

Missoula

MISSOULA MONTANA TELEPHONE 2188

Jan, 2, 1949

Dear People:

I am actually starting out on a field trip we are as far as Missoula bound for Hamilton.

I am taking a minute to write while Oscar is telephoning - glory be it seems good to be back on the job. I got so I almost hated the office.

Well, Oscar, got through the telephoning almost at once. So we went on. But we did not get into Hamilton until 11 P.M. The roads were almost like solid glass so that we never could go 35 miles an hour. Now, I am trying to write while Oscar is talking. I have had a good night's sleep. I got along fine this am. Again I repeat it is wonderful to be back on the job. ^{It was} interesting coming out yesterday, some places they were making a change on their house, there a road had been fixed up. It was almost like home coming. I hope I never had to be away from field trips so long again.

Missoula

MISSOULA MONTANA TELEPHONE 2188

I am sorry I could not finish this at Missoula for next it won't make the Monday night train. Things have to go out of here Monday am. to catch No. 2.

They are having more snow than usual for the Bitterroot Valley. The mountains are all covered. Coming in tonight from the meeting the sun caught the eastern peaks with lovely reflected light.

I spent New Year's Eve at home, but Sat. P.M. I went up to Lois + Wm for Egg Nogs. She had quite a crowd of people in.

I got my annual report done Friday and delivered to the director's office. That made me feel pretty good.

John did not come home before I left, so I could not deliver his Christmas present. I'll see him when I get back the later part of this week. When he left for Butte he thought he would only be over there a short time. Evidently some unexpected good times turned up.

Missoula

MISSOULA MONTANA TELEPHONE 2188

There does not seem to be anything else
special to say & I want to mail this
when we go out to dinner so that I
will be sure it goes out in the morning.

I have a book along with me
Socialist Britain by Frances Williams.

It surely starts out well:

" This book is written in the belief that an
experiment of considerable significance to the
future course of world history is taking place
in Britain. It is true that not all English
people seem fully aware of its implications.
This is not surprising. A nation that acquired
an empire in a fit of absent-mindedness
is perfectly capable of carrying through a
revolution in the same mood." How true

Best love

your

Hurwitt

Bozeman, Mont.
1/9/49

Dear People,

John and a friend of his, Phil Paul, were here this afternoon + I gave him his gift. My, was he pleased. He said just yesterday he almost bought a good scarf but put it off. He is sort of strapped for funds as he is helping Bob until the inheritance funds are available.

John didn't forget you at Christmas. He said he wrote to Vi to send something for him as he felt so inadequate at purchasing anything. So if there was a slip up it was Vi's mix up. And she does get mixed.

He said he really is going to write, that he has not written home for nearly a month. He is so piled up. He is president of his frat; has a lot

of work with the Famp, an honorary society; he has a job with the International relations group, and is on the board with 2 faculty members to choose the college plays - besides his studies. He really seems to be getting a lot more out of his studies this year. But with all his extra curricular activities, he gets pretty absent minded. In due time he will no doubt write. But there is no question about him being very pleased with the lovely scarf.

I stood my field trip very well now we start County Agent Annual Conference tomorrow morning. So this will be a strenuous hard week. But I have promised myself to go to bed as early as possible each night.

We are really having a cold snap. The radios reported 20° below right now. The night is crystal clear with moon and stars shining. It's liable to be colder before morning.

I worked at the office all morning then was over at the hospital twice today as Bess McClelland had an operation Sat. She had a growth on her right leg which the doctor said had to come off right now. Also Mrs Jostafson, one of the supervisor's wives, is here - Just had her gall bladder out. How many gall bladders are mined. I suppose we used to call it acute indigestion & just suffered or died.

Well I must get myself to bed

Best love

Your Harriette.

-by Ling-Fu Yang

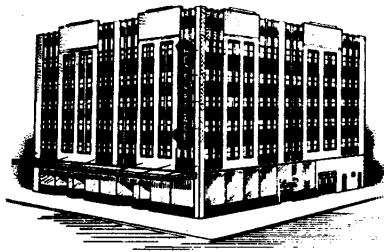
Season's Greetings

This is some of my Christmas stationery.



MODERATE IN PRICE
CENTRAL LOCATION

150 MODERN ROOMS
EXCELLENT SAMPLE ROOMS



**HOTEL
PALACE**
STERNER & ANDERSON, Inc.
Proprietors

MISSOULA, MONT.

1/16/49.

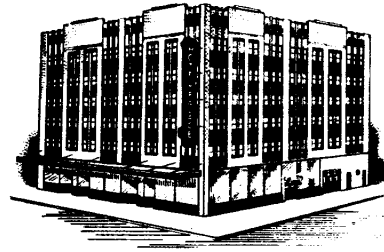
Dear People:

Again starting out for a Feeds & Feeding School. We drove over from Bozeman this morning & go up to Rouan tomorrow morning. The roads were much better than they were 2 weeks ago.

Conference is over. Thank goodness. Somehow I did not get as tired as I do sometimes. I tried to get enough sleep. However I did have the added care of getting over to see Bess at the hospital each day. I think I mentioned in my last letter that Bess McClelland had to have a lump removed from her leg. Yes, it was malignant. It worries us. The doctor thinks it was a nice clean job and there will be no recurrence. But Bess is only about 40, one worries. Bess is only about 40, much too young & valuable to have troubles like that. She went home on Friday so I went up to her apartment both

MODERATE IN PRICE
CENTRAL LOCATION

150 MODERN ROOMS
EXCELLENT SAMPLE ROOMS



**HOTEL
PALACE**
STERNER & ANDERSON, Inc.
Proprietors

MISSOULA, MONT.

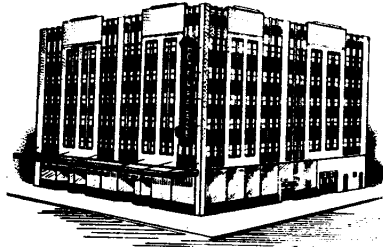
Friday & Sat night to cook supper for her. They had to cut quite a chunk of muscle out of the calf of the leg to do the job. As yet we don't know whether they will have to do some skin grafting to finish the job or not.

I got your letter yesterday, mother. I am so sorry you have been having a tough time again. You have all too many of them. Sometimes I wonder if you think I am quite calm. I just seem to say sorry & go on. But there is so little means of letting you know, how you are in my mind most of the time. How I marvel at your courage to carry on in face of all difficulties.

Nearly all my friends ask after you when ever they see me. They are all concerned too. Maybe all their thoughts, do help. It's like I met a woman I know only slightly the other day, who seemed delighted to see me about again. She said I

MODERATE IN PRICE
CENTRAL LOCATION

150 MODERN ROOMS
EXCELLENT SAMPLE ROOMS



**HOTEL
PAULACIE**
STERNER & ANDERSON, Inc.
Proprietors

MISSOULA, MONT.

prayed for you when you were so sick. I thanked her of course, but felt almost embarrassed. Later I thought - who knows perhaps her prayer did help - who am I to say. Maybe all the thoughts of all our friends do wing their way and prove beneficial - All I can then say I must have many, many friends - Some of the girls - playfully, now call me the indelible Miss Ashman.

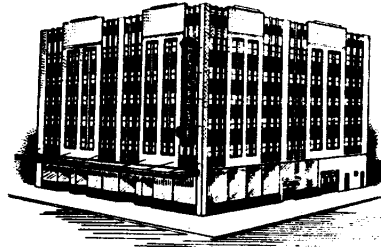
I saw John a minute between classes yesterday. He said he had written to both of you. Dave so glad he did.

