



Miss Ruth Pyle,
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Tuesday Eve.

Lovin' bunch,

don't write much 'cause I'll want something to tell you about Sunday, and don't want to exhaust all my subjects. I will say this much :- i.e. :- I went three days without a word from you - what with all your romping about the country, but today brought two fine - long ones, and I'm as chip as a lark.

Quit my job tonight and that little trick relieved a mass from my shoulders. Really I feel so loose and careless like - and the thoughts of Sunday on ^{the} 6 just get me a going. Suesday I'll never let you go - sure I want. You may figure on being pestered with me all the time I'm in Reno. 'cause I've got a store of love all burstin' out from me. The dinner at home sounds good too. I'm going to invite you to lunch and dinner the four days I'm there. Accept?? I may not get another line to you before I see you. If I don't - look out for me at the station Sun. morn. Your lover
xx xxxxx Jan xxxxxx