

Saturday in the Evening.

Dearest Ruth:

Supper is over - the cat is out - the fire sings songfully - and the world is at peace. What better time to write to Ruth. But what is there to tell? Shall we speak of the days happenings? No - for they would savour of soap. I might tell you of the sunset, too, but I'd have to copy that out of a book.

The sunset, by the way, might make a promising paragraph. Tonight it was most wonderful. I airview boasts the finest setting for the retiring sun in all the world that I have yet seen. So the west are mountains galore. They start with foothills about six miles distant, and rise higher and higher as each range enters view sight, until Mt. Rose looms up to back it all. The foothills are a wonder of colors - purple, pink and red - each succeeding range takes on its own tint toward the white, until Mt. ~~Rose~~ Rose the ~~white~~ whiter.

of all white. She sun taps all this off
with her ~~her~~ deep red, her smiles, and ~~prities~~
pretties. In back of us I airview peaks -
a mass of white - reflects the after glow.
It's sure a sight. I suppose that what
you will say of my description of it.

Tonight Bill called us out to view it.
It was that splendid, that everyone was
gazing at it. We gazed too, only I didn't
have my mouth open. Had it been again -
my brains would have rattled out - so
vigorously were they working. Bryant said:
"So him who in the love of nature breathes she
speaks a various language". She was speaking
to me all right. She was telling me that the
west was bright because Ruth was there -
and she was telling me that it was brighter
tonight than usual, because this night
was the week before Ruth and Sam would
be making up for a three weeks lull in
a very busy love-making.

Set the sun be bright - it can't be
any brighter than the little cubby hole where
that's of you come from.
This is a pack's letter. I hope it's a dying
pack. Your crazy lover,
Sam.



Miss Ruth Pyle,

Reno,

Nevada.

629 Lake St.