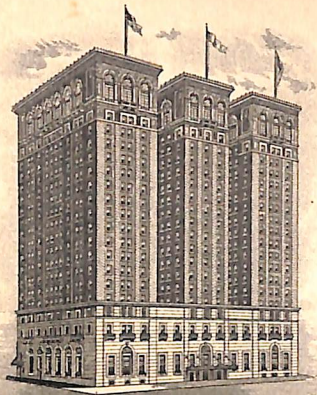
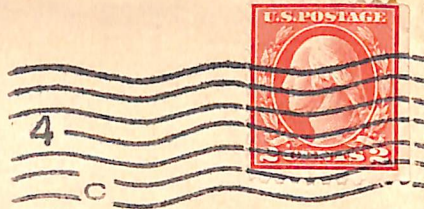
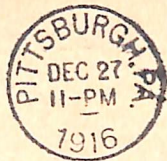




William Penn Hotel
Pittsburgh



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



William Penn Hotel Pittsburgh

Wednesday Eve -

Sweetheart, all my own -

Tonight I'm absolutely dead to the world. Never have I put in such a day - It's been good tho' at that - but it's got my nerves a vibrating.

That's why I want you right here with me now - If I could lie on the bed and have you run your



William Penn Hotel Pittsburgh

fingers through my hair, I'd
wish to die then. I'm
just relaxed absolutely, and
inside of me is nothing but
tenderness for you, and a
wanting ache to have you
here so that I could be
refreshed.

When I'm fresh and
bonyard, I'm always wanting
you Sweetheart, but when I'm
low and depressed my whole
being cries for you you you.
Isn't that a test for love - Isn't
that what a wife-pal is for? - *Love, Lou*