

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 cravanette hat with the

fur lining, try to get a 7 1/2, 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 cover
book called "Hayles 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. Hansen, Mr. Larson, Mr.
Griffin, Mr. Carter, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs.
Durham, Myrtle, ^{and} myself and may
be a couple of extras. Shall we want
on Larry? He could come out to town
and come in with Carter. There'd
be a spasm in this part of the
country. I would be a hard trip.
I'd like some tissue paper and

a lot of green or red baby ribbon.
My! such an Xmas.

Mother, we just got word that
Isler Avery was shot and
killed last Sunday, by a 22 ^{Spain} gun.
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,

John S. Adams.

Avery's da.