

July 6 1942 - (noon)
Bozeman, Mont.
By the fish pond.

Dear People,

Since the ^{student} Union Bldg has closed for the summer vacation I have taken to getting a bottle of milk from the dairy + a sandwich + bring from home to the little pond on the campus. It is such a pretty spot. The air is soft. There are some bushes at the side of the pond + a stone bench by the bushes. The overflow of the pond dropping into a trap sounds like a miniature water fall. One hardly feels on the campus at all. In fact I find it a welcome break from the day at the office.

Well, another 4th of July is over. I didn't do anything especially. I was invited up to Lois Lott Bole's to have picnic lunch in the yard but it was too beastly hot, so we had it in the house. After that Lois + I walked the dog. I feel very sorry for Lois. Wuu seems to be in a sort of a dream. He ~~goes~~ ^{goes} back to Baltimore + Johns Hopkins all the time - 30 years ago. He can't seem to realize anything has

changed back there. The present does not seem to exist. Worse than that Lois can't seem to get him to do anything. He just sits + reads or sits. And he gets very upset when Lois wants to do anything. She does get out + golf once or twice a week but that seems the extent. He likes to have company but ^{that is} work for Lois + Veronica to constantly have guests. It is tragic for Wuu to let him self get in such a state. He is only about 60. The trouble he inherited money. He has always had what he wants. It is truly a tragic thing to have no responsibilities + no incentive to work.

Both Saturday + Sunday were hot - beastly hot. About 7-0'clock it clouded up. It's a bad sign in Montana after extreme heat. With the rain came a deluge of hail. It lasted ~~for~~ a half hour all the lawn + roof tops were white. As suddenly it stopped + the sun came out. Mrs. Riggs + I went exploring the garden. The tomato plants were beaten into the ground, bean leaves had bullet holes through them, corn leaves were shredded +

over

the lettuce was a pulpy soggy mass. Mrs. Riggs has a disposition something like Vi's. She was utterly down. "Montana has no place to live, work, work, work - then look - all destroyed in 10 minutes." -- There seemed little chance to comfort her so I didn't try. Then Mr. Walton came out + Miss Riggs went in the house.

He has the richness of his 84 years. He has done more work in the garden than the daughter. Besides he had been quite sure that he wouldn't be able to plant one this year as he is 'getting on' in his own words. But he did not wail that his perhaps last garden was ruined. He allowed he wasn't so bad off as the wheat farmers. Admitted farming is always a gamble. Then we watched the clouds + the late evening sunshine. There is some thing very wonderful about growing old gracefully.

I was neglectful during the last week. Please forgive. but I had to go down to Billings and back. That means nights of very little sleep. One gets into Billings one night at 2:00 A.M. + leave the morning following your day work at 4:30 A.M. and I didn't, couldn't sleep in day coach coming home. Across the aisle a very nice looking woman - evidently a dipsomaniac (she had a negro maid with her) keep imbibing until she was very noisy - In front of her was a crazy woman, she swore at the conductor + said he was insulting her etc. etc. - He, the conductor was exceedingly patient. Then in the front end of the coach about a half dozen soldier boys were running a radio. There were at least 4 babies squalling + to top it all, the woman who sat with me was explaining what this is a religious war + how the godless peoples must be punished. It's good the Dear Lord isn't too hard on his wayward subjects, as I'm afraid the some of the sinners of this country would be housecleaned also. Well it's 1 o'clock + I must skip.

Best love your.

The pencil marks are the tracing of leaf patterns shadows from the hills. They look pretty, in reality, but rather sad faced

By the Fish Pond
On the Campus
7/8/42.

Dear People,

I have had lunch on my favorite granite bench + now I have a few minutes to chat again. In the semi shade here, it is delightfully cool. But in the sun one feels dizzy. The sun can get so hot in Montana (even though we have had thunder storms every day). Our garden was not so ruined as it was first indicated. What remarkable recuperative powers nature has. The tomatoes straightened up. The potatoes wilted and the corn + beans somehow have managed to make their wounds look insignificant.

Did you notice that our Mr. Jackson who wrote, "Time Exposure" died at 99 years on June 30th? It would not be bad to live to 99 if one could fill life with so much interest and excitement. Last year he flew out to Laramie to receive an honorary degree. Surely so vivid an individuality is not lost.

Our janitor is just going by. The other day he said he came out from Iowa or Kansas, ^{I forget which} for a 2 weeks vacation + just never bothered to go back. It is strange what a fastidious Montana has for people. Our Dr. Hollands is being called to Washington, D.C. to help in O.P.M. work for the "duration" - when he came up to say goodbye to me, I said, as I shook hands - "Surely just for 'the duration'." "That's right," he answered. He said he had just talked to Pres. Stand, Director Taylor and Director McKee + told them that he distinctly wanted it understood that his going was merely a

leave, "you know, if I had wanted to go to Washington, I have had several chances + would have gone long ago" he told them. He has been at the Univ of Minn - Washington State and other rather prominent positions but he likes Montana, would come back at even a reduced salary because he wants to make Montana his permanent home.

Of course there are lots who don't like Montana. They leave. There is absolutely nothing to stay for if you don't like it. Long long winters, extremes of temperature far from everything some attach value to and expenses high, salaries not too good. But here I sit loving it. The blue, blue sky, the mountains surrounding the valley making it a great green bowl - mountains which only have occasional patchy bits of snow in their hair at present.

~~You must get very tired of my Montana boasting - but I "cain't" help it"~~

There has really been nothing exciting or tellable happen since I last wrote. So forgive if this not interesting.

I have missed your notes, dad, but I know you have a lot to do, especially since you are dividing your time between 178 + the W.C.A. But no word encourages me to believe everything is going as well as possible.

Best love
Your

—Farrille,

By the fish pond - Campus.
7/9/42

Dear People,

Your welcome letter came today, dad. It was a most interesting one. You really should have been a writer. You have such an interesting choice of words. You make one word say so much. It makes me think of what Marie Antoinette said, if she had the time she would have written a note, not having it, she wrote a book. So many of us have work & rework to say things simply - you have the art apparently for the asking.

Olga Harmon & Mildred Leigh were up at Browning to the Blackfoot Indian's Sun Dance when Olga slipped and broke several bones in her right hand. That means her painting summer is shot to pieces. She came back to town Monday and last night I went to see her, but she was down at Julia Martin's. So Frances Smith & I went on down to Julia's to see her. Betty Ross, Olga's niece came on over from Helena to take care of her. ~~Betty was there at~~ Julia's with Olga & so was Maude Martin. So Julia had us all stay to eat with her. We had a jolly time. Olga seemed in a lot of pain but she bore up well & joked with the rest of us.

It is gloriously cool today. Evidently, in the battle of the hot & cold air, the cold air won out. Some how weather has a different meaning since I read "Storm". I don't know who the hot gal was, pushing at us the last few days - must have been Rio Rita or something like that.

A robin just came down and had a bath. It walked cautiously three or four steps into the pond, until the water came up to his back joints. Then he began to splash. He was so funny. He closed his eyes tightly & opened his mouth. After a good sousing, he perched on a nearby rock & shook & preened. Laws! he looked the size of a ruffled grouse, the way he fluffed out his feathers.

