

Nevada.

Revere,

629 Lake St.,

Miss Ruth Pye,



Sunday evening.

Dear Sueasy -  
must be real conven-  
tial because we are not  
alone.

The musicale comes  
off in a very few moments  
now. One of the best pian-  
ists in the city is coming  
over after church, and  
we're invited a crowd in.  
The table is loaded down  
with Snakes of all kinds  
and candy and peanuts -  
Oh some party!  
well I landed the  
job as tenor - and

I'm surprised. Really didn't  
hope to do it. Now I'll need  
to hump like all deuce to  
stay afloat. I'm hired for a  
year at \$3 per Sunday. I staid  
for the service, and heard the  
tenor who leaves today render  
a solo. He's certainly great - and  
has left a mighty big hole  
for me to jump into.

The eye now has a nice  
scab over it, and bids fair to  
heal very quickly. It is an  
insightly thing tho.

The war is getting pretty  
close to us here. already the  
fellows are enrolling for service  
on privateers, and the other  
day I had an opportunity to  
sign up on a big steam yacht  
for patrol duty. I have written  
to Bayle asking what will  
happen to us fellows with com-  
missions, and so far from home.  
I made it clear that I want

to do my bit right from  
nevada, and asked an early  
answer. I don't want to do  
any thing till I get all the  
possibilities. Through Stone and  
webster I will be given an  
opportunity as a technical man  
to get into something better and  
more useful than common fodder.  
False comfort in that sweetheart.  
I'm not particular about standing  
up to be ~~so~~ shot myself.

Joined the Red Cross  
this week. a dollar for  
a pretty button, and a  
certificate.

Now while no one is  
looking I'm going to kiss  
you good night real  
and right. These spring  
days sure stir a fellow's  
blood up, and they make  
me want you - oh so much.  
Now they all come in  
but I've said it, and  
you know what goes with  
it too. It's all here.

S.T. (Annon)