

So you see she's quite a bird.

We a fine black Witch cat too, who rides on my shoulder & "mows strange learned noises as wise cats do."

The flower garden is a small Paradise — summer, simply now it is a Snow Queens garden with every bush bent & loaded with ice and snow.

Our wood stove is going and the kettle singing and the dogs are all sprawled out on the rug beside it.

We've been dreadfully busy getting things done for Christmas. You should see the jars of cookies & the hundreds of socks & mittens & sweaters all laid out on the long table ready to be done up.

Much, much love as always,

Tasha

TASHA TUDOR ® No. GT 6-38K
IRENE BASIL GREETING CARD CO., INC.
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Dearest Nell,

We think of you often as we go about our daily work for you are always very close to me in thoughts.

We are all so happy and have come to love this place as our castle and retreat. My greatest joy is that Seth and Lisa are going to build on Seth's land adjoining mine. We are planning grandchildren patter to the big house and all sorts of happy doings. Seth is going in to work for himself. He has become the most superb wood worker and makes such fine things, and makes them so well and with such pride and care. He is building his own house and small barn, even his chimney. Lisa and Bethany and I have such good times together sewing, knitting and weaving and doing homemakey things as only women can together.

The farm is almost entirely self sufficient now and we have mastered the art of curing our meat, making butter and cheese, hand handsome rich cheese, and grow all our vegetables and pickles, even soap. At the moment I'm weaving a black and white check ~~wool~~ from our sheep for a shirt for Seth and Efra has just made a splendid woolen cape. It is all such fun. Tom is in the army and very happy.

To wish you a Blessed Christmas and a New Year of Happiness

We hope he will be retained as a teacher in this country. He's coming home for Christmas so we have literally killed the fatted calf for the event.

I have six Corgis, all of whom sleep on my bed. Clarice, the parrot is becoming quite shocking in her language, she is really too funny. You should hear her. She comes out with something quite naughty then says in a most British accent "Oh, what a disgusting bird!" This is followed by a suggestive wolf whistle. Then this fall when we had some Farm Bureau members here for supper three of the men were peering around the door at her and she said in a most ladylike voice "Would you care to use the toilet!"