

T.P. Walker,
Virginia,
Nev.

Dec. 28, 1911.



Miss Ruth Oyle,

629 Lake St.,

Reno,

Nev.

Virginia City, Nev.

Dec. 28, 1911.

Rap! Rap! Rap! (there being no bell)
I must needs knock.
Is that your call?

My Dear Rufus; (O - - - x - - O)

Say you know you're some letter writer. That letter of yours was ~~some~~ clever, I'm telling you, and was as refreshing as a brisk shower on a hot day. If you don't write another one soon, I shan't speak to you any more at all. See! Br - x - - - -.

I am very glad indeed that you were pleased with the stationery. I wondered if

you would question the originality of the idea, ~~since~~ you spoke to me once about embossed stationery. Really I had conceived that idea before you spoke. Beat you to it didn't I? (But that's worn out.) I sent some to Sia too. I hope she is pleased.

Well I'm still a miner - spell it "or" if you choose - and still like it as well as ever. It's not half as hard as I had supposed, and really I'm learning something every day. Bob - by the way he sends his love - is just as enthusiastic as ever about it, and goes to work every night with out the least murmur. He is working night shift now, that is 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. - a very ~~convenient~~ convenient arrangement since our bed is not a particularly large one, and I am a restless sleeper at times. On the whole we manage nicely. Our room is a rather large one, but very cozy. The only discomfort is poking wood into the stone, and that isn't much when one is just spending a vacation.

If Mr. Campbell is true
to his word you'd be a
"miliner aress lady" (do you know
that joke?) soon, won't you? I
don't see how you can stand
a raise in salary. In any
event accept my "congratulations".
You deserve it I know (No shush)
and if Mr. C. is a good sport
you will get one every three
months.

Big dance tonight, and
would you believe it little
Tom isn't going to be there.
It's a big dance too and I hate
to miss it, but really I can't¹
afford to lose any sleep now

that I have a chance to get
all I want.

Ah! ha! willian you "josh
dermed" me did you. For ~~on~~ that
I shall pursue you to death's
door. Why persecutest thou me
so sorely? But say you addressed
that curse to Percy and of that
person I know nothing. Who
ever heard of a hobnob mine
named Percy! Look good now—
Tom, not Percy—
do you get me, old Champs.

It must be a great
sight to see you trudging
thru' the snow every morning
in the direction of the Saverses

Is there much snow in Reno? We have piles (get that one) of it here and it is uncomfortable stuff where there are no graded streets, and where every block is a slippery hill. But such are the pleasures of a vacation camping out.

And now since I have mentioned the weather — the last subject mentioned in my proper letter — I shall proceed to conclude the performance.

But do not let me forget to wish you a thousand happy New Years, and all kinds of success. Do you intend seeing the New Year in, by riotous conduct or otherwise? I'll wager my socks that you go to church, and really I should do that same myself if I were able, so go to it. But here I go rambling along when I promised to stop. Forgive me, and let me sign myself,

Yours for a big 1912.

Tom.