



Ruth Ann Pyle,
629 Lake St.
~~Polaris~~, Reno
Nevada

~~to M. Pyle.~~

~~Montana,~~

Sunday night.

Honey Love -

This is the fifth letter tonight, and I've been writing steadily for an hour and a half. Just have to leave you till last tho', 'cause then I can kick everything else out of my mind, and keep you there till I'm unconscious.

Spent all this say with my self - and enjoyed it too. I had heard a lot of Demont Temple so went down there to church. It's a big church - very pretty - and a crowd attends. As soon as the preacher got up (he's only a supplying person tho') I got up too, 'cause I knew I'd be awful sick of him before five minutes were up. Then I walked for about three hours all over places I'd never seen before - then to the library where I read a lot of Longfellow's and Emerson's poems about events and places round about

Boston - then home and the paper -
then dinner and another walk in the
Fenway ^{to} tonight, when I sat down
to write, it was with a satisfied feeling
of being bigger inside, and lots ~~more~~ ^{better}
able to tear to work in the morning.

Here I've been following baseball -
like I never could before, and rooting
for a winning team, and never even told
you why they are ~~great~~ at the head
of the league. (It's the Red Sox I'm
talking about, of course) Why their
pitcher's name is Ruth, and the
catcher is Thomas. That combination
would win anywhere. Walker the
center fielder is a demon too. No
wonder!!!

Good night, Sweetheart, I go to bed
now with you looming big in my thoughts.
Have a good time and get real fat. Best
regards to Mother, and love to you -
xxxxx
xxxxxx Jones xx
xxxxx