

W. P. Walker
AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

ENO POWER, LIGHT AND WATER CO.

RENO, NEVADA



*Miss Ruth Pyle,
McKinney,
Lake Tahoe,
California.*

Reno, Aug. 7, 1912

My Dear Rufus.

This is my night on, and I positively refuse to do anything but take in ^{particular} the cash. Don't think tho' that I have waited for this chance to write to you. Last evening I started my little "stude" off on his work, and as a consequence had no time.

Every one has been asking for you since tho' it is known that Geo. and I were up there Sunday. When will Nath be home? How should I know, say how. I have a good time, and don't ever come home if you don't want to - I'll come up there - sure I will.

My personality has made a hit, I, myself, positively require it before every meal. Appetizes you know. Some lunch of music you lot I'm telling you.

"Our New Hired Girl" from Jerusalem has proved to be a lemon for fair. I as he it from me to speak deprecatingly of any one, especially a perfect lady - but you can put me down as having much less faith in some women. I've about made up my mind to quit it all - not the world - the job. It's too much like work. Sammon claims to be the proverbial fifth wheel that is always in the way. I must surely be the brake with the office on the grade.

To hear me talk one would think my responsibility great. It's so little that I have all this time to think about it.

Of course you must know all the gossip. Ed. Seeper was rather disappointed because I didn't tell you about his wooden shower. July thirty one was the fifth anniversary of his wedding, and to properly observe the occasion we all chipped in for some lumber. When Ed. came from lunch he found ironing boards, wash boards, toy furniture, clothes pins, tooth pins, rolling pins — everything imaginable. Eva saw them. It was fun. Some more news. Last night Chap and Ware took Mita & Yitta to the show, and then for some cream. Will immediately if you are not satisfied with Chap's or Ware's behavior.

Gone lonesome town, girl, so manage to come home on time. I have me doots about getting up there Sunday. We can't come up Saturday afternoon, maybe Sunday tho! Quien sabe!

Maybe I ought to scribble a little scribble to Eva; so here's the end. Is not quite. Jean bothers me so much to say hello to you. Did you get it. Hello.

Yours forever
Dom.