Last night I stopped in the bakery on my way home. The little
fatty waited upon me. She is about 10 or 12 and must weigh 150.
However she is cute. I asked her what breads she had. When she
named soy-bean flour bread, I suggested that might be nice +
different. She assured me it was without sugar + she thought
awfully flat. But I risked it. My sandwich this noon
was the Soy Bean flour bread. I liked it very much. It had
a slightly yellow cast to it + I thought a delightful flavor. On
the package, it states "non-fattening". If I could eat a bread
that was really non-fattening, what a grand glorious effect.
Then I could eat bread. Though I fear if the truth were known,
it would have been better stated, not as fattening. But then -
I sometimes think I'm "set" to stay fat.

I must not write every day as I will get you into bad
habits - you will expect them. And truly once a week is
about all I can do ordinarily. But while dad's a
cooking and mother's abedding, I'll try to do my best

A very nice trout just swam by. The water in
the pond is quite clear today. And looking all the way
around the sky there isn't a cloud. It's just blue, blue,
blue.

It's about 1 o'clock now + I am deeply involved
in some turkey records. So. until next time.

Truly, I hope every one in every way is getting better + better.

Best love

your

Harriette.

By the Lake Pond

7/10/42

Dear People,

Well, Frances Smith + Pauline brought their sandwiches to day, so we all sat under the tree. They have gone back to work and I will write a short note. It will be short as we took longer to eat than when I eat alone. But it was like a nice picnic, the three of us.

I wish I could bring my work out here. I believe I would get more done. At least it would be more enjoyable.

While we ate, two tiny American gold finches came down to drink. You can not imagine how beautiful they looked with their golden reflections in the clear quiet water. Also a western Blue Bird tilted on a blue spruce. Perhaps I've told you that the western Blue Bird is blue both fore and aft, above and below. More the color of an Indigo Bunting.

I'll have to bring up my camera and take some pictures of my newly taken up lunch room.

Did I tell you I am reading "Moment in Peking" by Lin Yu Tang? I like his writing this is quite different than "With Love and Irony" or "The Importance of Living". It's more a romance. Yet the people seem more to be puppets to Seng-Chinese customs and traditions.

Speaking of China - Have you seen the new 5¢ stamp with Lincolin + Sun Yat Sen upon it. I believe that is the first time we have had some one, not an American, on our stamps is it not? Or have we had Lafayette at some time or other? Well it's time to pop. May the foot and leg begin to come alive. Everyone take care of him & her self.

Best love

Harriette

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

7/11/42

Darlings,

Just a tiny note - I am waiting for the taxi -
I have a lot of things to buy home as I leave for
Helena tomorrow night. This afternoon Frances Pauline
+ Martha Beasley + I are going fishing. At least
Pauline + Martha fish, Frances + I will do hiking
or something.

I got your two good letters this A.M. - Mother
your writing looked so much stronger I was, am -
over joyed. Your letter was nice and newsy Dad.

Take care of yourselves all try writing
tomorrow -

Best love,

Harriette

HOTEL DRIESS
MISSOULA MONTANA

Cocktail Lounge

Sample Rooms

Bar

Coffee Shop

Wonder Store

Beside Jeffrey Creek
7/12/42

Dear Peoples

We are leaving the nicest week end. We left town about 3 P.M. ^{Sat.}; got up where the creek was lovely. about 5 P.M. The girls started fishing + I fished. I watched a little coon. They are like little rabbits with no tail + little pinky ears. They look at you + squeak like a rubber doll. Then after we ate we went on to the junction where the one road goes to West Yellowstone + the other goes around the Madison - about 82 miles from Bozeman. At this point Duck Creek crosses the road, there were about a half dozen cabins. We elected to put up there for the night. We had a grand cabin with good beds.

While I slept I dreamed we were all there, only the cabin had several rooms + mother + dad were there also. I heard you laughing, mother, so heartily. I remarked about in my dream + the girls said "but I thought your mother was in the hospital. and I answered - but can't she get well again?" If only the dream had been true.

This morning we got up again and came on over to Hebgen Lake. Frances decided she would stream fish but Martha, Pauline + I took a boat + trolling rigs. I rowed the boat. While the lake is made by damming up the Madison, (Hebgen dam is a Montana Power property) it has been a lake so many years, it seems natural. On beyond the lake some splendid mts. with wooded slopes over above the water. Tanager is the tallest peak about 11,000. The peak is brilliantly colored + has patches of snow on it.

HOTEL DRIESS
MISSOULA MONTANA

Cocktail Lounge

Sample Rooms

Bar

Coffee Shop

Wonder Store

The fishing was excellent. The girls caught 5 weighing about $2\frac{1}{2}$ * a piece - 2 Rainbow - 2 Silver side + 1 Rock bass. After that we came over here, had lunch + I wandered about taking pictures while the girls went casting.

While we were at the lake this morning there were a couple dozen beautiful gulls resting on an old log floating in the water. I wondered why they hung around until we came in with the fish, then I knew. The man that rented us the boat dressed the fish for us. As soon as the fish were taken out of the creel, the gulls began to circle + as soon as he threw the off all into the water they dove, gobbled, screeched, circled + wheeled. Queer how such scavengers can be so beautiful. I took some pictures of them. I only hope they are good.

Well darling, I don't know whether you can read this or not. The wind blows my paper.

We will be starting home shortly. Then I must bath, pack + leave for Helena. I wish I did not have to go, as it will be midnight when I pull in there. I think I will try to take a nap here on the soft clean sand. Then I will be ready to go back when the girls come back.

I hope everything is much better at home. I really feel selfish having such a grand week end when you can not be having one also.

Best love

You

Marnette

Helena

7/13/42

Dear,

Such a nice surprise, Miss Schuman, the new H.D.A. here, has become a friend of Agnes Pauline, my friend here. When Florence S. came to get me this ^{Am.} she asked if I would like to go to a picnic (Agnes, Florence + I) when we finished work this evening. Would I? Try me? So we worked hard + now are going to play. We are waiting for Agnes now.

Florence^{+I} had to give a broad-cast at 12:15 this noon so we spent the time this morning writing rehearsing + getting the script ready for the air. Then this afternoon we had a cutting demonstration at the Al Brass home. Young Al was home on a furlough from the Coast Guard Training Station at New London + it was Britton Combs. He looks so tall + handsome in his uniform. I remember him as a little tad, not quite 10 + just able to get under the wire as it were ~~from~~ for his 18th year of H. H. Club work.

It was a nice meeting. There were so many I have known for years. The fact is, it's hard for me to attend a rural Montane meeting without knowing at least a few. Do you realize I have been in the state for exactly 20 years now?

