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Miss Ruth Pyle,

2838 Benvenue Ave.,

Berkeley,


Cal.

c/o A. W. Hendrick.

Three Blocks

EVERY day at precisely five minutes before eight she would come out of a brown house with candytuft in the dooryard. Then she would walk the three blocks to the avenue to take her car into town for the day's work. Of course her costume varied for summer and winter, but it always tended toward the trimly tailored rather than the fluffy and beflounced. And it practically always was of those neutral tints that at first seem greenish, and then bluish, and then greenish again. Her eyes had a more

decided tendency to blue. And they were clear and looked straight at you, like a boy's. Summer or winter, she invariably wore a little round hat. Straw or velvet, it was always small and always round. She stood erect; she walked well. Her five minutes gave her a generous margin of time for the three blocks. And at that she did not cover the distance as if she were alone in the world. Passing the first corner, she never failed to shout a hearty "Good morning" to the bent street cleaner who was clearing out the gutter. In the middle of the next block she almost always met the postman on his morning round. And he would stop and look at his packet to see if there wasn't a letter for her. (There usually was.) By the time she reached the next corner she had generally overtaken the two little girls on their way to school. She couldn't stop for more than a word or so, but they were always laughing and calling after her as she hurried on. And in the last block she passed the kindly eyed, white-haired old gentleman with a cane. That bright smile of hers would somehow seem to travel across to him, and his face would reflect it long after she had gone her way. Then the trolley car carried her off into the roar of the city. She had the reputation of being one of the two best stenographers in town. And she used to say that those three blocks gave her impetus and courage for the whole day. Maybe that is because she gave them so much.



Hello-

Here I am - didn't I promise.
I've fixed up my laundry - sewed
on a button and now 9:15 I'm
ready for bed except to say one more
good night to my sweetie.

Howard and Otto each enjoyed
a pastry, and there is one on Faw-
cett's bed for him.

And my bed was made too -
'cause Otto didn't know when I'd get
home. Great fellow -

Harlan is now telling his
experiences with French maids.
They ain't fit to eat.

Soo' might wonder woman -
I'm awful happy tonight. - See I can
work this week - I'm going to learn
a lot too. and say I'm going to
sleep tonight -

Drat those fog horns -

L. Tom -

(you know)