Vi has not written me since Christmas either. Well, maybe she will get around to it before Easter. Procrastinating has become almost a phobia with her.

John said he had a nice trip in Route over the holidays - I hope he finds

MODERATE IN PRICE
CENTRAL LOCATION

150 MODERN ROOMS
EXCELLENT SAMPLE ROOMS



**HOTEL
PAULACIE**
STERNER & ANDERSON, Inc.
Proprietors

MISSOULA, MONT.

himself and eventually exerts himself to his intelligent maximum. He does have such a good mind. But it so often happens, those with real bent & ability only make partial use of their genius, while some of us plodders go further. We have to dig for every thing we get, so get the habit of digging - who was it said the art of successful writing was 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration - Pretty true.

The men said they were meeting me at 6 to go out and eat. It's just about that time so I'll say good night.

Best love

Your

Harriette.

Said the Airedale pups spit
all over the car. Tubby follows
the wobbly ones with a hallop-
but like the lady in the insane
Hospital - The pups stay "2 downs
and a hell a head of the mop".

But really we had a very nice
time in spite of the pups. Lillian
has brought back so many lovely
things from the islands, hand
carved, woven etc -

Well, we have to be on the
road to Curaka by 7:30 tomorrow
morning, so that's getting up by
6:30, so I must say good night

Best love,

Your

Harriette

Kalispell, Mont
1/23/49

Dear People:

It's still subzero one shining
day right after another but the
mercury just stays sunk. So
after a while you think it's not
so cold. But it's hard on live-
stock. With the succession of
good grass years and mild
winters the stockmen forgot
and increased numbers. Now
they have too many for feed
reserves and things are bad.
I feel more sorry for the
stock. The owners were just
too greedy. It's about like
1887 + 1919 - a winter not

easily forgotten. Whether it will put some of the big operators out of business, the next few weeks will tell.

Both Oscar and I were invited up to Tubby's for dinner today. Tubby was H.D.A. here for 6 or 7 years then went to Hawaii. She was there 5 years & came back this fall. She liked her work there so very much like the people, the flowers & the islands. But she felt so isolated & far from all her friends, so was happy to come back. Most

times it is unwise to return to a place, but I really believe this will turn out O.K. The women of the County love her & are delighted to have her back.

Tubby had a little Fox Terrier on the islands which she brought back with her. A couple of weeks ago she presented him with a batch of puppies. She plans to give them all away as soon as they are old enough but in the mean time life for Tubby in a small apartment is hectic. It made me think of one next door at Maple Springs who

Bozeman, Montana
January 30, 1949

Dear People:

Well, have we been having snow and then more snow. It stayed sub-zero until Wednesday and it seemed like spring when it got to zero. Then Thursday it dropped again. Today is milder but snowing off and on all day. The snow on the level is nearly to the top of the back fence.

I was so glad to get both your good letters yesterday, for I was worried over your letter, mother, which was waiting for me at Eureka and to learn that you were not well, Dad. Yesterday's sounded more encouraging. It seems dreadful to have you both so far away & be unable to do anything for you.

I wish you could have had the drive with me on last Monday. We left Kalispell before day break. Had our lights on until Whitefish and it was 56°. From Whitefish to Eureka we went through heavy timber with snow that had been plowed out higher than the car on either side. Then the sun came up and cast a pinkish glow on the distant mountains. It reflected against the yellow trunks of the Ponderosa Pines and made the snow shimmer. There is never any wind in that part of the state so that every stump and rock was capped with a huge marshmallow. It was a gorgeous trip. Both Oscar & I wished we had had our colored cameras along. But then we said we would not have wanted to get out and take pictures anyway.

Eureka is only a few miles from the Canadian Pines. From the high school windows we could look up into the Canadian Rockies. They were standing white against the blue sky.

Boas is much better. The doctor thinks he will have to graft some skin over the big hole to hasten healing, also so that she won't have an ugly scar. I told her you had asked about her, mother. She was so pleased. She always asks after you. Her mother & father visited here last summer just before I went to Betty. So they wrote me at the Murray. It always seems so nice when my friends' parents know me & my friends are interested in both of you.

Monday Enroute Missoula

I did not finish this as I went up to Mrs. Mrs. N.A. Jacobson's for dinner. Jake was our County agent at Miles City + Hardin and right now is working with the in a cooperative deal with Ag. Dept + U.S.D.A. on checking shrink of livestock enroute Eastern markets. This necessitates riding the stock cars back to Chicago + enroute to Cincinnati. It is proving an interesting experience. Jake was raised in Payette Idaho, next town to Wreiser + knows most of the old time cattle + sheep men in Washington County. So in all it was a pleasant evening. The train is pulling out of Logan now and wont be stopped again until Butte where I must mail this if it is going to connect with No 2. I doubt if I can continue with a pen.

All the trees + weeds are covered with frost, sticking out a couple of inches. It was snowing hard in Bozeman but we are running out of it here, Bozeman lies so close to the mountains that where it snows anywhere it snows here.

I forgot to tell you that just before Christmas the book you sent me at the hospital, finally caught up with me. I started it and find it a lot of fun. But the last two trips I have gone in a car with the men + one can't read in a car. Besides with "Annual report", "Program of Work", + Conference I have hardly cracked a book. So was at this very late date I'll say, "Thank you so much."

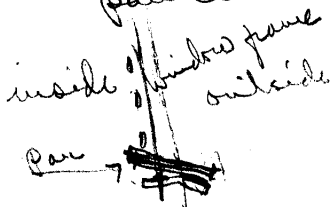
On the last trip out I had "No Place to Hide" which John bonded me. Even though it's a chess book I did not win finish it.

During conference Fred Willson, head of Animal Industry, told a cute story. He was saying that the Experiment Station was frequently criticized for not publishing data. He said they had to be sure of facts before they were put out, that they often would do more harm than good by hasty publication. And that reminded him of a story. The young man had been in the Battle of the Bulge + was wear weary + they were sending him to a rest camp in England. When he got on the train it was loaded to the guns. He walks through the train + the only available space was occupied by a woman of dowager proportions + her little dog Fifi. He glowered at Fifi + her mistress + went on. About his second trip the woman said, "I want you to know that Fifi has a first class ticket."

He went on, but coming back his patience was worn thin & his battle nerves would stand no more. He grabbed Fifi & hurled her into the aisle, taking the seat himself. Just then he felt a tap on his shoulder, a distinguished Englishman remarked, "Are you not a bit hasty, son?" Then he added, "Are you quite sure you threw out the right bitch?"

I can't seem to think of anything else of especial interest to relate. Probably when I get this sealed I'll think of a dozen things I did not tell.

