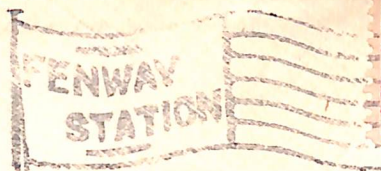


Don't walk
y.m.c.a.
Boston,
mass.



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

Wed. Eve. May 2.

Sneaky Sweetheart,

Bang!! there goes another
day, and pretty soon the
first week will fly past.

Really they are starting to go
as fast as they did at Jouspah.
Speed ye year!!

Got my trunk today, and
have just unpacked it. Everything
is lovely except that my sleav-
ing outfit, what you gave me,
is a bit bent. You're some
trunk packer. When I leave
Boston I want you to come

and pack up for me.

Great excitement. One of the statisticians (say it fast) was notified to get ready to go to Haverhill, Mass. That leaves seven more of us. Usually they take the oldest man. I with some guy from Maine are the youngest, for we started together Monday morning.

I'm still in love with Boston, and the few I'm going to leave here, but gee she's going to be a lonesome old town pretty soon.

when the excitement of the change
wears off, and I settle down to a
certain routine I'm going to wish
for you more than ever. There are so
many places we could go, and they
would be so much better if we could
go together. How you would love it
here. But then six or eight months
will give me a chance away from here,
and toward a working chance a
year from now. We may have to.

skimp along with only a bit of money
then, but I feel just so sure that
it will work out just as we plan.

Good night Sweetheart - I go. But
first I'm loving you, then hugging
you, then kissing you an awful lot,
and a wishing for you always - you
old sweet thing.

Yours forever and always.

x x Lover Joan x x x x x
x x x x x