

The Limberlost.  
Nov. 8, 1910.

Dear Mother:

Well this is my birthday. How strange it seems to be away from home.

Mrs. Taylor's nephew came in yesterday. He had a terrible trip. The boys got lost on they way and had nothing to eat, so they report living on a delicious fruit cake.

When Bernadine tries to get that cravanetto hat with the fur lining, try to get a 7 ½, as the fur takes up nearly a whole size. I've thought of an Xmas for Carter: a nice rubber tobacco pouch, if you can get on, try the drug store.

Please send me the paper covered book called "Hoyles Rules" for card playing. It is either on the shelf in the bathroom or in the book case in my room.

If you see any funny little toys that would help us out here send me a box of them. We are going to have Mr. Hanson, Mr. Larson, Mr. Griffin Mr. Carter, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Durham, Myrtle, and myself and maybe a couple of extras. Shall we count on Larry? He could come out to Avery and come in with Carter. There'd be a spasm in this part of the country. T'would be a hard trip.

I'd like some tissue paper and a lot of green or red baby ribbon. My! such a Xmas.

Mother, we just got word that Glen Avery was shot and killed last ~~M~~Sunday, by a 22 Special, an accident. I was so sorry to hear it. We thought so much of him, he was so good to us this summer.

It snowed about six inches last night. Mr. Benedict leaves today. He got Mrs. Taylor pretty well fixed up for winter, so she's alright now. Goodbye.

Lovingly,

Iona S. Adair.

Avery, Ida.