

MAIL ORDERS TAKEN FOR
DRESSED POULTRY, FRESH EGGS
AND OTHER FARM PRODUCTS

Intermountain Farm

W. T. PUTNAM & SONS

"THE MAIL ORDER FARM"

INTERMOUNT FARM BUTTER,
CREAM, CHEESE, SAUSAGE
AND FRESH PORK

Lake Cushman, Wash.

June 21, 1922.

My dear Mr. Deane:-

We have just got back from Pullman and I find your two letters waiting for me. I met St. John and we had a very pleasant talk, but he was pretty busy with the final winding up of the College work and I did not get the opportunity to see as much of him as I should wish.

We left here May 31, going to Seattle and from there to Spokane by train over the G. N. We had a very pleasant trip, though it was very hot. There were some 20 of us in the Pullman and we all got very well acquainted before we reached our destination. There was one man with his wife, a man a few years younger than I and in the course of conversation I found he had gone to school to one of my old masters at St. Pauls. He had just landed in Seattle from Bombay. Then we found a young woman, a teacher from Vancouver, B. C. who knew a lot of our friends there, another girl who used to visit friends of ours at the Lake and a young man who had been in College with the boys a few years back. The world is a very small place. The next morning while eating breakfast at the hotel one of the College professors and his wife came in and sat at the next table. He had been at the Lake and I went over and spoke to him and after the first greeting he said, "How much baggage have you?" When I told him he immediately invited us to come with him in his car, so we ditched the N. P. and went with them. Dean Waller is one of the old professors and one of the head men in the engineering of the Columbia River basin irrigation project which is by

far the largest project of the kind which the Nation has taken under consideration and he was just coming home from a trip in connection with it. Our ride was very pleasant, as he knew every foot of the way and could point all the points of interest.

We got to Pullman at noon, about 90 miles. There we met the boys and found all well. I forgot to tell you that Bee had already left us a few days before, going in by way of Portland.

We had a fine time till Saturday, the 10th. Ferd had bought a car for us there and every day we took a ride around the neighborhood. The Commencement exercises were very fine. Both Ferd and Bee were in Phi Kappa Phi and the crowning glory of it all was when the President called on Bee to stand up as the high honor man of the class. Our only disappointment was that Bee was not able to be married as Bernice who was recovering from an attack of the flu and had been working very hard did not feel equal to it and it will have to be postponed till later in the summer.

I have been hunting up what I had written you along the road and you will have to decypher my script and I will now pass on to the Columbia River country.

From Walla Walla we went to Pendleton, Oregon and from there to Umatilla, crossing the Umatilla on a ferry, as the water was over the bridge. From there to Arlington it is all desert, cactus, sage and jack rabbits. When you think of stopping, just step on the gas and go as fast as you can. Arlington is a little town on the river bank with the most atrocious hotel I ever saw. We stopped over night and beat it as early as we could get out. Then more desert till we got to the Dalles. The Columbia is a mighty river and I am sending you a lot of post cards which will give you some idea of it. We took many photographs, but they are not yet developed and may not be good.

At the Dalles we got on the Columbia River Highway which I believe is one of the wonderful roads of the world.

It runs along the river bank, is paved and one does not have to shift gears till he reaches Portland. I will send you a folder describing it and a lot of postcards. The road runs parallel to the river and from the very shore to a height of nearly 800 feet at Crown Point. The Vista House is a granite and marble pavillion on a cliff fitted with rest rooms, writing tables, etc./ The upper windows are stained glass set in panels, each of which is dedicated to one of the state's pioneers. The road runs along under the cliff and the falls dash over the summits and the spray sprinkles one as he drives past. We expected to reach Portland about 3 p. m. but it was impossible to go fast, we simply had to stop and take it all in and even now I know I did not see half of it. In a few places we found snow drifts, the remains of last November's storm.

Portland is a beautiful city. It was just getting ready for the Rose Carnival and it certainly is a city of roses. We stopped at the Multnomah and had beautiful rooms, but oh, the racket. They run the street cars all night and to people who are not used to other noises than the birds, wild and domestic, it was a hard layout. The next morning we went across to Vancouver, spending two days looking over farms in Washington and one in Oregon. This Oregon place near Hillsboro is the best we have seen so far, but we expect to make another trip to that neighborhood before deciding on anything. This is an old-settled and very fertile country in Washington County and not very far from Portland.

One thing I have neglected to say note and that is the number of cars one sees on the road. Californis, Utah, Colorado, Iowa, New Mexico, Minnesota were among them and so many of them had camping outfits strapped on the running boards. There are public camp grounds all along the road, splendidly kept, even garbage cans being provided so there is no trash in sight anywhere, this along the Columbia. nor are you allowed to pick flowers or destroy anything along the road. In this state there is no such lay and in consequence the rhodendron is almost eliminated from the highways.

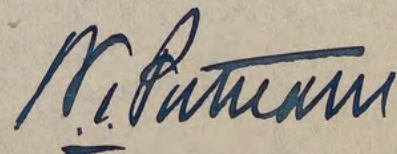
Years ago the roads were like a garden.

We left Vancouver on Thursday the 15th. and as the road north is being paved, we crossed the river to Portland and then down the Ocean Highway which runs to Astoria some 40 miles to Rainier where we crossed on a ferry to Kelso a few miles up the Cowlitz and from there north to Chehalis. This is a beautiful little town with a splendid hotel, just as comfortable as the Multnomah in Portland and nice and quiet, Friday morning we had an early breakfast and reached home at noon. Our speedometer tallied 1015 miles when we arrived.

I wish I could tell you something about the flowers. The Irises and Camas, roses, sunflowers, phloxes and I know not how many more literally covered the ground in Eastern Washington. In Oregon as one got withing the influence of the warm damp winds of the Pacific there was a great change. One thing I forgot. I told you Portland is called the Rose City. The big bridge has a long approach on the Oregon side across some low land. It is a high fill with a pavement and a well-kept post and rail fence on each side and every 10 feet for three miles there is planted a climbing rose to run over the fence.

Now I have a proposition to make you. I have told you a lot of fairy tales and taken a lot of your time, but if you will ditch Shelburne next summer and come and see me I will take you over the road from Portland to the Dalles and back and west to the Ocean. Just think of this. This will be all for this time. Kindest regards from us all.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "M. J. Patterson". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a prominent initial "M" and a long, sweeping underline.



Putnam, William T. 1922. "Putnam, William T. Jun. 21, 1922." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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