



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

Monday night.

Friend of mine.

Got the letter today.

But they were things

little else with all your

concerning and referring you

now have a much more

so ever to so. off I could

only be sure that you

would be reasonable, and

not try to do too much

But I know you want

try that. There late hours

are worry me. see a

know to say no please,

of please, and than you

answer "yes-yes, I want,

next year it will be
different." Three next years
have been different - they -
have been worse than
any that ever came before.
Well maybe if you get
them this year, and are
not too far gone, I can
use a little more effective
persuasion.. (Exit Sr. Bloom)

See I'm liking my
new home. Found a
boarding house close by
tonight that is very
good, and reasonable too.
I'm going to get to like
Boston real well just
about the time I'll need

to move.

Do you know, Sueby, I hope we can live here someday for a while. I'm sure you'd like it a lot. Especially right now. September weather is ideal. It's nearly as clear as it is on the desert, the air is as full of life as you are, and the moon-shine is as bright as day.

But I get full of pep - just bubbling over all the time. Think what it will be when the frost

comes just a wee bit,
and the leaves start to
turn. This neighborhood
here will be a monstrous
mass of color, because
it is a real forest of
shade trees.

Nothing new to warls,
cept that every thing gets
a going in good shape.

This school year beginning
makes me want to be in
Reno, a helping you, Sueahy.
I certainly think about you
an awful lot, because I
know pretty nearly all the
things you would like to
do, and that what you
set your mind to do, you're

going to see through.

Please set your mind
on next June, Sweetheart,
and figure ~~on~~ starting
out with me, with just
as much pep as you
start out each school year.
Just don't let yourself
be burned out - that's all,
don't be eaten up with
hard work for others. I'm
a selfish soul, and your
wonderful spirit and
ability is a great big
part of you.

I'm wanting you, my love.
I say it to myself many times
a day. In your big hustle
remember that the only crumbs
(over)

I get are through Uncle
Sam, and please don't
make too many of them
just little crumbs -

Good night, Sweetheart, -
I'm saying it soft like
right into your ear, as I
hug you tight all over.

x + + + +
x + + Souver Dow x + + + +
x x + + +