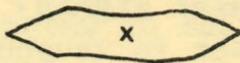
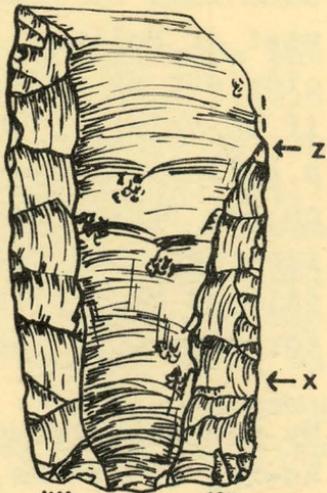
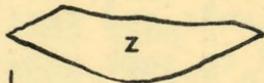
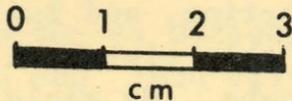
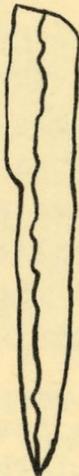


MacHAFFIE, MT.
24 JF 4



Over 10,000 years ago, in Montana, someone carefully shaped this piece of stone in an attempt to make an elegant, yet useful, Folsom spear point. He undoubtedly wanted the tool for killing game; his family must have needed meat, hides for shelter and clothes, and bone for tools. And he was a craftsman, expressing his skill. But, in the process of flaking the stone, he pressed too hard and broke the entire tip off of the piece, then discarded the flawed remainder. After a few uncomplimentary remarks about the rock or his own skill, he probably began to flake yet another piece of stone.

With 10 times 10,000 years of human faith and persistence behind us, we should feel a good deal of comfort in our own selves and society, and our ability to thrive and enjoy living. Certainly for one year more!

Best Wishes

for a

Happy New Year...

Merry Christmas!

Hope you are both feeling well; I understand from Sharon Metzler you're remodelling the house, so you must be busy. Nice piece of stone, isn't this?

Love,

Ruthann

NW 205 Larry, #16
Pullman, WA 99163
December 25, 1973

Season's greetings! Looking out at the green wheat fields around me makes it difficult to realize it's December again, but memories of Thanksgiving blizzards should encourage me to put on the peanut brittle pan. How has your year been? Mine has had mixed blessings, from the joy of August graduation to the disappointments of unemployment. But never dull!

After my world travels of last year, I trimmed my budget and stayed within a day's drive of home this year. I decided in late February that the only way to finish my dissertation was to leave Pullman for a while, and consequently headed for the Oregon mountains for some concentrated work. I found a beautiful place to stay in Estacada, 25 miles southeast of Portland and on the flanks of Mt. Hood, and watched spring come to the Clackamas River valley. I managed to discipline myself enough that by late April I had nearly all the writing and illustrations ready to go. To celebrate, I took a weekend trip over to Tillamook and up the Oregon coast to Astoria--even in the rain it was beautiful. And, oh, the clam chowder and crab! Then back to Pullman and the tedium of getting the tome cleaned up, past the committee, and approved by the thesis editor.

I've never spent a summer in the Palouse Hills before, and I rather enjoyed this one. I didn't have too much time to wander far, however, because there was always another Graduate School deadline to be met. I found a basement apartment I could use rent-free in exchange for doing yardwork, and that kept me cool and provided a small vegetable garden. I also went back to barmaiding in the local Moose Club, and finished editing my last official issue of the Newsletter of Lithic Technology. July was extra nice because I shared a week's visit with my folks, and enjoyed their campfire out at Kamiak Butte. And got some help with proof-reading! Finally, July 30th, I had my oral defense of my 305-page dissertation, and I was officially done. Those long-stemmed red and yellow roses I found afterwards, addressed to "Doctor Broad", were a most long-awaited reward.

Graduation was nice, but the let-down afterwards has been manageable only because of warm friends and family folk. I still was without a teaching or research position in August and had to seek alternatives, so decided to stay where I was. I continued at the Moose Club, sometimes filling in as bartender, and in September got a bartending job in Colfax (15 miles west of Pullman). I needed some professional affiliation to maintain my sanity, and archeologists at the University of Idaho welcomed me with office space and mailing privileges even if no salary. Happily even that has been modified, because for the next 2-3 months I'll be a full-time research associate at Idaho. The Anton Rygh site, a large prehistoric village on the Missouri River north of Mobridge, South Dakota, was excavated some years ago but never reported, and the collections are stored at Idaho. I am working with the original excavator (Alfred Bowers) and the artifacts in writing a final report for the Park Service, and looking for more work for the rest of the year. And tutoring the football team over at WSU!

My domestic talents have been latent much of this year, but I have managed to get in some sewing (curtains, clothes), knitting (Irish knit sweater with some Peruvian alpaca wool; sampler afghan), crocheting, and building (shelves, storage cabinets). I have a platform rocker to reupholster this winter, a quilt to embroider and piece, and baby clothes to make for my neice/nephew-to-be. My social life is enjoyably non-academic, and I've been learning about heavy construction, cattle sales and beer distribution, and working on slide copy for sales meetings. And seeing lots of Washington and Oregon!

I'm off to Denver, Greeley, and Duluth for Christmas, and am looking forward to seeing old friends and places. Wish I could see all of you! From this distance, tho, I send you warm wishes for a rewarding and happy year in 1974. Chou!

LC.6.3.21

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