Oh yes, last night I thought I was going to have stay up all night & miss. The trouble has happened in a number of other houses but so far mine was ok. With the long continued cold the ice formed over the eaves & was finally driven back against the wall of the house. The house being so warm it melted and leaked & dripped in through the window casing & ran down to the hard wood floor. My windows were ok, when I closed them at 10 A.M. But when I was ready for bed there I found the windows frozen down & the water dripping. I had to dress, go outside with a broom & knock off all the ice I could reach. Then with hammer & ice pick I finally got enough ice loose so I could get the window open. Then I put pan covers & biscuit pan on the sill & tilted them. In that way the drip ran out. But this AM, the whole thing was a mass of ice. I finally got the pan loose & window closed, then told Mrs. Rigg so that she could have enough of the



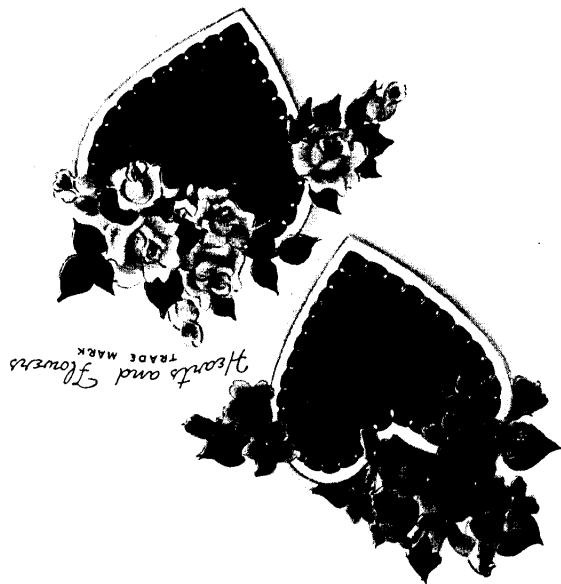
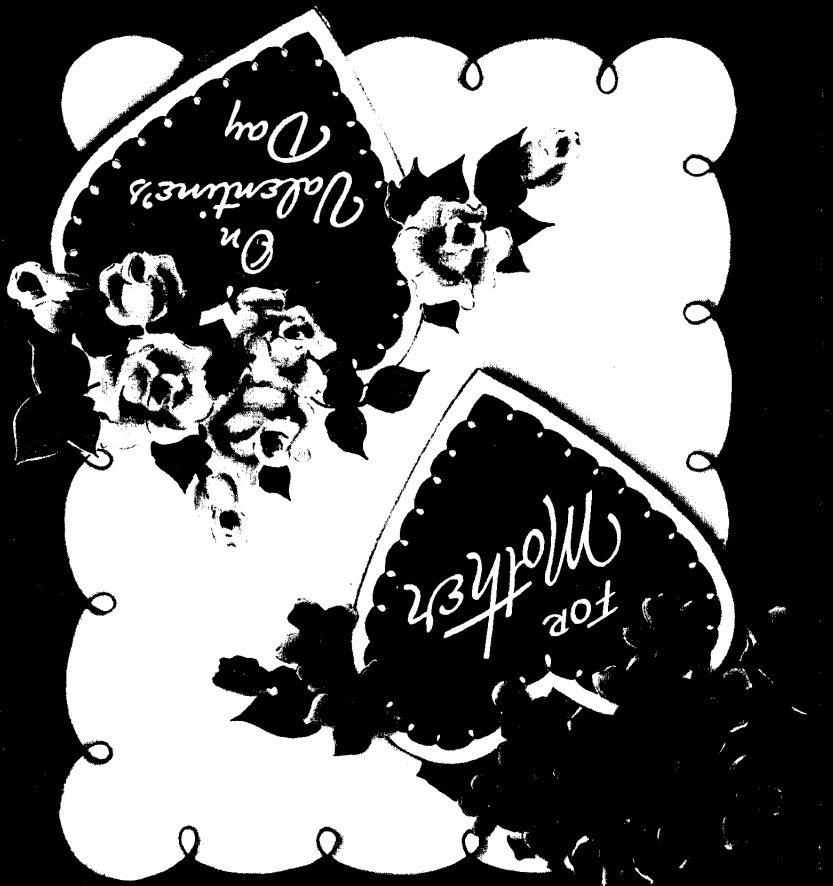
ice removed to prevent further dripping when the ice starts melting during the warm part of the day.

We are going over the Continental divide now. And as we then slide into Butte, I'd better quit.

Best love

Your

Harriette



*There's a world of love
between the lines
Of this message, Mother Dear-
It's a love that's yours
on Valentine's Day
And belongs to you all year*

(inside)

2/6/49.

Dear People:

Your card has more room than Dad's, Mother. So I will write to the two of you on your Valentine.

Mary Allen, Lois Bole's grand niece is to be married Wednesday. I feel very much honored not only am I invited to the wedding, but her girl friends have invited me to a kitchen shower tomorrow night. It rather surprised but greatly pleased me, because she could easily be my granddaughter. It makes me hope that I have some of my mother's attributes of being friends with young people.

When I got back this time from the field, I found my window had not dripped any further. But our office just keeps dripping. I think they will have to re-roof the whole building if it keeps up. We have about seven or eight big paint buckets which we rush around every time the weather warms up a bit. We have had to move all the files and furniture a dozen times. Makes me think of Orchard Hill Farm.

Bess had her grafting done yesterday - was just in the hospital the one day. I phoned her today she said it was quite a job of patching. They took the skin off

her thigh. I asked her if she was going to produce apricots or pears as a result of the graft.

I do so hope they got all the wild cells and no sign of the trouble shows up in some other place later. I just don't like the idea of her body harboring the nasty cells.

Mr. Beecker's mother is visiting them so I had them down last night. Hilda seems so much better. She helped with the dishes afterwards and we had a good chat. She is more normal than I have ever seen her to date. The two girls are darlings. Sharon is 9 and Mary Lou about 7. I found some books at the 5¢/10¢ store of Valentines to be cut out. Some of the cut outs were quite intricate, but the girls were than busied themselves while we adults talked. Then they looked at my books. When they went home they came to me and thanked me for the nice time + the Valentine books. It's almost a rare thing to see such politeness now-a-days.

Well, I seem to be at or very near the end of the page.

I washed my hair today in snow water. What little I have left. The high temperature at Butte certainly has made me melt. The worst is, it's coming in so grey - you would hardly know me. But I guess 58 is old enough to be getting grey any way.

Well darlings, Best love
Your
Harrille.

MARTHA HOTEL

HELENA, MONTANA

H. W. PETTERSON
PROPRIETOR

Feb. 13, 1949

Dear People:

Well, we are starting off again. The last leg of the Feeds & Feeding Schools. One here at Helena & then one out at Fairfield - 50 miles from Great Falls. I will be both glad & sorry to have them over. They are easier in a way than most of my work as there are usually three of us. Only two this time as the Director asked Rusty Relston & Paul Orent, the livestock specialists to cancel all schedules and be on top if the feed emergency for storm bound livestock would become more critical.

Friday was warm it got up to 32° but Saturday it began dropping again, -17° at 5 P.M. and -25° by 9 P.M. There was a bad fire on Tracy about a block up & across the street. The old warehouse last fall the new wing of the hospital was completed & the nurses were moved into it. The old house was used as an apartment house. It was very old a four story bldg & probably not wired or constructed for modern use. No one seems to know just how it started but

MARTHA HOTEL

HELENA, MONTANA

H. W. PETTERSON
PROPRIETOR

any way it did. I felt sorry for the poor firemen battling with the sub zero conditions. It took about 3 hours to get it finally under control.

Well, we got Mary Allen married off. She made such a pretty bride. I was the official photographer so I went up Tuesday evening to set up the flood lights etc. When I went in, Mary said, "Oh, it's only you". She had been looking for Merle all day. In a few minutes she had finished what she was doing & went up to her room. I was perched on the kitchen stool talking to Lois when we heard her fairly fly down the stairs - "It's Merle", she sang & out the back door. At that he made good time driving all the way from Endicott N.Y. to Bozeman in 4 days. He said he hit a lot of icy roads in Wisconsin.

I took both colored pictures & black and white, but I am keeping my fingers crossed. I did not realize that I was especially excited, but it seemed as if

H. W. PETERSON
PROPRIETOR

I did everything wrong. Made me think of the way I spoiled the Golden Wedding pictures. I would not make a very good news photographer, taking pictures under pressure.

Let's my clerk missed 3 days last week, being snowed in. She has missed so many days, I finally asked the Director what I'd have to do about it. He said there was only one thing to do — take it off her vacation. I hated to do it but I guess if she wants to live way out in the country during a Montana winter that is the price she will have to pay.

