

GLEE CLUB  
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

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Y. M. C. A.

Los Angeles, Cal.



WORLD'S  
PANAMA-  
PACIFIC  
EXPOSITION  
IN SAN FRANCISCO  
1915



Ruth Ann Pyle,  
629 Lake St.,  
Reno,  
Nevada.

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RENO, NEVADA,

Monday Evening.

Dear Sneaky,

Today is an absolute holiday in little old S.A., and all I could ~~so~~ do was stick around. Called up several of my friends, but none were home. Got a job waiting at the polls tomorrow, but I don't think I'll take it. One candidate for mayor advertised for workers I signed up to boost for him, and am to get \$2.50, ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> if he wins \$5.00. I'm led to believe he can't win (even if I work for him) and the polls are open from 6 till 7. Figure it out  $\frac{2.50}{13}$  is something like 19¢ an hour.

This y.m.c.a. is sure some joint. Here I am on the tenth floor with big

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I reach windows that open toward the business section of town. I have the ~~table~~ table at the window and, as I look out, the town is just lighting up. Really an inspiring sight. It's the sun that gets my eye tho'. Had one upon arising this A.M., and this afternoon when time hung a bit heavy I got in again.

There are sure some rabid fresh air fiends here. The courts are all crowded with chads. I just pull my bed to the window and stick the head out. Oh don't be afraid my head won't fall off. There's a railing anyhow. One old guy this A.M. gets out of the plunge and starts to convalesce like he was flagging three jitney buses all an

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different streets. His morning exercise!!

Some of them are awful clean too.

One fellow particularly in the lavatory this morning. He spent twenty minutes shining up the washbowl before he would use it, and then commenced his ceremony. after a general scrubbing and burnishing, like he was going to get married or something as ~~diastee~~, he pulled the prize stunt of the morning.

He grabbed a hold of his ears, one in each hand letting them stick out through his fingers, and holding as tight as possible, wiggled them up and down like he were trying to loosen the roots down about where they hit the spinal cord, all the time squealing like a "just-meaned" Berkshire Boar.

(over)

I couldn't laugh 'cause he was a pretty big lad, (must have taken his calisthenics already) but I did manage to squeeze out a cough.

It's getting so dark I can't see any more, and "besides", (as a friend would say), I've got a ticket to "The Clausman", a moving picture. Bob told me it was very good. It starts its 14<sup>th</sup> week here tonight. Mizzi Hajos is here tonight also. —

I ought to find several letters at the P. O. tomorrow. But there too late today.

Good night, Suealey. I thought of you an awful lot today because I was lonesome, almost homesick I guess. (It was a warm day too, and the sun burned rather bad) <sup>Figure that out</sup> it's easy.

See you again.

yours forever (especially after I saw S.F. & S.A. beauties)

x x x  
x x x

Tom.

catch 'em, they're got wings & &