



Miss Ruth Pyle,
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Tuesday night

My Sweetheart,

a few days of miserable weather, was crowned tonight by the most wonderful evening I've seen in a long, long time. yesterday we had a little blizzard. cars were tied up, and quite a little snow fell. In the morning, during the worst of the gale, a long flash of

lightning streaked across the sky, followed by a sharp crash of thunder. It was the most unusual thing I've ever seen. People in Boston tho't that the Germans were dropping bombs from Zeppelins.

Tonight we planned a coasting party, but the new snow is in no condition for that, and so we had to call it off. With not a great deal to do, I biked - three miles through the beautiful white snow, and the moon over head making it as bright as day. It isn't too cold either, for I went without an overcoat. Ah for you on a bike like that. Will take 'em next winter.

These last two days have been good ones for me - lots of pep, and a pile of work done. The Super hired an assistant

for me today - a fellow I re-
commended from the Y.M. - and
Thursday or Friday morning I'll
be unloading most of my troubles
on to him. I fancy now that he
(the Supt.) has something new
planned for me. wonder if it is
the selling job. The commercial
manager has asked me several
times if I had heard of the change.

Didn't write last night. We
had supper and a lecture on

netters at the office last night. when I got home, I was more than ready for bed. I'm ready now too, and it's only ten o'clock. Early rising does it.

But three tickets for the Symphony concert, and John McCormack today.

Herb Rice, Les Wood and I go down two weeks from tonight. That is the first extravagance I've allowed myself for some long time

now. I feel that it is worth
it tho.

The webster's came from N.Y.
yesterday. Right away I start
to go out a bit. I hope to have
a bit of spare time for re-
creation now - just so it
doesn't cost any of our money.

Right after I had plunked
down \$1.50 for John McCarmack.
along comes the plan for the
office lunch to go for a sleigh
ride and supper Monday
night. There goes another \$1.50.
It's funny how it goes - isn't
it?

Tonight I had the painful
task of informing Paul that
he wasn't making good, and
that his best plan to go home
Sunday. He hasn't the proper
attitude, and really I can't force

myself to keep at him all the
time. He is no good at the

office, and a nuisance here -
why bother with him ! ! ! ! !

Here we go - Sneaky I could
have tonight - I could have so
much that we'd count time from
this date. The night has done
it, and thinking of you a great
deal during the last few days.
Catch this string of kisses that
is going out to you. my Sweetheart
* * * * * Loves You * * * * *