I telephoned Bees Mc Clelland last night. She said she is feeling a lot better. The grafted skin seems to be working nicely. Her hip where it was taken from is still pretty sore, but coming along excellently. She said the doctor was very puffed up over the way the muscle had grown. But she said, "Look here, who sewed that muscle?"

H. W. PETERSON
PROPRIETOR

Mr. Treasver and I came over by bus as the weather seemed too uncertain to risk taking the state car. I am glad for it would have meant me driving the car back to Bozeman. If the roads drifted or were icy, I figured I was not equal to it yet.

All the Greyhound bus stations have a magazine, "The Highway Traveler", which they give away "for-free" as the youngsters say. I picked up one at Three Forks while we were waiting for the through-bus. In it is an article "Spring has a Sweet Tooth" a story about maple sugar. "Sugar bush - sugar shanty - tapping - sap's running - and sugaring off" all brought back memories of the sugar bush on the Stearns farm. I feel sorry for the youngster who has never known the excitement of a sugar bush and the first hepatic hidden under the rotting leaves. Making maple sugar is no great shakes as a

MARTHA | HOTEL

HELENA, MONTANA

H. W. PETTERSON
PROPRIETOR

money maker, but I hate to see the time
when the eastern farm doesn't get out
the sap spouts & shine up the buckets
when sugar weather arrives.

Well, I must get to bed - I saw
you a moment Friday at the Student
Union Building - We promise ourselves
a get together next week. If he goes
to Missoula next quarter, we have less
than a month left.

Best Love

Yours
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

February 20, 1949.

Dear People:

I have the type writer out doing some work letters so I will just continue to use it and write to you.

Well, the Feeds and Feeding Schools are over for this year. Now I will be more or less on my own. It is probably a very good thing as I have so many request for work for the year. I do not know just what I will do next in the field, but I have promised to give the young instructor here at the college some help with caponizing and one lecture period. That will mean that I will no doubt be here for at least the next week. By that time we may have enough change in the weather so that we no longer have zero weather.

I got in yesterday afternoon about four o'clock. Time enough to go up town and get the pictures which I took of Mary's wedding. At the time I thought I messed them all up. But two or three of them were really pretty good. So I called Lois to make a report and she told me to come up and have dinner with them so that they could see the pictures also. Since it is hard to settle down after being in the field, I was glad to go.

Elmo has not been able to get away yet. Ever since Christmas he has been planning to make a trip by car to California. But every time he sets a date, along comes another blizzard and the roads all plug-up, so he has to wait awhile again. I really do not think that he tries too hard. He enjoys being at Lois's and William's. Besides he feels that he is needed and important there, and that is such an important factor to a satisfactory living. He does shovel the snow and help Lois in countless ways. While William on the other hand is able to do so little.

I had such a nice letter from Aunt Mamie, the other day. It is queer how very much her writing is like yours, Mother. She does not write at all like you do, Dad. I can remember way back in college days, the girls use to bring one of her letters to me and remark, "This is a letter from your mother, I know her writing."

It has been a very nice sunny day, but I believe cold. I have not even stuck my nose outside of the house. Too many things to do when I get in from a field trip. There is always things to wash and iron and my hair to be washed. Then I seemed to have a lot of mending to do also.

One thing that makes mending easier on Sunday is that there is usually a very good radio program. So I mend and listen. Have you caught the "University of the air" that would come on at 10:30 Eastern Standard time (12:30 here)? It was first sponsored by the Uni. of Louisville, Kentucky. Now a Teachers' College in Kansas as well as the State College at Pullman Wn. Books are dramatized. Right now they are doing a series of English Literature from Fielding to Henry James. They have had Tom Jones, Gulliver's Travels and to day they did Pride and Prejudice. They are very well done. Also right now the legislature has a half hour reviewing some of the bills which are coming up. That is very interesting also.

Well, I have nearly reached the end of the page and I think that I have gabbled long enough.

I see I have room for just a few more lines. And what shall I put on them? One thing that is always on my mind, that is: do take good care of yourselves. You are so far away and I can't be there to say "I think that is just expending too much energy." So for my sake, do take care of each other and do not get too ambitious.

Best of Love your,

Harriette

Bozeman, Montana
2/27/49

P.S. I am so sorry about Mrs. Mason - yes, she did love life but you can not know too much she did want a full life.


looking uncertain about their
productions. They gave "Heaven
Can Wait". It was about a
young aviator was brought up to
Heaven. The messenger thought he
was crashing & scratch the soul.
The young man maintained he
wasn't dead. Since they could
find nothing on the books, the
messenger was instructed to
return him to his body. Shortly
for & the messenger returns. Seems
his boss had cremated the body.
So no place to go. Then things
get involved. He is offered
various bodies & things got more
mixed up per minute.

Well, darlings, this is the
end of the page & time to go to staff
meeting
Best love
Your Harriette

Dear People:

How are both of you this fine
night? I hope as fine. It was a
perfect day with out a cloud in
the sky and the sky a blue, blue
like you have seen in my Kodachrome
slides. But fortunately the nights
have stayed cold so the run off
has been stayed. It looks
funny to ice cycles hanging from
a snow bank, where thawing
had taken place during the day.
Yesterday Lois, Irene & I drove
down towards Three Forks to see
the ice piled. The Gallatin is
running free and open but the
Madison is frozen over then
flooded the fields surrounding
And now they are afraid the

Madison will begin to play havoc with both hi-way and R.R. So yesterday they were dynamiting the ice. When a charge went off it looked like a tiny Bikini. Then the men with poles tried to guide the blocks of ice under the choked bridge channel.

One place the water had frozen in a sheet from fence to fence across the side road. At the R.R. crossing a sign stuck up crazily from the ice —  We sure had to laugh.

Thus got off Wednesday. I am glad. He so wanted to take the trip. Lois had a letter from at Lima, Montana, near the Mont. border going into Ida.

Monday AM, I did not finish this at the house last night, so I'll try to finish it before I have to go to staff meeting.

John was to have come down yesterday but he got involved + phoned me he wouldn't be there. Seems he's always getting involved - It was too late to make any other plans. It was just as well. Sunday AM, I had to come up here and work, so I just took my ease the rest of the day. Read a bit, but got dreadfully sleepy so took a nap.

The College put on their winter quarter play Tues + Wed. I went Wednesday. Mr. Wheeler the director does a very fine job. There is

Bozeman, Montana
March 7, 1949

Dear People:

I did not get the letter written on Sunday I did washing and ironing ~~down~~ in the morning, then was planning to write in the evening. But about 5:00 the telephone rang. It was Blaine Ferguson. He and Virginia were on their way back from their annual trip. They came down & spent the evening. They had a wonderful trip this year. They went east, down through Washington D.C. picked up Cliff, Virginia & the children. Then they went through the Gulf States & did Florida. By that time Cliff had to report at his Calif. base, so they went down to old Mexico again. They went down to Acapulco down on the Pacific coast where they spent a month just fishing, swimming and sitting in the sun. They came back by way of Calif and stopped with Cliff & Virginia again. As usual they took a lot of Kodachrome pictures, so we had a showing. I really felt as if I had taken the wonderful trip myself.

Saturday Lois, Irene & I went up to Squaw Creek. The snow was still quite deep in the forest, but the West Gallatin was

running free. We saw 5 deer. I took their pictures. Hope they turn out well. Deer are such beautiful creatures. When they bound away they are so graceful.

