

GLEE CLUB
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

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WORLD'S
PANAMA-
PACIFIC
EXPOSITION
IN SAN FRANCISCO
1915



Miss Ruth Pyle.

629 Lake St.,

Reno,

Nevada.

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~~RENO, NEVADA.~~

Same Place Sunday aft.

Dearest Rufus.

What's the matter?? I haven't had a note from you for three days now. It may be that the ymca. isn't forwarding my mail, but, as I said before, I got one from mother all O.K. Perhaps that fellow up there wants to play a foxy little joke on me. You know how clever those ymca. guys are at practical joking. But listen if there is something the matter, tell me right away, I won't yaw!!! If I heard it from some one else first, I'd be pretty scared.

The last letter I wrote to you was a pretty blue one wasn't it? Really I shouldn't have sent it but if ever you found out I was blue and hadn't told you, you might be perved. But you never tell me you are blue, and I know that sometimes you are. I don't mind that you don't tell 'cause, truly, I know you well enough to know just how you feel, and nearly what you are doing, but when you

Don't write you scare me.

Got a swell thing today. You'd never guess it so I guess I'll have to tell you when we get to second street. Can't wait? O.K. It's a Panama, and it cost four dollars, and its shape is just like the one the Blue Club bought for me - member? Maybe it isn't swell eh?? Bosh I feel like the Duke of Muiden.

Worked till 10 o'clock last night and was disappointed that I wasn't more tired. It sure sets a mans peace of mind in good shape to have plenty to do. When I got home Miss Morrison was waiting up for me, with lunch set out. See it was good. This morning I didn't get up till ~~ten~~ nine - bathed - shaved - and dressed more leisurely than ever before, had a good breakfast with Miss M. and we went to church. Then I got my new hat, and came right home to tell you all about it. Was aw right!! Tomorrow we're going to the beach early, and I'm going to be in the surf all day. Oh maybe I compose a letter to my sweet heart, right on the

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beach when I'm a loafer.

a fellow sure appreciates a day for loafing when he works ^{at} real work. Fairview was sure a pipe job, and paid lots more money.

You should see the classy room I have now. Two big windows face west, and a transom gives a fine flow of good So. Cal. air across my brass bed - it's some bed. a nice comfortable rocker - another chair - a dresser - a classy writing desk (better in yours), and a carpet that squeezes up around your toes when you walk on it with soles negligée. The closet is big enough to stage a heavyweight battle in, and the view from the window is an inspiration. I hope I can keep it a long time, 'cause it's a nice place to come to, and if there's something I like right smart it's a pleasant place to call home.

I'm sitting at the writing desk now, and you're sitting right in front of me where I can look up and tell you everything before I write.

it down. Maybe you can read between the lines
a lot of things I tell you that I don't put
down. Do you remember the little ~~card~~ card that
carries a letter with Ruth Pyle on it, and
that was a place ^{card} at some party you attended?
(It was an announcement party wasn't it?)
well he stands out in front introducing
you to all comers. He says. "This is Ruth
Pyle, and she is some girl. If you don't
believe it ask Tom Walker, he knows her
well." and then I proceed to supplement the
announcer's words, illustrating with several
other likenesses in different poses, and before
long people know that Ruth Ann Pyle
(Walker) is just about the best what is
to be found, and that Thomas Kervin
Walker, knows whereof he speaks, that he
speaks with conviction, and that his heart
is in his subject. Only a few have seen it
so far, but believe you have a bunch of
friends here, and (except for me) I have some
cordially envious admirers (Zat right?)

Today is the Fourth of July and a
Sunday. In Reno, and in Los Angeles, and
all over the world there is a certain
young fellow who goes to a certain place

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to get a certain girl, and we see them strolling
along, arm in arm, and we envy them their
wonderful happiness. WE can envy them too,
'cause we know just what they are saying,
the wonderful things that are to happen to
them between the time he steals his first
kiss, (that he needn't have stolen if he only
knew it), until the minister - oaks's away
and they can kiss each other as Mr. and
Mrs. That's what makes it all the harder
to take. If we didn't have so many pretty
little thoughts and secrets in common -
secrets that only two people on earth know -
we'd not be affected so much (and we wouldn't
know what it is to love real well). Give me
the knowledge of real love. eye! eye! the
echo comes.

I can't see you today, Sweetheart, but I can
tell you that I'm yours for sure and that
there isn't anything in the world that can
make me stop loving you. Here's a royal hugging
for you, my love, and help yourself to all the
kisses you can use.
you loves for sure
⊗ ⊗ x x I am x x ⊗ ⊗