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STATION
RENO, NEVADA



✓ ✓
Mr. Jom F. Walker
" 75 Main St
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FRANK L. PETERSON
AGRICULTURAL ENGINEER

Dear Rappy

Got your letter and just to show you a burst of speed I am going to hammer you a few lines so that you can write right off and hold my pulse "and everything".

The news is this. One week ago Friday I was called before our Board of Directors and was asked to give them an answer to their question in answer only to my dictates in the matter. Mr. Baxter told me that the War Department had asked the Holt Manufacturing Company to release me for the purpose of instructing the Caterpillar drivers required for the army in France, and that they would commission me as a Major in the Ordnance Department. Baxter said that they didn't want to loose me but would release me if I wanted to go. They gave me Friday night to think it over, of course I slept well the whole night. Anyhow, next morning they got yes for an answer, so just at present the red tape is being unwound in Washington and as soon as I get a telegram I will have to pack my duds and hike to Peoria for at least six months and then probably "somewhere in France". Consequently my vacation in Reno has gone glimmering but I hope to be able to spend two or three days, or, perhaps even one there. Now Annie this news is not to get out till the proper time when it is announced so you will have to mope around Reno with something on your chest besides an Allcock's porpus plaster. When William Standoff Worst announced it in the Examiner you can tell them all that you knew it all de time.

This is sudden- yes. But ding it all, I am needed more in the other position than I am here so there was nothing else for me to do but accept. I was going to wind up my affairs with them in November anyhow and go into the submarine chaser work, so the Company beat me to it and they have done better by me that I had mapped out for myself.

I don't just know what a Major gets but it is \$ 300 per month plus mess and dress and I am told that it amounts to about \$375.00 per. I don't know how I am to carry the Oak Leaves of a Majah on my poor pearly white (and Minnine Sinai declares in addition, fat) shoulders but you know me and that I will try anything onct. My impression of a Major was that he should have an inordinate capacity for John Barleycorn, and that his prime ambition is never to be caught at doing anything useful. Just see what my future is. Poor me I never have had any of these attributes as yet. I only drink weak tea.

Shinny is a perfect old stick and he has never told me that he even was engaged to Clara O'Neill. So I can't tell you. I hope certain things however. I have written Shinny two letters and up till now he has not answered either one. No more for him till I hear from him.

Was up to Sacramento last night and today went over to say good bye to the True's at Davis. Drove a Company Overland up and thought of our trip to the Lake. We were due for another one this summer, only it was to be in a Buick. I may not get my assignment before the middle of this month sometime and we might go yet.

Well Ruth this letter is not very long. I have an article to write before work tomorrow and its 10.10 p.m. now so will have to call it quits. Remember you will have to be nice to a soldier from your own home town and write to him occasionally an all those things. I don't like the idea of having to live in Illinois for some time to come, and the Atlantic Ocean is so deep and wet if one don't get to France. Don't join any Red Cross affair or do anything till you have done one year of work and then you can tell better what to do. Just now every woman is too excited and there is more help than is needed. If necessary let some of your dollars work for you.

Allow me to subscribe myself

" A friend of mine in the Army"

J. L. P.

Stockton, Calif.
July 1, 1917

Some of Ding Date Face Powder
gathered off your picture face - Oh Ruth,

Tues. 6 P.M.

Sweetheart o' mine -

The two pictures of you
came yesterday! You're a dear
not to keep me all wrought
up this hot weather. You're
all dressed up on my dressed
in your bathing suit. Betcha
I like it. I want to sneak
up to you and see if you'd
show signs of bashfulness
like you did in another
picture I have of you in
similar garb. The one I'm
referring to was taken at
L. A. And then the one
looking to the West, bless
you, I could tell

now its Wed. 6 P.M.

Oh, she's missed two days again,
now lemme kiss yuh - quick!

Today brought the sober

picture (I smelt your breath
when I kissed you) of you.
See, how I love 'em.
What I was sayin yesterday -
I could tell it was you
standing looking out across
country. You are bigger and
better than ever, honey dear,
and I need you. You looked
like you might be hot in
the dressed up picture,
but in the bathing suit,
your curly hair, laughing
eyes and smily mouth
just made the silence shout
your joy. See! I'm happy
I have 'em.

Frank came to see me
Monday night. Last night
we went to the Grand.
Now, I'm going to send you
the letter I got from Frank
not very long ago. That will

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explain what he is entering
better than I can hash over
for you. He's real enthusiastic
about it. Sweetest thing—
last night at the Grand
it gave pictures of the
caterpillar tank at work
in France — just what he's
to drive. He hasn't his
appointment yet, but he's
looking for a telegram
every day. He's asked me
to go to the Lake Sat & Sun.
if the company's car gets
back. Frank asked all

about you last night.
He's a perfectly fine safe
friend to have, and it's
a comfort to be able to be
perfectly natural. Last night
he said "how wonderful &
worthwhile life must be
for you and Tom when
you love on so faithfully".

He said we'd always be to
him proof positive that there
was such a thing. Wouldn't
it be great to have him come
to visit us? !!! He's so blossoming
comical. He's just taken it
upon himself to appear every
night before I'm finished dinner.
~~Before~~ We hear the piddle
whistle out on the porch,
and old Frank pops up
"Come on & entertain me.
I'm on my vacation."

No one but the trained
nurses can see Mrs. Scheeline,
and Frank said yesterday
that she was still out of her
head. That hope to get her
to a sanitarium soon.

She thought never came
to me that you didn't know
your number when I sent
it to you the other night.
I'm glad I did so you'll know

sooner than if you'd had to wait for me to answer you better. You really ought to be in the ~~12~~¹²th precinct, but both you and Ed were in 13th.

Bert is in the 12th.

Ed went down to P.I. to see about R.O.J.C. Up to yesterday not even Eva had heard from him since Wed. Bert has work just off & on, but Ed assured your mother he was all right. Ed just gave up his job to get first hand information about the R.O.J.C.

Now, if your application for Plattsburg doesn't pass, can't you go into some other work rather than being something drafted? Frank doesn't look for the War to end inside of two years.

just to feel good, I try to figure
the war won't make any difference
to our ultimate happiness.

Good! how I want you, Jammie
dear, to love you all the time.
just as Mrs. Fulton said, "even
peeling potatoes is a delightful
task because I'm doing it for
my husband!"

Love me hard, sweetheart,
and kiss me harder just
like you'd never let me go!!
Thanks, honey dear.

The Auf Wiedersehen from
the Blue Paradise goes ringing
thru my head all the time.

all your own

x x Sneaky Girl x
^ ^ ^ ^

mighty glad to hear you are
taking a vacation, even tho
it is so very short. Recreash
my dearie.

x x x x X x x x x