Well, our state legislature has folded. We don't know as yet what we got out of them. But they surely treated Mr. Beckler's department cruelly. They cut the appropriation from the 7200 that was needed to 4800. We have figured just how we will get the work done for the next biennium. But perhaps the livestock Sanitary Board can come across with some help.

I was so sorry to hear that you have had a bad time lately, Mother. However sincerely glad that you have decided not to have shingles. That would be just too much. They are so painful. My good friend P.K. Monroe had them badly last year. And queer they come all out on her forehead up in her hair, not on her middle at all. She said if she was going to have shingles she'd have them in the proper place - on her nose. She is my friend over in the Bitter Root who writes lovely poetry.

Had a very nice evening last Monday Harriet Brigham, whose grand mother was Mrs. Duchow (or how ever you spell it) was in town for an R.P.D. meeting. Vilma Goldie our temporary home management specialist was working with her, so I had them both down for waffles. It was certainly quite something to have a N.Y. State girl at the house. Maybe you

remember that Harriet as a girl use to go to Maple Springs & stay at the Beckers. So I showed them my Maple Springs pictures - Harriet especially got a kick out of them.

Speaking of going back to former scenes, Winona Adams at the library told me of a book she had read about Idaho. She was raised at Rupert - the place I first landed in Ida. The book is called, "So this is Ranching" - She tells of living on a Ranch near Jerome. It tells of all the places I knew so well when working in Southern Idaho. I am surely enjoying it. The writer is a bit flip, but I think a much better person than the "Egg &" gal.

Miss Payson comes up to Billings for a library meeting at the end of this week & will spend the week end here at Bryman. We are making big plans for the event.

I wrote her and said I wanted her to come down to my house for at least a breakfast date. She answered and said her mother and Bobby (Hecat) sent greetings and a purr.

You stated in your last letter that U:
leads such a quiet life. It seems so
magic in a way. We only go through this
"vale of years" once. There is so little time
and so many interesting things to do + see.
If I only had the time and strength, I'd do
even more than I do. I hate to miss
anything.

Both my surgeons, Dr. James + Dr.
Vase Pherson at the Murray, have sons here
at Bozeman. Herb James does not seem
to be doing so well. Dr. James wrote to see
if I could do anything about it. Seems
Herb is taking Pre-med. yet he is having
trouble with both Chemistry + Physics. I
am having Herb + Don at the house tonight.
It maybe that they boys have been
talked into Pre-med because the dads
want the boys to follow in their footsteps.
It's such a terrible thing for parents to try
an order off-springs lives.

Bois Hot Dale had a letter from Elmo. Had
I do jump around. Elmo had landed safely in
Calif. However the letter sound as if he would
not stay too long. a bit lonesome for Montana
so we about be surprise if he shows up some
fine day.

But love
your
Harriette

that circulation did not come become established in the outer skin layer. Like after a bad burn, this outer layer is gradually sluffing off & nice new pink skin underneath.

If I get the work done which must be finished before I start out tomorrow morning I had best call it a day.

I did enjoy your last letters. I enjoyed your description, dad, of getting the dogs, then the thing about legs & shooting the dogs. I'm glad you keep your sense of humor.

Best love

Your
Fayette

Bozeman, Montana
3/14/49

Dear People:

We've had another snow. Snowed all day yesterday, last night and up until about 2:00 P.M. today. Last night the temperature dropped down to zero. Winter just doesn't want to give up.

Luis Payson came up for a library meeting at Billings & drove back with Lesley Heathcote.

Yesterday A.M. Beas had a breakfast for her. I was one of those included then this morning. I had breakfast for her & 2 others. Luis looks fine.

I think coming back made her homesick, even though she does enjoy being at home & working at the Univ. of Wyoming library.

I had tomato juice, scrambled eggs, waffles and coffee. A very simple & easy meal. But I had so much cleaning up before hand, silver to polish, ironing & dusting.

Besides I had to get the things washed & ironed that I must take to the field. I leave in the morning.

I have heard a couple of cuts sayings you can add to your children collecting Mother.

One of the girls was telling that her sister, a teacher was having the children help with a nativity scene for Christmas. The children were making all the arrangements. One little fellow put an extra figure in the scene. "and who is that?" the teacher asked. The modern child, "why, that's the baby-sitter".

The other was Mary Longhead's niece, age 4. The family were discussing a very fat lady in the neighborhood. The little girl thought the conversation had gone far enough & came to the neighbor's rescue. "Mrs. Stinson isn't fat. Her skin is just far from her bones".

Saturday Lois & Bob, Irene & I went walking out in the lower valley. Lois & Irene got a camera like mine in partnership so that they can take colored pictures also. They think they will not have the patience to try for composition etc. But maybe having just snapped & then compared theirs to mine, they will gradually try for better pictures.

Bess still limps quite badly but the graft is growing. She says the patch looks like a dead fish. She said when the doctor was dressing it the other day, he was studying it with concentration, then looked up at Bess and said, "How would you describe that, if you were going to have it printed in a medical journal, Bess answered that it would not be printed with the words she would use to describe it. He studied some more, and said, "I guess you're right, they wouldn't print my words either. But the graft is holding - it's just

March 20, 1949

Enroute.

The
GRAND HOTEL

Lola E. Swanson, Mgr.

HAVRE, MONTANA

Dear People:

The train is just about ready to leave Havre. When that happens I'll have to change over to pencil for this road bed is altogether too bumpy to risk the wiggles and jiggles of a pen.

Thus this is as far as pen goes.

This is the first time in a long while that I have been up on the Hi-Line. It used to be my best area when I first came to the state. Low farm prices, hail, grasshoppers, et alia. They got most of their cash, as it was, from poultry & turkeys. Then the depression & real drought. I think then their urge to carry on just faded. What they did was nearly negative. Then the good pre-war, the late 30s & the war years. High prices & wonderful moisture - wheat, wheat & more wheat. They did not need poultry. I was about as useful as a snowball in hades - I'd have just been a puff of steam, how wheat looks as if it's sliding. They remember the twenties & they are buying baby chicks so round and round the music goes.

"A Friendly Hotel in a Friendly City"

The
GRAND HOTEL

Lola E. Swanson, Mgr.

HAVRE, MONTANA

I hope things never get as bad as they were back then. Not only for their sakes but also for my own. I hate to be looked at as a floated plate. Rather even have them look at me and say you "stupid idiot" and add, "Poor wage slave working for the Gov." - When times get bad they actually pay. "Here we are starving, yet you live high on the taxes that come out of our pockets."

Fortunately taken over a great many years, they, ^{the} tax payers, have more years when things go their way. Then the salaried person does not have to feel like a skunk.

But on the whole things can't be as bad as they were in the 20s & early 30s. They had just proved up on their homesteads many still lived in tar paper shacks, they spent their money rather like drunken sailors in the late 'teens. During high prices this time they built good homes. The R.E.A. has become a realization, so that over 50%.

"A Friendly Hotel in a Friendly City"

The
GRAND HOTEL

Lola E. Swanson, Mgr.

HAVRE, MONTANA

of the farm houses have electricity. Friday we had a meeting at Hogeland, about 10 miles from the Canadian border. We went over long stretches of emptiness - In the old days the place was dotted with homestead shacks + people who were in worse circumstances than city slums. All that land reverted back to the govt. + is now used for grazing. Should never have been ploughed in the first place. Then we got about that sub-marginal, tumbled area to what is known as the Big Flat. There the strip farming appeared. That came as the result of the dry 30's and soil blowing: One year they plant a

strip while the price between lies fallow. It will be cropped the next year.

Thus they have as much crop land as formerly but no chance for the wind
Formerly Friendly Hotel in a Friendly City"

The
GRAND HOTEL

Lola E. Swanson, Mgr.

