



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

Wednesday night

Russie Dear,

Sat me today all right -  
the one written at 12 P.M.  
after the 11<sup>th</sup> formal dinner-  
dance. The last three letters  
have been written after 12  
o'clock. That isn't good for  
you is it?

It kind o' gets me that  
Bert isn't registering. Wish  
I could philosophize a bit  
and satisfy myself that I'm  
playing square. Long run  
results ought to show things  
up all right. Lets hope so.  
I can't be concerned partic-  
ularly when I hear about

his drowning his sorrow.  
I have mighty little patience  
with anything like that  
myself, all these college  
pranks, and times with  
Ray Perry notwithstanding.  
I feel pretty sure that I'm  
trusting any how.

Did I tell you of my new  
boarding house? Guess I  
did. Well its pretty good,  
and I still am strong for  
it. at the house here we  
have our attic filled with  
Bartlett pears, and believe  
me theyre good. I stuff on  
em all the time. Want one?  
Here I go a throwing kisses  
to you, and wishing awful hard for  
a real long letter written sometime about  
(over)



eight - thirty in the evening.

Good night Sweetheart,

Heaps big hug—

                  x + + + +  
x + + + + Lover Tom x + + + +  
                  x + + + +