boys. And it is a truly lovely spot. As she says they will mostly camp out during the summer months + grow the turkeys. Then they will move in to town when it comes winter for the boys to go to school.

As we came back from the Ors' hill place, we stopped to look at some beautiful mares + colts. They were in a field by the road side. The mares were all saddlers with "hot" blood + the colts sired by a remount stallion. Oh, they were beautiful. Even those little tots' every movement was pure grace

HOTEL



ANDRUS

DILLON, MONTANA

and poetry.

Then we went back to the Keenans. In the morning I had been so rushed I had not had a chance to look about. But traveling with the Ors, we always seem to have time yet always get things done. As we drove into the yard this time I realized that the house was lovely though a bit faded. It was built about 1900. More like an eastern house with its 2 stories + attic, with its solid oak doors + floors. The proverbial front parlor + back parlor coal fire place in the dining room + elaborately carved buffet.

Driving into the yard I noticed a cow. "Oh yes," Mrs. Orr said, "Mrs. Keenan is quite a sports woman," and added, "she fishes, hunts + paddles better than most men." I remarked about this when I went into the house. Mrs. Keenan seemed pleased I was interested. Both Mr. + Mrs. K. began showing us their trophies. Especially the mounted rattlesnakes. It seems that a doctor from Butte + they put on rattlesnake hunts + they have shipped snakes to most of the zoos + museums in the U.S. They were most interesting. I hated to get back to the prosaic discussion of turkeys. Mrs. K. says they have a lot of colored movies but these are in Butte at present, but if I let her know



IN THE HEART OF THE FISH AND GAME COUNTRY

(over)

when I can come to Dillon again, she will have them on hand + show them to me.

As we left we about stumbled over the dogs in the entryway. Mrs. K ask Mr. K what all the coats were put down for dog beds. Well it seems Rocket had fallen off the bridge + got wet + he needed a dry bed. Furthermore the screen was fixed with a broom so the dogs could go out + in.

I didn't say anything about Miss Helms whom we visited in the afternoon. She was also interesting. She is a college graduate + teaching when her father had a stroke + she went home to manage the ranch. He died last year + she is continuing. I would like to know her better.

To in all I checked up on 7,000 turkeys - made some friendships, renewed others + had a charming time. As I told the Kenans + the Orrs, it is such a joy when my turkey people come alive + aren't just turkey growers.

I never know when the day starts what it will hold, what I will see or what I will leave before it is over.

I am finishing this in the Butte station enroute Bozeman.

Darlings, hope everything is better -

Best love
yours

Harriette.

6/28/72
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear People,

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

I was so glad to get both of your letters, dad when I got back from Dillon.

Monday - I did not get this finished last night. The news came on then, after that I was so weary I went to bed. On coming up to the office today I found your dear letter, mother.

You don't know how happy it makes me. But you must not make too great an effort, dear. I will understand if I don't get any letter. Sure I remember Polly Pepper,

thought I had not thought of her for years. No, the letter wasn't her scratches - I could read every word.

I was very lazy yesterday. I did not get up until 3 P.M., then I did a small washing + read on Lincoln Steffens. I do not know when I have enjoyed a book more, though I don't seem to get much done at a time. I'm afraid Dr. Bole will be wanting it back before I finish it.

It rained a great deal yesterday.

Saturday evening Bess Mc Lelland came down to use my machine to make seat covers for her car. The car is a Ford. As our state gov. is Samuel Ford, she calls the Ford "Sammy". I suggested that seat covers for Sammy would be called trousers. So she said she was making Sammy's pants. She really did a very neat job, having no pattern. She just went out and fitted them.

on Danny. something like we made my H.S.
class day dress. Did we save that dress?
Really it was a marvel of construction. And
it looked nice.

When I came through Butte Friday I
went up to see Elizabeth Copping Gary -
that's Teddy's niece that married early in
May. She has a nice little apartment
and is so very happy. She thinks there
is no one quite like her Jack. They do
seem so congenial. She says he helps her
with the dishes in the evening. Then he reads
aloud while she mends. They both are
interested in Shakespeare, music + philosophy.
Really they have the chance to make a rich
and happy life.

I must call this enough for now as
I have a lot of work to do.

Don't let the house work get you down,
Dad.

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

Best love,

Yours,

— Harriette. —

P.S. Thanks for putting your room no. Mother.
This way you can get your letter without
having to wait for Dad to bring in the
evening -

— H.