

Van Camp Ranch  
Martinsdale  
Montana  
June 14, 1935

Dear Mother,

We arrived here at two P.M.  
three P.M. your time. We have had  
a wonderful trip and the most  
beautiful country I have ever seen.  
We ~~at~~ saw snow on the mountain  
yesterday and today. From the front  
porch we can see pine covered  
mountains and some with snow.  
I rode horse back with all the  
rest of the boys. These western horses  
sure can go. As soon as I got on  
the horse started to gallop about  
fifty miles per hour and I thought  
that was the end of me. We had  
seven flat tires but that was all  
the trouble we had. The motor ran  
fine and we averaged  $19\frac{1}{2}$  miles

per gallon. Gasoline on the average  
was no more than it is at home.

Every one on the ranch is very  
nice and I know we will have a  
sweet time. We had fine cabins  
and rooms on the way out.

Paul will write to you soon  
I wanted to get this in tonight  
because Mrs. McWorkman is going in  
to town.

I will write again tomorrow  
and tell you more

if you can wait until you get my  
second letter before you write me

Your loving son

Fuel

Van Camps Ranch  
Martinsdale, Mont.  
Monday morning  
June 17, 1935

Dear Bess.

I suppose Luddie told you we arrived safely, Friday except for the flat tires we had on the way.

Friday evening we went to drive the cows to the upper pasture, and Fred sure did look funny riding a horse.

Saturday morning we took a walk up to the hills about 2 miles to the east of the house. John Van Camp took his rifle and we shot gophers on the way up. I was off afraid Herritt would not like it if I took mine. Up on the plateau on top of the hills I shot my first jack rabbit. That same evening we chased some badgers up a hill (and it about killed us because of the high altitude) and "quick eye" Gordy shot one.

Yesterday morning we went up to the mountains and found a swell camping spot. On the way up we saw about 20 Ground-Hogs, so you know I will have a good time.

I will not guarantee when I will write again but will try to write soon  
P.S. (Can you read it) your loving son  
Paul



Mrs. L. G. Lorey  
3423 Salem St.

one of Indianapolis  
first letter Indiana

Paula writing