

go into details over the
view of Pittsburgh in the
twilight - I mean the
mill section.

East Liberty seems & feels
like Jamestown or a like
place - By the way the
man we were out with
to night said Allentown
is a bit like Jamestown
the way in which it is
built etc.

My room is five 23x17
foot lengths - I just measured
& the feet are not so short.

N.D.

407 W. Denniston^{Ans}
Pittsburgh Pa.

My dear People,

Well I spent most of
the time until the train
came on Wayville dock, the
moon was so lovely on the
water and the lake - Oh
how I hated to come away
from it.

Well I went to bed
directly and got up just
in time to get dressed for
East Liberty station, where I
came back from the ~~the~~

dressing room, who should I
run into but Louis Chapman. He
was coming home from Cornell.
We were of course delighted to
see each other. He came back
to sit with me. We talked small
talk & this and that. In the
course of the conversation - Louis
told me his people were boarding
until their house is finished.
Well I just fell in soft. I
am now - with Mrs. Chapman's
kind help established in a
rooming house across from
theirs & board in the same place
they do. They have just
taken me ~~out~~ right into their
family. I was sure lucky.

To night I was coming
home awfully early but
a friend of theirs & their
boarding house took us all
for an auto ride. If I were
not so bad for sleep - I would

or or gaudy but so artistic and home like.

Her name is Eleanor and he calls her "Tom". It is awfully cute. They were just married in October.

Say Vi - Sam becoming more Cushman than ever. Sam playing around with an infant who is only about 20 years old. Isn't it terrible - and more over he is only about as tall as Red Booty and homely - my goodness but he is homely.

But he is interesting. His name is Albert Willgerodt - lives in Mountclair, N.J.

The nice part about it, he is sufficiently dippy that a small matter of me being 8 years.

N.D.
28 Redwood St.,
New Brunswick, N.J.

My dear Vi,

So you have been transferred. I am so sorry for you. It does seem to me that you have been given more than one person with your physical strength should handle.

Somehow it seems quite terrible that one spends their life just bleeding away their life blood for what?

Your life now seems so much like my Pittsburgh life. One void of real joy. It is not natural. Well I hope that

conditions will soon be that you
can get away.

I am more determined to stay
on and get my M.A. if possible -
on that track seems to be my
future. The only thing that
is bothering me now is that I in
some way manage expenses until
that course is over.

I had such a pleasant time
last night. Have I told you
of Mr. Pound? He is my instructor
in Poultry House Construction & also in
marketing. Well at any rate he is a
Cornell man (1913) and I was at two
different dances that he was at. One at
Martin's that I went with John Markel
with and a W.A. dance. It took
us ages to recollect just where we had
met though we had a strong feeling
that we had known each other before.

Well to come to the present Mrs.
Pound invited me to dinner last night.

She is a Pratt girl 1911 or '12.
They have the dearest home. Every
thing is so lovely - nothing extravagant

dinner at the Restaurant in the Bldg.
though I did get out to dinner
supper what ever you may call
the meal we had.

We meaning Mr. Pond & I -

He came along to me and said
"Come on lets go out and eat" and
snaked me right along. He said
he has not been married long enough
to get over wanting to go out with
the girls - And I believe him -

He is one of the kind that likes
to stand teaching. Someday there
is going to occur a wonderful
lecture. Yours truly being the one to
deliver it.

Nevertheless I do like him
and we get in some awfully good
talks. Beside is a fairly man
from the word go - So I get a
lot of knowledge on the side

older don't disturb him in
the least for play purposes.

He is apt to do nice considerate
things like - go to an organ
Recital on Sunday afternoon -
really enjoy the program and
discuss it intelligently then take
me to "Bruno" the only spezzly
place in New Brunswick for
a regular treat. And the best
part he is able to make himself
agreeably interesting all during the
meal so that I don't get bored.

He feels himself quite a heathen
because of present religious
views - But no wonder he
was brought up Congregationalist
'nough said - nicht wahr?
Then the child truly is joyful

At a school dance the other night he had great fun flirting with a little girl in a blue satin dress - and each time we had a dance he told me joyfully how he was progressing -

I guess he must have gone home and raved about me considerably for older Brother Ralph - who by the way is not over twenty four or five - came down to the garden show [the class went up to the show Friday] to look over the impossible creature who had baby brother in her clutches.

