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UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
GLEE CLUB

RENO, NEVADA,

Sunday Evening.

Dearest Rufus -

I could write this letter, outside on the porch the moon is that bright. The evenings are really wonderful here now that the moon has come to the full. Gosh it keeps a pulling at a fellows heart to have all conditions exactly like true lovers like them best, and know the whole thing is two hundred and fifty miles away.

This morning after I mailed a letter to you, (and wrote seven for my football team (one to Reno High by the way), I went to church. It was Presbyterian, and the minister Mr. Bayless, a fellow who failed to impress from the start, snatched about

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Moses when he was 120 years old.
That's all I remember of it. He has
been chirping to me for a long time
about the wonderful choir he has -
choir practice on Thursdays - wasn't you
come etc. etc. This morning there
wasn't a singer there. I wasn't he
a Presbyterian in Jonopah. Remnant
Percival S. Smythe (remember him) is to
come here soon. I like him very much.
maybe I'll be a Disciparian again.

Just after church I met Ray
Hardy talking to Bennett. Had him
up to lunch (some more newisen), and
this afternoon we went through
the Extension Mill. Tonight I took
him & Capt. Catter to a particularly
rotten show. Capt. Catter is the father
of the freshman at Nevada, and some
guy he is. Very well read, a college graduate

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and a very interesting letter.

Saturday and Sunday gone, and I haven't done one whiff of all I planned. I've spent a lot more money real foolishly since I came here, too. It's all coming home to me just tonight, how a fellow in a care free position like I have can just fritter away, and fritter away till he has less than nothing, and a bad case of remorse to boot. I'm having too pleasant a time - That's what is the matter, and it's commencing to sour. Oh well - it's soon over.

again I go. I'm working awful hard to bring our football team to Reno, and I'm not working for the team either. That little sight of you just set me crazy, Sweeney, - I want you always, and harder than ever. At Christmas sure, and before then let's hope. yours till Eternity.

x x x x x
x x x x x
x x x x x