

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
AND MECHANICS
RENO, NEVADA



WORLD'S
PANAMA-
PACIFIC
EXPOSITION
IN SAN FRANCISCO
1915



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

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GLEE CLUB

RENO, NEVADA,

Look at the Baldy Apartments.
(I don't mean Prof. Boardman
'cause he hasn't any apto
to let.)

And its Friday night past
Sommies bed time.

Lovines' Girl Rufus,

Do you know it's in me tonight ~~at~~ to
write the longest, prettiest letter I ever wrote, but
I'm not going to write it 'cause tonight is my
night to go to bed. Why tonight? you ask!! Well
that's easy - tomorrow's Saturday and Albert Cahn
himself, wants me, along with some hundred more
of the boys, to work till 10 o'clock.

Speaking of work, if we must revert to the
distasteful subject, I am now into the toughest
job I ever held down - unless it was trying to
make you take care of yourself, and I failed hope-
lessly, ruthlessly, at that. You see we work
from 7 a.m. till 6.15 P.M. everyday, and then
for a night cap, so to speak we put four hours
on to that every Saturday. It's not easy work
either, the same being running all over the
store for shoe polish, prunes, sardines, and
dill to make dill pickles. I waited on 110 people

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RENO, NEVADA,

Today ~~for stuff~~ and sales ran from 3 cents to \$15.00 - so there. It's a job how's news and I'm going to hold it till I see my way clear to leave this place. Hopes it's in August cause then I'll see you. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! That's what I want more'n anything else.

changing my address cheated me out of two letters. Wonder if there's something the matter, 'cause I got ~~was~~ one from mother all right.

~~went out to see some people last night -~~
got tired to death, and had a punk time. That's a mean thing to say, but a fellow misses sleep these days.

Sonja go now Sueasy, sweetheart. You'd tell me if there was anything the matter with you wouldn't you? I do 'cause didn't I tell you there wasn't anything the matter with me? I'd tell you how sick I was inside but it wouldn't do much good - just a crying in the wilderness. I used to think there was nothing bigger in the world than to be somebody real worth while - some big bug. A month has changed that a lot, and with all the change I want to be somebody all the more, but I want you more than anything else. It

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isn't sentimentality (that is the cheap sort) be-
cause I despise that thoroughly enough to
know its symptoms. It might be what some
people call "homesickness." - I don't exactly know
what that is. I never wanted my mother or
my sister like I want you. Can't tell what
it's like - it's just a great big hole that
all the cities in the world can't cover up. I've
lost my pal - my the best pal I ever had, and
I can't find another to tide over the space.
~~I'm gonna quit for sure 'cause I'm just~~
naturally working myself into a dangerous
mood. I want you to know I want you
a lot, sweetheart, that I love you more
than anything in the world, and that I'll
never do a single thing without your face
right in front of me telling me it's all
for the good of you and me.

Here are some kisses - Good night.

your lover -

x x Tom x x x ©

x

x

x

(X)