



Ruth Ann Pyle,
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Reno,
Nevada.

Sunday Afternoon.

Sady Loue,

Here's part of a lazy old day
given over to a bit of a talk with
you. I'm not answering a letter, 'cause
Dillie stole the time for one yes-
terday, and it's unholy for to get
one Son Sunday.

The sun hasn't shone all week,
and for five days there has been
a continual rain. Isn't that a
program for you? Oh for a good old
Nevada Day!!!! ~~to~~ But why sigh?
I've done that enough, and it
serves no purpose.

Yesterday afternoon Hawkins
and I went to the Boston Museum
of Fine Arts, since an indoor pastime
was the thing. We could spend only
two hours, and gave that to a
birds-eye peek. I want to go back to
spend a lot of time with the pictures;
they're really wonderful. I couldn't

enthusiase much over 13th century
pictures on religious subjects, Egyptian
mummies, pieces of pre-Roman pottery
or shivers of ancient china ware, but
the pictures, with real live subjects,
interest me very much. maybe that's
an indication that some say will
own a famous collection. (?) *+.

Saw Mona Lisa too!! It is sup-
posed that Leonardo De Vinci made
three of them - the most famous being
in The Louvre, and the same one that
was stolen a couple of years ago. The
copy that we saw belongs to an English-
man, and is here so that it may be
safe in case of an invasion. It's really
very wonderful. a perfect likeness - I

assure you. *+.

and now you have been spending
a week with Tillie!! I picture you having
a good time, because some how or other
you and Tillie always make that. why
you should, gets me. your natures are

so different.

Funny thing. The rain stopped
about an hour this afternoon, and
the street filled with promeneurs—
40% in straw hats. Now they're all
seeking shelter, scampering around like
rats in a bucket, and filling the
cars so they can't close the doors. I
was just fixing to go to the library
myself; to get a look at the Gazette.

I'm fixing to write a bunch
of letters this afternoon, and for
that simple reason will close abruptly.
Not so 'bruptly howsimever as to
leave out one little bit of the
great big love that's swelling in
side of me, and crying all the time
for you. It's going to make every job
I do, the best that's possible, so
that some day we can rest on
a stable base, and give and take
all the joy o' life. So long Sweetheart—
X X X + Loves Sam X X X X
X + +