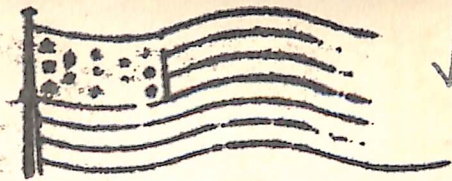


Box 1347
Tonopah Nev.

55



✓

Miss Ruth Pyle.

629 Lake St.,

Reno,

Nevada.

Sunday morning 1.30.

My Sweetheart.

We just come from the alumni Banquet - a huge success from every standpoint. There were thirty-eight at table, real representative men and women of Southern Nevada and the talks given by the Profs. were very-very good. Kendrick gave a peach. Really he is a big man, and his impression here is the highest possible. He put up the problems and responsibilities of an alumni in an excellent shape, and I feel now that a heap of good is to come from our organization here. I hope I'm not

getting serious minded, but
I'm sure ~~not~~ cultivating a
strong liking for - talking of
big things with big men.
I've come in contact with a
lot of them since coming to
Tongassah too.

you've made me feel so
cheap that I ought to get sore
at you. I've had the date Dec.
16 in my mind for a month,
and ideas galore to recall to
you that wonderful night two
years ago. Thursday night I wrote
to you with absolutely certain
confidence that the day was
the 15th, and that on the morning
I could talk to my bride
of two years. and then the

following morning. I got the letter
that woke me up. I realize that no
excuses can go 'cause I've passed up sim-
ilar dates so many times before.

Two years ago - can I recall the
night? Can I ever forget it? I think
that that was my first deep - coal -
real experience of jealousy. I was certainly
as jealous as a man ever gets. For three
years I had come to love you with the
sort of love that makes a man and
a woman one. It was a wonderful feeling
because I could never feel that you
were anything but coal, ^{to me,} and I was abso-
lutely chained to something in you that

had nothing to do with eyes, or mouth
or form, or physic, but only with
personality, intellect, character and soul.
It was you I was in love with, before
we ever had the meeting that night,
and all the wonderfully beautiful ~~thing~~
experiences since. And to find some-
one else discovering just those things
that I had held alone so long, riled
me up pretty bad.

That night can never be topped
by another, nor can the thoughts of
the few weeks that followed in Fair-
view be surpassed in loveliness. I
can see myself now sitting in the
waiting room of the Dallas station

thinking pink & silver clouds,
and trying at the same time to
write a rational letter to
the soul that had just be-
come the other half of mine.
Surely that was the most
complete spiritual experience
I have ever gone thru; and
no matter how much we josh
about "It'll be a long time."
there wasn't a single jest in
the whole occurrence for me.

We're going to have a
wonderful week starting next
Friday evening. We are going
to get closer together than
ever before. We are going to
know each other like we do

ourselves, and understand
every motive and action. and
that isn't as close as we are
going to get a little later on.
I'm kind of rambling, Sweetheart,
but this overflow of love has
got to get to you somehow, and
you can understand a little from
this.

Asked Perry how you were
today and he tells me you
are working too hard. Oh is
that so? I never ~~that~~ that
? ! ! x ? ! x !

Scruggs and I had the captain
fight out today too. I may have
a few notions about that pretty
soon. Goodnight Sweet - I'm long-
ing longing for Friday night and a
week of complete bliss. xx Sweet Love xx
x x x x x x x x