Dear Francis:

At long last. Here's the finished copy. I wrote it in broad terms so Jane's family could get some idea of what Bartlett was like. Actually, the time covered in any detail was from 1905 to 1917.

Since the subject matter was the Fowler family, and those in fairly close contact with our daily affairs, I did not include a mention of my Indian fighting uncle. According to mother, he delighted in killing Idians. He had a razor strop which was taken down the back of one of his victims. He said it produced an edge on his straight razor superior to that obtainable by any other material. I have a feeling this man was a West. That would be from the Johnson side of the family. Mother used to visit J. B. West, in Dover, Ark. Possibly some of his descendents still live there.

We are still in the grip of winter here. This has been the worst year in the memory of old timers for icing on roofs. An ide dam forms on the edges and any melting on the roof backs up to come down inside houses. It is common to hear bang, bang ing as people attack with hammer and ax. We haven't had that trouble, thank goodness. All we've had is an unbelievable increase in our electric bill. We heat with electricity. As long as the temperature stays above 20 deg. we heat largely with our big old fireplace. Anything lower than that and we lose too much heat up our \*\*MINIMIS\*\* chimney. When I tell you we had twelve straight days below zero you can realize our fireplace has been used intermitently.

It is beautiful country though. We had an ice storm last night and the trees are like a fairyland.

Bob has moved from Albuquerque. Building there has come to a standstill, and there went his job. He is living in Farmington, a little oil town in the northwest corner of New Mexico, and is working for a firm there. He seemes to like the smaller town, and has some friends there, so who knows it might all be for the best.

Jane joins me in sending love to you all. Come see us one of these days and let us show you our pretty country.

As ever,

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