

T.P. W.
Public Schools
Tonopah, Nevada



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

Monday night.

Sneaky my love.

I never will finish reading that letter you wrote in bed Saturday night. It must have been a wonderful day, for the letter showed it, and I can read it and read it, and never tire. Come along some more.

One day of this busy week already gone, and it was some hum-dinger. I totted all day without stopping for lunch. Tomorrow some more, and then again till Saturday. After that easy money for a time.

Pretty grouchy right now. I was tired I know, but I couldn't help having a tiff with one of my basketballers. He's a tough nut to handle. The easiest way seems to be to let him alone, yet that isn't the best way.

I'm awfully sorry old Baldy is gone away. I loved him a awful lot, and I know you did too. Maybe he come back - then will like him all the more.

Good night Sweetie Rufie. There's a whole big armful of me going with this letter, and it's wishing for a bigger armful of you. Slong -

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