

Wednesday Eve.

Tommy Hear,

Isn't this just the
busiest world you ever
were in? I'll be taking
altogether too much ^{for shoes} money,
dancing around this
village green, — wet I mean.

"Westy" — don't call me
for it, Tom, cause I have to
dubb him that until I'm
further enlightened — came
to our town, but not to
stay. We didn't realize the
size of this town until after
we had tried in vain to
locate him last night. Bert,

Eve and I, all anxious-eyed, hung around the depot last night until 'bout 11. The train almost came to the same conclusion as he did - to wait until morning. Eve was the only one who knew him, so Bert & I would sing out, "Is it here?" when any man ^{would} leave in sight. Be it Jap or bohunk, she had to pass decision. Finally these were the words, "A little taller and not so stout." We intended to increase his responsibilities with candy and a couple of letters.

While we're thinking "letters", Eve wanted to know how many times I've written to you. If Afa but knew! Perhaps she'd strike up the fighting bot

picture pose! I could have answered,
"18 times." And just one more
envelope smiles back at me.
Makes me feel glad all over, - not
like a leopard. But gee! I'd like to
know when I'm a goin' to see you.

When I came from school this
morning, Mrs. Miller thought I had
a cheap jag on. 'Twas all because
I had made shift to answer the
question "When's Tom coming back?"
so often I was dizzy. Eva said some
thing happened to her yesterday,
but I wasn't prepared. Oh "Ruthie and
Eva had a wonderful time."

Prof. Hasceman is beginning a new class in Astronomy: - no math. required. The last part sound too good to be true. I'm seriously considering taking astronomy. Now doesn't that sound profound? Maybe she'll be a scholar some day! Prof. Hasceman said individual attention, study the stars at night and some times he'd let Tom Walker be my only teacher! - speaking of night classes.

The time cometh once again when I drink to your health ☺ and wish you'd call "1218". It bothers me every now & then 'cause I can't remember your "funny face". Pictures don't seem to help. So if I gape at you for a time, don't think I've lost my mind. I'll gape at you like you were the sun you adore. Kiss me goodnight, Sergey, and I'll travel right along to the train with this paper.
Love, Ruth.



Tom P. Walker,

Fairview,

Nevada.