HAVRE, MONTANA

to cause a big "blow-out" - no more dust storms. In other words there is beginning to be a semblance of caring for the soil instead of merely mining it.

As we neared Hogeland five houses began to appear also + the little town has much perked up since I saw it last.

We had our meeting in the community hall. The women served lunch at noon at 35¢ + as much as you wished to eat. The proceeds go to the P.T.A. which supports the hot school lunch program. There being no restaurant in town the women take it upon themselves to sponsor lunches for every meeting held. They said so far this year they have cleared over \$80.00.

Thus no lunch buckets + youngsters struggling to keep going on an inadequate diet.

Another thing that showed a big change. One woman said she had heard that I showed people how to get poultry ready for sharp freezing + cold I put on a demonstration for them this summer. Mr. DeVries the biggest ask for a show of hands how many had home freezers. out of the 20 present over 15 had them already + the rest would have them by

"A Friendly Hotel in a Friendly City"

The
GRAND HOTEL

Lola E. Swanson, Mgr.

HAVRE, MONTANA

summer. The average of a like number of town women would not have nearly that proportion.

So with a good home, home gardens + a chance to sharp freeze the surplus of meat + vegetables, I don't see how the people can be so hopelessly hurt as when hard times struck before.

Well this has been quite a distasteful one on Montana Agriculture -

We are pulling into Big Sandy, which reminds me that I saw Beacher Cushman when I had breakfast in Havre yesterday a.m. Beacher's dad lived here when I first came to the State. Beach now is with the Great Falls Tribune. He graduated from Missoula in Journalism. Beacher has the Cushman eyes + is tall and broad across the shoulders. I have not seen him for a good many years. He said his boy is 16 and over 6 ft and the girl 14 + tall. Gory low the time passes.

I get home at 10 P.M. Office tomorrow, take 4:20 bus + have a night meeting at Whitehall. Then come back to Ogeman Tues!
A Friendly Hotel in a Friendly City A.M.

The
GRAND HOTEL

Lola E. Swanson, Mgr.

HAVRE, MONTANA

Wed Tues night believe it or not I am asked to a group of women who are starting a camera club. They say they know nothing at all about taking pictures. Well, I plan to start with the A.B.C.s of shutter, time and distance. I'll try to give them something about composition. I think I'll take your enlargements of the dropping trees + the boat houses, dad, as I have the originals + can show them how you blocked out the part you wanted enlarged. I do not think any of them intend to do any developing or printing so I won't have to go into a field I know nothing about. But I still wish you could be here to give the talk.

Even writing with pencil is making my wrist ache. The train jiggles so much. So I will call it a day.

Best love
your

Harriette

"A Friendly Hotel in a Friendly City"

**THE POULTRY INDUSTRY COUNCIL
OF MONTANA**

Building Montana's Poultry Resources

SPONSORING MONTANA'S PARTICIPATION IN THE SEVENTH WORLD'S POULTRY
CONGRESS AND EXPOSITION, CLEVELAND, OHIO - JULY 28 TO AUGUST 7, 1939

MISS H. E. CUSHMAN
STATE SECRETARY

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

3/28/49

Dear People:

I only have a couple of minutes, so this apt to be only a very short note. I was really going to write yesterday but the day was too full. Washed hair, and for the first time since August, did a regular washing machine washing, sheets et alles - I was tired but no evil effects. Then Lesley & Bess had to be up at their house to dinner. So you see how it went.

I was so very much worried over the last letter from home. I don't like the sound at all of the new complications, neither. I simply don't see why the housing of the real you, has to be of such flimsy construction. When they turned you out they should have known that the high powered engine would have to have a housing adequate for hard usage. The only comforting thing is that I have heard no further so these things are a bit better under control.

As I told you in the last letter I was to give a talk on taking pictures on Tuesday. Well, I did have to do it. I guess it was O.K. They all said flattering things. But that means nothing - I'd rather talk to Indians who say nothing until the next year - you no doubt remember my story of the Dutch oven brooder? The next year the old Buck said, "you know that stove?" I said "yes". He said, "it works" - what better compliment.

Sat. Lois, Irene & I went out to Spring Hill. The snow is still very deep out there. I took one picture of an old log cabin, all buried except the eaves. Not much color in the scene. But should be a good record. Lois had asked Bernard, Teddy's nephew for dinner. Bernard seemed to enjoy our company. After dinner we played a couple rubbers of bridge.

I have a new book by Gene Fowler, "Beau James" the life of Jimmy Walker.

Edgar, the postman, just brought my package from home. I'll open it at home rather than here & report to you. So for now I'll just say, "Thank you so very much."

Now I must run in order to catch the bus

Best love

Yours

Harriette

Bozeman, Montana
March 31, 1949

Dear People:

What a very wonderful box. And not Christmas
birthday or even quite Easter. But how I do love
to get boxes; especially when they are from home. Every-
thing in the box was in perfect condition. How
did you know I was getting low on stockings?
I remember when I first came to Bozeman and
trying to wear what the well dress young business
woman should, all the girls were saying everyone
wore Gotham Gold Stripes so I wore them. They
really are exceptionally nice. But later I
developed a total disregard for what I ought
to wear, so when I could get cheaper hose that
stayed on my legs without running I got them.
I am afraid I became a pain-in-the-neck
for those who ^{did} things because they are done.
So here came Gotham Gold Stripes. Just as fine
as ever. But they surely brought back memories.

And the blouse is so very nice. I tried it
on at once. The suit I got last summer before
I went to Poultry Science meeting at Colorado is
a tau. I only had one blouse for it. Just the
regular shirt waist type. Of course I have
worn it little, so it is practically a brand
new ~~suit~~ for this spring & the new blouse just
goes with it exactly. Tell Miss Owen that
she has excellent taste.

The handkerchiefs are O.K. also. They always come
in handy. One can't have too many.

I did not know that you knew that I was particularly fond of candied ginger. It is such a nice kind with a good flavor. I certainly thank you for that too.

When I go up to Great Falls next time I will take the little shoe.

Well since this is a mid week letter I will call it complete.

I do so thank you for the box. I do not know when anything so pleased me.

Best love

Your
← Harriette

Jimmy Walker, of ~~any~~ ever worthy
of a biography I'd sure like G.F. to
do me. He always ferrets out the best
in anyone. Also he has the ability of
drawing in the lives of others who
march through the lives of those he is
writing about. I also like Fowler's
choice of words and imagery.

What a strange people we are
We prepare to spend billions to
rearm and kill people if necessary,
at the same time we go soft hearted
when little Cathy falls down a 14"
pipe. All that everything should
have been done to rescue her. But the
amazing thing was the news space + radio
time given to the thousands of people
that trudged out to the field in San Merino,
just to watch and wait. I repeat what
a peculiar people we are.

Well, I will call this good +
mail it at the next stop.

Best love
Your Harriette



Enroute Forsyth
4/11/49.

Dear People:

Forgive pencil, but I am aboard
a train + pen simply does not work.
We have really had some very wonder-
ful days this week. Only the smallest
tag ends of snow banks are left
about the yards in town. My
daffodils are swelling their buds
+ song sparrow spill over with
joy.

But toward the mountains there
is still plenty of the "white stuff". But
not too white when you get close.
Pat, Lois + I went out toward South
Cottonwood. We stopped at Leta's
my clerks. Her father + mother have
retired + started a poultry farm. The

South Cottonwood flows through their door yard. There were still great over hanging ice banks by the creek. I took a picture. Hope it turns out well. Lois + Irene recently purchased a camera which takes colored film. Now with both of them getting enthusiastic, they do not mind when I stop + study over what I am going to take. My pictures should get better.

