

Thorp Spring

My dear papa

I want you to write to me,
I Am going to write to you
every Sunday. Aunt Liza cleared
our clats this morning. I cleared
the yard yesterday. Mamma let me
buy some Carib. Gelatin re
Clavel the god. Mamma bought
Carib. Gelatin. Dr. Johnson has
moved. Little Sister says
some home paper bring.
Lizzy Candy. Corrie says
If you will bring him
some books he will be all right.
your little boy Eddie Clark