

Mr + Mrs. Winford Hays
122 South F. St.
Livingston, Mont.



Mr and Mrs. J. N. Crosby
Bartle - Oriente
Cuba

Livingston, Montana
123 South F.

Jan 28 - 1945

Dear Uncle Jesse and Family:

We certainly do appreciate your lovely letter along with the family photo. I certainly think you have a fine looking family. They look like ones to be proud of, and as I recall you from those 8 long years ago, you are a proud husband and Daddy.

I am afraid, Uncle Jesse, that were you to see me as an ordinary person you would not think me so handsome. You see, the picture was taken on my Wedding day - about 2 hours after the ceremony. As for Winford - well you might have known I wouldn't marry a different man. Do you think I am vain? Ha ha! Even tho' this affair was performed in leap year, I think he did the picking. Of course I had to pass my approval

on it. So I guess I'll say it was just "one of those things."

We have been enjoying ourselves to the full or rather as nearly as two country "hicks" can when confined to the city. Winford has been working in the R.R. Round House here but we plan on returning to our much neglected farming, the first of March. We will then live about 45 miles from Hardin. Our address tho will be just Hyslam as there is a stage route from there which will carry our mail to us. You better bring the children over. There would be so much they could do to enjoy themselves. Horses to ride, calves to chase, baby chicks to cuddle, pigs to watch, hounds to play with. And plenty of room to run around in. We will be looking forward

to that visit in the next couple of days. There is nothing I like better than to watch children having fun with the animals and when I have some claim on those children (be it only cousin) it is that much more touching.

So far we have had an extremely mild winter. There is a ~~weat~~ covering of snow over the ground now. It manages to snow about once a week the the sun shine enough the rest of the time to melt it all.

I hope this rambling letter doesn't give you a headache or any thing trying to keep up with it. I told Winford just this morning that I longed for one day he would be at home all 24 hours so I could talk at him when ever I want. As long as he can't I must

console myself by talking to
everybody else - hence a dippy
letter gets scribbled to some innocent
person. You see Winford works seven
days a week from 7 until 5 o'clock.

Give our love to the children
as well as to Aunt Remedias and
write again when you have time.

Lovingly
your brain storm of
a niece

Eileen and Winford