

Envelope with two-cent postage stamp postmarked AVERY IDAHO JAN 17 AM 1911 and addressed to Mrs. W. A. Adair, Moscow

"The Limberlost."
49 Meadows
Avery, Idaho.

Dear Home Folks.

I didn't get your letter written last night as I thought I would, it was too late, and everyone scolded until I stopped and went to bed. I wish I had written yesterday for the weather was so nice. We have had three nice clear days and it seemed to strain the weather too much for we are having an old fashion snow storm this morning. Carter and Griffin are going out tomorrow if it does not storm too hard. We have had but two halfway clear days since Xmas. It began storming the day after Xmas and until day before yesterday had snowed and blowed unceasingly.

Myrtle and I tried to walk in the snow anyway, but made poor progress. The loos snow is so hard to break through. We took turns breaking last week and made it to the "Haunted Cabin." The next day our tracks were snowed over until you would not know we had plowed a furrow through the meadows with our snow shoes. The trip was too strenuous, it made me sick, but I stood the walk over to my place and back yesterday and came in in a good condition. Carter broke the trail. He has been under the weather for a couple of weeks with his back and side. He fell, while fixing the roof on Mrs. D's cellar, with a load of shakes and sprained his back. It seemed to get better but has never been well since, it has pained him considerable the last too weeks. We started to my place on Monday but his side pained him so that we came back and waited until yesterday. I think he will go to Spokane when he comes out to have it examined. My! I hope it is nothing serious, so that he will have to remain out for good or so long that we will have to have some one else bring us out to Avery.

Mrs. Durham's back is very much better, she took a short walk last week and is starting out again today. She came very nearly doing her back up for keeps.

Say! Bill Griffin says Mrs. Taylor is getting fat, and Carter says she is fat as a match anyway. Now what next? She was so tall, thin and willowy at Xmas that we all looked like Brownies. Griffin is the funniest fellow you ever saw. We all like him. But we are somewhat inclined to dislike Hansen and Larson. I don't think they're quite naturalized yet, in some ways. They wear their rubbers too long in the house without a change of sox, and you know what the results would be.

I'm all dressed up in my green dress today, with a white collar. My but I look swell! I've put on my fine black shoes too. We have had to live in our high boots for over a month. The snow would be so deep in the trails that we would get our knees wet as the trails were so slippery that we had to wear them hobnails to keep from falling. The change seems good to me.

I've almost got a new thumb nail. Old "Stub" is growing off fast now but the nail is any thing but pretty. I hope it will change with age. I've kept it bound in adhesive plaster to keep from hurting it and from catching the nail.

Say, please bring, or send, so that I can get to look it over before time, my sworn affidavit. It makes me swear every time I think of it. And do I need any witnesses? Can you see to it for me? This will be my last mail out before I come. I'm afraid things will be in a muddle.

Why, Mother, please don't think I'd be caught in Wallace in my woods clothes. Do you suppose the Board of Arbitration would consider my case any more leniently if I stood before them in rags to plead my case. The only plea that I could put forth for my condition would be that I had been steadily growing poorer each year that I homesteaded until I had reached the present condition. Even the poorest homesteader is supposed to have a dress up dress for Sunday any way.

I'm sending out by this mail to have my trunk sent from Clarkia to Avery so I will have my old suit but I don't know how I'll fix the hat proposition. I expect I'll wear Cad's old stocking cap. It's warm anyway.

I've been on my place within the ten day or two week limit with up till Xmas. Then the weather and Carters lame back prevented until yesterday. The cabin is made but not linned, and as yet I have no furniture. We are out of nails and can do nothing until Carter brings in nails and tacks from Avery. The cabin could not be mudded, because of the cold so I put moss in the cracks and took Mrs. D's paper for lining but we have no tacks to put it on with.

I go back and forth when ever I can. Mrs. D or Myrtle, one or the other, is always sick, so if the trip is taken they come back all in and it's anything but pleasant at times.

I'm glad to get the clippings. News from the states is very acceptable. What did they do with Roy G? Evon sent me a box of lovely candy for Xmas. How Lu will enjoy her Xmas "comfort" and J.E. his smoking jacket. Did Marjorie get her dish towels hemmed for Lu.

Edith sent me a very pretty belt and Bernice a hand embroidered Kerchief.

Our or my Xmas box from home was surely a happy surprise. There was so many things in for every one and it made it so pleasant. Carter was so pleased with his pipe and tobacco. Everyone seemed to appreciate their gifts so much. Carter gave Myrtle and me a back comb and a beautiful souvineere spoon with "Avery" engraved in the bowls. He gave Mrs. D. a flannel shirt with two pockets.

The slippers are still at Avery so I don't know whether they are the right size or not but I'm sure they will be alright. It seems so funny to think of having some of our Xmas still to come.

Later.

It snowed so hard that Griffin didn't come over. I don't know when he will come now.

Myrtle and I went over half way to my place to look for him but he was not. When we got back we were quite tired. I didn't say any thing but Myrtle complained until Carter got real brotherly and gave us a good lecture about a bull pup's grit. I guess it was needed but it hurt. I hope I wasn't complaining enough to need it, but I'll be so careful in the future. Carter did the best he could and made us snowshoes but they are not good and are awful hard to walk on, especially if your toes happen to turn out as much as mine. The tails get all tangled up and down you go on your nose.

Poor Frazer! Is he able to be at work again? Give him my regards.

I'm having a dreadful time to write. Mr. Edison is giving a concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid. Mr. W^m T. Carter is the director. You just can't write without keeping time with the music. When the music is unusually fast it works havoc with my writing. I've been working on the lunch cloth. I'm about halfway across one end. My! but it is slow work.

Hello! Well say! Here's Bill Griffin. At seven thirty with a palouseer. Isn't he a great one. He got off in the trail that Myrtle and I made down the meadow and went about a mile and a half out of his way. The snow makes a perfect bridge over the creek. You can go across most anywhere you want to.

Mrs. D. is going to pop some corn. Say! corn is a "joy forever" as Mrs. T. says. We have more enjoyment out of the corn than any thing I know of. Can you imagine us all gathered around the dishpan eating corn and listening to the phonograph or else taking turns reading out loud? Myrtle got two new books for Xmas. They were real good. We read them out loud. They were "The Wings of Morning" by Tracy, and "The Rose of the Ring" by George Bar McCutcheon.

Say, I have the best of the gum deal. It's only once in a while that the folks condesend to chew "nerve gum" so I chew when ever I feel like it and don't feel the least bit selfish.

I'm learning the description of my place, but I can not find a description but what reads according to the way it was marked on the platt and not as Matt Miles said he had it changed. I think Mr. Miles was mistaken.

Oh. Mother, I broke three of my good plates the last time I was over to May's. All my dishes came through just fine. There was two cracked but so little it makes no difference. I knocked them off the table and they broke. It was the style. I should have stuck to tin pans then they'd have stood the fall.

Bill and Bill are about to go into ecstasies over "Lead Kindly Light? They both like the bass voice on the record: but Bill G. Likes the tenor best and they get into an argument every time they hear the piece.

Well it's late and the boys want to get up early and take a squint at the sun. Write soon, so that I may have the home letters when they come out next time. With Love to all. I think my Xmas beat yours this year. Thanks to you.

Affectionately, Iona.