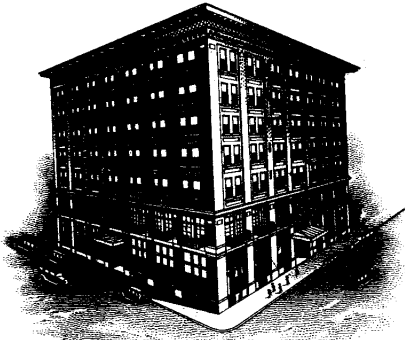
Agnes is here now, so we trip -

This

Best love for now

Yours

Harriette,



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PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

7/14/42

Dear People:

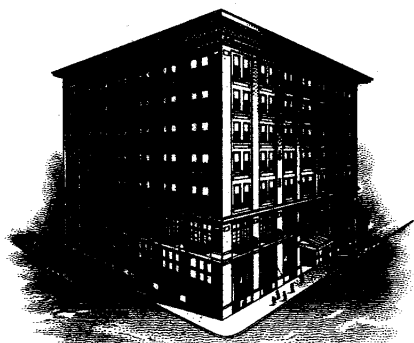
I know as well as I am sitting here, I won't get back to the train before it goes to night so I'll just say "hello", "goodbye" for we go to the north country to day + won't get back until past midnight and we go in nothing flat. I let a call + they forgot to call me

We had a nice picnic + it seemed fine to see Agnes

I'll try to write a real letter tomorrow on my way back to Bozeman.

Best love

Harriette



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PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

July 15 1942

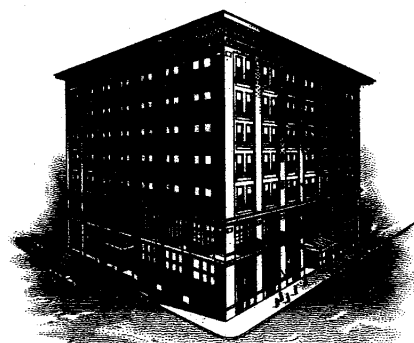
Enroute Bozeman.

Dear People,

Well I have time to write now. I may finish with pencil. It depends upon how wester the road led it.

As I said yesterday it would be nearly midnight. It was - at least after eleven. But it was just dark + that was all. With war time + montana summer, it takes a long time to get dark.

I'll have to go back a piece to catch up. After I wrote at Greyling Creek, we hit for Bozeman. The girls dropped me off at the house. I bachel packed got some lettuce from the garden, + stopped on the way up to Julia's to pick up some lemon sherbet. The girls had the fish frying + some new potatoes nearly done + a salad fixed. The fish proved to be so big that they had to be cut in two before they could be put in the frying pan. A half a fish was as much as anyone could manage, so there were 3 big ones + 4 little ones left. I was sorry I had to leave town as they were planning to have another party Monday night. But had I stayed I'd have missed the picnic with Agnes + Florence Schenman. We did the dishes before my bus time + Pauline took me to the bus.



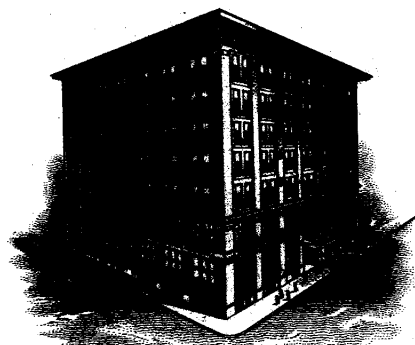
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PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

In front of me was a Canadian Flyer. Rather a Bozeman boy who had signed-up with the Canadian ~~air~~ force. He was returning to Calgary to pick up his plane + go on to Manitoba, but he told the assembled multitude ~~He~~ was "one of those that really thought himself God's gift to Women". He immediately began playing his portable radio loudly. I could not refrain from asking him to turn the darn thing off. I was much ~~to~~ tried to listen to it ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~middle~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~night~~. He was very much surprised, "Don't you like a radio?" he asked. "Not on a bus" was my answer. I never saw a more utterly surprised expression. But he turned it off.

As I said yesterday, it ~~was~~ was fine to see Agnes. We went out from town about three miles + turned up Colorado Gulch. In just nothing flat, we were in a delightful wilderness. A wood road climbed beside Colorado Creek, up toward Colorado Peak. The grass was lush; the pine trees tall + green. Where we stopped there was a group of quaking aspens with white ~~trunks~~ ~~trunks~~ ~~trunks~~ shining in the evening sun shine. ~~Our~~ ~~shin~~ ~~ing~~ ~~over~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~perceived~~. We found a pretty open space to enjoy our fried chicken + all that went with it, with late spring, the



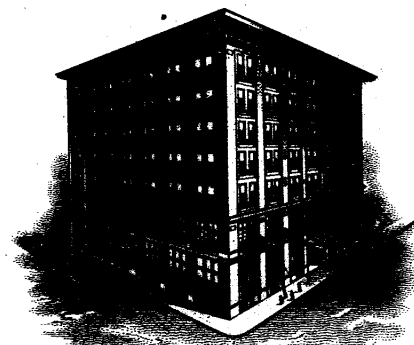
PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

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seasonal flowers have been all pushed & jumbled together. Yesterday going to Augusta we saw golden rod & wild strawberries in bloom, while Monday night, there by Colorado Creek, Mertensia, monkey flowers & baby's breath were blooming.

We were just above Mrs Crockett's cabin. She is in charge of the State T.B. work with office in Helena. So when we finished our picnic, Agnes suggested we go over & see Mrs Crockett & the cabin. It seems that about 6 or 8 years ago Mrs Crockett got tired of living in town & hearing of a cabin & 96 acres of Colorado Gulch, she decided to get it & make her home there. She says that she can get to her office in 15 minutes any day in the year. She is not nearly as far away, as many people living right in a city. When she took the cabin, it had only one room. Gradually she is building. Now she has added a screened-in porch, a bed room bath, & kitchen. She has a furnace & running



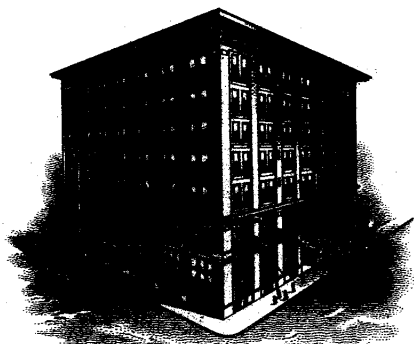
PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION

water. And she has collected a lovely assortment of old chairs, bed, tables & stoves. From her porch she can look straight over to Colorado Peak. I am spending a lot of space on Mrs Crockett & her cabin, but it the realization of a dream, I have had so long. The cabin, the old furniture & in the mountains, yet near enough to town to be at her desk in 15 minutes. Maybe some time I can do it.

Agnes of course wanted to know all about my mother. We are sisters in worry now! Her father, who has been State Senator for 24 years continuously, had a stroke ^{last} month. But is coming along fine. The hardest part is that they are having trouble trying to get the laundry taken care of. Mrs. Pauline was helping before Mrs. Pauline was taken ill, but she is not too strong & then she has the responsibility of the father now. As it practically impossible to get responsible



PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

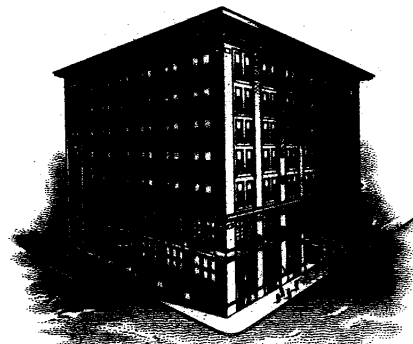
FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION

help Agnes feels she may have to give up her job as Co. Mgr. of Lewis & Clark County & go home - and take over the management of the laundry as it is too valuable to let go to rack & ruin. I feel sorry for Agnes as she loves her public health work.

