

629 Lake St.
Reno Nev.



Mr. Tom P. Walker
1128 Mateo St.,
Los Angeles,
Calif.

R
P
L
P

7:10 Wed. Eve.

Dear Thomas Cat,

this is going to be one of those "Glad-you're-well, so-an-I" notes cause I want it to "23" tonight.

A big baseball game is scheduled tomorrow afternoon between R. P. L. & W. Co. and the Colonials. While asking if I were going Mr. Gannon remarked, "I'll let you in on your face, and punch it as you pass the gate!" Saucy thing!!

Did you know your
Hayman is married? Well,
I don't know it either for
sure as it is just one 'of
the "roomers" afloat. If so,
he's another victim of
these "devorkas"! (That last
is of your own invention
— I refuse to claim it.)

Want to tell you I got
along swimmingly with my
Sunday school class, —
we ate candy, talked of N. S.
affairs, etc., and incidentally
had a lesson.

You can't guess where I'm
going tonight! Edith and

I took a sudden spell ^{that we} ~~exercise~~ ^{all these} ~~mistake~~
wanted to know "Why Catholics
go to Confession", so to the lecture
wise going (at the Catholic Church.)
I heard that Ray Penry sang a solo
there last night and I'm hoping
he'll "do the same thing over
again" tonight.

Last night Mr. Swerner took a
bunch of us joy riding. The
"birdies" all flew this morning,
so no more ^{rides such as that} ~~rough~~ for a long, long time.
(I'm sure ^{it} ~~it~~ wouldn't compare
with the one you had in Kent's
machine. ahem!)

I'll bet your family are
glad you'll be with them
tomorrow. So am I!

By the way, have you
heard that Nettie Newmarker
died early yesterday morning.
She had been sick but a
very few days and the end
came very unexpectedly, at
least to her friends.

The train is whistling
in now, so if I'm arrested
for exceeding the speed
limit I'll lay the blame at
one Tom P. Walker's door! Don't
tear your hair, I'm quite
a sprinter (not spinster xx!!)

With lots of l --- uck
(fooled you, did I? Oh, ha!)

Yours

Reno Ruth.