

Helena, Montana

Sept. 13, 1913

My dear Sister,

“.....We are packed up and hope in a very few days to leave Crow Creek Valley for the Sun River County, where I plan to put our stock to work hauling freight for the Government on the Sun River Irrigation project.

We shall go :overland:- a six horse team hauling a hay rack 9x18-with our furniture, trailed behind this a manure spreader also loaded with furniture—2-4 horse teams hauling each two wagons, laden with horse feed, grub etc., tools, etc, a two horse team hauling an old spring wagon laden with camp stove, tent etc, and trailed behind the wagon and old buggy running gear on which is built a pig crate containing our sow and “upstairs”—a second story containing our poultry—then Eva’s wagon drawn by two horses containing herself, the little boys—bedding, camp furniture, table supplies (daily supplies) tent, stove, etc.

Eva will drive this—while I follow on horseback driving our loose stock —cow, colts etc. We aim to travel slowly and to consume perhaps 10 days in making 150 miles—where we aim to immediately go into Winter quarters.

.....Send this letter to Joe. Give love to all—Eva is a Wonder. She looks at this trip as a lark.

Walter

The following are stories told to a grandchild. The papers are dated August 23, 1829. Again we thank Sue Page Little for sharing them with our membership.

Grandpa says a man rode a post to Boston when in his grandfather’s day. His grandfather’s box for the mail was on the corner of the 4-Rock road which was the Old Post Road to Boston. The post started from NP went to Boston staid over night got his mail and started the next day for N. On the eve when the paper was expected the neighbors would drop in to hear the news. The lamp is here by which they read.

Smoking was then common and old Uncle Frank and a 2nd near neighbor would turn over his empty pipe knock it on his thumb nail to attract host attention. Grandpa would say to one of the household get Uncle Frank some tobacco which was really what Uncle Frank wanted him to say. Suddenly another neighbor took a little different course. Grandpa’s grandson said how is your wife. He would put his hand back of his ear and say did you ask will I have a pipe of tobacco. I don’t care if I do. Someone would go outdoors if the paper had come if not they would sit have achat till it arrived and then one would read for the entertainment of all.

Grandpa was Joseph⁶, born July 19, 1799.

Grandpa says when he was a little boy Uncle Amos sent over to tell that they were about our of sand and wanted to know if his father wanted to go with him for some. Uncle Nat and Uncle Amos and Grandpa's father Silas decided to go together. Grandpa said he begged to go so they let him. They went to Oldtown Bridge they took a gondola and went down the river till they reached the right kind of sand. Then they worked till the tide went down, loaded up the boat with sand then waited till the water rose high enough to float the boat when they rowed up to the landing. The next day they went down with oxen and cart and hauled home the sand and put it in the cellar for the floor. They parlor floor was sand in fragments with damp sand. No child could walk over till after company comes. Sometimes they swept up the sand after using the room and sifted it over again [illegible] for further [illegible].

Great Grandma, Sarah Dole³, wife of Tristram³. She was born 1690, died 1780.

Grandpa's great grandma Sarah Dole³ went to Boston occasionally shopping – 40 miles. They usually had a horse a piece but as a neighbor had a pacing horse they hired it for the occasion.

Grandma got on and the horse paced for a few rods and they trotted. On her return he trotted all the way till within a few rods of the house when he took a pacing gait and kept at it till he reached the house.

Great Grandma, Lydia⁴, born August 25, 1717, died February 4, 1798. Lydia was the wife of Henry⁴, sister of Col. Moses Little.

Grandma Lydia's Tablecloth

They always [illegible] to the time when Grandpa Joseph's father was grown up raised a field of flax. It was pulled in the fall taken to the barn and the seed thrashed and then rolled up in bundles and left in the barn till Spring! Taken out and spread perhaps with dirt to rot the stalk. They liked to have a little snow fall on it: it improved the looks then they took it up and hung it on the fence to get very dry then broke it under the swivel then combed it. The swirling, Grandpa said was very disagreeable work. The sharp bits of the outside would fly around and trouble them if it got on them. Then they combed it. That finished the men's work. Then the women combed it on a fine comb then handed it into hands. He said I suppose kind of knots and then wound it on a distaff, I think and spun it and then wove it into linen for sheets, pillow cases, towels, meal bags, tablecloths underwear, etc.