I have not had time to look at my Lin Yutang book since I started on the Helena trip as it was midnight each night when I got to bed. We are stopping at Winston so I can write easier. We just saw an

antelope in a field. There is quite a protected herd here on the Winston flat. They are so graceful & so different looking with their 2 prong horns & practically no tail. When they bound along, is when they are most beautiful.

There is quite a lot of excitement in Helena. They are opening up Fort Harrison which has been nearly a ghost fort



PLACER HOTEL

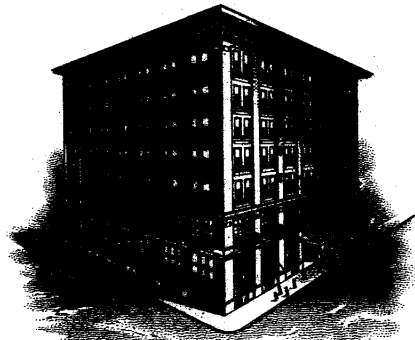
HELENA, MONT.

FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION

since World War I. The gossip has it that it is to be a parachute base. Also it is ~~or was~~ ^{or was} a hospital base like Fox Hills. As tragic as it all is, to those who have seen the whole cycle, youth itself is unquenchable. The uniform, as ever, has wonderful appeal. The gals & the buck privates seem to be having a grand gala day. They might as well yesterday we had our meeting at the

Brusgard's at Augusta. Miss Clara is the mainstay of the family. I would say she is about my age. They have a lovely home. Miss Brusgard was telling me ^{something} about the family, ~~some~~ when I was washing up after the meeting. I had asked her if Brusgard was Swedish or Norwegian. She showed

At Townsend the lovely old family tree with all the leaves, branches & fruit [wasn't it Mrs. Priest that call the ancestors oranges?] Well, the father was a well fixed Norwegian sea captain. She said he had many lady friends that would have been



PLACER HOTEL

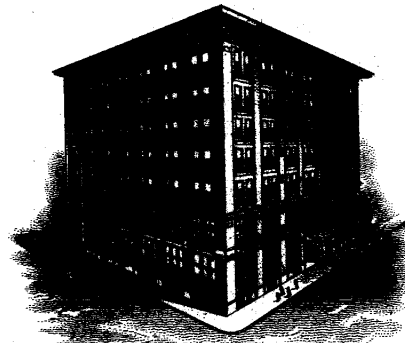
HELENA, MONT.

FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION

glad to have married him. Ladies of wealth + family name. He liked them but not enough. Then he went on a trip to Finland one time. The ship ran into a Ford & was wrecked. As their cargo was dried fish to be exchanged for tax, the fish expanded as soon as the water seeped in & caused the ship to sink. As Captain he had to remain in the Finnish port until the insurance & all was taken care of. While there he saw this beautiful Finnish girl - straight as a willow wand & with bearing of a queen. When he left the port it was with the beautiful Finnish girl as his bride.

The father is dead now but beautiful maiden is now a beautiful old woman, 86 years old. Mrs. Pousgard is so lovely. She has the bearing & that lovely transparent complexion that Mrs. Cyrus Underwood had. She is so alert & interested in every thing that was going on.

While I was answering questions with a group of women in the back yard

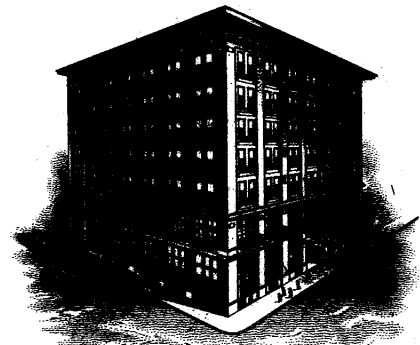


PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

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a giant of a man about 6ft 6 in came by. He was carefully dressed. Great head shoes. So rarely seen on a western ranch. The man looked in his 60s or older. He was leaning heavily on a cane & you could see he was utterly wrecked. I had heard the brother was a cripple. But this was no ordinary cripple. It was disintegration. I asked about him when we got down to the Windecker. (More of that later.) Claude Windecker said that when the brother was about 26 & a most magnificent specimen of manhood he had been on a horse which went under a limb of a tree & injured the young joints back. From then on he had taken to drink. As Claude said he did not get drunk. He was just in a permanent state of alcoholism. It is so very sad. There was Miss Clara, giving



PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION

her life to managing the big ranch, caring for the mother & brother. yet she seemed so cheerful & alive.

Everyday seems to bring a new chapter of a life or lives. Could anyone have a more interesting job?

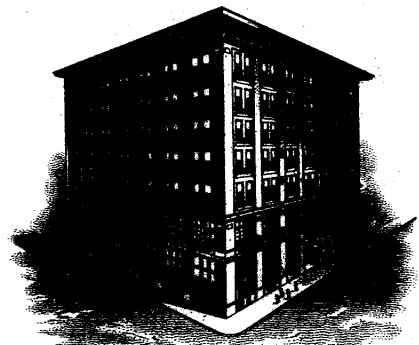
I said "more about the Winderbers", later. well, Claude used to be Co. Agent at Fairfield.

About four years ago Dr. Derner & Procter of Great Falls asked Claude to take over the management of their

12,000 acre ranch. They ^{the Ws.} have asked me to stop whenever I want through from August to Helena. But things have never been convenient. So last

night we stopped. The lad ~~who~~ was a baby when I last saw them in Fairfield is five now & they have a cute two year old.

I thought we ought not to stop as we could see they were busy haying. But Georgia, ~~was~~ ^{she} said



PLACER HOTEL

HELENA, MONT.

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the help all were taken care of at the home ranch. She has a nice bungalow & only has to look after her own small family. So we stayed for supper. Claude is doing so well & likes the job better than expected. He can plan & they can carry out. so many times one can plan in Extension & then plans go all awry.

well, darlings this has been a very long letter. I only hope it can be read. The train sways so.

Also I hope there are letters from home when I get to Bozeman.

It is lunch time so I will say good by.

Best of love
Your
Harriette

By the Fish Pond
7/17/42.

Dear People,

Please forgive me for not getting a letter off yesterday. I worked at the house yesterday morning, trying to get the radio scrip for Mr. + Mrs. Norton + myself - written. We have a half hour ^{or thereabouts}. You know that is a lot of talking. It takes about 10 type written pages. As a result I worked right through the noon hour and up until 2 P.M. when I came up to the office. Then I had so much to do it was 5 P.M. before I knew. "Well," I thought, "I'll write this evening." But Pauline Bunting called up + wanted me to go to the show. I got weak minded + went. It was the story of Paul Dresser's life. He is the brother of Theodore Dresser. It seems the brothers spell their names differently. Paul was the one that wrote the song "On the Banks of the Wabash." It was done in Technicolor and very interesting. But I did not get the letter written.

