

T.P.W.
Public Schools
Tonopah, Nevada



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

Saturday just before dinner.
← troubles here

Sneaky Sweetheart,

I have just finished a letter to an
mutual friend J.B. Lukes. It took me an
hour to ~~was~~ compose it yesterday - then
I slept on the scratched up piece of
paper over night, and spent another hour
today in writing it just as I wanted it.
Here it goes with a great big hope and a
prayer.

By golly - Ray is some kid when it
comes to disposition. You know what a
cold deal I gave him on New Years day. I
wrote to him, apologizing, a short time ago.
Here's a part of his answer - "yes Tom I
fear there would have been some combustion
in the Walker family had you so far for-
gotten yourself as to arise in due time for
the event - am way down in my heart sort
of overjoyed that you failed to materialize,

almost as much overjoyed as I would have been to have you along. Never mind, Tom, - next time - "you know Sneaky" you can't help liking a fellow like that. Glad I wasn't in the party nevertheless.

Started in on a 13 Volume business course that belongs to Vail Pittman, today. The next burst of pep will take me to studying Spanish assiduously. This preparedness doctrine is sure a good one. Also loafed a bit too. This Saturday and Sunday off stuff is sure nice fixin'.

Mother writes a long long wail about curly. The wail is coming too, so far as I have figured. Is there to be another (can't recall his name now - Vera Simmons lover) in the P.O. Too bad. Mother also has deep grief for her oldest son. She sees him a wandering gourd-for-nothing, and wonders if he will ever settle down. He'll have to settle up first, and then in JUNE he'll settle down. Um-m-m-m Sneaky.

Been awful hungry for you these

last few days, and seem to think about
you lots more'n usual. It's because I
want you with me, and the little
black devils keep teasing me about it.

you didn't mean to miss two
days in succession did you? It's tough
on Tommy. Don't do it again (command).

Guess you're pretty busy tho' with all this
rushing. Thanks heaven this is your
last try at anything like that. Next year
this time you'll be frying a T bone and
wondering if the spuds are done.

Whadayu think just happened!!! why
the six o'clock whistles blew, and here
I am at school looking at the club a
half mile away, and seeing in my mind's
eye, the soap being served. Away Tommy
away for your life.

Not on my life - not till I kiss
my love a real long loving kiss so she
can feel better. And I'm hugging her too -
and a lovin' her all the time.
xxxxx Lover Tom xxxxx