



Dattie Pyle,

Polaris,

c/o M. Pyle.

Montana.

Sunday Night.

My Sweetheart.

I don't know when you are leaving Reno, but it seems like some of these letters are going to wait a long old time in Montana for you. Hope they fare better than mine.

Ray has been here since yesterday morning, and a wonderful old visit we've had. Gosh I got a lot of that good old Reno pep from him. We didn't do any sporting around like you always accuse us of doing either. Just right seeing - some singing - lots of laughing - and some excellent runners that Ray insisted on supplying. I felt like an awful piker but Ray apologized very completely for me. He always did have a great way of putting a fellow at ease, when he had the spending hand.



It was pretty late when I left Ray  
Saturday night. The cars had stopped  
running and the Subway was locked up.  
another fellow arrived disappointed  
at the same time. after a few polite  
remarks about Boston service we  
found that we were both bound for  
the y.m., and before many minutes I  
learned ~~that~~ that he had recently come  
from the W 23rd St y.m. in N.Y. and  
was a particular friend of Eva's Bob  
murray. Strange coincidence eh? we  
enjoyed the walk too.

I want to send you my best Sunday  
night kiss. Sweetheart. Ray's being here  
brought you a lot closer, and made me  
a lot more homesick for you. Oh for  
a look at ye, to get my hands on you -  
to love you up awful tight, and kiss  
you forever and forever. I'm loving you  
that much -

Your Own Laver Tom.

x + + + + + x + + + + +