This morning Director Taylor called me in to ask if I could go over to the Biological Lab. at Hamilton. They are making the typhus vaccine for the army. They are using the egg embryo method + the eggs they are using seem to be low in vitality. They start to incubate + then die. The lab at Hamilton has been making spotted fever tick vaccine for some time with the egg embryo method. This is so much cheaper + better method of making vaccines. In older days small animals were inoculated. Then the vaccine recovered from the animal. There was always the danger of contamination, besides the cost and length of time in preparation was great. Now the eggs are put in the incubator, when the embryo is about a week to ten days developed the material for inoculation is put in a hypodermic needle, the egg

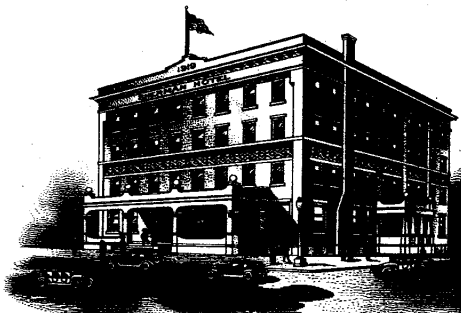
shell is punctured + the material injected directly into the live embryo. In this way a perfectly pure culture results.

Well as I said, It seems the eggs they are buying are fertile but they don't develop as they should. I am supposed to go over + see what is wrong. Laws! There are about 15 hundred reasons for eggs not ~~not~~ developing. Feed, hen's vitality, temperature of the egg held after laying - I could go on + on. And how am I going to spot the cause. I'd just as soon not have the job.

I just got back from the show last night when John T Kelly called. He is out electioneering. He is running for railroad commissioner. He used to be Commissioner of Agri. before that Farmers Union state Pres. + before that Co. Commissioner of Carbon Co. It seems as if I have always worked with John T. in one capacity or another. He was manager of the Carbon Co. Turkey pool too. Then when he had no Co. Agent in Carbon Co. I went up + stayed at his house almost a week. And he + Mrs. Kelly + I did the county with poultry meetings. I hope he gets the job. He likes farmers but he hates farming. He is not lazy. He certainly works hard enough on his other jobs. But he likes the working with people + the excitement of the political job. On the other hand Mrs. Kelly was mamma's girl + would never leave the ranch. The mother is dead now. But still she won't leave the ranch. Now the son is grown + married. He loves the ranch + manages it so John T. is rather at loose ends. What queer patterns life weaves? I go to Lois' tonight. It's William's birthday + she is having a few in. I'll be regaled with Baltimore. But I can do that much for Lois.

Well, it's about 1- I got your letter mother. So you are going home. If you can't get a woman and things are too hard please go back to the hospital. You must not have too much stress and strain. We will manage the expense some how. Take care of my mother. Best love
your Harriette.

[Jul. 19, 1942]



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

Mount Hamilton

Dear People,

Will try to write a note & mail it in the Butte station so it will be carried east on No 2 to night. That is if I can keep awake.

I got your jolly letter, Dad, yesterday it is so clever. I had to read it to Pauline Bunting. She laughed also.

Going to Hamilton means I will not be in Bozeman for the Primaries. So I had to go to the Court House yesterday morning and do my absent voting ballot. There wasn't much choice in delegates.

Also I had to see about my sugar card for canning sugar.

Then Lois & I played golf. Lois said I did much better. Best then, my first game was so



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WOLF POINT, MONTANA

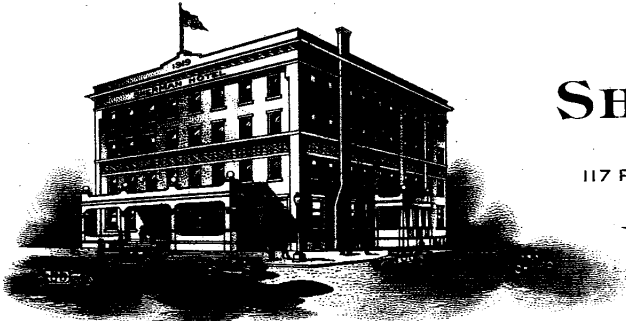
50 MILES EAST OF GREAT FORT PECK DAM
ON U.S. HIGHWAY NO. 2

thoroly awful that any improvement still leaves the field wide open for future improvement.

I am sitting back in the pullman to day as the Eagles are returning from a state convention. I couldn't take it.

To pay for the golfing I had to lose sleep last night. It was 2:30 when I went to bed & then got up at 7:30 so now I am yawning. I had a nice time at William's birthday dinner Friday night. He was unusually friendly & interesting. When he is not in "Baltimore" as Lois & I call his reverting to Johns Hopkins days, Lois perks up & everything is fine.

I am trying to read on "Moment in Peking" but my eyes won't stay open however I do want to quote this one



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

mountain in Peking - Lin Yu Tang
④494 - Darkness was quickly enveloping
them. What had been a sea of golden
fleece was now only a sandy grey
surface blanketing the earth; and
wandering clouds, tired of their days
journey, came into the valleys before them
and settled for the night, leaving the
higher peaks like little grey islands
in the sea of night.

Best love

your

Harriette



Hamilton Hotel

MODERN

MRS. BETHEL ACUFF, PROPRIETRESS

Hamilton, Montana

7/20/42.

Dear People,

I must have been sleepy yesterday. I took a nap & woke finding we were coming into Butte, so I grabbed the written sheets, ^{I signed them &} stuffed them into an envelope. Later I discovered I had sent the sheet that I copied the bit about his young description of night dropping on the mountain top, & had kept the page of letter containing the quotation. It slightly didn't make sense.

I got in here about 6 P.M. & was so dreadfully sleepy still so I took a nap. Then called B.K. Moore. She is the woman I have known nearly all my Montana stay. The one who writes such lovely poetry. I have I have copied some for you at different times. I have not seen B.K. for 5 or 6 years at least. But we always write to each other. Her husband was raised in Bozeman as a youngster & then became a forest ranger. He died some years ago, leaving here only a legacy of about 7 children & no money. But B.K. has run the little local paper & kept things going. Now all but one child is married & moved away. ^{forget} the baby, is still home and a very ^{late} nice young lady - I guess that was what I was going to say.

Now I am back from the laboratory. I must tell you about it now that it is still fresh in my mind. I have not been to the Lab since it was the Rocky Mountain Tick Lab in an old defunct school bldg across the river. Now it's the Rocky Mt. Bacteriological Lab. you can imagine the extent of it when I tell you that from 1 P.M. until now 4:30 I was being

(over)

shown ~~off~~ ^{over} it. One of Dr. Hargett's young men did the showing.
Right now they are very busy making yellow fever + Typhus
vaccines for the Army. I imagine one egg yolk sac makes enough
typhus vaccine for about 12 people and they take about 1000 egg
yolk sacs on a busy day. Dr. Cox, the doctor who does the typhus
and typhus work recently got his doctor's degree + an award of
\$1000.00 for his discovery of the method using the egg yolk sac.