Ralph is taller fairly good looking and still in uniform. He certainly looked at me most quizzically when he met me - But he impromptu beautifully wound up by urging me to please come home with Bert on his next trip and get acquainted with the family - And he gave me such a nice firm hand clasp as he left.

Well I have talked at great length on a rather uninteresting topic - But I have so little to talk about that I have to expand.

As I said above we went to the garden show Friday - I really saw very little of New York. We stayed night at the show all day - even had

last one but she has a mess
of a temper, I have decided
it is the style for boarding
house mistresses to hand the
boarders lemons every so often.

But really on the whole I
think Mrs. Cosgrove is pretty
decent I only wish sometimes
that we had electric lights +
a little more hot water. But
gas is better than lamps.

When Bert was staying until this
week they only had lamps. It
was a quaint country house. He
took me out on Sunday evening to
supper. It was certainly a curious
place. But he never got any studying
done for there was a bunch of
buzzy fellows and a good looking
16 year old granddaughter at the house

Vi - I am so horrible about
writing to you lately. I can't
remember of definitely thanking
for the dear book that you
sent. I have not completed
it yet. But I do like it. I
am so fond of Torgue anyway -
and you remembered it. Didn't
you - you dear.

I tried out your suggestion for
Federal work in Poulty. But the
answer I received was nothing
doing.

So I will just sit tight for
a while.

One reason I have neglected you
and everyone else so miserably is
that I am gradually realizing that
I lay no means get back my strength
after pneumonia. I have a cold
and sore throat all the while and
every little thing ~~knocks~~ me out.

I have been "aft-in" yesterday
and today from the trip to the
garden.

I hope in a way that I get home
a while after the course - and yet
as we always say - where is rest at
~~home?~~ ~~hope?~~ mighty hard to find I am
thinking - yet it always sounds so
alluring and each time I am
convinced that this time I will
rest and get something accomplished

The funniest part I am losing
all my hair - my braid is not as
thick as a lead pencil and my hat
does not fit. It slides right over my eyes

So you see your old maid sister
is awful to look upon.

Vi - I must quit now and go to supper
for my boarding house lady is a
terror - This one don't swear like the

owe my Bill a letter. Dear lad
I do love him. I do wish we
had our place and could take him
home with us.

I have been reading some of
Alan Seeger's poems lately - I like
them - Did you read his Maktoob?
The meaning "Tis Written" -

It is so splendid - and I am
so thoroughly a fatalist. And yet
I can't quite struggle. I suppose
we always will try to form our
fate in some way or other.

I know I am a selfish hog
but I do hope you govt. check comes
soon for I can't seem to screw up
courage to ask folks at home for
money.

Now I will get my head taken
off. I have written a whole sheet
since I said I had to stop -

But that was all because I
loved you.

I wish you were not so far
away.

Good night with best love
Your Harriette.

(over)

They have a Base hospital at
Camp Paritan - just up the
river from here - isn't there
and twisting the powers that
be and get sent up here to
Camp Paritan.

We could see each other
any old time then.

Again say good bye.

Harry.

that fussed him. So he has
come in and lives over on
~~Butler~~ Baldwin St. In the very room
I was going to change to at
new years time.

He is a kid - He reckons
this way. Now that he doesn't
have to walk his two miles
into the country he can stay
here that much longer evenings -

Have ^{you} lost all respect for
me? Are you totally disgusted
with your grown up sister
so even play with a little
sawed off high school kid?

I think my Bill more
prepossing - By the way I

for a hobby said he never
saw such beautiful pictures

So don't feel badly about
sending things to the hospital
They helped to make Christmas
a very happy day.

I am so sorry, dear, you
have been ill again, mother.
It isn't fair.

Like you mother when I
begin to get well I just hope
I'm going back to Bozeman
tomorrow night. So you
can write there from now
on. I'll write you Thurs. & Sat
you know how I stand the trip
Again Thanks heaps & heaps
& Happy New Year
- Harriette

Dec 26th -

Butte

N.D.