Irene did not go with us yesterday. Her mother is in the hospital + far from well. They have her under an oxygen tent. She is 89 and seems to feel this is the end. It is hard when one gives up the will to live.

We have another serious heart patient. Ed Isaac, our Horticulture Specialist had a bad heart attack in Choteau Friday + they took him

down to the Great Falls hospital. He is also under an oxygen tent. The reason we feel particularly worried over Ed is that last spring he had several operations on his eye for a fallen retina. The effort was not successful + he has lost the sight of the one eye. About the same time his wife died of a heart attack. Now lots of people have tougher luck. But Ed has been utterly depressed + we fear he won't have the spirit to make a recovery.

On the other hand Bess McClelland is as perky as you please. She just knows everything is going to be O.K. Dr. Bole also seems a lot better. But why is a mystery. He defies all the laws he would have laid down to patients when in active practice. He may read until 4 A.M. then sleep 'til noon. His eating habits are weird and wonderful. At present all he wants is baked potatoes. So baked potatoes he has.

I have just finished reading "Beaver James" by Gene Fowler. The life of

**THE POULTRY INDUSTRY COUNCIL
OF MONTANA**

Building Montana's Poultry Resources

SPONSORING MONTANA'S PARTICIPATION IN THE SEVENTH WORLD'S POULTRY
CONGRESS AND EXPOSITION, CLEVELAND, OHIO - JULY 28 TO AUGUST 7, 1939

MISS H. E. CUSHMAN
STATE SECRETARY

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

4/18/49-

Dear People:

Here Easter has come and gone and I did not send even a greeting card. I'll have to confess that I totally forgot it was arriving.

It was a beautiful day here, so that those who had Easter finery could show it off.

John came down a while yesterday afternoon. We had such a good time talking. John has grown mentally a great deal since here. Some how in discussing another he happen to mention a book you once sent him while in High school. He said when he received it he thought it a kid book - he had wondered how old grandmother thought him. Then he said he had reread it recently and realized he had missed the point completely. Then, when thought it quite a book. I asked what it was, he answered "The Badge of Courage". It was like the lad who remarked that he was amazed how much his father had learned in the last few years. I guess all youth has to go through that sort of period.

Our sick people seem to be improving. The latest reports from Mrs Isaac are very encouraging. Also Irene said Saturday that her mother is doing well and out from under the Oxygen tent. At 89 when one has never been ill, it is quite a set back to have a severe illness.

(over)

Well, I got my work in the field over with. It was a strenuous trip. I worked all day each day in a county then took the night bus or train to the next county. And by being in the east end of the state I missed a big snow storm. It was awfully cold at Miles City but a windy clear day.

I have not been down in Eastern Montana for sometime because with high wheat and cattle prices we could not interest people much in poultry or turkeys. Now they are beginning to realize they are going to have to feed their grain so their minds are turning back to chickens. What I noticed most that most of the farm homes have greatly improved. They all have electric lights, running water and a bath room. During the high prices of World War I, they just grabbed, hoped to make a killing and move on. Now they are calling Montana their home. After living through all the dear 20s + 30s they are taking their gains and making living on the ranch more bearable. I am so pleased with the attitudes in the main. Should hard times come again, at least they can live like white folks.

That was certainly a shake up in Seattle and nearby. I wonder if Aunt Marie felt it? I hope it did us damage to her place. Somehow I had never thought of the Seattle district as a quaky one. If it had been Helena or So. Calif. I would it have been surprised.

Since I must skip to take a bus I'll say

Goodbye

Best love

—Harriette



Beauty in the Big Horns

Bozeman Mountains
April 26, 1949

Dear People:

I got your good letter today
mother, I don't know just what
to say about my college furniture. I have always had a very
sentimental attachment for my college things and hoped
some day to have it again. If it was for the misses Corallus
themselves, I would certainly be glad to have them have it,
But just the woman who took care of the sister that's some-
thing else again. Besides I don't think they would
want to pay what they'd be worth to me. Knowing
present prices of very mediocre furniture I would
say the desk would be \$25.00, the chair \$10.00 the
tea table \$10.00.

We had the first picnic of the season Sat.
We went up the Middle Creek Canyon to Langhor's flat.
It's amazing what going up a few hundred feet
will do to the difference in climate. There were
still huge drifts everywhere. We really had a
hard time to find a place to build a fire.

Yesterday Ruth Powers had a dinner party at
the Bozeman Hotel. She invited Lois, Wm + Elms.
Bernard Copping (Teddy's nephew) + our John, so we had
a very nice time. Then went up to Lois + Wm
afterwards + sat around and talked.

Elms got back from his Calif trip Friday
He seems so happy to be back.

I had such a nice treat Thursday. There is
a lad from Brooklyn, N.Y. here in College, who

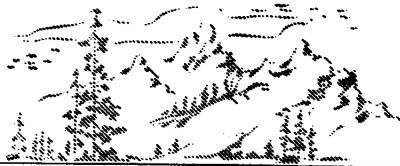
Sister Mimi Benzell is a Lyric Coloratura Soprano with the New York Metropolitan Opera. Well, she was going through to some west coast engagements & "Tiny" (the brother who is 6'4" and bigger than John) persuaded her to stop off and give a concert here. Mildred Leigh invited me to go with her to the concert. When Mildred picked me up she said that "Tiny" had asked her to come to the party they were having following the concert. I told Mildred I felt I was ~~proving in~~ but she assured me that "Tiny" had insisted that I come also. It was a very pleasant occasion and I thoroughly enjoyed meeting Miss Benzell. She was so natural - just folks - sort a person.

Well if I am to get this on the night train I must skip.

Best love

Your

Harriette



BELKNAP HOTEL

Completely Air Conditioned

Flaude M. Lockwood, Owner-Manager

BILLINGS, MONTANA

May 2, 1949

Dear People:

It does not know whether it wants to rain or shine to day. One minute the sun is out and then it flowers.

Before I say anything else, I want to apologize for missing the boat last week. I guess I had the subject of furniture so in mind, I did not tick. I want to say how very proud I am of the clipping and picture about you, Dad. I think I have shown it to everyone I know. The reporter did a very interesting job about a very interesting man. Most of my friends could not believe it was a recent picture, for as they said you don't look 82 in the picture. Further they said, they understood where I got my pack-rat tendencies. But like the grocer, they said I did not look like you & added that you were very fine looking. Mother, what a cross we bear.

Billing's Best Little Hotel



BELKNAP HOTEL

Completely Air Conditioned

Flaude M. Lockwood, Owner-Manager

BILLINGS, MONTANA

Mother, I bought a mother's day card for you then left it in Bozeman. But since I won't get back until the 7th, it won't be any good for this year, so I have written my own dogged verse for you. It isn't very fancy but it says what's truly in my heart.

I do hope mother's day is bright and comfortable for you.

As I was going up to the College the other night, John got on the same bus. So we had a chance to chat for a very brief while. He was going up to play practice.

I ran across a clipping of the lady who sang & whose brother is at M.S.C. So I am sending it along.

Since I must skip. Please forgive if this is not longer. Best love

Billing's Best Little Hotel

Your
Harriette.

For Mothers' Day.

How glad I am, they set aside a day
For Mothers. Even tho they go quite mad
In ranging days and weeks in such a hectic way,
For every other group or thing imaginable.

One's head would whirl with dizziness
If one did try to celebrate each one
Which comes along. But stupid business
Has naught to do with Mothers' Day, at all.

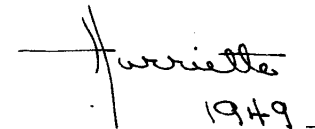
Without a proclamation, we would still
Be choosing one to honor, Mother dear.