Before it was a very expensive laborious method of making the
vaccine + only a little could be made ^{at a time}. The eggs are incubated
four days - then the egg is puncture the virus put into the egg.
It is sealed + then incubated 3 or 4 days longer. Then the
end of the egg is burned off with an oxy acetylene blow
torch + the egg yolk sac taken out and the vaccine made.

With the yellow fever vaccine, its a ~~for~~ live vaccine that
is made. The eggs are incubated in the same way + inoculated
then the eleven day old embryos removed by people in
sterile uniforms with sterile masks in a sterile room. You
can look through glass windows + watch them work. ~~The~~ The
embryos are put into a sort of an ice cream shaker + then
ground up in rapidly revolving machine until they are ~~not~~
but liquid. About 1 cc. of this liquid is put into

ampules + then revolved in a horizontal position in a
machine with dry ice so that the ~~contents~~ is spread in
to a thin frozen film in the ampule. Then this is
dissipated + kept as a dry powder at about 100° below
zero in dry ice box. This is only very roughly

stating the process. The steps require animal testing
+ very keen. This involves white rats, guinea pigs +
monkeys. The monkeys were so sober + funny. They
say the monkeys are most difficult to procure at
present because they won't breed in captivity + are
procured from India. We looked in the monkey
room where several hundred were romping and dashing
about their business with their strange human faces.

There were so many departments. The engineering
+ carpenter's dept. where pieces of equipment were made
that some investigator might need that was not even on



Hamilton Hotel

MODERN

MRS. BETHEL ACUFF, PROPRIETRESS

Hamilton, Montana

any market, like a certain filter that operated on a vacuum suction table. The carpenter was making a cabinet for Prof. Cooley who used to be at Bozeman. The carpenter was as interested + knew why he was doing his piece of work + knew as much about the ticks as anyone. Everyone I saw seemed heart + soul into the work as a whole.

Even the garage department was full adventure. There were small trucks that are used to go out + collect local samples; then there were big trucks into which the equipment for a whole lab could be placed, driven to Okla or Texas to any place else where some strange disease popped - set up in the far away field + the doctor that showed me about told that such a lab had been set up when the plague broke out among the ground squirrels in the Big Hole. I told you did I not about the squirrels all dying at the Orr ~~Point~~ Ranch near Billou. Well, this is where the people came from that did that work.

Even the glass wear washing department kept 7 people busy. They had ^{dish} washing machines, where hundreds of eryn Meyer flasks, test tubes breakers + glass wear of every description are washed sterilized + made ready for re use. I never saw such a marvelous laboratory + I have seen a lot of them.

This morning Dr. Cox, Dr. Hargett + the 2 farmers supplying the eggs went over the whole situation of

at 2:00 with out saying that great words are often the humblest - most easy to talk to Dr. Leak is so enjoying now. He was telling how he went to the picnic yesterday celebrating the 50th anniversary of the first church in Hamilton. but B.K. promises to take a long drive with me to St. Mary's in the morning. I just can't miss that. ^{four} ^{hennies}

why the eggs don't incubate properly, why the germs die. I don't know whether I helped them, but at least they were very gracious + said that I did. I hope so for they are only getting about a 50% harvest. That's for every 288 eggs put into the incubators only about 150 egg yolk sacs for the typhus or 150 live embryos for the yellow fever are finally extracted. One thing I found the farmers were gathering the eggs frequently but leaving the eggs in the kitchen. That means that the embryos probably start to grow then weaken + die shortly after real incubation starts.

Last night when B.K. + I got back to the hotel the proprietor said we should have come earlier that there was a most interesting guest just arrived from So. America to do some observation at the lab. Shortly he came in + we met him also. Dr. Manuel Roca-Garcia. Dr. Roca is from Bogota, has been studying embryology at Columbia Univ. + came out to study the Rocky fever ticks. I was surprised to learn that they have the spotted fever ticks in So. America also. He is a very naive Spanish person most exceedingly polite + so different from U.S. American people. He told us many interesting things about Colombia.

Oh yes I must tell you about Dr. Cox. He was a personal friend of Dr. Ziser who wrote "Rats, Lice + History" + "As I Remember Him". Dr. Ziser had sent Dr. Cox an autographed copy of "As I Remember Him".

I had lunch with Dr. Cox, Dr. Parker head of the lab + Dr. Leak. Dr. Leak is a most charming person - gold braided + everything. It seems that Dr. Armstrong head of the U.S. Div. of Bacteriology etc came out to do some work at the lab + was only here 24 hrs when he came down with pulmonary tuberculosis. It's a long slow disease. Dr. Leak high in army circles + especially good in this branch of Pathology had been sent for. Dr. Armstrong is getting better + will be taken back to Washington, D.C. as soon as he can be moved. But I did enjoy my lunch

En route Billings
9:40 P.M. 7/27/42

Dear People,

I will try writing but I don't know how I will succeed. The lights are dim & the train is dreadfully crowded. You see the days when one could have a double seat. Now you were share a single seat. And every coach ~~is~~ to ~~spend~~ ~~many~~ ~~hours~~. I can't understand why so many are moving about.

Please forgive me for not writing you at all for a week. Last Monday night I was in Hamilton. Tonight I am leaving for Billings. I guess I'm all here. I packed in 10 minutes Sat. night. Young Ed Burke left for the navy. Dorothy his wife was naturally upset. So tonight Father Burke took Dorothy & her 2 boys & me out to Gallatin gateway ^{my} for dinner. It was so thoughtful of him to do it for Dorothy but it certainly has been dreadful to try to make things in such short order.

Let's see where did I leave when I wrote last. Oh, I know. I was going to go to St. Mary's Mission & Ft. Owens. Mrs. Harrison came up to Hamilton about 9 P.M. & took "B.K." & me down to Stevensville. Both historic sights are there. The mission is the older, but we stopped at the fort first so I will tell about it first. It was established in 1850 by Gen. Owens as an Indian fort. Built of adobe brick it was originally in the form of a hollow square. But only one section remains now. The doors ^{open} into the parade ground while the high side of the building faces out. At present

(over)

It is not used at all, except live stock traps in
and out. At lunch we were talking ^{about} the way
most historic ~~spots~~ ^{has} been allowed to go to
ruin. He stated they were just ^{about} to start restoration
when war broke out. It is definitely on the books
to be restored as soon after the war as possible.

Some way I would like to have a project of interesting
people to help in the restoration of historic spots in
Montana. It would really be a life time project
rather than a retirement job. Anyway I'd like to
try it when I get through with extension.

Between each room, there was a double fire
place & beside the fire place, a cupboard.



All the doors & window facings as well as the mantles
over the fire places & the trimmings for the cupboards
were all hand hewn. One place the plaster had
fallen from the ceiling, here you could see hand
hewn laths.

I must read up more about Fort Owen.

