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Conopah, Nevada

Miss Ruth Pyle,

629 Lake St.,

Reno,

Nevada.

Sunday afternoon.

Honey Love!

Let's first get the atmosphere straightened out and properly tuned up. First come two beautiful letters that start out with a pink and blue R that says "Forget-me-not." Bob brought 'em up this morning, as I was gulping a bite so's I could get to church at least two minutes before eleven. I've read them for the second time, and I'm just full of yow, and the thoughts of a wonderful day like this with you. Here's another item that is a factor too. I just happened in the kitchen to get a few matches to steam up my dudeen, when I surprised Mammy commencing operations on a 22# turkey. There's a pile of meat for thought there even if it is only two o'clock.

Last Sunday after a horribly strenuous week I made open announcement that I was going to loaf for at least two weeks. Quite a few people took that seriously, and straightaway provided opportunity for good consistant fun.

Thursday we went down the Tongpah extension mine, and really had a great time climbing around, and boosting the girls up ladders and hard places. We came up about eleven, and had a great feed at Guy Cosan's house. Beans and wienies, salad, sandwiches and coffee - um-m-m-m. and then dancing till 1:30. Bob, too, made good shift of the opportunity to be nice to a sprightly young High School girl - Graciella. I believe she'll have him in church some day, he's that hard hit. and by the way - should you ever wonder what my conduct with the eligibles is - whether too free or no. I shall

be glad to furnish excellent recomendations.

Friday evening was a Girls' Basketball Game over which I had ~~the~~ the misfortune to lose my perfectly genteele temper. It seemed like everybody but me was intent on passing the buck that evening, and naturally I collected. Had to referee one game - be linesman and timekeeper at another - move chairs, and a piano to get the orchestra in shape for a dance, only to find that leader cross was no where to be found and the music - where? I hunted the music, started the orchestra, waxed the floor, and then no one had the temerity to start dancing. Oh sure Tommy would - and I waltzed around with Muriel Robb still wearing tennis shoes. Isn't that a program! Someday I'll laugh at being a Professor, but now - registers gloom.

all's fine that has a happy ending this, and a feed at the Dreglouns put everything O.K.

It was at that time that John- that's short for Mr. Dreglouns- told me he'd like to have me look around for a history and English teacher for T.H.S. next year. He assumes somewhat that I'll still be here next year. I wonder if he realizes that if I do, and he puts the Hist-Eng. job up to me, that the job is filled already. I guess maybe Donopah High School people wouldn't like the chance to study Ruth Pyle at close range.

Yesterday was the most wonderful of all, tho. We left Donopah at 2:30 a machine properly packed, and were joined at dinner by a second machine load. Ben Gill, Super of the Jumbo Ex., took us through his mine before dinner, and the dinner itself was his party at the Goldfield

Hotel. It was fun too - lots of fun. Between dinner and the dance we invaded (or infested perhaps) the parlors and raised the roof in joyous song. The dance was on the tile floor of the dining room, and a huge success. The crowd was the younger married set, excepting only Irma Foltz, Connie Bob and me, and a gay lot they are. I'm proud of those friends, and also my Goldfield friends. This year has been a big success from that standpoint.

Tomorrow evening the Richard's are providing a musical and Dutch Lunch. It doesn't hurt so much any more to get an invitation with the suffix "Bring your music." That sort of annuls the any obligation.

Gosh here are five pages gone and I haven't gotten to the question I raised in last nights letter. You see when a guy tries to figure fifty

words, when he can't talks in his usual terms to his Sweetheart, it's pretty tough - you've noticed the same I fancy. That's why I broached the subject then.

The girls leave here next Wednesday. I can find out just when they'll be in Reno, and I know that they'd be just about pleased to death to meet you and Mother and Sis. This is all said modestly, of course. If there is not an awful lot doing at that time, and everything breaks nicely, I should like you to meet them, and them to meet you. Dad Incidently you may look over my prospects for the Fit Bitters - Helen mitchel and May Kimball. Fanny Holmes is pretty good stuff too.

I'm gonna quit at this the 6th. Sweetie. and for every page I'm sending a deep blue ocean of love, that's getting awful full from the streams of letters you send in. I'm loving you with every bit of my heart.

x x x x x Lover Jack x x x