

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA
RENO, NEVADA

Sunday evening,
Hail Queen Ruth,

Bless your loving little
self for that letter. It was
like a breath full of every-
thing that's nice. And to
think how good they'll seem
about two months from
^(pardon)
now.

Tonight finishes two
shifts as a matter. Perin
will have nothing for me until
a couple of weeks, and so
till then I must content my-

self with plebian labor. They set me
on an old mine dump as big as a
mountain, and all I do is shovel it
into a wheelbarrow - trundle it a
me bit ways, and over she goes.
Yesterday it looked about two months
and a half big (and that's some big),
but tonight it looks possible. So
does the two months and a half.

Westall and I are going sailing
tonight. To do justice to the occasion
I donned my best suit (also my worst).
as I slipped into the coat there
came from the northeast corner,
where your head rested now and again,
a suggestion of Mary Garden. Ah me!!
I love the hills and sagebrush, but
this aint the life.

I am anxious to hear all
about your trips, and how all the
folks are - father well, mother working-
etc. I trust you will lose no time
in advising me. What will mamma
say when she finds out that, in

Coginitlam Point, Rosie's
heart is ~~only~~ used for pumping
blood?

all the Nevada men (6
in all) have landed jobs. Fine.

Last night was the dance.

Tommy didn't play, for some
interested person inadvertently
invited the town musician,
fat Mr. —, to perform.

Will that queer the Disco
trip? I'll tell you when we
get to the ferry. Ewenty sends regards

If I stay muckling much
longer I'll tear you to pieces
on the wharf. We should bubble.

Here's an awful long kiss for
you Ruth - make the most of it.
Yours all over again Tom