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Tom P. Walker

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Sues. 7:30 P.M.

Sweatheart lover!

Say - your muse worked over time on the letter I got today.

No - that's not the way I meant it, Dannie, cause I know it just dripped from your pen in gobs like other letters.

But I can't do it, so as a reward I'll send on a letter that came from Frank today. I surely would like to have you ~~two~~ two in a contest. I'd laugh the hardest at you tho, cause that's what I've been a doin' for nigh on to 7 yrs. or so.

How is that coed now? Really you are the worst, and please oh please be careful. You are a lucky man to be able to earn some side money. But sure I've forgotten about it already! Every time I hear new music, I'm wondering if you have it. Last night, Mrs. Hunsford sang "Sometime Somewhere." Tomorrow I'm going down town & will take the chance you haven't it. If you have, send her back & Eve & I'll wear it out.

Wish you could have heard Aileen Gilling at the memorial services Sunday sing "Crossing the Bar." No one stirred for several moments after she finished, she did it so wonderfully. Then the minister in his grand tone & pronunciation at the close, gave Robert Lewis Stevenson's "Requiem". Maybe they got a solemn air, but those two songs always ^{run}

off fast with my goat. 'S Great!!

Well, the meeting went off with a bang! We're going to give a dance for our pledges on the 11th & 3 next month. Yesterday the Stanford chapter invited me to attend their initiation on the 7th. Hope things shape that-a-way, & then we can have ours on the 12th. Hooray boys!!! X X!

All the ASS turned out too, I'm telling you! Tell you what we did? Well, a committee of 6 had the entertainment in charge.

Put all playing cards, stationed a "detective" at each table who took down all charges against individuals such as crabbing, gossiping, etc. No one knew a thing about this, so when the game was ended the rooms were changed into a court room, Well Boyd was the judge, these people arrested & in penalty they had to do a stunt. Gee it was funny - & everybody laughed tears.

You know you asked if Ken & I had a bet, & I had forgotten. Question & plans for next year came under discussion & old Kenner yells -

"Aw Ruth, you know if you don't wait until you graduate."

Haw! I saw! "She doesn't forget!"

The night is young, with millions of things to do, & first of these is to love you! love you Tommy my old sweetheart pal until you're limp. I should do 'er too!! Hurry & see

your own lousy

crossed all of my over, but I'm not in the Robbins' 2e?