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Ruth Ann Pyle,

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Tuesday Evening.

Dearest Rufus,

and now I come to you, my Sweetheart.

I've written five letters right off in a string, and well nigh have the writers cramps. I'd have to lose both arms to keep from writing to you tonight. It's something inside of me that says I have to write.

It's been a long time since your last note, and it's seemed a lot longer.

This evening just after supper I stood in front of your picture, and pretty near imagined it talked to me. See I got big inside of my throat, and wished awful hard that I'd a letter to read that I hadn't read at least five times already. I'll have it tomorrow tho'!

you didn't write yesterday because I

let Friday and Saturday pass by without dropping a line. I admit the evil of my ways and hereby exonerate you from all blame. It hurt just a minute tho' until I could apply a half ounce of homely reason to my pain. I love you more ever for being spunky. who says we can ever pick a fight? —

I'm staying home tonight — the first for a long long old time. and to make up for it I'm writing a half dozen letters. I think when next week is over it's a long old rest for me. "I think" is as strong as I can put it, however.

I'm anxious to hear all about your trip to Cal. I'll know tomorrow tho'!

Good night honeysuckle. Here's an awful lot of love going to waste for the want of you. It's feeding on itself tho' and a growing bigger all the time. Someday it's going to get beyond me and I'm just
(over)

coming after you like a cave man would,
and carry you away ~~to~~ somewhere. I want
care where just so there is only you
and me there. A hundred hugs and kisses
to my Sweet.

x x x x Love Your x x x x
x x x x x