

Shelbyville. Mich.

Jan. 7. 1924.

Dear Aunt Nan & All.

Well I don't remember whose turn it is to write yours or mine But I am not going to wait I am going to try and write once a week to someone in Chicago, So we can keep track of everyone Ha.

How is everyone anyway? We are all feeling fine I guess it's the weather. Sat. Sun. it was pretty cold yesterday morning it was 18° below zero here.

Well I presume the girls Holiday rush is about over Do they have any idea how many pounds they made for Christmas.

To-day is certainly a beautiful day it is quite warm and the

Please excuse my writing as my hand is to full of spirit for

sun is shining so bright. It is the first
7th of Jan I remember that wasn't a
stormy one I don't remember what
it was 19 years ago to-day though.

Aunt Nan do you remember the little boy
who peddled the paper's here nites well
he died Sat. afternoon about 2:00 He has
been sick for about 6 weeks, the last few
days he suffered everything. The doctor
says it's from the poison left in his
system when they had diphtheria because
his face commenced to swell and when
the swelling got down to his lungs it shut
off his breathing. The doctors some of them
said it was heart asthma.

Well Aunt Nan the stars always shine at
our house now as we have one in the
garage, It runs like a top too. Now we can go
when it comes summer. We went to Aunt
Marions Christmas. Well I guess we got
Christmas cards from everyone but we
didn't send ours we got them all ready
to send Then forgot everything about them
The last minute I got a few ^{New year's card} and send but
they wasn't so very pretty.

Tell Dorothy I havn't seen a letter from
her since I came home and tell her that
I have her pillow cases done. Will send them
soon. Would like to make a sheet to go with them
with the insertion and perhaps I will sometime
before April —

Well I must close write soon. Walma