Then we went about a half mile further on to
St Mary's mission. They celebrated the centennial
of its founding last year. It was when I was at the
hospital with the carbuncle or rather very shortly after. I
had set my heart on seeing it as Father De Smet founded
it. It was ⁱⁿ Oregon territory at that time. I have
read Father De Smet's letters & he tells in these, of the
founding in 1841. Very shortly after that Father De Smet
sent to Rome, I think that's where he sent, to send some one

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into the wilds to take over the mission. Father Ravalli came & remained about 40 years. There are still many old timers in the valley who remember the father, & who were doctor by him. Father Ravalli had an M.D. degree was an expert in metal & wood work & not a bad painter. On the grounds of the mission, is the old apothecary shop - the first in the state. Log structure with shake roof. They have made the cabin into a museum. In were the things Father Ravalli made & used. His forge his chains & tables, his sun dial, his stretcher for carrying the wounded. I can't remember all. I wish I had written to you last Tuesday night when all was fresh in my mind, but that was impossible. I've seen many a museum before but some how I never felt the spirit of the former owner so completely. Maybe it was because the father, the only white man within hundreds & hundreds of miles had carved out his own destiny as well as those around him with what he had at hand. It made no difference whether a person was of the "true faith" or not heretic, whether white brown or black. When he was wanted, he went. The old timers state that even at the end of his life, when he was bed ridden, he was taken on a stretcher ^{in the cabin} They turned down the lights, & I couldn't finish. As I was about to say, a rancher had a broken leg & the old Padre was taken to him on a stretcher & set the leg. Also Father Ravalli is credited with having performed the first piece of agriculture by a white person in the state. The museum has his grain plow & scythe - He forged both of these. Behind the mission is the first apple tree of the state. It is old an knarled. Crossing an irrigation ditch near the apple tree we came to the old

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on BROADWAY, BILLINGS, MONTANA

and can be scaled only from the north east corner, I had read that Clark had carved his name in the soft sand stone and that later an iron grating had been placed over the name to keep people from mutilating it. So we climbed the pillar. There we found the grating + underneath it we could plainly see the carving W. Clark 1806 - what a thrill that gave me all about on the bear sand stone, other names were carved. Some how they did not give the usual feeling of the old saying "Fools names + Fools faces" etc - It was rather like a register down through the ages. One name was carved in 1886, one 1883 - many at the turn of the century. Then we climbed to the top. There is a large grass plateau on top of about an acre. We had a most beautiful view of the Yellowstone Valley from there. But we didn't stay long as a nation of flying ants were settled there. They arose + got in our hair, eyes + months, so we came down again.

How queer that on two successive Tuesday's I should have visited these historic spots that I have so long wished to see.

I think I am going to bed at once as I've been sleepy all day. I got in town at 1 P.M. + then had to get up at 7:30 - so I didn't get much

"shut-eye"
Darling I do hope everything is going much better at home.

Best love
your

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Marjette

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BILLING'S BEST LITTLE HOTEL

on BROADWAY, BILLINGS, MONTANA

5 a.m.
8/1/42

Dear People,

While I am waiting for the train to start, I'll say hello. Your good letter was forwarded to me here at Billings, Mother.

It seems so good to get word even though I know it's a real effort to write.

I so hope the woman works out well and don't talk too much. If she does just don't answer her. You must take things easy. And if she is a good person she ought to be able to show visitors off after they have stayed too long.

Getting up at 4:30 is just too early. I think I'll try to nap a bit. Then will try to write more tomorrow

Best love
your

Harriette

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Bozeman, Mont.
Aug. 3, 1942

Dear People:

I'll try to write but I feel sort of drugged. When I finished my meal, ^{tonight} I was so sleepy, I took a nap and now I feel sleepier, if possible, than before. I was very foolish last night. Helen Phillips, one of the clerks at the bldg. had loaned me a book, "And So Victoria" - I had had it quite a while and felt I should finish it & return it. Before I realized it, the clock crept around after midnight so I was groggy to day. Beside it was hardly worth the effort - meaning the book. It was a story of the son of Amelia, the youngest daughter of Geo. III & all the court intrigue of the Hanoverians. The plots & hatreds of the many brothers, not wanting the fat baby Vicky to be a ruler, as I remember history, I thought Vicky as they called her, a slender lass. But at any rate I finished the book. It was not even written very well. A Vaughan Wilkins wrote it - Never heard of him.

When I got to the office Dad, your letter was awaiting, Dad - I'm glad the woman is there & the family all safely at home. I truly hope everything goes all right. Your constantly hurting feet worry me, Dad. Are you sure its just the arches that groan from carrying too much Papa? You must take care of your self. I can't have both of you sick. My, but I will be glad when the leg gets some action back into it, another. What a lot of trouble our bodies can cause us.

(over)

Sat. afternoon I played golf with the Marquis girls + Lois Lott Pole. They said I did better. I am afraid they are just trying "to feel me good" as my friend Julia Wades in the Water said. I have to take three or four shots to their one. Finally I lose all track of the number of shots. At least it keeps me out of doors + with them. The golf course is thrown over the hillside like a great shawl and from it you can look across the valley + see all the mountain Ranges. They call it the "Valley View" course - well named. The other one where the nitzze people play is the Country Club.

Sat. evening in honor of Lois birthday we went out to Bridger Club for a steak dinner. In reality Bridger Club is a night club. It never livens up until 10 or 11 o'clock. But we often go out for dinners when it is still quiet. One nearly has the whole place to ones self at that hour. The place is rather nice, a low log structure built on the bank of Bridger Creek ^{rather} or Rocky Creek at the mouth of Rocky Canyon. Mrs. Merrill who runs the place is a real connoisseur of meats. They say she comes in to town early in the morning and buys the best meats in town. If any one else wants really good cuts they must get up extra early + get to the market before Mrs Merrill gets there.

The only thing I did for the good of the cause yesterday, was to steam all the woollen things - Sweaters, skirts, suit, scarfs and coat. Then spray them with flit + store them in my cedar sack. It should have been done weeks ago. But somehow I could not get to it.

Well, darlings, the old eyes just wont stay propped open. Forgive me if I say good night
Best love
Harriette.

8/10/42

Dear People,

It's getting that time of the year again, I mean canning time. So far I have canned:

- 9 pints red raspberries
- 9 pints apricots
- 3 pints beans
- 12 pints beets
- 4 pints brussel sprout stems.
- 4 glasses red raspberry jam.

Also I am trying 2 new processes. We girls have rented a freezer locker. Saturday I blanched & packed for freezing:

- 9 pints of beans
- 9 pints of brussel sprouts.

Then I am having a carpenter make a dehydrator. When Dr. Jessie Richardson was at Berkeley ^{Calif} in the spring, she observed the work they are doing on dehydrating. It's different than old fashioned drying. First the product is blanched just enough to kill the enzymes. Thus the vitamins are protected. And when water is added + the product reconstituted it is just like fresh. I tasted some of the carrots and spinach that Jessie tried out. Really they were wonderful. We can't keep carrots or any other vegetable in the basement

so I'm going to try dehydrating.
All this adds up a very busy person.

Yesterday as I was deep in beets, Martha Husley called up and said some of the girls were going out to eat picnic dinner. So I got my beets into the jars + processed them enough so they wouldn't spoil + joined them. We went up the West Gallatin. It not only a favorite place but now with tire shortage, it's one place you can go where it's pretty + where it's "black-top" surfaced + so is not hard on tires.

