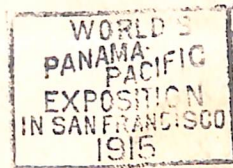


PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.



STEAMSHIPS
YALE AND HARVARD



✓ Ruth Ann Pyle,
629 Lake Street,
Reno,
Nevada.

Saturday night.
aboard the Harvard.

Sweetie Sneaky,

I'm in an awful pensive mood tonight. all alone, just like I want to be, a quiet crowd on board, and a pretty sail. I sit out side and dream awhile, hear the music another little while, then dream again. a fellow could make himself awful lovely in a crowd of people like this.

Well what do you suppose will happen, tomorrow!!! I don't know, and I'm glad I don't. But here's a sure thing. I've gawked around a week now, wondering and gazing at the crowds, awed at the bustle and the big buildings, and acting in general like an immigrant. I wonder if you felt about like that when you came to get Pi Phi. It's getting better now tho'. I realize there's not a soul in the whole city

gives a whoop - snapping bang who in
'turret' I am, and would appreciate the
fact if I'd trot along my little alley and
eat all their dust I saw. alright old
S.A. I'll be with you in the morning.

Did you pray for a mutiny? Better make
it two. we want to be sure. That boat
stops at San Pedro, and I may get a chance
to board her there. I hope I won't run across
any unions or something like that. I'd join
the Salvation Army for a job.

Bob has changed a great deal in a year.
He's shaken off a lot of his seriousness and
laughs even more than usual. He and I
sure had a good time. She's the one
fellow in all my acquaintance, whom I'd
want to be like. She learned a lot from
him.

Suppose I take another little turn about
the boat, think some more about Jessie,
and then turn in to think a lot more about
her. Good night sweetheart, and love to you -
~~and me~~