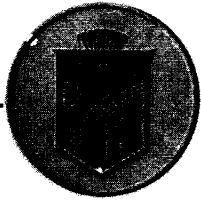
The man, or woman too, is poor whose heart don't fill
With love when thinking of the one,

Who brought them in this world and they
Did help them navigate the ebb and flow
Of life. But Mothers' Day can only keep
A tiny part of what we feel for her.

The hours spent with us when ill or sad,
The love she showered on us, and the care
She gave us, whether we were good or bad,
Does all add up to Mother Love.

So while we name the eighth of May
To honor her and send a special thought,
For most of us, each day is Mothers' Day,
And every day, we think of her with love.


1949.



RAINBOW HOTEL

"A Carter Operated Hotel"

GREAT FALLS · MONTANA.

C. PAT EGAN
RESIDENT MANAGER

5/10/19.

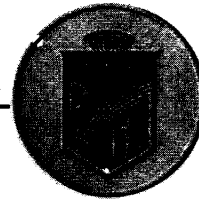
Dear People:

Here I am very late. I just had too much to do Sunday, then Monday - Well after 300 miles travel and 8 stops. I just went to bed when I got here.

Mr. Beecher and I left Bozeman about 7 A.M. We cut across from Big Timber to Harlowton & thence up to Lewistown, saving about 100 miles by not having to go to Billings and around. Except for summer months, that's the way one has to go. The summer road leads around the foot of the Crazy Mts along through sheep & cattle country. The little lambs were more than kicking up their heels. But the range looked too dry for this time of the year. Also the winter wheat looks bad. We need rain and need it badly. Else we will have a Dry Year with all it implies in Montana.

"Other Carter Operated Hotels"

NORTHERN HOTEL, BILLINGS, MONT. CODY INN, CODY, WYO. PIONEER HOTEL, CHEYENNE, WYO.



RAINBOW HOTEL

"A Carter Operated Hotel"

GREAT FALLS · MONTANA.

C. PAT EGAN
RESIDENT MANAGER

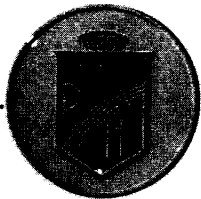
When I got here last night your good letter was waiting for me, mother, I am so very sorry you have been ill again. It just isn't fair.

Also I had a letter from U. - It was the most coherent, happiest letter I have had in years & years. It made me feel pretty good.

Going back wards, Sunday I washed ironed, washed my hair & was about to put in some flower seeds when Harriet Brigham called. She's the one who is Mrs. Shelton's granddaughter. She invited me to have dinner with her. There were about 6 R.P.C. folks also. So the dinner was more or less shop talk. Especially one man from Washington concerned me & wanted to know all about our uses of electricity in the poultry house - So it was 8 P.M. when I got home & I still had to pack & finish

"Other Carter Operated Hotels"

NORTHERN HOTEL, BILLINGS, MONT. CODY INN, CODY, WYO. PIONEER HOTEL, CHEYENNE, WYO.



RAINBOW HOTEL
"A Carter Operated Hotel"
 GREAT FALLS · MONTANA.

C. PAT EGAN
 RESIDENT MANAGER

up odds & ends.

Last week I was at Billings & up in Carbon County.

While at the County Agents office waiting for him to get some things fixed up for his clerk I heard him giving a list of names for a letter to be mailed to. Quite distinctly I thought I heard him say John Cushman. So when he finished I asked. Sure enough.

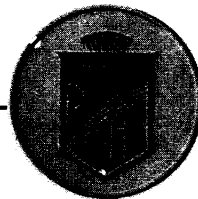
So when we got our work done on Thursday he said we drop in & visit said John Cushman. He used to be a school teacher. Recently his sister, his wife & he moved onto his ranch. O.P. Roberts said, Mr. Cushman isn't a very good business head, more of an idealist. He paid too much for farm. I only hope he makes it.

I answered, "I wasn't surprised, never knew a Cushman yet who wasn't an idealist."

We found him in the farm yard.

"Other Carter Operated Hotels"

NORTHERN HOTEL, BILLINGS, MONT. CODY INN, CODY, WYO. PIONEER HOTEL, CHEYENNE, WYO.



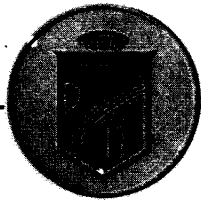
RAINBOW HOTEL
"A Carter Operated Hotel"
 GREAT FALLS · MONTANA.

C. PAT EGAN
 RESIDENT MANAGER

he invited us into the house. "Don't mind the house," he said, "I won't apologize of the condition." A true Cushman house - orderly disorder. books & papers strewn about & with total disregard, we sat down in the midst of things and discussed Robert, Thomas, the Speedwell & the Fortune & the sermon "On the Sin of Self Love". I think "Austine" Roberts thought we were slightly coo-coo - But I don't know when I have felt more comfortable & as if I had gone home. Mr. Cushman must be in his 50s with snow white hair & typical Cushman blue eyes. He came from the New Hampshire branch & his grand-father Ebenezer settled in Iowa. I hope I can go back and visit the family again. I especially want to meet the sister. Both wife & sister were away Thursday.

"Other Carter Operated Hotels"

NORTHERN HOTEL, BILLINGS, MONT. CODY INN, CODY, WYO. PIONEER HOTEL, CHEYENNE, WYO.



RAINBOW HOTEL

"A Carter Operated Hotel"

GREAT FALLS · MONTANA.

C. PAT EGAN
RESIDENT MANAGER

This is the first time I have been in Great Falls, since you sent the shoe for Grace Leary. I tried calling her to night, then went up to the Blackstone Apt. but she was out. I left a note + hope to contact her tomorrow.

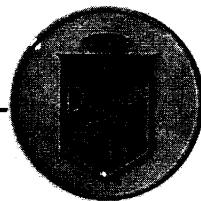
On the way back I stopped in the library - Margaret Fullmer wasn't in. She is the librarian - She is the one who used to be a Billings, when she borrowed the Jamestown Camera Club Pictures. I am very fond of Margaret. She is a most attractive person. I'll probably see her before

the end of the week as we are having the annual meeting of the Montana Institute of the Arts here Fri. Sat & Sunday.

By the way I may not get any letter off Friday, as I have to leave + get to Whitefish for a Monday meeting - So don't expect a letter on time.

"Other Carter Operated Hotels"

NORTHERN HOTEL, BILLINGS, MONT. CODY INN, CODY, WYO. PIONEER HOTEL, CHEYENNE, WYO.



RAINBOW HOTEL

"A Carter Operated Hotel"

GREAT FALLS · MONTANA.

C. PAT EGAN
RESIDENT MANAGER

I went with Dora Clark Smith the U.D.P. way out the other side of Stockett today. Stockett was a coal mining town supplying the G.N. R.R. with coal. But now that they have put on the diesel engines, coal is no longer needed. So Stockett has sort of dried up + blown away. And as so often happens, the men could not adjust themselves to no mining - Dora says the women have had to take on supporting the families. They have come into Great Falls, clerking in stores + doing anything they can. How terrific technological unemployment can dislocate a community.

Well, dears, I must get to bed tomorrow is another day.

By the way I had a letter from Virginia - Nina Wiama has arrived. Virginia says they expect to be moved to Hawaii - I will miss her - Love

"Other Carter Operated Hotels"

NORTHERN HOTEL, BILLINGS, MONT. CODY INN, CODY, WYO. PIONEER HOTEL, CHEYENNE, WYO.