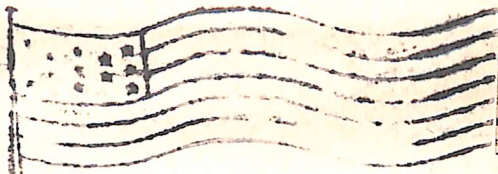


Box 1342
Tonopah, Nev.



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

Tuesday Night.

Sweetheart Sneaky.

Do you know what time it is?

Well it's 10 o'clock. and do you know what Sommie's been doing? Well he's been coasting, and some coasting too. Better than Kalstan I'll ever hoped to be. See I didn't want to come home, but I haven't many clothes on and I got wawful cold. Some castor oil for me before I go to bed.

I'm figuring that about tomorrow morning you'll notice that I didn't write last night, and that about Thursday morning I'll hear something about it. Aw right - come along. But last night pretty nearly the whole Montana bunch went up to Henry Carlisle's house, and played poker and told stories. Mr. Carlisle had a letter from a cousin who is 1st Lieut. on a torpedo boat destroyer patrolling the North Sea ~~for~~ in His Majesty's Service. It was certainly a wonderful exposition of their life, and a beautifully

confident philosophy about the whole war.
I'm mighty glad I heard it, only it was
hard as the deuce to get up this morning.
Oh you tomorrow morning.

Remember three years ago? well
you gave me a perfectly swell tobacco
pouch for X-mas. Just today I invested
\$3 in a pipe and some excellent tobacco,
and right now I'm emitting clouds in
your honor. Haven't smoked a pipe for
some little time, and right now can
realize what I've been missing all the time.
It doesn't hurt my voice nearly so
much as these dastardly cigarettes I've
been dragging on at intervals lately.

I was so cold tonight that I can't
write yet. Would ye like to come and get
me warm.

Poor Harold Grimstead's death is an
awful thing. I feel, particularly, for the
fellows who were with him thru' it all.

I'm a wantin' you my sweetheart, and
time and time again as I went up and
down that hill, I thot how much more
fun I'd be having if it were you and me
instead of just me. Kisses and hugs and love from
xxxxxx *Lovey* xxxxx