



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

January night.

My Dear Friend,

There is the end of

a dull, wet day, heartick

day. There's nothing more

than usual to be heartick

about, except that the

great & purposeless work -

strenuous, and short on

sleep, but to no effect.

Today I'm tired, and suffer
all the ill that such

a feeling engenders.

How you could help - how

your heart - with you here

now, we'd start on a hike - we'd come home just as fagged as we could, and we'd lie away to sleep for ten long hours.

Sang a big duett with the bars this morning. It was really too big for me, and I couldn't do it well, despite what kind hearted people said. Then I started home with Mrs. & Zink - the director - and had dinner with her and her husband. Had to shell the peas, and make myself generally useful. With all that diversion I couldn't be content. I know what's the matter - the thoughts of October have me drowned - I'm preoccupied.

Been looking around to find the cost of fitting up our apartment. Say I suppose will need to do some shrewd financeering, but it's going to be done. It's sure October now isn't it? Hurrah!

Tonight I picked up "Dear
everybody" a sequel to "Daddy Long Legs"
and I've nearly eaten it up. Back
to it a while ~~before~~ before I roll in
for a long-long sleep.

Did I tell you I love you - did
I say before, that tonight I want
you here for my comfort and in-
spiration - did I mention an armful
of hugs, and lips that are bursting
with kisses for you? How careless
of me I ~~want~~ want to speak of all those
things, because they are this whole letter.
x x x + Love + Love x x x x x x x x x x