

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
AND MECHANICS
RENO, NEVADA



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Canada.

Fairview Lawn
July 21, 1914.

My Sweetheart:

Again a letter from you. Sure I miss the one a day, and I also miss the writing one a day, but this must be the more sensible method. It keeps up the suspense.

Had must be the sly old fox with my letters. Since he has let Uncle Williard in on the secret you, no doubt, lead a merry life. You stand no chance of forgetting that Tommy is, anyhow.

The batches are faring well of late. I always have to mention them don't I? There is little else to tell of here. Eva sent a box of candy for our Sunday feed. Last evening there came a batch of doughnuts from mother, Dorothy received a box of plums, and some candy, and D. Wigley donated liberally from a box of cherries he received. With all this encouragement, and plenty of time to cook me do very nicely. I'm beginning to like this keeping house already - let you and me hurry up.

A month ago tomorrow night we said so long for two months and a half. It was then that you sprinkled all over my

coat and I nearly resolved to stay away from Fairview. Now when I put on that coat I always remember that night, and when I catch a whiff of the many Garden that still lingers, I have to breathe hard. I can't ever remember of being homesick but if it's any thing like being home such excuse me from it. Well be comforted in knowing that there is only one more spell apart, and then never again. If it were only tomorrow.

Westy and I have the swimming habit. There's nothing unusual about that in itself. The strange part lies in this - that we swim at 9.30 every night. The moon is high then - the stars are bright - the water is warm - and the bed is the after. Such is the life here - catch a whim - then satisfy it. no strings on you except during shift time, and no limitations except the conveniences of the camp. With all that won't I rise look good in just a month, and a few days from now?

you have remarked, without a doubt, that I speak much of Westy. We have become pretty much pals, and a peach of a pal he is. Independent to an extreme - big - capable - and the heart of a boy. I can learn lots of the man I want to be from him.

(over)

I'll use this side to same postage. It's to
say so long to you. I wish it were the
same is long of a month ago.

Kiss me good night Rufus dot - a long
sweet one - a month and half long. Then will
start all over. The cool nights of fall, when
neither of us has anything to do but just
to walk, and talk, and wish - that's what
I want most now, and that's what I'm
going to get most when that time comes.
My best to my love — Yours.