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Sunday Afternoon.

Sneaky Darling!

From my present position - nicely and comfortably sequestered by my window writing one certain girl, I can plainly see coming over the summit, and down the grand old Pacific slope a series of @s seven hundred miles long, and a bitin' the dust all the way. It's an age since I wrote you a note. wonder if I can figure up a good excuse!!!! Let's see - how's this??? (That I had a brilliant lunch but it was only a "paste" brilliant - I pass it up - make one for yourself.) It was pure ^{damn} sleepiness that's all. Here's the story -

^(That's a ~) Thursday a lady friend of mine was graduated from the Davis Musical College. I was bidden to the obsequies, and attended forthwith, and in passing allow me to comment that I was never so genuinely bored before. There were three graduates - two of piano, and one of voice. ~~The~~ Each had her share of the evenings program, and there was reserved for the last the address by a Mr. Oemler - imminent (death I'd say) composer & musician, followed by the presentation of Sheepski (plural for sheepskin)

well the pianists were offered very good positions
in a local boiler-makers establishment just
following the program, ~~and~~ one number couldn't
receive a judicious rendering without two of the
noise boxes at it, and, believe Sommie, they
were sure at it. I must leave some to your
imagination - do your worst. The vocalist
was the star (the kind you see when you
sit down on the ice - I mean on your sitters -
real hard) She gave the "mad scene", from Hamlet,
as one number. It shall be known henceforth
as the madhouse scene. br-r-r. Just a week
before I had heard Miss Bates with the
marmos - sing the same thing, and I sat
with my mouth open ^{during} the whole number - but
this poor prun - I wish, Jacques, my battle!
Have you had enough of Thursday evening? I
make mere mention of it so that you may
enjoy Friday evening the better with me.

Friday evening was the second of the
great "Sangerfest" - a competition of different
German singing societies - and the program was
a concert of the combined clubs (all men, be it
known) with Shumann-Heink, Marcella Craft,
George Hamlin, and Carl Schlegel as soloists.

There are 900 men in the combined clubs
and all but five, or twenty-four, are soloists.
Imagine a glee club with 900 voices - that's
what it was. The conductor had absolute con-
trol over each voice - the shading was wonder-
ful, and the harmony - ! X - ? I pass up the
description. Speaking of standing aghast - my
tongue was hanging out a foot. You know
Shumann - Heink, - you have already ~~told~~ told me
more than I can ever tell you. There were some-
thing like 5000 people to hear her, and the
sendoff she got, was little short of great -
bet me. My I enjoyed her singing. I can see
now how people fall in love with her so
deeply when they have heard her. Miss Morrison
thinks Shumann - Heink is the most wonderful
woman in the world. She (Miss M.) wrote to her
asking her to sing "The Rosary" as an encore
Friday night. Of course S.H. couldn't, at a German
festival, but Miss M. liked that piece just that
much when S.H. ~~that~~ sang it before. Geo. Hamlin,
a tenor, is a real artist, and sang several
very pretty German pieces. The quartet of soloists
sang the quartet from Rigoletto, and that
number alone was worth the price of admission.
I don't know how much Miss M. paid for the

Hebe - He wouldn't tell me, but they
were the best in the house, and general as
mutton was 5d
The letter my self calmly and carefully
since Thursday night when I made Perry that
I would accept the Donopost job. Daniel would
immediately that conditions in his last letter
just as the last ^{now} described in his last letter
and that he ~~had~~ no opening to offer in
the near future. I signed up my chance
here in La. to clean up and get out when
my money gets thin, and now we might
prosper. Then I took a good deep sleep at
the \$14.00, and the letter caught my fancy.
Every time I think of teaching school, I have
to go and struggle for breath. It seems like
in riding back, and as I go clumping on
a ~~top~~ big pile of hopes and ambitions.
I swear absolutely that one year will be
all - but didn't I swear absolutely before
that I'd never start?)
The way I like to mind it all is
this - Mother will need more help than
you to run the smaller family, than
she ever has before, and I am the worst
family, a great deal - the best the star

boards too long. Besides giving Bert and Eva a chance to go to college, I can get a good start on my life insurance, perhaps get my Masonic badge, and also put a little chunk of coin with yours for honeymoon expense. I can do all those with \$400 - and I can take my self to Boston in June of next year, when perhaps conditions are more settled, and be in a much better position to land right. The whole thing seems like going way back to get a new running start on ~~this~~ the whole proposition. With all that my mind's wide open for the chance to change ^{my} decision. Tell me what you would have done in the same fix? - Don't say - "The same as you did Tommy dear." 'cause ~~I want~~ that's a woman's answer, and I want one that's all figured out, see ?!! x - ?

When am I going to see you? That's the question that's eating me more than any other right now. Really sneaky - I don't see how I can get to Frisco by Aug. 16. Things in L.A. haven't been so bright that I ^{am} not a long ways behind on my stay here. I did nothing for a month, and grocery clerks in L.A. get very little money, so figure it out

for yourself. It's a case of being broke, and
too proud to beg. Sides I don't know when
I leave here, and when I must be in Sono-
pah (If I go.) That Sept. 3. date is the one
with the prettiest dress on, but that's only
a month off, and only yesterday the
New York Life Ins. Co. informed me that
on Aug. 28, a small matter like \$25.20 was
coming to them. ~~See~~ See how it all adds up
Let's call those two "open dates" for base of
us. You can't take a trip to S.A. 'cause
it would cost too much. Of course, I'd like
the chance to show you how much better
my desk is than yours. but I forbid you
to spend hard earned money for it. You would
like S.A. - we could have a wonderful time -
here. Think of the beach on a moonlight
night when we can be alone for sure. It's
all too wonderful, but the cost is too
much. Let's figure on a date during Christmas
week in Reno, if I go to Sonopah. I will
surely come home for the holidays and we
can make a wonderful visit of it. That is
a date I can promise absolutely - the rest
are 'open dates'. Do some more figuring will

you - I can't figure past my pocket-book:

Been a grocer four weeks now. got a
raise this last week. Oh I'm a great help
to the old man. One thing has happened - I've
met a lot of fellows the likes of whom I've
never known before. & the real right fellows
are immigrants - Scotch, Irish, & English. The rest
are fellows who will never be any thing else -
a lot of below the - average guys. I'm glad I
met them anyhow, but it will relieve me greatly
to see them gone. Everyday from 7 till 6.15, and
Saturdays from 7 till 10 makes a long week.
Sundays I feel more like loafing than anything
else.

It's getting pretty near summer time now
Sweetheart and Donquixote's hungry. Anyhow - besides
he's written a long letter and he hopes that
all his ~~see~~ sins of omission are pardoned,
and he promised to try to do better another
time.

I'm wantin' you, love, all the time - you
know that - and you know how much I want
you. Every thing I do, I want to be absolutely the
best thing for you and me. - I hope this going
to Donquixote is. Take good care of yourself, please,
so when I see you soon, you'll be nice and
fat and healthy. So - bye and here's a big long kiss
xxx 1x xx Tom xxx