

THPO
708 N. CENTER STREET
RENO, NEVADA

T.P. W. '15



Miss Ruth Pyle,
Part Cogitlam
B.C.

Box 80

Canada.

Sunday the 9th.

My Poor Neglected - Forsaken Sweetheart.

What will you say for the few days that come between this letter, and the last. You'll think all kinds of vicious things about me and then be sorry you said them. Bless you. Ruth it's not all my fault and you know it. 'cause I'd be a writing to you every day. The whole trouble lies with a certain pump that supplies all the water to the town of Fairview. The aforesaid pump developed a complication of diseases to her motor, and since no one in this city could wash his face until said pump again pumped the electrical department got in a long shift. Frankly it took forty-three hours steady grind to complete the task and furthermore introduced some \$24.50 toward the Frisco trip. All this came the night after we finished the telephone job. No mail went out today hence another day added to the span. Did it seem a long time to wait for my love to get to you.

Last night a bride and groom were ~~per~~

presented with a beautiful coffee service. purchased
by subscription from 7 airviewites. The whole
town was there and the punch we fetched along
was real good. I was to give the presentation
speech but didn't know the people particularly
well so crawled out of it by writing one for some-
one else to give. The affair busted up at 9:30, and
some of us went to Hardy's pulled up the rugs and
you know!! But even that seems tame to you.
I'd bet. George Perrin in a fit of exuberance
started a subscription for a wedding present for
you and me. He and Bill think we're engaged.
Ha! Ha! good joke, eh?

That excursion (your Dad prepared must
have been a peach. Never did I feel so homesick
for you as when you told of that trip, and your
dreaming. Dreaming is good for you, Ruth, you get
so little time to do it usually. I wouldn't pre-
scribe it for Sillie tho'. Poor kid - I'm beginning
to feel sorry for her too - just as I do for Sol. But
it's sorrows like those that make me love
you more; so bring 'em on.

Had a clever little letter from Sis at
asciliman. She is having a good time. ~~It~~ who
says three girls, as a jamet like that, can't?

no more. Only seven more
then a few more days brings the 20th at 5
P.M. will I be on the wharf? well I wonder.
I'll be there a thousand times.

Bertie Ast is here with a couple of cronies
rustling a job. He told me that there was a cop
on ~~a~~ night shift out the campus now, to drive
greeners away. Just so he doesn't find the porch
at 629 we should worry.

Thanks Dad, for me, for wishing me on that trip with you. He couldn't have struck a more happy idea.

happy now.
The music is great - I tried it over last
night. If "I'm goin' away" and the "Pussy Rag"
don't hit Reno soon will make a stir with 'em.
I have them figured in a blue club stunt. They're
sure good. That "Little Irish Girl" is swell too.
They're all good in fact.

Once again - good night Rusie. Just a
written good night but written with the pen
all a-tremble. It's a good night to my sweetheart.
Close as hugs and kisses - one for
each night till the 25th & XXXXXXI am XXX