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Monday
~~Sunday~~ Night.

my Sweetheart,

Seems like I kind of ~~neglected~~ you,
doesn't it, but sure I didn't. These long
stretches of holidays, the morning, and Ham's
visit have taken every single minute.

Don't you think that I wasn't thinking
of you lots because I was, and today has
been one of those dreamy, wanting days that
will go down with the Sunset and the
candleing days.

Ham and I have been seeing the
country. I had seen most of it before, but
can always enjoy it as I repeat the visits.
Yesterday we did the Old Boston, then the
Saxington & Concord trips, and after a
very good (but extravagant) dinner we
went to Revere Beach for a short prome-
nade. Landed home at 12 - dead tired -
to discover that I hadn't my key. My
second night in the new home, the first
that I came home alone, and locked out!!
I would have gone back to Boston, sure
enough only I knew there would be no cars

I gave in at last and rang the bell. Daddy answered ~~the bell~~, as pleasant as your place, and everybody was happy. I want so it again tho'.

Today we did Salem, the quaint old
places of interest, and the wonderful mu-
seums with their colonial exhibits. Wales
a fellow live right back there among all
the mahitables, the Hepsibahs, and the
Priscillas. It took three hours for that, and
then came Marblehead - a new one for me.

marble head is ^{on} a point of land that
~~hugs~~ bends around something like a
hairpin to make the prettiest, and cleanest
little harbor you could imagine. There isn't
any beach - just big rocks - and ~~the~~ ^{the} waves,
tossing over that they are, splash around among
'em in pretty fashion. Some of the most
exclusive yacht clubs of New England are
located here, and today was an ideal day
for a sail.

well we dined - (again extravagantly) - and made the point just before sundown, and just as all the sailboats were making for harbor. The picture was beautiful! The poor little yachts had to ~~be~~ ~~make~~ come in

dead against a stiff breeze. I just thought
there one way than the other - the rails
belonging long, and the marks nearly touching
the water. I liked it.
Then along came the new moon - even
before the sun was down, and later with
the sunset glow, the light-house lit up,
and started flashing their warning of rocks.
My cigar was getting pretty good along about
then, and I guess you had taken on a
bit of the report of the whole scene, because
I was away off in Reno paying a visit to
my long soft heart, and just naturally having
a good big satisfying talk with you. And
not going to see on, but go it did me a
lot of good. It seemed like I got so close
to you, and you told me lots of things that
I'd wondered about, and you told me that
I had no business to ever be grouchy, but
that I ~~was~~ ought always to be happy.
Because now, I about the richest guy
a young? It just seemed like I took on a
lot of new inspiration, and all because I
could get so close to you, that we could talk

together. I just can't help thinking what
a difference it will make in me when + #
we really are together, and I can tell you
all these little things and you can answer
them, and when we can talk real big
things, and know that every thing we decide
to do hasn't some provisional "if" in it.

you'd like my new home fine. Ma and Pa are typical New England parents - peaceable, and easy going - with a certain amount of luxury, and good old fashioned customs deep rooted. I have a beautiful room, as cheerful as can be, and furnished great. The sun comes in every morning through a big tree just outside the window, and the view out is magnificent. I'm sure going to love now.

Good night my Sweetheart - I feel like I'm
saying it right to you. I'm saying good night to
you until another one of these wonderful days
when I ~~can~~ can dream myself right with
you, and have all the satisfaction that a good
talk can give. I want more than that, tho' -
I want you to love, and to love, to fondle, and
caress, and kiss a million times. I guess I want
you to eat right up - I'm that hungry. x x x + Love + x x x