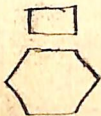




Miss Ruth Pyle,
629 Lake St.,
Reno,
Nevada.



Thurs. Night.

Honey Love:- Please oh please quit - I want a letter. Two days now and no word. Gosh that's an awful strain after a quick trip from the office to spend a few minutes with you, ^{not} to find you here. your next one will be a long one tho' won't it?

Ed Seepes called up yesterday morning. I saw them at noon, and got them fixed up at a hotel. Last night Ed took us all to the show, and it was late when I got home - hence somewhat sleepy today. Was to have met Ed this eve but somehow or other missed connections. He said he'd be at the office in the morning.

I rather imagine ed's kind of taken back because the company put some one else in Gammon's place, and well he might be - yet I'm ~~mealy~~ persuaded that the Co. knew what it was doing.

after all is said for Ed. ~~to~~ one
can hardly place him as in charge
of anything. He told me today he
wanted a personal interview with
Sawyer one of the Vice-Pres., and I
gathered by simple deduction that
he wants to place his case. He's a
victim of too little outside air -
the folks at home know him too
well - and he hasn't grown naturally.
The big moral, to me, is "circulate",
and I! thank the heavens, that I've
had a bit of that chance even if it
has been stolen. Another point - a
fellow has to have his first show-
off from headquarters, to get the
proper sort of steering.

We're getting caught up at the
office now, and the air comes a bit
freer. The idea, you see, is to have
group "1" - (that's me) right up in front

of the mounted police.

Say this is the fishiest, clammiest, nastiest climate I ever saw. My clothes stick to me, and to my seat. Everything has a wilted water-logged appearance and it's the dence to salt one's eggs. That they call humidity. I'd like a wee bit more humanity in mine.

Sleepy tonight, and after a few looks at the 'Port' it's me for the snore stuff, and dreams of happy days. You're the main motif of those dreams too - the one and only motif.

Here you stand in front of me now - all in white - and your face wrinkled up its prettiest. I look at it for long stretches, and conjure to myself the sweet kisses that used to pucker up those parted lips, and the tight hugs that used to send the blood

to those cheeks, and bring a little
gasp, and the pretty things I used
to think of and whisper soft-like -
all those I conjure with, and sigh
over.

Those are just coaxes too. A year
from now a kiss will be more
than a thrill, and a hug much
bigger than one short breath. ~~It~~
They will be the bigger part of life
then - a new pep. unheard of ambition.
and a spirit that will walk over
any thing. Can you get your position? -
I'm selfish enough to expect you
to cheer me on with pretty words
even if they aren't true - to use your
bigness to help mine over the small
ugly places, and to drive me right
to the top of some place where we can
look out and say - we've sure come a
long ways together. Hub? +++ Lovey, Lovey +++