

Ruth Pyle
UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
~~OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER~~
RENO, NEVADA



Mr. Tom P. Walker,
Tonopah,
Nevada.

P.O.Box 1342.

Sunday 5 o'clock.

Lover Lane -

Lou Blaney came with the awful news that Harold Brinstead was dead. Six of the fellows left last night on a sheeing party - up to a cabin 8 miles from here. about $\frac{1}{2}$ mi from the cabin, he became exhausted. ~~the~~ it took the fellows 2 hrs. to carry him that $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. and even then he didn't last long. Det Wolford & Jensen staid in the cabin with him while the others came to town.

He's been counting so much on that trip! Friday night he told me he had spent 5 hrs. in the mill that day making his shees. He was the peppiest cat, and mighty well-liked. Just such as this makes a fellow stop to consider the thread we hang on all the time.

You aren't going to mount Rose any more, - is you Sonnie! I'm glad that trip is a has-been, cause you'd never tell nobody either when you grew tired.

Last night Otto, Dad, & I had some
music, and fun, and eats over
to Helen's. They got me too wet going over
to Helen's, so I staid with her all night.

And now I'm ready to go see your mother
a few minutes, and get some Pi Phi
material. Tonight is my last chance
to do some studying on that.

A week since you left! - but I'm
sure the calendar lies. We've
lived more'n a week if you're
asking me. I kiss you "good night, Dommie,
"come again", while I'll squeeze you so
hard it'll make you cry — no don't,
cause I can't kiss such a lower lip —
it interferes with traffic. I'm lonesome
as the deuce too, and wish I were
livin' on "cheese and crackers and
apricats" with you!

All your own

Lucy
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