Dear People,

I thought the book my
Christmas & it would have
been indeed enough. Yes, I
have read it. But to own it.
That's another thing - I am
proud to have it in my
library. So thank you so very
much. As I said the book
was quite enough. I had
opened gifts and cards &
was weary, about to go back
to bed when the other package

came. I looked things over too hurriedly + got tucked in. Later in the afternoon I was having another sit up time + showing some of the nurses my gifts. "And what is this?" they asked. "Mother made it," I said proudly. "And what's it for?" To put luncheon clothes in." I said glibly and for some reason poked my finger into the folds + saw the card board that I had suppose was keeping it flat. "Oh! Oh!" I yelled in excitement, "It's a portfolio". Did I jerk the ribbons open, as I know that card board is only ~~used~~ used for one thing - Oh, are they beautiful dad? They are lovely, lovely - all the doctors and nurses think they are also. Margaret Carolus had to lug them all over the hospital to show certain patients. Even one of the doctors that has photography

most impressive part. The huge
steel works bleaching forth fire
and colored vapors. It really
is a site worth traveling a long
way to see.

There are some swings near me
and some of the dearest little youngsters
have just come to swing -

I am awfully sorry for both
of you - Don't you really need
me? It seems as if I am so
entirely selfish being here -
nevertheless this is far from *okay*

In a grove Schenley Park
Pittsburgh Pa,
N.D.

My dear People,

I was so sorry to find by last night's
letter that you are not all well by
now, Dad. It must be awfully hard
to be laid up so long. Especially in
such hot weather. The heat does
not let up here a minute. In fact
it makes you feel all sort of
wobbly inside.

How do you like my writing
paper. I saw them on display
at a sale at a "cut rate" drug store

so I bought a box.

It was so terrible in my room that I took a book + a box of writing paper + came up here to the park.

It is so nice and breezy here and there is such a wonderful view of the city from here. and every thing is so quiet compared with the city its self.

Last night Miss Craig and a Miss Rodgers who is a librarian and I went up the Incline Plane to Mt. Washington. We had a most wonderful view of the city from there. The Monongahela river at our feet. The Ohio + Alleghany in a distance. Across from us against the sunset sky was the jagged sky line formed by the "skyscrapers" of city. (looked quite like a N.Y. city sky line) Then further to our right the buffs rose in the air on which the city proper is built. We could see about five miles to the East where we live at East Liberty. Then up and down the river was the

It's about time I grew up, but I never minded being a kid.

My pencil matches the border on the Stationary - How aesthetic I am.

This extreme hot weather has given me a cold - I could better live in the attic circle - I dread to picture myself in the here after it is all as fine as the Salvation Army picture it.

Last night when we came home a very lively band of the Salvation Army

Especially -

at this point my pen gave out, I meandered over to a house of some kind where they sold refreshments - but they did not have a drop of ink in the establishment so I bought a little blue pencil - something like the ones you tie on dance cards -

The dear little children proved to be too much so I changed my residence - This is a pretty grove here - but they seem to be having a family reunion of mosquitoes - too much like Jersey - I think I

will be moving soon again.

I am quite sure it was a cuckoo that flew into a tree near me.

This does seem funny to be writing with pencil. That place was like the one Dr. Jamison described. where the baby might have upset the ink.

What do you suppose I am reading now. Stevenson's Wrecker. It is really fine. He has such a masterful pen and such a vivid imagination.

I see that our dear friend James Whitcomb Riley is ~~no~~ more. What a big loss to the world. For everybody can't write Orphanet Annie's or Swimming Hole stories.

Do you hear the wood thrush singing?

I am constantly surprised at the bird life that is to be found in Pittsburgh. Several times I have seen a Wilson's Thrush in the little grass plot behind the lab. White flickers and Blackbirds familiarly visit the big tree outside my bed room window.

It makes me feel old to be alone so much. I suppose

they would tell their wives when they arrived at home & their relatives dinners. Some seemed scared, others were going to take her a present & one man said - "Oh you all are new - I have reached the stage now - where she don't even ask where I have been."

I have such a lot of letters write that I must say Good Bye. I do hope all the pains & aches are better.

With very much love
your
Harriette

was looking forth on Smithfield St. I admire them because they are sincere and energetic in their beliefs. But I would hate to have to follow them.

I am sending you \$10, Dad toward my indebtedness - The rest will come later. To live in Pittsburgh is an expensive proposition. That when you have to buy everything you eat and wear - and to wear is a proposition - I never can

wear a waist more than two days. one day is usually the limit. And then I don't look awful neat. But I guess Chemists never do.

I had an announcement of Alice Mehnerts marriage to Orlo Boise the other day. They are at home in Niagra Falls after August first, I had hoped they were going to live in Pittsburgh.

