



FAIRWAY
STATION



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

Sunday afternoon

My Sweetheart.

I had well nigh determined to write a real sassy letter because I really ~~thought~~ I was getting impatient. Then I reasoned it all out, and decided that you are busier than ever you were before, and just naturally couldn't find time to give to writing. I hardly expected that either - Do you remember all the promises about taking it easy this year? That's all right tomorrow I'll get a nice long letter - then I'll feel

better all over again, and
perhaps forget this long
dry spell. This is the long-
est yet, I think.

The river was beautiful
yesterday. we started from
the boat house about four,
and didn't quit till ~~at~~ nine,
taking an hour out for
a feed, and in that time
made twelve miles - six
up and six down the
river.

The water was as quiet
as midnight out on old
Mount Rose, and just as
the sun was going down
the reflection of the trees
was super beautiful. a
few of the tenderer maple

leaves have started to
turn splatting up the
green with bright red
spots. This surely promised
to be a wonderful fall.

Then when the stars
came out, and I got a
good cigar to drawing
well, (I shocked my righteous
young New England friend too -
oh! oh!) the picture was
complete. a canal is a
kind of a picturesque scene
anyhow, but with that
wonderful setting it was
beautiful. I hope some time
we can do lots of canoeing.
maybe we'll locate in
Boston eh?

The change of weather
from hot and sultry to
~~into~~ cool and clear, has
marked wonders with my
good old Nevada pep. I
feel now like I did toward
the end of my Freshman
year at Nevada, when every-
thing seemed to be coming
my way, and I was in
love with every thing I
did. I had lost a lot
of that spirit. I ~~thing~~
think that losing that
SAE petition gave me a
nasty setback. I'd been
slipping before, and at
that time I knew I
wasn't doing my best. Then

when that was finished, I
couldn't get interested in
Blue Club like I should -
I let the Eastern trip
go by the boards. I didn't
do half so much as Pres-
of the A.S.U.N. as I had
hoped to, and I wasn't
nearly as good to you as
was in my heart to be.

Then Los Angeles dumped
me to the bottom abso-
lutely, and Sonopah didn't
help a lot. I had a brilliant
time there - lots of society
and foolishness but damned
little interest in any work,
and for that a pretty poor
Prof. It's all different

now. I've been here just
long enough to get well
into the swing of things,
and the old spirit that
being on the winning side
gives, is right with me.
I guess that's the trouble -
I'm too darned weak on
the losing side.

Well this last week
was a good one - there are
lots more like it coming,
and then I ought to get
a going like I did at
college -

There'll be one mighty
big factor missing till
next year tho', and that's
you - right here with me -

But then I'll know you
are with me lots stronger
than you were then, and
if I get enough letters, I
can imagine a lot of the
distance away.

I promised to go to
church over in Boston
tonight, and if I'm to
get there I'd best be
hiking away pretty pronto.

So long to you, my
busy Sweetheart, Please don't
work too hard, and please
find a moment for poor
old Soumie what loves
you, and loves you, and
wants you here right this
moment to hug and kiss and
tell lots of things to. ^{xxxxx} ^{xxxxx} ^{xxxxx}
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