

Fairview, Nevada

July 17, 1913.

Dear Ruth:

So it's today that you leave for the old country. This letter was leave tomorrow and beat you to it I'll wager.

Oh why! oh why! can't I go with you. Not once did you even hint ~~that~~ an invitation to me. I'd have come in a minute, and glad of a chance. It's the rumor that you're to have three weeks of it too. Lucky, lucky.

With all your good times, you have nothing on us. Two parties last week - two nights in succession. The first was a real pleasant "affaire" at the house of the chief engineer. Every young lady, and young man ~~was~~ in camp was present. We listened to a Victor Victrola until 11 o'clock - the moon was

full, and in Fairview when she's
full she's bright - the punch was
good - and, by the way, a bit o' a
stick withal - and the chocolate
cake was made by an artist.
Taken all around it was a suc-
cessful evening. That was Saturday.

Sunday a few of the younger, and
redder blooded of us congregated
in the cabin of a fellow, who is
on a vacation. He has a piano.
there is one of aforesaid younger
bloods who plays nicely. Also there
were refreshments. It was a nice
party.

Among our many diversions
is the journal of the society column.
We are pleased to note the presence
of Miss Ruth Pyle - Miss Ruth
Kyle - Miss Eva Walker etc. at
many well appointed functions.

Swimming is just ge-larious
these days. You'll be a long time
in the old country before you find
anything as good. A few of us are
learning fancy diving. We're all
in the kindergarten now, and
with small chance of promotion.
Last night I tried the "once over
and dive" (do you get the that - hold it,
and instead of diving nicely I lit
on the point of my ~~shin~~ thereby
giving my head considerable, and
also nearly severing my tongue at
the roots. I quit then but here's
a finer to the best tooth brush
you have that I get it to-night.

This letter was started at
6 o'clock A.M. Breakfast is
just served in the dining car four
cars ahead. It's me for the dine
Have the most wonderful time of
your young life Ruth. with Love
Love.