What speed crazy things the Americans are anyway. Everybody considers that the only past time is to rush madly through the park in an auto. I wonder what % of the population own cars? to see them whirling by you would imagine it was nearly 50%.

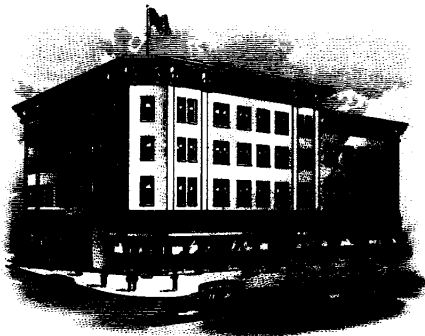
Last night when we were going down town the Ball game was just over & it was after seven. They said they had had 12 innings before they broke the score of 1 to 1 - It was Brooklyn & Pittsburgh. But it was awfully funny to hear the men talking of what

N.D.

HOTEL FLORENCE

CENTRAL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

AN IDEAL PLACE
"TO SUNDAY"



125 MODERN ROOMS
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

EXCELLENT CAFE
SERVICE



MISSOULA, MONT.

THE HOTEL OF GENUINE HOSPITALITY

ROBERT B. MACNAB, MANAGER

Dear People,

I just have a few minutes -
but still at least get a note
off.

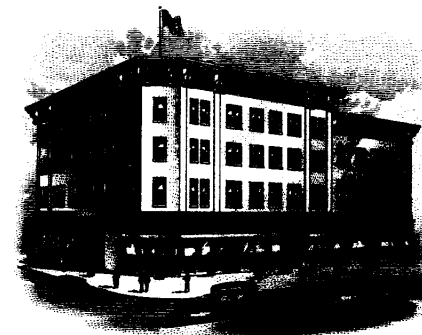
The meeting at Thompson Falls
was cancelled, so I was in Bozeman
Sunday, but busy at the College
making charts - Then I thought to
write yesterday on the train, but
Bois loaned me "Laughing Boy" by
Oliver La Farge. She is sending
it to "Ag" one of her girl friends
and as it has to be mailed Wed

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

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I wanted to read it first - Saw
so glad I did - it is tremendous
It is a Navajo story - write with
the Navajo view point - it catches
the spirit of the Indians perfectly.
It does what Ransome attempted
to only so much better - no melo-
drama - just pure and elemental.
if you have ever heard the Indian
drums and watched them dance
you would love it doubly - I'll
have to get it for you one of these
days.

ON THE HIGHWAYS BETWEEN AMERICA'S TWO MOST GORGEOUS PLAYGROUNDS
GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

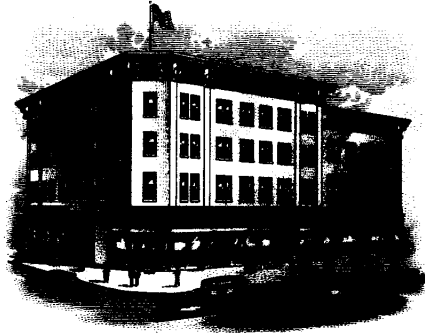
ARTHUR L. ROBERTS

ROBERT B. MACNAB

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There seems little to shy - The state legislature is making a mess of things as usual, passing the wrong bills, being "pound ~~foolish~~ foolish and penny wise" - After reading "Laughing Boy" + feeling deeply anyway on certain things - it seems almost as if Americans do destroy everything they attempt to elevate. That's why I love the mountains and the ocean - you can't do much about them - They just are -

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GLACIER AND YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

MISSOULIAN LITHO, MISSOULA, MONT.

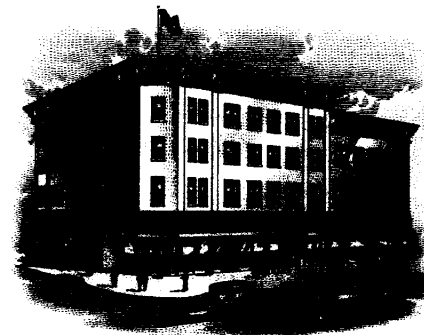
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well all write again when in a different mood. In the mean time take care of yourselves. We had a little snow in Bozeman while I was away but for the most part the state is very dry. The ground is not even frozen even when the temperature drops to zero - for there is no moisture there to freeze - Lots of love,
Marion

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