

Box 1342
Tonopah, Nev.



Ruth Ann Pyle,
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Reno,
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Sunday Evening -

Sneakers Darling.

Here's to the girl who can dance like a dream,
To the girl who can play the piano;
A health to the girl who writes verse
by the sear,
Or toys with high C in soprano;
To the girl who can talk,
And the girl who does not,
To the saint and the sweet little sinner;
But here's to the cleverest girl of the lot,
The girl that can cook a good dinner.

Yep I got a peach of a letter today
that promised a better one tomorrow. Fine -
come on Sister Pyle.

~~Let~~ well the Down Team beat us
for the simple reason that that played
better ball, or rather they had better
players. Their best, however, registers in
High School tomorrow - Hurrah. Have
high hopes of cleaning up with my team
too, so boost for it all you can.

The dance Friday night was a

peach. See I had a good time even if I did stay it. Last night I went to a surprise party that was a sure prune. We were all tired from the night before and couldn't get into the spirit of it all. This morning I slept till 9.30 hoping to put a batch of work behind me. Couldn't do it some how or other, and see no way but to turn in early to night, and hit the ball hard early to-morrow morning. It's 10 o'clock now too.

N.K. "Ben" I canbier, who is County Treasurer here, and who has been on a month's visit to Virginia arrived this evening, and ousted me from my room. I had to move to a cabin about a hundred feet from the Club. Have a peach of a room too, only it will be too cold in winter. I spend most of my time in the parlor anyhow, so what's the difference.

Here's another day finished with a few minutes with my love. Good night Sweetheart. I'm still putting in a lot of time thinking of you and all your hard work - and a loving you, and loving you all the time.

Your own lover Tom x x x x x x
x x x x x x x x x x