The Limbolet.
Nov. 5, 1910.

Dear Mother,

Tell 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 the way and had nothing to eat, so they report living on a delicious fruit cake.

When Panama this trip that cravassset hat with the
for dinner, try to get a 7¢ at the
for takes up nearly a whole size.
I've thought of an Xmas for
Cartie: a nice rubber toasters
pouch, if you can get one, try the
drug store.

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

If you see any funny little toys
that would help me out here and
me a box of them. We are going to
have Mr. Hanson, Mr. Larson, Mr.
Giffen, Mr. Carter, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs.
Durham, Myself, and myself and may
be a couple of extra's. Shall we count
on Cartie? He could come out to lunch
and come in with Carter. There'd
be a scream in this part of the
country. I would be a hard trip.
I'd like some fruit cake paper and
a lot of green or red baby ribbons. My! such a Xmas.
Mother, just got word that Glen Avery was shot and
killed East Sunday by a 22. I was so sorry to hear it. He
thought so much of him. He was so good to us this summer.

It snowed about six inches last night. Mrs. Benedict came
today. He got Mrs. Layton pretty well fixed up for winter. So the
alright now. Goodbye.

Sincerely,
[Signature]

Avery, Eda.