

Box 1347
Tonopah.
Nevada.



Miss Ruth Pyle,
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Reno,
Nevada.

Sunday evening.

Sweetest Girl what Am.

Somehow or other this has been a peach of a day. I feel absolutely peaceful and happy, nothing to worry about, lots of work in sight, and don't give a damn when I do it. I studied a "History of Education" for an hour and a half, and felt just like a sponge - everything I read was very interesting and I retained nearly all of it. Then I played the piano for an hour or so, and I could play the hardest tunes I know, (those I like the best) without a mistake, and with lots of rhythm. Then I

stepped outside to watch the sun
set ~~so~~ behind snow covered Mt.
Broughton, and the sky was all
pink & blue & deep red and white
with fantastic clouds & awful
pretty. Then I read a letter
from my Sweetheart that had
a whole lot of real substantial
love in it, and now I'm sitting
down to answer it with all
the finest feelings inside that
a fellow ever gets. I'll tell
you how ~~at~~ I feel. - just
like someone else described such
a day, as one in which his
soul grew a heap. I feel that
same sort of a growing pain
in the best part of my inside me.

Say have you no respect for my
instructions? Here it is you who have
to wake me from a peaceful dream.
If you send me any change from that
fines, I'll burn it up and eat the
ashes. If your supersensitive loving
little (no big I mean) conscience can't
accept it for the ~~same~~ reams of music
you have sent me then for the Ador-
ation of St. Michael put it out at in-
terest to buy Sis or Mother a Xmas
present, or send me some more music,
or buy a new switch or something for
yourself, or buy Ruth Miller a \$5 presidency.

Gouna sing a aria called "Golden
Jerusalem" from "Hara Novissima" that
has an area of about 20 square notes,
and I'm gonna sing it with a voice just
recovering from chronic spavin or some
other ho(a)se disease. I should cry
about that.

That's a megaphone!

Now listen: ~~my~~ my program must still
include a divestment and reinvestment of
rayment, and a caress upon each cheek
~~with~~ from my friend King C. Sillette, before
I can join that happy group that is to
polish up the bones of old Biddy now roasting
in the pan. Farewell du liebe Schatz
Auf wiedersehen with a million kisses and a love
that was built for all time.
Your loves Tom