

R. A. Pyle

PI BETA PHI FRATERNITY

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y. m. c. a.
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FOUNDED 1867

CHAPTER

CITY

DATE

My own dear -

Bless your ole heart -
I read little words in between
the lines today, even tho.
it was a "skinny" letter, and
you're an awful long ways
off to feel that a way. Doc
is the safest person I ever
want to wish for, lover
son. I could write you
reams on his friendship.
I'll admit ~~it~~^{he} is partial,
but so impersonally. And
I've altogether changed
opinion of Doc. I used to think
he knew + had lived too
much. Never had anyone
treat me so much like
I was a daughter of his -

that is, he treats me like
I'm so much of a kid. And
you couldn't help but
see how careful he is that
no one can talk. He's doing
some X-ray work, and if
it's after office hours he
always takes someone else
along with us. The people
in Bardnerville are always
praising him. — And
so, sweetheart, maybe I've
gone into more talk than
you're interested in, but
it's just to show you
that in every way he
measures up to a friend.
He's even offered his services
& the machine's during rush
season. I would like to
take that car up on the Hill,
— it'd be lots of fun —
but the responsibility is too great.

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Mrs. Hendrick has asked me to go with her, Prof. Knight, + Mrs. Blaney to Lake Tahoe tomorrow for Pres. They've a new Rev. - 7 passenger.

Prof. let me off - only with a wonder about proof reading. What I took over to the Printer is coming back in installments. I rush thru it in the morning in order to mail it at noon. Mrs. Hendrick

said we'd start about 8:30, so I'll tear to it for the half hour.

Was over at your house again last night

and your mother taught
me some new stunts
in the sewing line.
She's surely the best
teacher I ever had.

(Of course, honey kid,
I'm not ~~including~~ you,
but I can see where you
get the art. You taught
me what's worth living
for — and no one can
ever come up to you!)

Here's where I go down
town — Reilly + me — +
dig our noses into a soda.
And here's where I send
you a mint of love, —
and a kiss — and
a big squeeze! Goo
night lovin' kid

I'm sending a
report to your town
tonight — 46 Mountfort St.
Mrs. Rugg — what's our
dinner. x x x x x
Your name
Sneaky
Just wanted to

and
kiss
to
chance
to
get another chance to