



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

Sunday Eve -
my own Sweetheart -

Got a letter from
you today - and I shouldn't
have either - It is one
that came yesterday, but
I sneaked off to camp
and didn't come back
till this morning. There
was one from Mother
with it too.

Our mother's must be
having a gay old time.
Mother told me of all
they've been doing. I take

it, too, that they have made
a hit with each other.

and what a brick your
Dad is to make plans for us.
Isn't it great that everybody
except Sol and a few more of
those fellows, are right in
back of us all the time. I'm
happy that our families are
so well satisfied with the match
that makes a lot toward
happiness. I don't like to think,
tho, that we will need to look
to them for help.

you're accepted at Wells,
too. I've a hunch that woman's
intuition will win. Sure enough
we can't know what will
happen, and you could never
forgive yourself for passing up
that chance if we couldn't
be together in October. Perhaps,
too, my plans will be better

formulated after you have been
at wells for a time. whatever
I plan, I'm always going to
keep in mind that we will
be married as soon as
possible.

Camp was beautiful last
night and this morning. I got
there about four. We walked on
the plaza a bit then went
to the store and played and
sang for an hour or so. This

morning up at six after
a fitful sleep with Dad
Halden - Then hot cakes
and coffee, and the
train for Haverhill - a rush
for a shave and bath
and to church. The Soprano
and I sang a duet this
morning that went well.

This afternoon we sang
for the head of the music
committee, who has been
confined to his room for
nearly four months. He
enjoyed it immensely and
I suggested that we

do that every Sunday. I
guess now that we'll do that.
Herb Rice just came in
and said that they had finished the porch except for the roof. See that's going to be
some camp but awful lonesome
in October if you're not here.

A shoe machinery manufacturer
here has just ~~to~~ put in a
big gas installation to harden
their tools. I looked it over
yesterday and they offered me
the chance to make a bunch
of experiments there. I've
chance to work on my burners.
This week is going to be a
rainy one, and I fancy I'll go
after it strong putting in some
little time on the selling
all the time.

Oh this lonesomeness for
you Sueaky is coming on again
stranger than ever. Sometimes
it isn't so urgent - allways
there, but in spells mighty

persistent. Just to hug you
up tight, and forget every thing
in one long kiss. To talk
with you - to hear you speak,
and together to plan, and
to rehearse all those wonder-
ful days past. We have so
much to be interested in to-
gether that we can spend hours
in gorging ourselves with tales
of you and me. Good night Sweet-
heart - They're all here - many
many big kisses for you. Love to mother.
X++ Love Don X++