When I got home last night Lois Holt Bok called telling me that Elms, Wigners' husband, + his brother arrived here yesterday morning. She is having a dinner for him tonight + I'm invited. Some how I rather dread it, though Elms is sensible. It was such a sad thing to have Wigners die.

I was just finishing some reports. Up to August 1st - I have traveled so far this year at work not counting when I went to Jamestown or any pleasure trips:

Car	4696 miles
Train	4214 "
Bus	1191 "
<hr/>	
Total	10,101 miles, that's a lot of traveling

Well I must get back to work.
Hope everything is going well at home
Best love
Your
Martha

P.S. This seems to be a statistical letter.

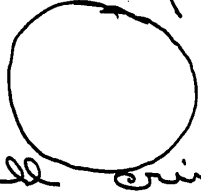

8/14/42.

Dear People:

I got your nice letter yesterday ^{mother, then dad's} today. I am so very, very sorry, dear, that the heart acts up so badly. But it's such a relief that I have had no wire. That means I hope that things are a bit easier.

I took vacation yesterday P.M. + today. yes, coming, drying and freezing.

But you should have a mental picture of me. When I use a slicer, I manage to butcher myself every time, so here I sit with 3 band-aids 1 on each thumb + one across the palm of my hand. I did the palm last night when I helped Bess + Martha Hunsley kill chickens. They are both putting fires in the freezer locker, but I rather pick up some turkey when it comes marketing.

Say you should see my dehydrator. It is working fine. Can such a lot can go into it. I sliced a big dish pan full of carrots, and now the slices are rattling about on the trays. A slice of carrot  finally gets to be about 20 goes  and all crinkled up like a fancy little orange button.

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I am sure you must be getting tired of all my
canning stories but that is about all I am doing.
Last night at five Martha Husley and I went out
to Mrs. Vogel's. She has the only cherries in the valley.
Originally it was a big tree (mount money) but it
winter killed and around it have come up bushes
They look like choke cherry bushes. But they
are honest to goodness big cherries. You can pick
them from the ground. In an hour Martha + I
had each picked 20 lbs.

About the only other piece of news, is that
Pres. Staud has resigned to accept presidency of
Oregon Agri College. It is a decided step up both
in responsibility + salary. Of course we are glad he has
the chance to move up but we hate to have him
go. He has been such a good Pres. + every one on the
faculty as well as the students like him.

I will try to write again tomorrow. Even if it
is canning progress.

Even though bed is a most tiresome place.
Darling please stay there until you are much, much
stronger. It worries me + I feel so helpless + unable
to do anything.

Best love

your

Harriette.

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BILLING'S BEST LITTLE HOTEL

on BROADWAY, BILLINGS, MONTANA

Bozeman Trout
8/17/42

Dear People,

Well, I stopped canning, drying, freezing + preserving + went with Martha Husley + Cleaves to Yellowstone Park yesterday. It's the first time I have been to the Park since I have had my colored camera. But only going home an hour meant that we only got to Old Faithful + then had to come back.

It was lovely we stopped to watch Sapphire pool which is one of the most lovely pools in the Park, then we stopped at Morning Glory pool and pushed on to Old Faithful. We only had to wait about ten minutes until she played. I always wonder if I will be as thrilled this time and "this time" I am always as thrilled as last time. First she splashes up and down a bit after steam has coming forth for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then she subsides. People begin running across the formation and there is an air of expectancy. One wonders how many are witnessing the phenomenon for the first time. Again she splashes, maybe 5 or 6 ft high - then subsides. Everyone becomes more anxious. A hundred cameras are in

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are all opened up, light meters are in evidence
Always the surprise of some one when discovering the
intensity of the light - yesterday at 5 P.M., the
meter indicated 716 on $\frac{1}{100}$ sec. The formation is
glaring white, the sky is blue & there is nothing to
absorb light.

Now while all the crowd is visibly waiting
with held-breath a deep rumble comes and the
eruption begins. The water rises, seems to catch
its breath, rise higher, catch its breath rise higher
still. A water fall inverted. The spray tossed
into a cloud of steam, a rainbow. And such
majesty. After a few minutes, it dies down
down, down. The ~~steam~~ ^{floats off} water flows back into
creeks. Nothing is left but a cone that tells no
secrets. The people pass along. For another
hour cars scot by & no one would imagine
who did not know, that a great miracle will
erected again so soon.

I like to imagine how Jim Bridger &
Henry Colter felt when they first saw the Park.

Because of the shortage travel is the
lightest I've ever seen in the Park. Even the
depth of depression can't match it. But its
all to the good for those that really enjoy
the park - especially is it appreciated by
the animals - we saw herds of elk - a big cow

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

moose + three lovely deer with antlers in the velvet.

On our way to the park we saw a grass fire, we stopped + helped fight it. In fact the rest of the people seemed helpless. Martha took some materials from the back of her car. We wet them in the river + used them for beaters.

In view of the fire control program that the county agents have to head, we girls decided to write it up + give it to Booth Walker, ^(Adult Co Agent leader) Booth got quite a kick out it. I made an extra copy for you.

We girls were pretty tired and awfully dirty but we felt we had surely done our Boy Scout deed.

I must get to work.

Best love

Yours

Jarriette

PROGRESS REPORT

WAR EMERGENCY WORK
FIRE CONTROL

Date: August 16, 1942.

Place: On the banks of the West Gallatin River at the confluence of the West Fork in the proximity of the Mitchner Cabin.

Personnel: Leader - Martha Hensley, assisted by Eleanor Nelson and Harriette Cushman; others, one woman, scared to death, one old lady scarcely able to hobble, three small boys and a fisherman with gum boots who arrived for the benediction.

Procedure: Leader's car arrived at scene of action - 12:05 P. M. Driver Hensley made sudden stop; distributed equipment; then proceeded immediately to river to condition equipment for fire fighting. Equipment used, proved most efficient and satisfactory. It is suggested that all cars be provided with same. Construction of equipment is as follows:

1. Hensley Beater: 2 yards - wine colored velveteen.
2. Nelson Swatter: 3/4 yard all wool plaid yard goods 54" wide.
3. Cushman Beater: 2 yards cream colored oil cloth with heat resistant surface.

Under Leader Hensley's able direction fire lines were maintained and work proceeded without interruption. Action of others - Scared-to-death woman screamed "What shall we do-- What shall we do?" Hobbling old lady brought kettles; small boys filled same at river. What did not spill was poured onto smouldering brush from which the blaze had been extinguished by the fire fighting crew.

Completion of Project: Fire out 12:30

Extent of Damage:

1. Property: one stand artemisia - total loss
2. Beaters and swatters - ~~worse~~ for the wear
3. The Cushman back-seat cover - badly smudged
4. Entire crew - smoke stained

Saving: Probably all grass and forest cover of the Gallatin Canyon.

Results: Fire put out. Fire control crew on their way.

Respectfully submitted:

Leader:

Martha L. Hensley
Martha Hensley

Assistant:

Eleanor Nelson
Eleanor Nelson

Assistant:

Harriette Cushman
Harriette Cushman