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Ruth Ann Oyle,

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Reno,

Nevada.

Tuesday night

My Own Sunday -

Well even if you didn't push the button to make me buzz - I buzzed, and I'm still a buzzin'. Do you remember that letter you wrote with your heart bent low and all kinds of frights in it. "No sing, no play, no cook, no sew, no orate, no nothing"? Remember that - with the admission about waiting for the plucking since the horse went to Center street, and the bird got wet, and I put my arm around the back of the seat just because the moon was shining? Strange thing - I was thinking of that very expedition, about the time you wrote it. Maybe I wrote it too - I forget. But pardon me I'm buzzing!!

Don't you suppose you've been
plucked long ago. Why surest
thing you know - you've been through
it all, and now you see it was
absolutely painless. Why say - if I
wanted to marry a good coals I'd
have proposed to Mamie more'n a
year ago. And if I wanted an
~~orator~~ orator I'd stop at nothing
short of Anne Martin. Need I go
further? - can't you see. For The
Love of Mike!!!

CAN'T YOU SEE!!!

(Sosh I'm buzzing good now)

I've told you many many times,
Sweetheart, all the plains, sordid,
calculations with the honeysuckle wine,
the Orvis Ring School, and the hay-
stack ^{all} left out. Think of 'em, and

then see if you still doubt whether
I'm going to come for you just as
soon as ~~you~~ ^I possibly can. I think,
Suealy, you're a bit dubious about
how my heart is going to stand up
with a lot of new sparks (because
new) friends hopping around close. Lots
of people have thought the same
thoughts, about some of my purposes,
but I firmly believe that I know
what I want, and what I want I
intend to get -

Do you give up? Bless you - you
will some day for all your hesitating,
and writing notes - you're worse
than Wilson.

I'm buzzed out. but Suealy please
don't think like that again. I'd mis-
understand such a declaration from
someone else, and assume it to be a
pretty game of pass the buck and let
Dommie make the best of it. This next
page won't
be sailed with any more ~~subtle~~ subtle thoughts

Just ran across the clipping in
the Boston Traveller tonight. It tells
a story that has a familiar ring.

The bridge party was a winner
last night - awful classy - and I
hit it off nicely altho' I staid at
the same table through it all. Didn't
feel well any how.

Kinda sleepy now - have I bothered
you enough? Aw right just one
last one that will be a lingerer. (←
(That last letter is in r not e) -
awful big hug and awful sweet kiss,
and a three year old declaration of
never dying love for the only real
sweetheart I ever intend to have. That's
you no matter what comes. Believe it??

Good night smiling face in middy
blouse and hat in hand - and on the
feet - what - why - Sneakers - just
what made you my "Sneaky"

xxxxxx
xxxxxx Lower Town xxxxxx
xxxxxx