



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

Tuesday Night.

Some of mine -
was about to
sneak to bed without
saying good-night to
you, when I thought
how I'd hate my-
self all day tomorrow.

Today I received
the letter you wrote
Christmas day. It is
hard to see much
of joy in it, but there
is there your wonderful
character - your praise

and resourcefulness in
time of disaster - and
most of all your love
for your friends - and
for me.

Even if I can't be
sure you are happy,
I want to see your
moods - Don't like
'em covered up with
a stereotyped letter
with no x x x 's at
the bottom, for when
that ~~time~~ kind comes
I worry right away.

They don't come any more tho.

I've said in desperation
~~many~~ many times these last
few days "I must see Ruth."
Something will come of it. with
prayers, and wishes - our ~~thoughts~~
meeting on that one grand point -
we'll win and soon -

I do want you, my sweetheart,
you can help me a great deal -
you know that I have many

friends - but mighty few
pals. Bob is n't the pal
he once was, none of my
family have ever been that
close to me - only you, my
sweetheart, can I call a real
"pal", and with all that you're
my love - you are going to be
my wife. Soch you are pretty
nearly three quarters ~~of~~ of what
I'll ever become - so you wonder
I'm sending a bunch of SOS's.

xxxxxx
xxxxxx Love Don't xxx